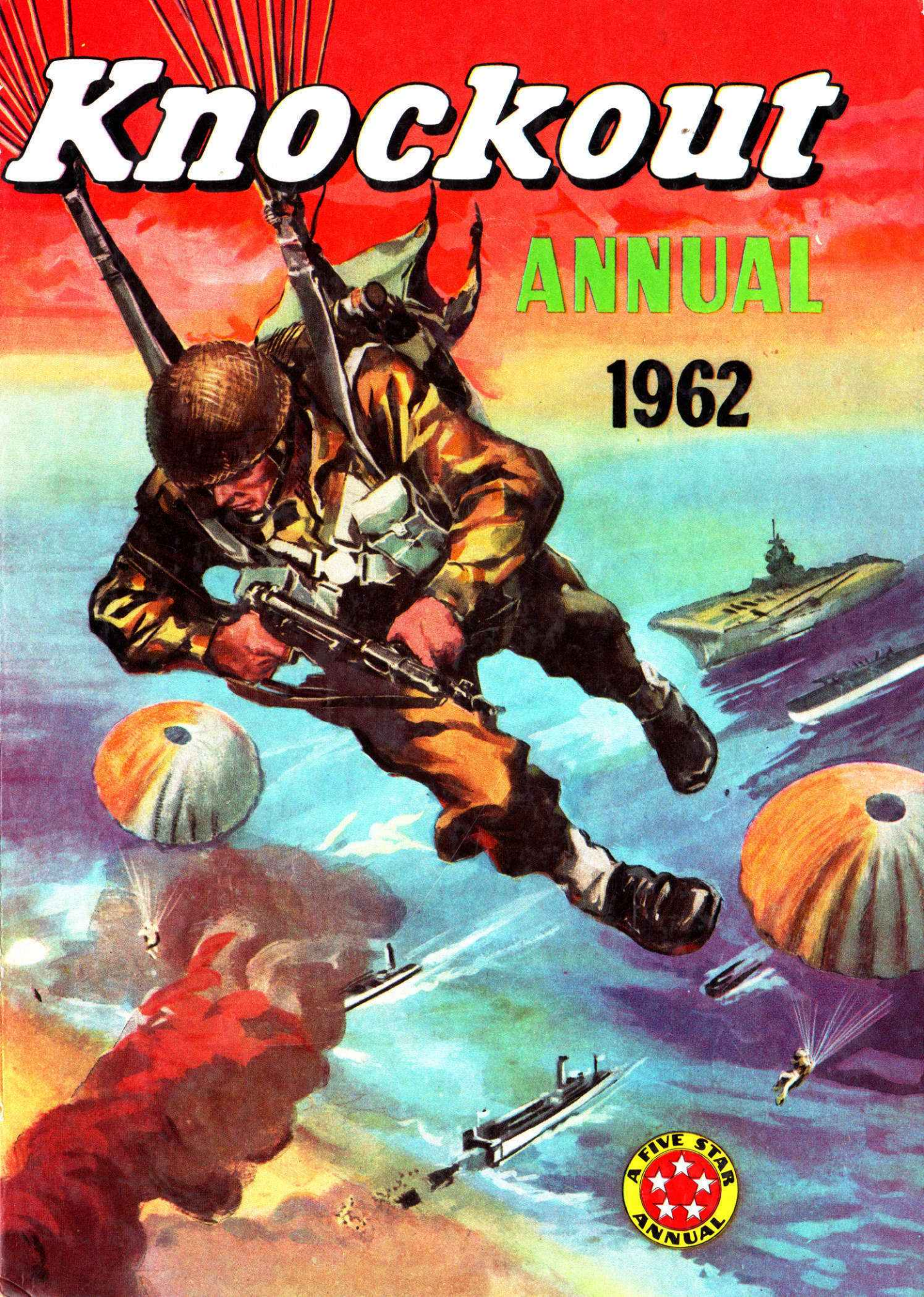


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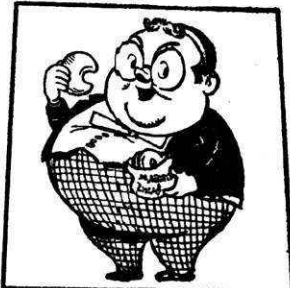






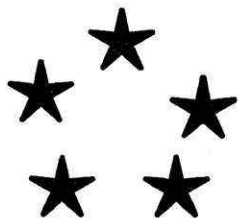
TANK BUSTER !

A grim moment of breath-robbing danger as wartime pilot Wing-Commander Battler Britton swoops down on the Nazi foe! A thrilling incident from the dramatic picture-story on page 145

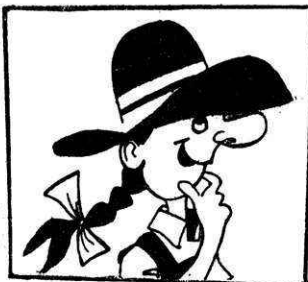


Knockout

ANNUAL 1962



FLEETWAY PUBLICATIONS LIMITED



BATTLER BRITTON

AND THE *FIGHTING RETREAT*

IN THE SPRING OF 1940, THE GERMANS INVADDED NORWAY. THE ALLIES SENT A HURRIEDLY-EQUIPPED FORCE TO TRY TO STEM THE NAZI ONSLAUGHT—BUT THE MIGHTY ENEMY FORCES SLOWLY DROVE THE ALLIES BACK TO THE SEA.

WING-COMMANDER BATTLER BRITTON WAS ORDERED TO FLY FOUR SPECIAL SIGNALLERS TO A PORT SOUTH OF NARVIK, TO ASSIST IN THE EVACUATION OF THE ALLIED TROOPS AND NOW THE BIG SUNDERLAND FLYING BOAT THUNDERED EASTWARDS ACROSS THE NORTH SEA, TOWARDS THE WAR-TORN, RUGGED COAST OF NORWAY



HOW MUCH LONGER, SIR?

ABOUT ANOTHER HOUR, SERGEANT! WE'LL COME DOWN IN THE FIORD BY RANSOS. YOU'LL BE THERE WELL BEFORE THE FLEET ARRIVES TO TAKE OFF OUR CHAPS

BATTLER'S KEEN EYES WERE SWEEPING THE SKY AHEAD... SUDDENLY, HE GAVE A SHOUT...



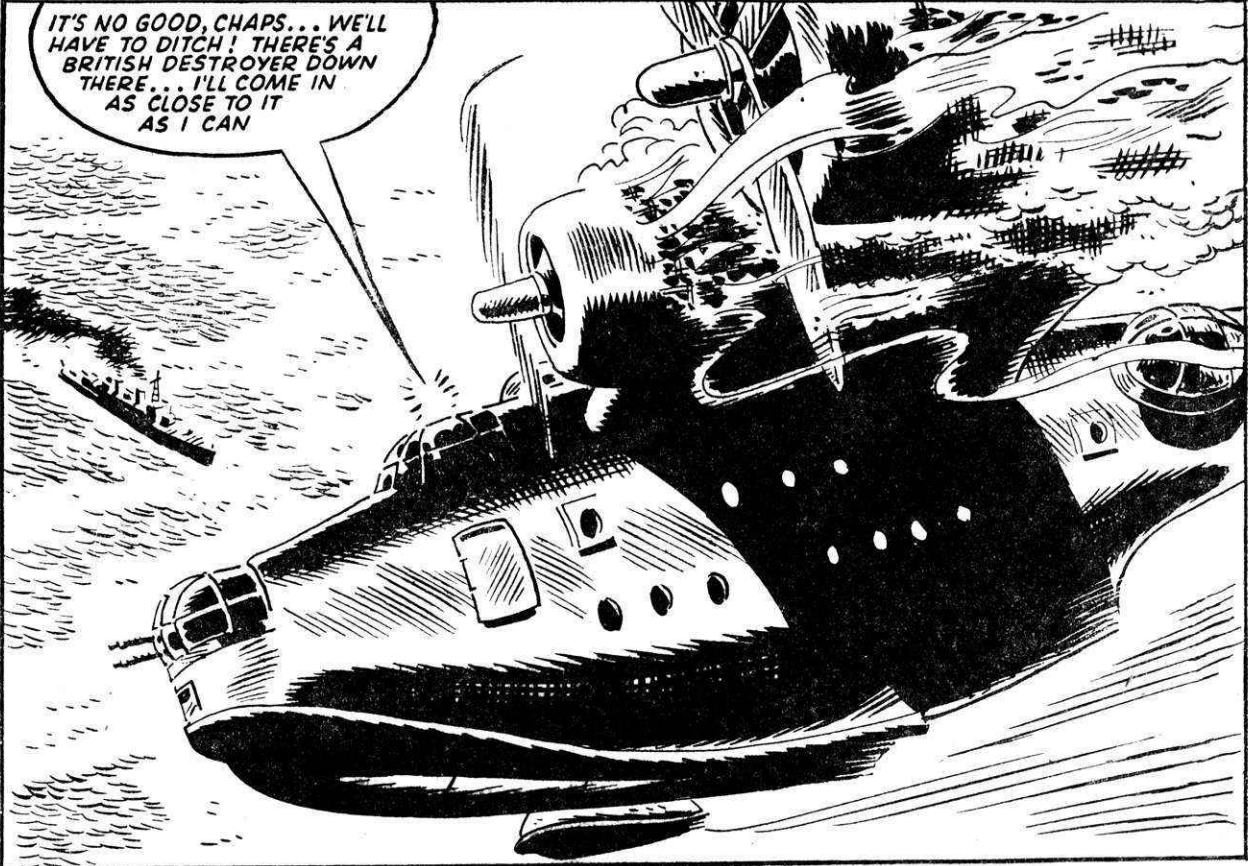
MESSERSCHMITTS... THREE OF 'EM! GET TO THE GUNS, YOU SERGEANTS... GIVE 'EM ALL YOU'VE GOT!

A SLASHING HAIL OF LEAD LACED AN UGLY PATTERN ALONG THE SUNDERLAND'S HULL AS THE GERMAN FIGHTERS SCREAMED DOWN INTO THE ATTACK. BATTLER FLUNG THE HUGE MACHINE ABOUT THE SKY IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO AVOID THE FAST M.E. 110'S



ONE ENEMY PLANE WENT FLAMING DOWN FROM THE SUNDERLAND'S GUNS. THEN AN UGLY TONGUE OF SMOKE AND FLICKERING FIRE CAME LICKING BACK FROM THE FLYING BOAT'S PORT ENGINES...

IT'S NO GOOD, CHAPS... WE'LL HAVE TO DITCH! THERE'S A BRITISH DESTROYER DOWN THERE... I'LL COME IN AS CLOSE TO IT AS I CAN



WITH SUPERB SKILL, BATTLEBROUGHT THE CRIPPLED FLYING BOAT DOWN IN THE GREY NORTH SEA. WITHIN SECONDS, THE SLEEK DESTROYER CAME SWEEPING ALONGSIDE...

NICE WORK, THE NAVY! I DIDN'T FANCY SWIMMING TO NORWAY. ANYWAY, I HAVEN'T BROUGHT MY WATER WINGS!



THE EIGHT MEN WERE QUICKLY PULLED UP ON DECK FROM THE BLAZING SUNDERLAND. BATTLEUR SALUTED THE CAPTAIN AND THANKED HIM

THANKS A LOT, COMMANDER. WE WERE MAKING FOR RANSOS. THOSE FOUR SERGEANTS ARE SIGNALLERS... URGENTLY WANTED TO HELP WITH SHIP-TO-SHORE COMMUNICATIONS

IN THAT CASE I'LL TAKE YOU THERE. I'LL SEND A SIGNAL TO OUR TASK FORCE AND MEET UP WITH THEM IN RANSOS. THEY ARE ESCORTING THE EVACUATION SHIPS THERE



LT. COMMANDER POWER ORDERED FULL SPEED AHEAD AND THE PANTHER SURGED ON. AN HOUR LATER A STRIDENT BELL RANG OUT AND THE CREW RACED TO ACTION STATIONS!

GERMAN SHIPS!

YES... LOOKS LIKE A LIGHT CRUISER AND THREE DESTROYERS. THEY'VE SPOTTED US, BY GEORGE... THEY'RE OPENING UP!



THERE CAME A ROAR LIKE AN EXPRESS TRAIN... AN EYE-SEARING, BLINDING FLASH AND A SHELL BURST WITH A SHATTERING EXPLOSION JUST BELOW THE BRIDGE



BATTLER STAGGERED TO HIS FEET AND SAW THE CAPTAIN AND HIS FIRST OFFICER WERE BOTH LYING WOUNDED. BATTLER'S CO-PILOT, JOHNNY MILLER, SAT UP DAZEDLY...

YOU ALL RIGHT, JOHNNY? THEN HELP ME QUICKLY... THE SKIPPER AND HIS NUMBER ONE HAVE BOTH CAUGHT A PACKET



BATTLE AT ONCE TOOK CHARGE AND WHEN THE WOUNDED OFFICERS HAD BEEN TAKEN BELOW, HE ORDERED THE **PANTHER** TO STEER A ZIG-ZAG COURSE FOR A LARGE ISLAND AT THE MOUTH OF THE LONG ARM OF THE FIORD LEADING TO RANSOS



WE'LL BE BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER IF WE STAY AND FIGHT. IT'S MORE IMPORTANT TO GET THOSE SERGEANTS TO RANSOS!



THE ROCKY ISLAND WAS SEVERAL MILES LONG AND THE **PANTHER'S** KNIFE-EDGE BOWS CREAMED A SWIFT COURSE BETWEEN IT AND THE MAINLAND. INSTANTLY, THE GERMAN CRUISER CAPTAIN BARKED OUT ORDERS



JA, HERR KAPITAN!

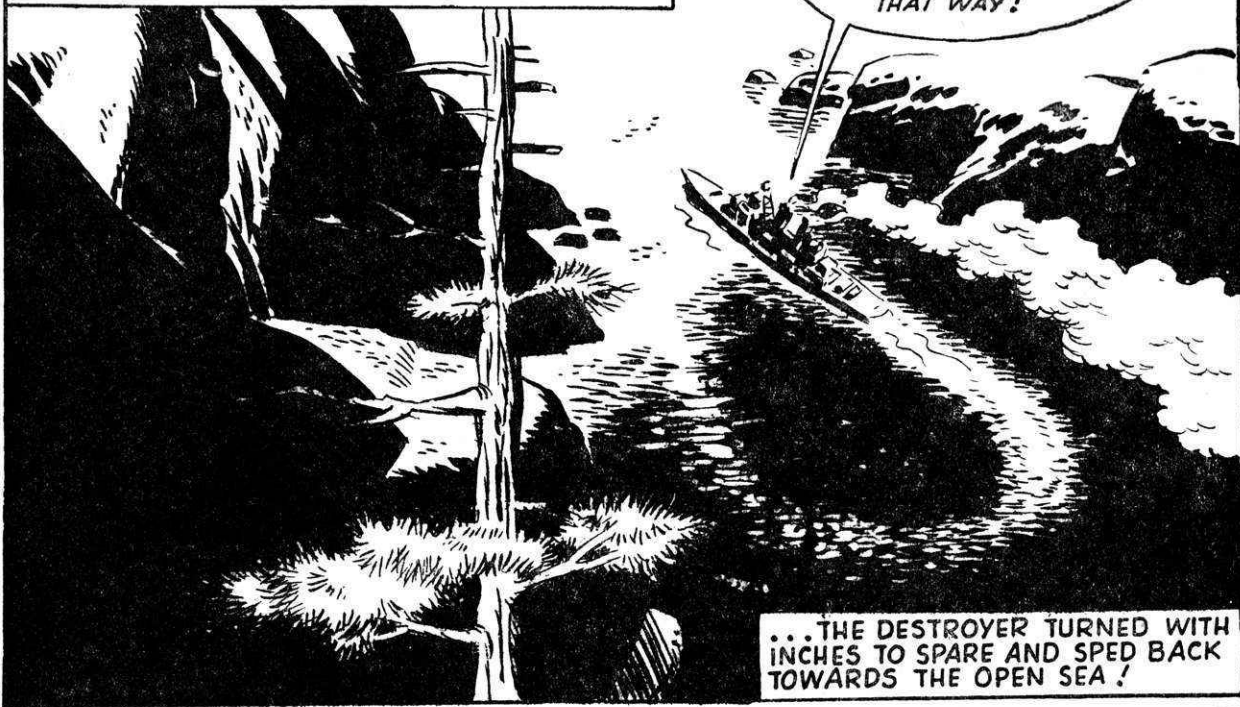
SIGNAL **BREHAVEN** AND **HORST** TO CUT OFF THE BRITISH DESTROYER AT THE FAR END OF THE ISLAND.

SIGNAL **HOFFERZ** TO FOLLOW HER IN. THEN WE'VE GOT HER!



BUT BATTLE HAD NO INTENTION OF SAILING INTO SUCH A SIMPLE TRAP! THE GERMAN SHIPS HAD NO SOONER VANISHED FROM SIGHT THAN HE ORDERED THE **PANTHER** TO SWING ROUND... BACK THE WAY THEY HAD COME!

STEADY AS SHE GOES! THOSE JERRIES ARE SURE TO TRY AND NIP ROUND THE FAR END AND CLOBBER US... BUT WE WON'T PLAY THE GAME THAT WAY!



...THE DESTROYER TURNED WITH INCHES TO SPARE AND SPED BACK TOWARDS THE OPEN SEA!

THE **PANTHER** RACED OUT OF THE NARROW CHANNEL... JUST AS THE GERMAN DESTROYER **HOFFERZ** NOSED INTO VIEW. EVERY GUN ON THE STARBOARD SIDE OF THE **PANTHER** OPENED UP WITH A SHATTERING ROAR!



THE GERMAN SHIP WAS TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE! ONE SHELL HIT HER MAGAZINE AND THE DESTROYER BLEW UP WITH A STUPENDOUS BLAST!



THAT'S ONE LESS!
NOW FULL SPEED
UP THE FIORD FOR
RANSOS... BEFORE
THE OTHER JERRIES
GET ON OUR TAIL!

ONE HOUR LATER THEY REACHED THE PORT OF RANSOS, WHERE THE BRITISH SHIPS, WHO HAD SAILED UP THE OTHER ARM OF THE FIORD, WERE JUST ARRIVING TO TAKE OFF THE TROOPS. THE FOUR SIGNALLERS WERE QUICKLY PUT ASHORE FROM THE **PANTHER**



GOOD LUCK,
CHAPS!

THANKS, SIR... SEE
YOU BACK IN SCOTLAND...
WE HOPE!

IN THE CONFUSION, NOBODY QUESTIONED BATTLER'S AUTHORITY TO COMMAND THE BATTERED DESTROYER. AS SOON AS THE WOUNDED MEN HAD BEEN PUT ASHORE TO TRANSFER TO A HOSPITAL SHIP, THE ACE THEN ORDERED ALL THE CREW TO DISEMBARK, EXCEPT FOR JOHNNY MILLER

LOOK, JOHNNY... THOSE JERRY SHIPS WILL COME BATTING UP THE FIORD AFTER US... THEY WON'T KNOW ABOUT THE EVACUATION OF RANSOS. AND THEY'VE GOT TO BE STOPPED IN TIME! THE ONLY WAY IS TO BLOCK THE FIORD BY THOSE TWO ISLANDS A MILE BACK... AND WE'RE GOING TO DO IT!



TEN MINUTES LATER, THE **PANTHER** WAS SWEEPING BACK DOWN THE SOUTHERN ARM OF THE FIORD AS THE TWO SURVIVING DESTROYERS AND LIGHT CRUISER CAME SURGING UP!



AS SOON AS THEY SAW THE **PANTHER**, THE ENEMY SHIPS PLAGSTERED HER WITH SAVAGE FURY AND SHELLS BURST AROUND BATTLER WITH FRIGHTENING RAPIDITY!

KEEP THE ENGINES FULL BLAST, JOHNNY! THE ISLANDS ARE AHEAD... AND THE JERRIES ARE GIVING US ALL THEY'VE GOT!



THE LEADING GERMAN DESTROYER CAPTAIN WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT AS THE PANTHER, SHELL-TORN, AND HOLED IN A DOZEN PLACES, COME STRAIGHT AT THEM! THE GERMAN OFFICER YELLED OUT AN ORDER. . .



TOO LATE! WITH A RENDING, GRINDING CRASH, THE PANTHER CRUNCHED INTO THE ENEMY SHIP'S BOWS!

BOTH SHIPS SWUNG ROUND HELPLESSLY. THE **PANTHER** WAS SINKING FAST AND TOGETHER, THE TWO DESTROYERS COMPLETELY BLOCKED THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE TWO ISLANDS!



BATTLER YELLED TO JOHNNY TO COME ON DECK. THEN THEY BOTH DIVED OFF INTO THE COLD, ICY SEA



THAT'S FIXED 'EM!
BY THE TIME THEY
REALISE WHAT'S
HAPPENING, ALL OUR
BLOKES WILL BE AWAY
FROM RANSOS!

GASPING AND SHIVERING, THEY REACHED THE SHORE AND CLAMBERED UP THE ROCKY CLIFF. THERE WAS A WINDING MOUNTAIN ROAD ABOVE AND THEY RAN OVER IT INTO THE TREES. SUDDENLY, BATTLER GRIPPED JOHNNY'S ARM...



LOOK... A
JERRY SENTRY...
AND A CONVOY OF
TROOPS COMING UP
THE ROAD. THEY'RE
MAKING FOR
RANSOS!

BATTLER...
WE'VE GOT TO STOP
'EM, SOMEHOW! IF THEY
REACH THE PORT WHILE
THE SHIPS ARE STILL
TAKING OFF OUR LADS,
THEY'LL GET THEM LIKE
SITTING DUCKS!

BATTLER MOVED FAST... THE GERMAN SENTRY NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!



ONE SIZZLING PUNCH AND THE GERMAN ROLLED OVER, SENSELESS. BATTLER TORE OFF HIS RIFLE...

NICE WORK, BATTLER. WHAT NOW?

SEE THOSE CHAINS HOLDING THE LOGS UP ABOVE THE ROAD? THE FIRST JERRY TRUCK IS NEARLY UNDER THEM... **WATCH!**



BATTLER AIMED THE AUTOMATIC RIFLE... THEN FIRED. THE STEEL-JACKETED BULLETS BIT INTO THE CHAIN... AND SLICED IT IN TWO LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER!



CRASH! THE HEAVY PINE LOGS SMASHED DOWN ON TOP OF THE LEADING TRUCK WITH THE SPEED OF AN AVALANCHE... THE VEHICLE WAS ON ITS SIDE AND THE ENEMY TROOPS WERE FLUNG OUT LIKE SKITTLES!



THE CONVOY WAS THROWN INTO CONFUSION AND THE MOUNTAIN ROAD WAS COMPLETELY CHOKED WITH THE DEBRIS OF THE SMASHED LORRY AND THE SPLINTERED LOGS!

IT'LL TAKE THOSE HUNS QUITE A WHILE TO CLEAR THAT MESS. COME ON... LET'S GET DOWN TO THE PORT AND SEE IF WE'RE STILL IN TIME TO JUMP A LIFT HOME!



BUT WHEN THEY REACHED RANSOS, THEY FOUND THE PORT A BURNING, DESERTED TOWN... THE LAST BRITISH SHIP WAS JUST SAILING AWAY DOWN THE NORTHERN ARM OF THE FIORD!

WE'RE TOO LATE, BATTLE... WHAT NOW?

THERE'S STILL ONE BOAT LEFT... THAT FISHING JOB DOWN THERE. I'D RATHER RISK TRYING TO SAIL HOME IN THAT THEN SPEND THE REST OF THE WAR IN A GERMAN PRISON CAMP



THE LITTLE FISHING BOAT WAS OLD BUT SOUND AND THEY SWIFTLY SET THE SAIL AND MOVED OFF FROM THE DESERTED PORT...

BETTER MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE, CHUM... THIS MAY BE A LONG, DAMP TRIP!



FOR FOUR LONG, WEARY DAYS THEY BEAT SLOWLY ACROSS THE GREY WASTES OF THE NORTH SEA... ON THE MORNING OF THE FIFTH, JOHNNY GAVE A CROAK AND POINTED WITH A SHAKING ARM...

WE'LL MAKE IT! WE'LL MAKE IT! THAT'S LAND AHEAD... IT MUST BE SCOTLAND!



THANKS TO BATTLE'S IRON WILL AND AMAZING COURAGE, THEY REACHED HOME AGAIN. IT WAS A WEEK LATER WHEN BATTLE MET ONE OF THE SIGNAL SERGEANTS IN EDINBURGH...

HULLO, SERGEANT, HOW ARE YOU?

HULLO, SIR! NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN. GOSH! WE SURE HAD A TOUGH TIME AFTER YOU LEFT. WISH WE COULD HAVE STAYED IN THE OLD PANTHER WITH YOU!



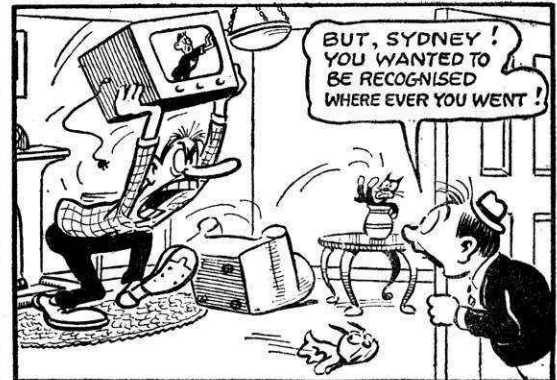
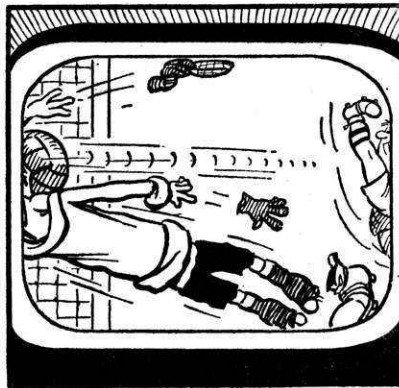
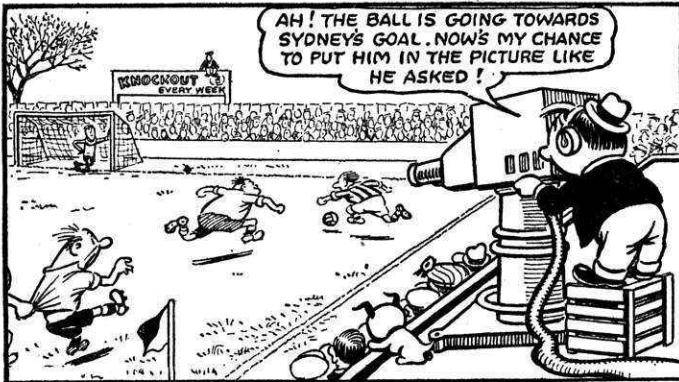
..AND BATTLE LAUGHED QUIETLY TO HIMSELF!



SPORTY

BY
Reg Wootton

**PUTTING
SYDNEY
IN THE
PICTURE!**



THERE'S FUN FOR EVERYONE AT FAMOUS ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!
JOIN JIMMY SILVER AND CO.—AND HAVE A GOOD TIME!

The Plot That Failed

By OWEN CONQUEST

★ ★ ★ ★

A Joker in Class

BUZZZZ!

Mr. Dalton gave quite a jump.

The Classical Fourth jumped as one man.

English history was the order of the day in the Rookwood Fourth Form-room. Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth, had a way of making history quite interesting to his pupils, and the Form master and Form were getting on quite nicely, when that sudden buzz of an electric bell came as an amazing interruption.

It sounded like the buzz of a telephone-bell, and in a Rookwood master's study the sound would not have been surprising. In a Rookwood Form-room it was very surprising indeed—in fact, astounding.

The sound was repeated, loud and insistent. Then it suddenly stopped, and there was silence—a silence that might have been felt.

The Fourth Form fellows stared at one another.

Somebody, some practical joker of unusual nerve, was playing tricks in the Form-room during class, playing a practical joke and interrupting the lesson. The buzzing of the bell could mean nothing else. It was almost incredible—quite unnerving. Even Monsieur Monceau, the French master, could not be ragged in class to quite that extent. And Richard Dalton, the master of the Fourth, was about the last member of the Rookwood staff to be thus derided.

"My only aunt!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell. "Some silly ass is asking for it. Look at Dicky's face!"

Lovell was whispering that remark to his chums Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome. But in the deep, tense silence his whisper was heard all over the Form-room.

Richard Dalton, familiarly known as "Dicky" in his Form, turned his eyes on Lovell.

"Silence!" he rapped out.

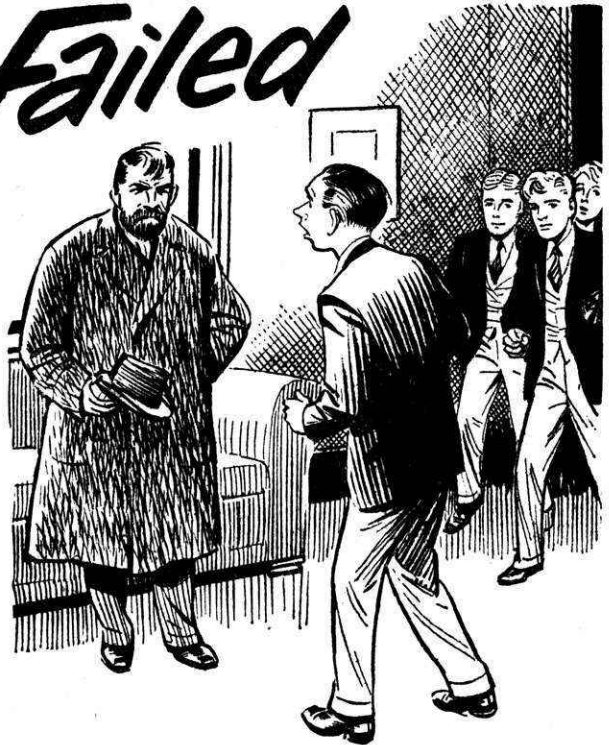
"Oh! Yes sir," gasped Lovell, turning very red.

"Someone has introduced an electric-bell into the room," said Mr. Dalton. "The boy who has this bell in his possession will stand out at once!"

Mr. Dalton fixed his eyes on Teddy Grace. He knew Putty's humorous reputation as well as his Form did.

"Grace!" rapped out Mr. Dalton.

"Sir," answered Putty.



"Have you an electric-bell in your pocket?"

"No, sir."

"Or in your desk?"

"No, sir."

Putty of the Fourth had an injured expression on his innocent face. His look implied that he considered it rather hard to be suspected in this way.

But Putty generally looked as if butter would not melt in his mouth. Indeed, it was his soft and innocent looks that had given him his curious nickname when first he came to Rookwood School.

Mr. Dalton's searching glance left him and passed along the class, and every face was rather uneasy under that penetrating look.

Cyril Peele shifted under it very uncomfortably.

Peele was not in his Form master's good books, and he had too many sins upon his conscience to care about meeting Mr. Dalton's clear and steady eyes at any time.

"Peele!"

"Yes, sir," mumbled Peele sullenly.

"Is that bell in your possession?"

"No, sir."

"Stand up and turn out your pockets, Peele!"

All eyes were on Cyril Peele as he turned out his pockets. But nothing in the nature of an electric-bell came to light.

Mr. Dalton set his lips.

"You may sit down, Peele. We will now proceed with the lesson. We have wasted enough time."

They proceeded with the lesson.

Apparently the incident was closed. Certainly, there would not have been much time left for English history had every fellow in the Fourth had to turn out his pockets for the Form master's inspection.

Buzzzzz!

"Oh, corks!" muttered Lovell involuntarily.

It was the bell again.

Buzzzzz!

Mr. Dalton strode away to the distant corner of the Form-room following the sound, as it were. It was from that spot that the buzzing seemed to come, and he went to investigate. The juniors grinned as they watched him; it seemed to them impossible that the bell could be there. But there was one member of the Form who did not grin. That was Putty. His face became all at once extremely serious.

It was one of the Rookwood humorist's weaknesses that when he was on the trail of a jape he never knew when to stop. He was always liable to carry a joke a little too far. And on this occasion, as on many others, Putty of the Fourth realised too late that he had jested not wisely but too well.

Mr. Dalton halted in the corner, and stooped his head over the joints of the hot-water pipes.

The expression on his face became absolutely terrific, as he stretched his hand behind the pipes and lifted a little electric-bell.

There was a gasp from the Form.

"He's got it!" murmured Mornington.

A wire was attached to the bell; a double insulated wire. Cunningly it had been trailed behind the hot-water pipes, next to the wall, out of sight. Mr. Dalton drew out the wire slowly and carefully, and followed it up as he drew it out.

It led him back to his class.

Behind the Fourth—all looking round at him—went Mr. Dalton, and he stopped at last exactly behind the form where Putty sat.

Behind the pipes at this spot was a tiny dry battery, hidden from sight till Richard Dalton spotted it and hooked it out. The double wire ran down under the pipes to the floor, and from the wall it ran under Putty's form. It was pressed carefully into a crack between two of the old oak floorboards quite out of observation till Richard Dalton jerked it up.

"Grace!"

"Hem!"

"Stand aside!"

Putty of the Fourth reluctantly stood aside. From under one of his boots came into view the end of the wire, attached to a little flat disc. In the centre of that disc was the button which Putty had been pressing with his foot whenever he wanted the bell to ring in the distant corner.

It was all clear now.

Richard Dalton gathered up the electric bell and wire and battery and disc. His face was grim.

"You denied having an electric bell in your possession, Grace, when I questioned you."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Putty at once.

"What?"

"You asked me whether I had a bell in my pocket, sir, or in my desk, sir," said Putty meekly. "I hadn't, sir."

Mr. Dalton gazed at him.

"That is quite true, Grace," he said, after a pause. "I acquit you of having deceived me, but your answer came perilously near to prevarication."

"Oh, sir!"

"You have wasted a quarter of an hour of the lesson, Grace. It would be unjust to detain the rest of the Form this afternoon to make up for lost time. You, however, will be detained the whole afternoon."

"Oh!"

For the remainder of that morning no one would have guessed that Putty of the Fourth was an irrepressible humorist, by his looks. He looked as if he found life an extremely serious proposition.

Poor Putty!

"**Y**OU asked for it, you know."

Thus said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver encouragingly.

"You asked for it and you got it," said Lovell.

"What are you grouching about?"

Putty of the Fourth did not look grateful or comforted. It was correct that he had asked for it, but he was evidently not pleased at having got what he asked for.

It was a sunny, cold afternoon, and the Classical Fourth were playing the Modern Fourth at football that half-holiday. Putty had been down to play for the Classics. But the afternoon's detention knocked that on the head. Putty had to put in his half-holiday in the Form-room doing exercises.

"It's rotten!" he said. "Why, it was no end of a jape! Dicky Dalton ought really to have laughed."

Putty drifted rather dismally into the deserted Form-room.

There he had to remain while the rest of Rookwood was at leisure. Mr. Dalton came in and set him a detention task which was to last him till four o'clock.

Putty sat down to it glumly.

"You may leave the Form-room at four if your task is done, Grace," said the master of the Fourth.

"Thank you, sir!"

"I am sorry that I have been compelled to detain you."

"So am I, sir!" murmured Putty demurely.

Mr. Dalton frowned and left the Form-room.

Putty found it difficult to concentrate on his task, and went to the window.

He caught sight of Mr. Dalton, in hat and coat, walking down to the gates, apparently going for a stroll.

Putty returned to his desk, grunting; but his detention task did not tempt him. It occurred to him that as Mr. Dalton had gone out there was an opportunity of recapturing his electrical gadgets from the Form master's study.

The detained junior looked out of the Form-room; the corridor was deserted.

He left the Form-room and walked away quickly to Masters' corridor. In a couple of minutes he was in Mr. Dalton's study, and had closed the door after him.

The gadgets were not to be seen. Putty glanced round the study, and looked in the bookcase and the table drawer. But the electric-bell, the battery, and the coil of wire did not meet his eyes.

"Blow!" murmured Putty.

It was exasperating.

Mr. Dalton might return soon, and Putty did not want to be caught in his study, especially when he was supposed to be in the Form-room working at Latin irregular verbs. He really did not want any more trouble with Mr. Dalton that day. But he wanted his electrical gadgets.

As he stood hesitating, there was a sound in the passage and a footstep outside the door.

Putty jumped.

Acting upon instinct, not upon thought, Putty of the Fourth backed behind a Chinese screen near the study window, and was out of sight when the door opened.

The footsteps came on into the study; the door closed.

Putty, out of sight behind the screen, scarcely breathed.

He heard the footsteps cross quickly to the telephone, and heard the receiver taken off the stand. Apparently Mr. Dalton had come into his study to use the telephone, and it was quite possible that he would go when he had telephoned.

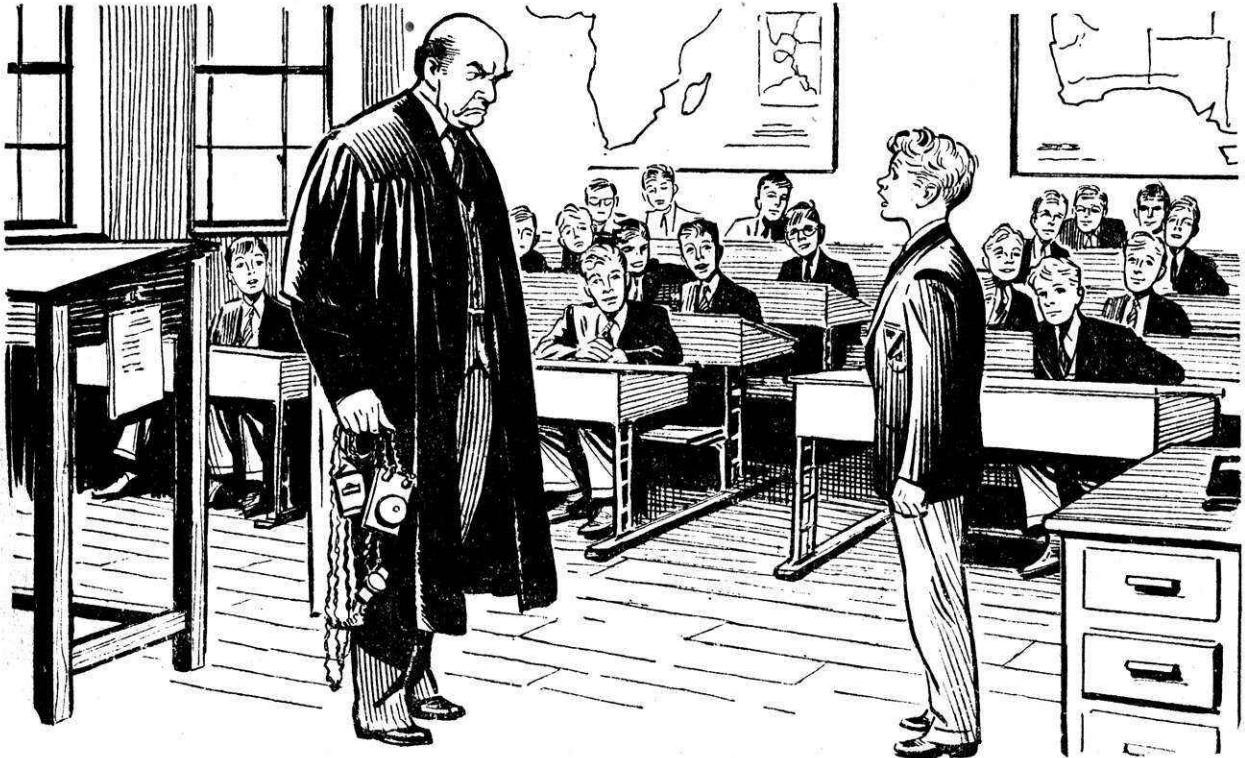
"Latham 101."

Putty jumped, behind the screen.

So far it had not crossed his mind that the person who had entered the study was not Mr. Dalton.

But the voice he now heard asking for a number was not that of Richard Dalton, master of the Fourth. It was the voice of Cyril Peele!

Putty peered round a corner of the screen. Cyril Peele was standing at the telephone, the receiver to his ear, his back to Putty. And Putty of the Fourth grinned cheerily at Peele's back. It was only Peele—only a junior who had taken advantage of the Form master's absence to use the telephone! But as he heard Peele's voice over the transmitter, and caught on to what the cad of the Fourth was saying, the grin vanished from Putty's face and he grew gravé.



"You denied having an electric bell in your possession when I questioned you!" snapped Mr. Dalton.

The Trick on the Telephone

"MR. SPINDLES!"

"Mr. Spindles speaking."

Peele grinned.

Putty of the Fourth, behind the screen, was no longer grinning. He knew the name of the Latcham moneylender, whose prominent advertisements appeared every week in the *Latcham Times*.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Spindles!" said Peele, in a deep voice. "Mr. Dalton speaking."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Dalton! May I ask——"

"I have seen your advertisement in the *Latcham Times*, Mr. Spindles. I am in need of some temporary accommodation."

"Oh, quite, quite!"

"I am speaking from Rookwood School. I am master of the Fourth Form here."

"Quite so."

"My position, I take it, is a sufficient guarantee, Mr. Spindles. I require a loan of one hundred pounds. Can you possibly give me a call this afternoon to discuss the matter?"

"I have every wish to oblige you, Mr. Dalton. We do everything we can to oblige our clients," answered Mr. Spindles. "As a rule, however, business is conducted here in my office."

"I quite understand. But the circumstances are a little unusual," said Peele, still in the deep, bass voice. "In my position, I cannot possibly take the risk of calling at your office. You are, perhaps acquainted with the name of Dr. Chisholm, head-master of Rookwood?"

"Oh, yes, certainly! A very admirable gentleman, sir."

"Very, but extremely severe in his judgments, Mr. Spindles. To be brief, I cannot take the risk of allowing Dr. Chisholm to learn that I am obtaining temporary accommodation from a moneylender. I will be frank, and admit that it would cost me my position here."

"My dear sir—my dear sir, I comprehend!" said the smooth voice of Mr. Spindles over the wires, some of the words coming to Putty's ears as he stood behind the screen. "I shall be glad to call upon you, if you so desire, after office hours. My office closes at four. If five o'clock would suit you, I——"

"Perfectly, Mr. Spindles!"

"Then I will be with you, sir, at five o'clock," said the moneylender. "I shall be very happy to oblige you, Mr. Dalton. You will find my terms extremely reasonable, I hope, but we can arrange details when I call."

"Thank you, Mr. Spindles. Ask for Mr. Dalton, and you will be shown to my study. I shall expect you at five, and I am very much obliged."

"Not at all, sir—not at all!"

Peele rang off.

He did not linger. The moment the receiver was back on the stand, Peele darted across the study

to the door, and disappeared into the corridor, closing the door after him.

Putty of the Fourth emerged from behind the screen.

"The awful rotter! The awful tick!" ejaculated Putty. "If Spindles comes here to see Dicky Dalton—why, a dozen Rookwood men know him by sight—that fat old rascal! Why, it's enough to get Dicky the push!"

Putty was not much given to reflection, but he did some hard thinking now.

The outcome of his reflections was that he crossed to the telephone and rang up Mr. Spindles' office number at Latcham.

Looking After Dicky!

As Putty of the Fourth walked away from the Form master's study he came on Cyril Peele.

Peele was loafing at the corner of the passage, with his hands in his pockets.

Putty grinned.

Evidently the cad of the Fourth was keeping one eye on Mr. Dalton's study. He did not mean to run any risk of missing the visit of the fat gentleman from Latcham.

"Waiting for somebody, old bean?" asked Putty.

"Find out!" replied Peele, politely.

Putty smiled and walked on. He repaired to the Classical Fourth passage. The junior football match was over, and the Fistical Four had come into the end study to tea.

They smiled cheerily at Putty of the Fourth as he looked in.

"I'll take a snack," he said. "I've got something to say to you chaps—there isn't much time now before five o'clock."

"Anything happening at five o'clock?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Yes; and I want you to help."

"Go it!"

"Is it a jape?" demanded Lovell.

"Just that."

"Then cut it out! This study isn't japing Dicky Dalton; and my opinion is that the more he licks you the better it will be."

"Thanks for your opinion! Now dry up and let a chap get in a word," said Putty imperturbably.

Lovell snorted back, but he "dried up" at last, and Putty of the Fourth proceeded to explain. And the eyes of the Fistical Four grew wide with amazement as they listened.

* * * *

A few minutes later, Cyril Peele started a little. Five strokes boomed out from the clock tower at Rookwood.

Peele's heart beat a little faster.

At any moment now Mr. Spindles, of Latcham,

might arrive at Rookwood, and ask to be admitted to Mr. Dalton's study. There was no doubt that the moneylender would keep the appointment—the arrangement had been explicit. And the moment the fat gentleman from Latcham appeared, Peele would spread the news that Spindles, the moneylender, had called on Mr. Dalton—and that news was certain to cause great excitement in the Fourth.

There was a step in the passage, and Tupper, the House page, came along. Peele's eyes glinted.

He had no doubt that Tupper was going to Mr. Dalton's study to announce the arrival of a visitor. It did not occur to him that he was the person for whom Tupper was looking; he knew nothing of an interview between Tupper and Putty of the Fourth, and of a tip of a half-crown that had changed hands.

"Somebody called, Tupper?" asked Peele—he could not restrain his eagerness for news.

"Yessir," said Tupper. "In the visitors' room now, sir."

"Waiting there, is he?" grinned Peele.

"Yessir."

"What name did he give, Tupper? You can tell me, you know."

"Certainly, sir," said Tupper. "Name of Spindles was what he give me, sir."

Peele grinned.

"Spindles, eh? I think I've heard that name before."

"I've seed it, sir, in the advertisements in the Latcham paper, sir," said Tupper. "Moneylender's name, sir."

"Oh, yes—I remember now," said Peele carelessly. "Well, you'd better get on and tell Mr. Dalton."

Tupper stared.

"Tell Mr. Dalton?" he repeated.

"Yes; he wants to see Mr. Dalton, doesn't he?" asked Peele, staring in his turn.

"No, sir; he asked to see you."

"What?"

"Master Peele, sir—that's what he asked for, sir, and I come looking for you, sir—Master Grace said I should find you 'ere, sir."

Peele staggered.

"What—what—what do you mean, you fool!" he exclaimed shrilly. "You—you mean to tell me that Spindles asked for me?"

"Jest so, sir; and the gent's waiting in the visitors' room, sir" said Tupper.

And the page walked away, having delivered his message to Cyril Peele.

Peele leaned on the wall, gasping for breath.

He wondered if he was dreaming.

Certainly, it was he who had telephoned to Mr. Spindles, and made that appointment for five o'clock at Rookwood. But he had used Mr. Dalton's name—he had imitated a man's voice. He was certain



Putty peered cautiously round the screen and grinned. Peele was using the master's phone!

that the moneylender had been deceived on that point.

What could it mean?

"Peele!" Arthur Edward Lovell came along the passage, with a very grave face. "Peele, you awful ass, what have you been up to? Do you think you can have moneylenders coming to see you at the school? If you've got any sense you'll get rid of that giddy visitor before he's seen."

Peele gasped.

"I haven't any visitor—I haven't—I didn't—I never——" he stammered incoherently.

"He's waiting for you."

"But I never——" stuttered Peele.

Lovell shrugged his shoulders.

"My advice to you is to sheer him off as sharp as you can," he said. "Some fellows have seen him already."

And Lovell stalked away.

Peele suppressed a groan. Something had gone wrong—frightfully wrong—that was clear. The only thing that remained for him to do was to get rid of that awful visitor at the earliest possible moment, hoping and trusting that Mr. Spindles would get clear of Rookwood without being noticed or recognised.

Peele tottered away, feeling as if his limbs would hardly support him. But he was almost running when he reached the visitors' room. Raby and Newcome were near the door of that apartment. They gave the cad of the Fourth expressive looks.

"You've done it now, Peele!" remarked Raby.
"Fairly done it!" said Newcome.

Peele did not heed them. He opened the door of the visitors' room and entered, closing the door quickly behind him.

It was deep dusk in the quad, and the light had not been turned on in the room. But Peele saw a figure standing at the window—a fat figure in an overcoat, holding a hat in his hand.

Peele did not venture to switch on the light. Juniors were not allowed to use the visitors' room without special permission, and the lighted windows might have caused attention to be drawn to the spot. Attention was about the last thing in the world that Peele desired at that moment.

Only one thought was in his mind—to get Mr. Spindles to go, to explain as quickly as he could that it was all a mistake, and to get him to go, only to get him to go—at once! If someone should come to the visitors' room and find him there with the moneylender! The bare thought of it made the cad of the Fourth sick with terror.

"Mr. Spindles!" he gasped.

The fat overcoated figure turned from the window. But the face was deeply in the shade, and Peele saw it very dimly, little more than a large beard.

"Master Peele?" asked a sharp, high-pitched voice.

"Yes, yes—it's all a mistake——"

"I do not understand you, Master Peele. I am here to keep my appointment with you——"

"I—I made no appointment——"

"What? I repeat that I do not understand you, Master Peele! Did you not telephone to my office at three o'clock this afternoon?"

"Yes—no, I mean——" articulated Peele.

"You made the appointment for five o'clock, after office hours. I am here. Now you tell me that it is a mistake! Does that mean that you do not desire to do business with me, Master Peele?"

"Yes—no, I mean—— Oh dear!" gasped Peele.
"It's a mistake. I never telephoned—I——"

"Do you mean that some trick has been played on me?"

"Yes, yes, yes!"

"Then I had better see the headmaster."

"Wha-a-at!"

"Kindly tell me where to find Dr. Chisholm!"

Peele gave a gasp of sheer terror.

"If a trick has been played, wasting a busy man's time, it is for the headmaster of this school to inquire into it. You see that, Master Peele?"

"For mercy's sake don't do anything of the kind!" howled Peele, his knees knocking together with fright.
"I should get into no end of a row—it might be the sack for me! I—I—I——"

"It jolly well might!" said Mr. Spindles, in a

changed voice, which made Cyril Peele jump. "And serve you right if it did, you worm!"

Peele gazed at him open-mouthed. He was too dazed to try to understand how it was that Mr. Spindles, of Latcham, was speaking with the voice of Putty of the Fourth.

The door opened, and Jimmy Silver stepped in. The light was switched on, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome followed Jimmy in. Peele glanced at them, and then his dizzy eyes fixed on Mr. Spindles. In the light he could see that gentleman quite clearly now—and he could see that the face was the face of Teddy Grace, with a large beard—one of the "props" of the Classical Dramatic Society—fastened to his chin.

Peele stared at him dizzily.

Putty of the Fourth cheerfully took off the beard and slipped it into a pocket. Then he peeled off the big overcoat, and revealed the fact that his plump appearance had been caused by a padding of several cushions. He grinned brightly at Peele.

"Yes, I think it might mean the sack for you, old bean, if the Head knew, or if Dicky Dalton knew," he remarked cheerily. "It's rather lucky for you that the genuine Spindles hasn't turned up, what?"

Peele could only gasp. He felt as if his head was turning round and round.

"You little worm!" said Jimmy Silver. "Putty spotted you telephoning to Mr. Spindles' office this afternoon, in Dicky Dalton's name. Do you understand now, you rotter?"

"Oh!" gasped Peele.

Putty chuckled.

"The Spindles man isn't coming, old bean," he said. "After you'd cleared out of Dicky's study I rang him up and told him it was a trick and that he wasn't wanted at Rookwood."

"Look here!" muttered Peele. "It—it was only a jape——"

"That kind of jape is barred from Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver. "You'd be jolly well sacked if the Head knew, but we're letting you off with a flogging. Bend over that chair, Peele!"

"I—I won't! I—I——"

"Then you'll come to Mr. Dalton!" said Jimmy Silver grimly. "You can take your choice, Peele!"

Peele's choice was quickly made. And for several minutes afterwards anyone passing the door of the visitors' room would have been surprised to hear a sound of steady whacking, as if someone was beating a carpet in that apartment.

Mr. Dalton never knew.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were satisfied to do good by stealth, as it were. And there was no doubt that they had done good, for there was a sudden end of Cyril Peele's scheming and plotting.

O'LEARY'S First Case

MANY YOUNG MEN ANSWER THE CALL TO ADVENTURE BY JOINING THE FORCES, BY SAILING, FLYING OR DRIVING FAST CARS. BUT MARTIN O'LEARY DECIDED TO BECOME A PRIVATE DETECTIVE—AND ON HIS VERY FIRST CASE DISCOVERED THAT A 'PRIVATE EYE' NEEDS MORE THAN A QUICK MIND AND A FAST FIST. HE NEEDS LUCK, TOO...

ON A DARK, RAINY WINTER EVENING YOUNG MARTIN O'LEARY SET OUT UPON HIS FIRST CASE. HE WAS SMILING CHEERFULLY AS HE ENTERED THE SHOW-ROOMS OF THE GASTON JEWELLERY COMPANY, WHERE THE MANAGER, SIMON RENAUD, STOOD WAITING

JEWELRY
ANTIQUES

GOOD EVENING, MR. RENAUD! I SEE YOU'RE READY FOR US TO LEAVE!

YES, I WANT TO GET THIS JOB OVER AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, MY CAR'S OUTSIDE!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, SIMON RENAUD'S POWERFUL SALOON WAS SPEEDING ALONG DESERTED COUNTRY ROADS....

STOP WORRYING, MR. RENAUD! WE'LL GET THAT NECKLACE TO YOUR CUSTOMER SAFELY

THIS IS MY FIRST BIG SALE, MARTIN, AND I DON'T WANT ANYTHING TO GO WRONG. THAT'S WHY I HIRED A PRIVATE DETECTIVE TO COME WITH ME!

THE COMPANY DIDN'T EMPLOY YOU, MARTIN—MY BOSS DIDN'T THINK A GUARD WAS NECESSARY. SO I'LL BE PAYING YOUR FEE OUT OF MY OWN POCKET. FOR MY PEACE OF MIND IT WILL BE WORTH IT!

I CAN'T SEE THAT THERE'S MUCH RISK OF THE NECKLACE BEING STOLEN. BUT I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE JOB

THEY CAME TO A FORK IN THE ROAD....

WHICH WAY, MR. RENAUD? I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS WAY BEFORE

I DON'T KNOW IT MUCH BETTER, BUT YOU TAKE THE RIGHT FORK, MARTIN. THAT OTHER ROAD'S LITTLE MORE THAN A MUD-TRACK, LEADING UP TO A FARMHOUSE

HALF-A-MILE FURTHER ON, RENAUD GRIPPED MARTIN'S ARM AND POINTED

THERE... THAT'S THE PLACE, MARTIN. STOP OUTSIDE THE GATES AND WE'LL WALK UP THE DRIVE!



WELL, THE JOB'S NEARLY OVER NOW — AND YOU'VE STILL GOT THE NECKLACE!

YES, IN MY POCKET, I SUPPOSE I HAVE BEEN OVERCAUTIOUS. BUT STAY WITH ME UNTIL I'VE ACTUALLY HANDED IT OVER!



THEY BEGAN TO WALK UP THE DARK, SHRUB-LINED DRIVE... THEN SUDDENLY....

THAT'S FAR ENOUGH! GET YOUR HANDS UP — AND IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU — KEEP QUIET!

AAAH!



THE MASKED MAN REACHED FOR THE TREMBLING RENAUD'S POCKET

ALL RIGHT, FRIEND — I'LL TAKE THAT NECKLACE!



PRETTY ISN'T IT? I KNOW GOOD DIAMONDS WHEN I SEE THEM!

MY FIRST CASE — AND I'VE FLUFFED IT! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM — SOMEHOW



SEEING THAT THE GUNMAN'S ATTENTION WAS ON THE NECKLACE, MARTIN WHIRLED, WITH FIST SWINGING — BUT THE GAMBLE DIDN'T PAY OFF....

AAAAGH!

NO YOU DON'T, MISTER PRIVATE EYE!



WITH A GROAN, MARTIN O'LEARY PITCHED TO THE GROUND... DIMLY, THROUGH REELING SENSES, HE HEARD THE GUNMAN'S SNEERING LAUGH...

YOU... YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED! THERE... THERE'S NO NEED TO...

HE'S LUCKY... HE MIGHT HAVE GOT A BULLET INSTEAD! BUT LET IT BE A WARNING TO YOU! ... DON'T TRY ANY FUNNY BUSINESS!

BUT AS A RUGBY ENTHUSIAST, THE YOUNG DETECTIVE WAS USED TO HARD KNOCKS. DOGGEDLY FIGHTING AGAINST UNCONSCIOUSNESS, HE PUSHED HIMSELF TO HIS HANDS AND FEET



HE—HASN'T GOT AWAY WITH IT—YET!

DON'T BE A FOOL! HE'LL SHOOT NEXT TIME!

SHAKING OFF RENAUD'S RESTRAINING HAND, MARTIN TOTTERED IN PURSUIT. BUT THEN AN ENGINE SNARLED INTO SUDDEN LIFE AND NEXT INSTANT HE HAD TO HURL HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE



SO HE HAD HIS GETAWAY CAR HIDDEN IN THE SHRUBS!

MARTIN SCRAMBLED TO HIS FEET, BUT RENAUD'S HAND GRIPPED HIS ARM....



COME ON— WE'VE GOT A CAR! WE CAN CHASE HIM!

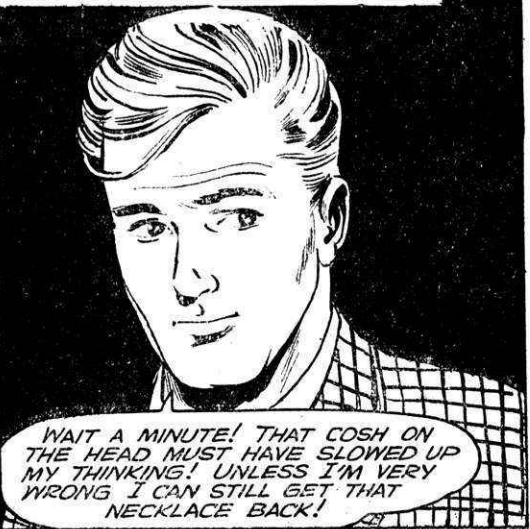
NO, MARTIN, I WON'T LET YOU DO IT! I WON'T LET YOU RISK BEING KILLED— FOR ANY NECKLACE! WE'LL CALL THE POLICE!

MARTIN O'LEARY EYED THE FRIGHTENED FACE OF HIS CLIENT THEN SHRUGGED RESIGNEDLY....



ALL RIGHT, MR. RENAUD. HE'S GOT TOO GOOD A START NOW, ANYWAY. YOU GO ON TO THE HOUSE AND CALL THE POLICE. I'LL LOOK AROUND HERE FOR CLUES!

BUT NO SOONER HAD RENAUD GONE..



WAIT A MINUTE! THAT COSH ON THE HEAD MUST HAVE SLOWED UP MY THINKING! UNLESS I'M VERY WRONG I CAN STILL GET THAT NECKLACE BACK!

THE YOUNG DETECTIVE RAN BACK ALONG THE ROAD



IF I'M RIGHT, I DON'T NEED A CAR TO TRACK HIM DOWN!



WE CAME TO THE FORK IN THE ROAD

THAT GUNMAN'S CAR WAS STREAKED WITH WET MUD — AND YET THE MAIN ROAD SURFACE WAS QUITE CLEAN. BUT THIS ROAD, AS RENAUD SAID, IS JUST A MUD TRACK LEADING TO A FARMHOUSE! I'LL SEE WHAT'S UP THERE!



THERE'S A CHINK IN THE CURTAINS! NOW TO FIND OUT IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT!



STEALTHILY, MARTIN CROPT UP TO THE FARMHOUSE AND LOOKED IN

THAT'S HIM! ... BUT I MUST REMEMBER HE'S GOT A GUN!



CROUCHING BENEATH THE WINDOW, HE SENT A STONE SPLASHING INTO A NEARBY PUDDLE..

MAYBE THIS WAY I CAN EVEN THE ODDS!



ABRUPTLY THE LIGHT WENT OUT. THE WINDOW CREAKED OPEN — AND...

I HEARD SOMETHING OUT HERE!



NEXT INSTANT...

AAAAGH!

GOT YOU!

THEY STRUGGLED ON THE GROUND, MARTIN DETERMINED TO STOP THE THIEF RETRIEVING HIS GUN....



YOU INTERFERING PRIVATE EYE PUP!

A ROCKETING PUNCH TO THE JAW SENT THE THIEF REELING BACK



ONCE AGAIN, MARTIN O'LEARY'S QUICK WITS SAVED HIM. AS THE THIEF'S POWERFUL HANDS REACHED FOR HIS THROAT, HE DOUBLED HIS LEG UNDER THE OTHER MAN'S BODY.. AND KICKED!

BUT MARTIN'S OPPONENT WAS BIG, TOUGH... AND DESPERATE! SHAKING HIS HEAD CLEAR, HE SPRANG....



YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME! THERE'S TOO MUCH AT STAKE!



THE THIEF SAGGED AS HIS HEAD CRASHED AGAINST THE FARMHOUSE WALL... THERE WAS NO MORE FIGHT LEFT IN HIM....



I'VE GOT WHAT I CAME FOR. NOW WE'RE GOING IN YOUR CAR TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION.... THEN I'LL TELEPHONE MY CLIENT WITH THE GOOD NEWS!

FOUR HOURS LATER, MARTIN WAS BACK IN HIS OWN OFFICE. THERE CAME A KNOCK AT THE DOOR...



COME IN, MR. RENAUD.... I'VE GOT YOUR NECKLACE IN MY DESK DRAWER

GOOD. WHEN I GOT YOUR TELEPHONE CALL, MARTIN, I WAS MOST RELIEVED!

RENAUD'S SMILE VANISHED AT MARTIN'S NEXT WORDS....

OF COURSE, YOU KNEW ALL THE TIME THESE DIAMONDS WERE FAKE, DIDN'T YOU?



I HAD MY SUSPICIONS, RENAUD... SO I GOT AN EXPERT TO LOOK AT THE NECKLACE! YES, IT WAS QUITE A PLAN YOU HAD. YOU HAD STOLEN THE REAL NECKLACE AND TO COVER YOURSELF, ARRANGED WITH A CHUM TO STAGE A HOLD-UP... AND BROUGHT ME ALONG JUST SO I WOULD CONFIRM WHAT HAPPENED!

YOU'RE SMART, O'LEARY — BUT NOT SMART ENOUGH TO THINK I'LL LET YOU GET AWAY WITH WHAT YOU KNOW...!



RENAUD WENT TO DRAW HIS GUN BUT SUDDENLY THE POLICE BURST IN....



THEY WERE OUTSIDE LISTENING, RENAUD!... THEY HEARD YOU GIVE YOURSELF AWAY!

AFTER RENAUD HAD BEEN TAKEN AWAY, THE POLICE INSPECTOR CONGRATULATED THE YOUNG DETECTIVE....



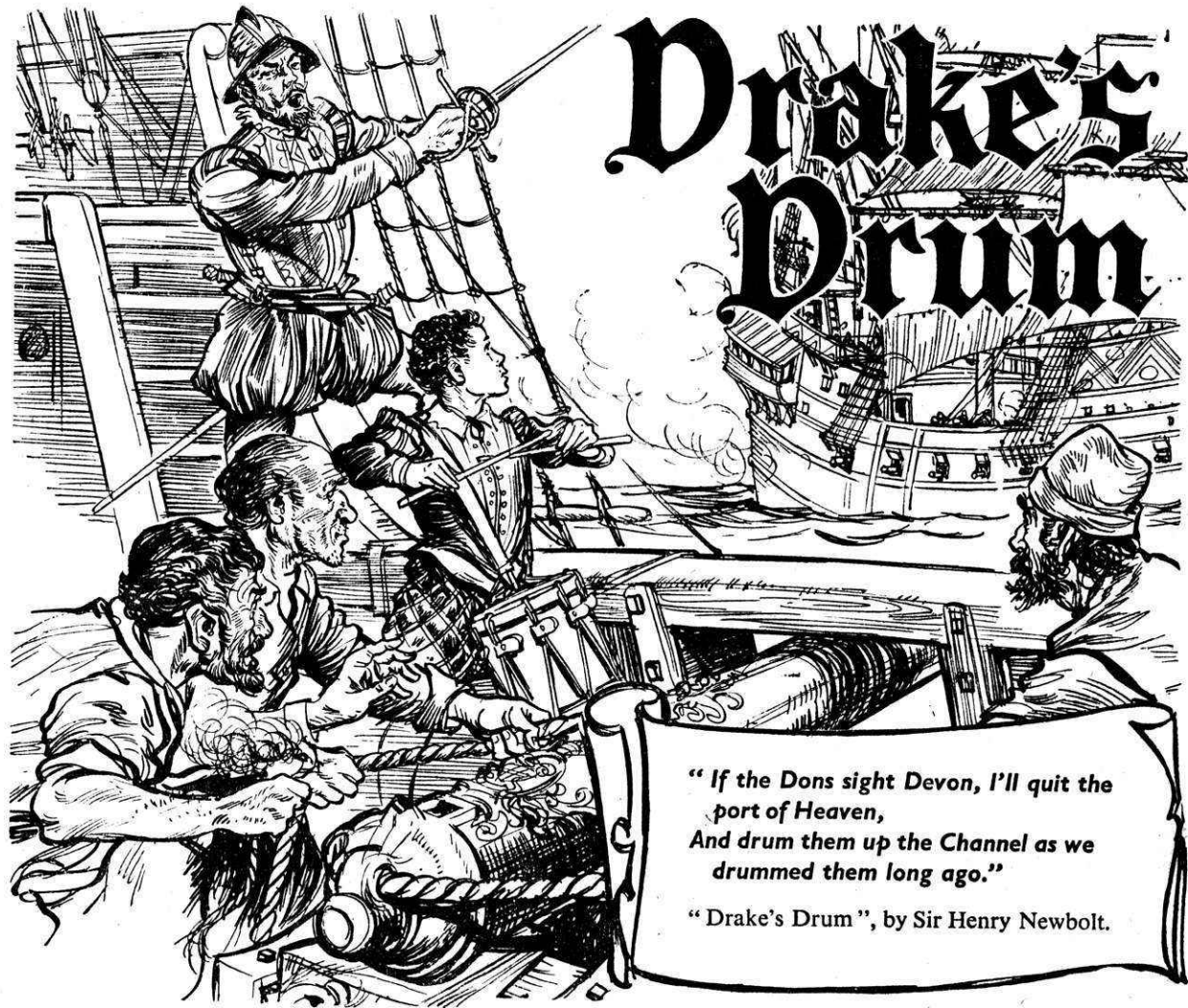
RENAUD WOULD HAVE FOOLED ME BUT THREE THINGS MADE ME SUSPICIOUS. FIRST, RENAUD KNEW ABOUT THAT MUDDY TRACK TO THE FARMHOUSE. SECOND, HIS GUNMAN PAL KNEW THAT RENAUD HAD THE NECKLACE IN HIS TOP POCKET... AND THIRD HE ALSO KNEW I WAS A PRIVATE DETECTIVE!

WELL, YOU WRAPPED UP YOUR FIRST CASE VERY NEATLY, O'LEARY! THAT'S WHAT I CALL A REAL STROKE OF LUCK!

BUT YOUNG MARTIN O'LEARY LOOKED VERY FAR FROM PLEASED....



I GET A CRACK ACROSS THE HEAD WITH A GUN BARREL... NEARLY GET RUN OVER BY A GETAWAY CAR... RUIN GOOD CLOTHES FIGHTING IN A MUDDY FARMYARD... AND WHAT DO I GET OUT OF IT? NOTHING... NOT A PENNY... BECAUSE I HAVE TO PIN THE CRIME ON MY OWN CLIENT! AND YOU CALL THAT LUCK!



Drake's Drum

*"If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the
port of Heaven,
And drum them up the Channel as we
drummed them long ago."*

"Drake's Drum", by Sir Henry Newbolt.

Death of a Drummer

LIKE a hare chased by greyhounds, young Toby Pertwee ran down the cobbled street of the Devon fishing village, his heart pounding with excitement.

There was no one chasing him. There was no one else awake at this hour, for dawn was only just breaking, and the white cottages were pink with the early light.

What made him run at such helter-skelter speed was the need to give warning to Francis Drake—to tell him what he had just seen: a Spanish galleon full-rigged, breaking the western sky-line.

Captain Francis Drake, master mariner, lord of the seas, and the curse of every Spanish galleon that dared infest the Main, was asleep in the inn. The inn's great oak door was shut and barred, and Toby hurled himself at the panels, and beat them with his fist.

"The Dons! Captain Drake! A galleon in our waters——" he yelled at the top of his voice.

He yelled again, and suddenly the casement window above swung open, and the bearded face of Francis Drake stared out.

"Who calls?" he cried.

"Toby Pertwee at your service, Cap'n," panted Toby, and pointed to the west. "A galleon breaking the horizon . . . I was up early to tend a sick horse . . . I looked out to sea, and there the galleon was, come to take us by surprise."

Francis Drake rubbed his eyes, and muttered. Then, clad in nightshirt though he was, he scrambled through the window, clung to the sill, and dropped lithely to the ground.

Without a word, he hurried round the side of the inn to some rising ground that gave him a view seaward. He stood there, staring out to sea at the Spanish galleon.

"A galleon in the Queen's own seas!" he cried, and his fury showed in the glint of his eyes. "Such impudence shall be paid for dearly."

"How long before she's here, Cap'n, blazing her many cannons?" asked Toby.

Francis Drake turned, and clapped Toby on the shoulder.

"Have no fear of that, lad. The wind's in the wrong quarter. She'll not come shorewards. But it's in the right quarter for us to go chasing her. By all their Saints, the Dons will rue this day. Sound the drum!" he roared. "Rally the crews . . . Drummers!"

Back to the inn Drake ran, shouting in a voice that could carry above the gale.

Another window opened and a tousled, sleepy head looked out. The drummer boy had heard his Captain's call.

"Sound the drum lad, up and down the village. Every man jack aboard!" roared Drake. "There's a whole dog-kennel of Spanish mariners to be whipped back to their lair."

"Aye, aye sir," called the drummer boy. "To drum it is. I'll rattle their drowsy ears to wakefulness Cap'n."

With a word of thanks to Toby for alerting him, Drake roared like a hungry lion and brought out the inn-keeper to open his doors.

Hardly was the door open than the drummer lad came running out, bare-footed, clad only in shirt and breeches. His drum was at his hip, and even as he crossed the threshold, he throbbed the drumsticks.

Toby Pertwee's eyes blazed with envy. He would have given those eyes to have the drummer's luck, to be beating that drum.

"Galleon ahoy!" yelled the drummer lad. "All crews aboard!"

Tr-r-rm T-r-r-m went the rolling drum as he hurried up the cobble-stoned hill.

Sleep ended in the village. Windows were opened, and shouts and rallying calls and whistles sounded. For that drum was the signal for action. It would send sails rattling up the masts, send gunners to their posts. Before long, Drake's proud ship, the *Golden Hind*, would be afloat on the sea in the wake of the hated and despised Dons.

Toby, eager to help, was judged too young yet for the man's job of fighting the Dons. But at least he had strong lungs, and a loud voice that could help rouse the crews to action.

The drummer ran ahead of him. He had the length of the winding hill to run, and went at speed. But when he had gone the first hundred yards, Toby was not far behind.

At that point, a hundred yards from the inn, where the hill curved, was an alleyway. As it came into his view, Toby halted—for, from that alley, came a black-cloaked figure.

Petrified, Toby stared as the man leaped on to the drummer. His flowing black cloak covered both figures, his own and the drummer's.

An anguished cry sounded. The drum's throbbing ceased. Then, as quickly as it had leaped out,

the cloaked figure returned to the alley. And the drummer lay sprawled on the cobblestones, dead.

"Murder!" yelled Toby in horror.

Down the hill went the drum, rolling over with a booming sound, leaping the cobbles.

The first moment of horror gone, Toby rushed forward, and put out his foot to stay the rolling drum. He seized it, and slung its straps around his shoulders. Next, mastering his fear, he strode to the dead drummer lad, and seized the sticks from his lifeless hands. He looked about him warily, tense as a cat. That cloaked figure might leap again!

Who that rascal was, Toby could not guess; the cloak had hidden his face. But one thing was certain, this foul murder had had but one object—to silence Drake's drum.

"The drum shall roll," vowed Toby.

He rattled the drum sticks and from dry throat, gave the drummer's yell: "Galleon ahoy! All crews aboard."

Reckless of what his own fate might be from a knife-slashing enemy, he ran on up the hill.

Windows opened. Men's voices shouted. Before long there were clattering feet on the cobbles. And as the drum beat out his message, the village came to life. Hardly a person was left in bed.

Tr-r-rm . . . tr-r-r-m.

Drake's drum, silenced for a while by a treacherous, murderous knife, was rolling again! From their berths, Drake's gallant crews scrambled to action to take death to the despised Dons.

Up the hill to the summit and then down went Toby, proudly drumming. But, halfway down, close to the alley again, he was halted by a throng of angry, excited men.

The body of the dead drummer had been found, and around it were grouped angry sailormen, lashed to fury by the sight, and thirsting vengeance. But there was not a clue as to the killer.

"Who did it?"

"What rascal's work is this?"

"Death to him!"

Toby halted, and his heart leaped in fear as a giant of a man with a bristling beard pounced on him, seized the neck of his shirt with a fist as big as a York ham, then shook him like a terrier shaking a rat.

"How did you get that drum?" he raged.

"By murder," said another.

The giant lifted Toby clear of the ground as if he were a sack of feathers. All around were angry faces. Fists were raised. On all sides, he saw glaring eyes.

"I did not kill him," he cried, half-choked. "I swear it. I saw him killed, and took the drum myself to keep it rolling——"

There were so many men shouting that his words were heard by only a few; but they were heard by



“Set the lad down, Giant Jackson!” commanded Francis Drake. “This is England, not Spain! Give the lad justice and a fair hearing!”

the man who mattered most of all—Captain Francis Drake.

Dressed in shirt and breeches, a swinging cape at his shoulders, a jewelled sword at his side, Drake thrust his way through the mob.

“Shut up!” he roared in a voice that brought instant silence. Then he turned to the giant who held Toby by the shirt collar. “Set the lad down, Giant Jackson,” he commanded. “This is England not Spain. Give the lad justice and a fair hearing.”

The hushed crowd fell back as Francis Drake looked down in black anger at the dead drummer.

“Speak lad!” he commanded Toby. “Tell what you know of this. Who killed my brave shipmate?”

With Drake’s ice-blue eyes upon him, Toby told what he had seen.

“And, seeing that he was dead, I took the drum, Cap’n,” said Toby.

A bright gleam came to Drake’s eyes, and he dropped a hand on to Toby’s shoulders.

“I need such lads as you. Well done. A brave deed. And I’ll see it’s rewarded.” Then he turned to the murmuring crowd. “A cheer for the lad who kept the drum rolling.”

A roaring cheer rose, and Toby’s cheeks flushed with pride; his eyes sparkled.

“At your service, Cap’n Drake,” he said. “I’ll carry the drum where and when you command.”

“Then carry it you shall. What’s your name?”

“Toby Pertwee, Cap’n—”

“Then Toby Pertwee you are my drummer and cabin-boy from now on,” said Drake.

“From now on—aye for ever,” said Toby with pride and joy. “So long as I live, that drum shall roll at your will . . . and after, if I have the honour to become a ghost.”

Francis Drake joined in the laughter that that speech brought, yet slapped Toby on the back with approval.

But Drake’s thoughts went back to the dead

drummer lad who had served him so bravely. Calling an aged sailorman who stumped on a wooden leg, he charged him with the sacred burial of the Spaniard's victim, a sea burial at sunset.

Next, when he had sent his crews about their urgent business, he summoned the parish clerk, and ordered him to put up a notice on the church door demanding information that would lead to the arrest of any spy, escaped prisoner, or other lurking Spaniard heard of or seen in the surrounding countryside.

That the cloaked man was a Spaniard, no one doubted. He could have come ashore in the dead of night. He could have escaped from a prison. But he must be caught and with that task, Drake charged all land-lubbers while he and his crews were afloat.

Toby rushed home for the few things he might need with him at sea. Orphaned by a ship-wreck, his one fond farewell was to an aged grandmother. Then, athrill with excitement and wild expectations of high adventure, he made for the harbour where that great ship, the scourge of the Spaniards, the far-famed *Golden Hind*, lay moored with her two sister ships.

To capture and board that galleon far off on the skyline was impossible if the Dons were shy of battle. But, if the rascals sought to bring some coastal village within range of their cannons and lay off for a favourable wind, they might yet be hammered if the *Golden Hind* was already at sea.

"To sea!" went up the valiant shout when, some minutes later, Francis Drake, cheered by his men, and with his new drummer, Toby Pertwee at his side, gave the order to cast off.

The gun crews were at the ready. Their cannons were laid ready to be fired at Drake's command, at the roll of the drum. With the newly-risen sun lighting the *Golden Hind* with a roseate glow, the wind belling her mighty sails, the masts creaking under power, the crowd on the quayside let forth a shout that might have reached the distant galleon.

"Death to the Dons!"

The Man in the Boat

ON the poop deck of the *Golden Hind*, as it swept through the seas, Toby stood close to the great Francis Drake.

Drake's fame was at its height. He was a sea-captain, respected by every man in England, honoured by Queen Elizabeth herself, but perhaps respected most of all by the Spaniards whose hearts were set in fearful throbbing by the most distant beating of his dreadful drum.

Out to sea, her topsails cutting above the curved horizon, rode the mighty galleon, a floating fortress, heavy with cannon, packed with soldiers. It was more than a match for the *Golden Hind* in numbers

and gun-power, but what its captain lacked was a heart as stout as Drake's, or a crew as fearless and death-defying as his own picked men.

"We have the Queen's own warrant to harry the Spaniards, lad," Drake told Toby, "and harry them, we will. You've earned your drumsticks, but I'll not rest until I've captured the rascal that murdered young Tom, the drummer. There are spies lurking in Devon. I'll find every man jack of them."

"Wish I could get my hands on that cowardly ruffian," said Toby fiercely. "And if I had a sword, I'd take vengeance on any other Spaniard . . . and will, too, when we catch that galleon."

"Alas! They have a fair wind, lad. I fear they have the sense to keep well beyond the range of our cannon. And yet——"

But Drake did not finish the sentence, for a wild shout came from the look-out in the crow's nest that made everyone aboard look up at him.

"Ahoj there! On the starboard bow . . . A boat!"

As he pointed, there was a rush to the ship's side. Toby, alongside his captain, looked down from the poop deck.

"There's a man in it," shouted the look-out.

Toby saw the small boat tossing in the waves, but he could not see the man in it, not having such a lofty view as the look-out at the mast head.

Captain Drake yelled orders. The course was changed to head towards the small boat, and as they drew nearer, Toby saw that there was indeed a man in it. He lay quite still, seemingly lifeless.

At Drake's command, a boat was lowered, and with oars plunging the sea, set out for that other boat and its human cargo.

Toby watched, dread in his heart, as he saw the limp figure, sun-bronzed and in tattered rags lifted aboard the *Golden Hind's* boat.

"A Spanish small boat," frowned Drake. "And, by the look of it, launched from the galleon. If so, it's not a Spanish dog we've rescued, but one of our own men, a prisoner abandoned . . . Not before he was tortured, though, if I know the Dons."

A prisoner it was, a Devon man. They hauled him aboard, groaning; and those groans were the only proof he gave that he still lived. He had a growth of unkempt beard; his hair fringed his shoulders; his face was a leathery brown with sun and exposure. So emaciated was he that he was scarcely recognisable.

Nevertheless, as he lay on the deck, motionless except for the soundless movement of his parched lips and the terrified rolling of his eyes, Francis Drake muttered: "I know him—a shipmate——"

"Water—water," cried the man feebly from parched throat.

As he struggled with sudden effort to a half-sitting posture, Francis Drake dropped to his side. "Michael Pudmore!" he exclaimed. "The bo'sun

I left at Santa Marino guarding the treasure . . . captured, tortured by the Dons. They've sent him back as an insult." Then he knelt beside the groaning man, and spoke in gentler tone. "Michael. It's Francis speaking. You're in good hands . . . Michael . . . Bo'sun . . . speak!"

The man stirred. The light of intelligence came to his roving eyes, and with difficulty he stared at Drake.

"Cap'n! They got us . . . but not the gold. It's safe . . . I got a map . . ."

But the effort was too much for him, and his head fell back. Into his gaping mouth the ship's surgeon trickled a thin stream of water. And presently by Drake's orders, he was carried below, to the captain's cabin.

"Whatever can be done for the poor fellow, see that it's done, surgeon," Drake ordered. "There's no braver, no more loyal man in the Queen's service than Michael Pudmore."

When men had carried the cruel Don's victim

below, Drake turned to Toby, and mounted to the poop deck again.

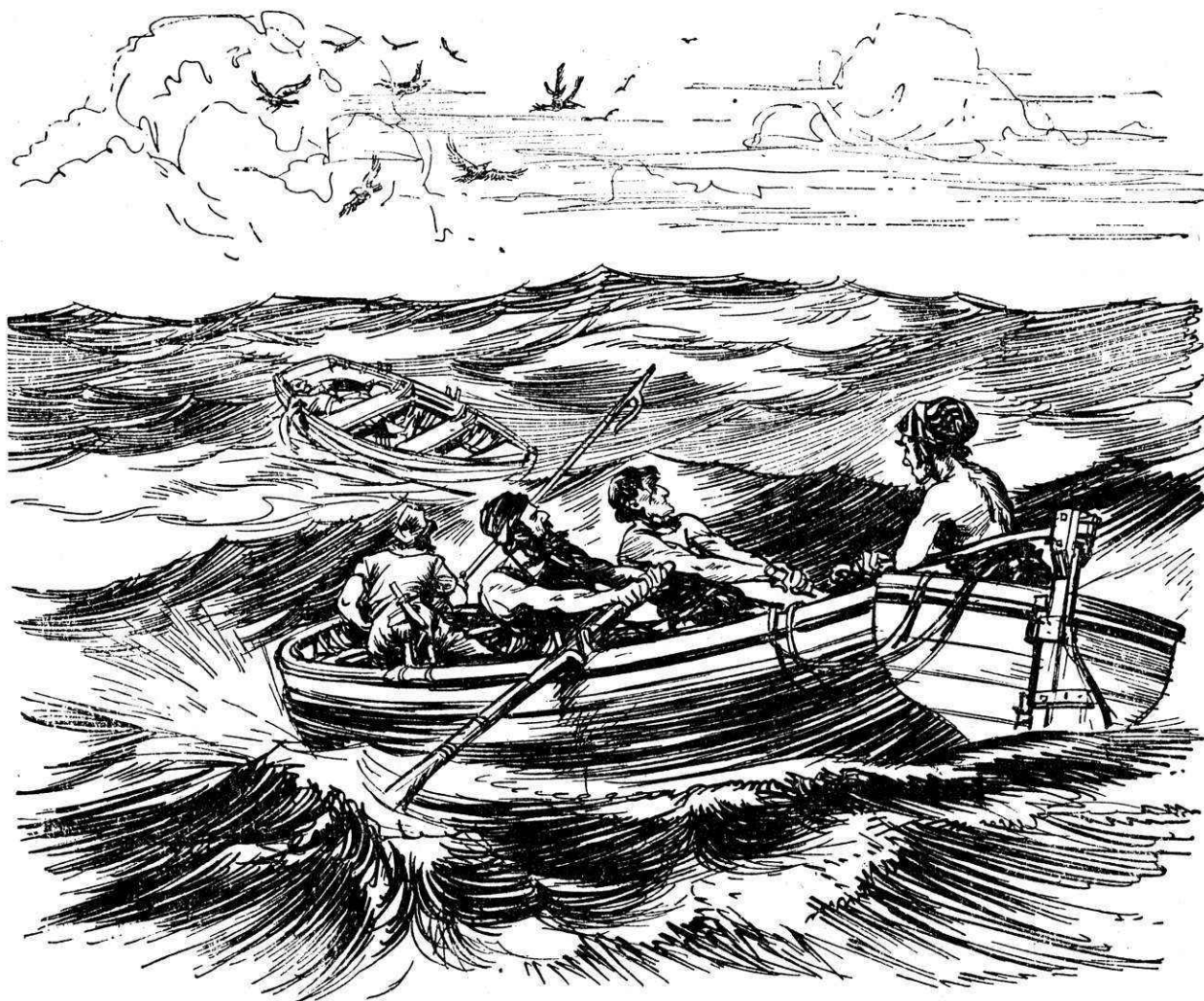
"Those dogs from the nether regions hunted the crew I left guarding the loot we seized from them . . . a mountain of Spanish ducats and doubloons . . . gold for the Queen's coffers . . ."

"Ay. But the Dons did not get that treasure, Cap'n. Michael said as much," Toby murmured.

Francis Drake folded his arms, and paced to and fro like a caged lion, hungry and ferocious.

"But they got the crew, my brave shipmates. The rascals! The hounds! By the four winds, I'll drive a hard bargain. A pretty price they shall pay for this cruel villainy. We'll sail for Santa Marino. We'll find every survivor that may have escaped their claws. And for every one of those loyal Devon lads missing, three Spanish curs shall swing from the yard-arm or die in battle!"

His pacing was stopped by the ship's quartermaster who served also as the surgeon. He had come from the dying Michael.



With plunging oars, they set out for the drifting boat in which a man lay quite still, seemingly lifeless!

"Cap'n, his muttering is now more easily understood," he said. "He claims he has brought the map of the new secret hiding-place of the treasure, despite every trick and torture the Dons used to try to get it from him."

Drake, with Toby at his side, hurried down to his cabin. There in his own bunk, lay Michael. And seeing the captain, he half rose and flung up a scarecrow arm.

"Before I die, Cap'n," he pleaded, "a haircut."

Exhausted by the effort, he sank back heavily as if lifeless. But one hand clawed at his unkempt hair as if to tug it off.

"He raves," said the surgeon sadly. "We can find no map, Cap'n. What the poor fellow thought was a map is a message from the Spaniards . . . a document plastered to his back. See!" he ended turning aside, "it is here . . . no map, but a taunting challenge to the Dons, addressed to you."

He held up a browned, stained sheet of parchment in a hand that shook with anger; and Toby craned his head to look at it.

Francis Drake, eyes blazing, jaw set, seized the parchment.

The Challenge

WRITTEN with braggart pride in gold, with much scrolled penmanship, the parchment message was not in Spanish, but being intended for Drake, in English, and in capitals.

TO FRANCIS DRAKE, SHIPMASTER,
AND ROGUE:—

HIS MOST CATHOLIC EMINENCE, CHEVALIER OF THE HOLY EMPIRE, DON ALONZO CORDILLO CARENZA, DOTH NOW RETURN, WITH PRINCELY COMPLIMENTS, DRAKE'S THIEVING DOG'S BODY, MICHAEL PUDMORE. NOTE WELL HIS APPEARANCE. AS HE IS NOW, SO SHALL ALL SUCH DOGS BE SERVED AS MAY DARE AFFRONT HIS EXCELLENCY.

HATH SEAMASTER DRAKE SOME BLOOD STILL IN HIS VEINS AND STRENGTH IN HIS BLACKENED HEART ENOUGH TO TEST THE MIGHTY DON'S POWER OF VENGEANCE, HE SHALL FIND HOT WELCOME AT THE CANNON'S MOUTH IN THE BAY OF SANTA MARINO WHEREIN IS SUNK HIS SHIP THE *MORNING GLORY* AND AROUND WHICH ARE RINGED TREES DECORATED AS FOR CHRISTMAS WITH THE HANGING CORPSES OF HIS CREWS.

LET PIRATE DRAKE SEEK ONCE AGAIN TO TAKE THE RICH SPANISH JEWELS AND GOLD THESE SAME COWARDLY CREWS DID SO FEEBLY GUARD FOR HIS

RETURN . . . TREASURE WHICH, BUT FOR ENGLISH COWARDICE, COULD SWELL THE COFFERS OF THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

Francis Drake, silent, but with blazing eyes, read it through, Toby, looking over his shoulder, drinking in every word. As he read, Drake muttered the words aloud in growing fury.

Rage and burning indignation held Drake silent when he had finished that insulting challenge. Only the murmuring of the doomed Bo'sun broke the silence.

There was no man Drake held in greater contempt than this Don Alonzo. There was no crew he prized more than those men Don Alonzo had captured and tortured, his shipmates of the *Morning Glory*. Their sorry fate went to Drake's heart.

Suddenly, he lowered the parchment, and looked at the dying Bo'sun, his jaw set, his eyes blazing.

"Fear not, comrade," he cried in passion, "you shall be avenged." And his powerful hand, although so mighty on a sword's pommel, dropped gently as a woman's on Michael Pudmore's leathery, sun-baked brow. "If you were tricked into thinking you had the map of the treasure's hiding-place, it was no fault of yours that the Dons put in its place this foul insult to brave men and our revered and rightly-beloved queen."

Then, giving the parchment to Toby he said: "Guard it in my iron chest. It shall be sent to Her Majesty as shall every Spanish insult until there are enough of them to warrant war against King Philip. But my own vengeance will be a lot more sudden. Don Alonzo's warm welcome shall be answered. We'll sail for Santa Marino."

At the sound of that name, Michael Pudmore half rose from the bunk, and a choking sound came from his tortured throat.

"A hair cut . . . a hair cut," he begged.

And as if to make his meaning clear, the Bo'sun raised a bony hand to his scalp, opening and shutting the first and second fingers as if they were shears.

"It's the half crazy whim of a dying man," said the surgeon, sadly, "although it's likely the length and the condition of that tangled mass does indeed worry him."

That was enough for Drake.

"Crazy whim or not," he said, "it may be his last. Give me some shears. And lie though it is, I'll praise him for his dauntless courage in bringing the map."

The surgeon brought scissors from his box, and at sight of them, the dying man's eyes lit up as if he had come to life again. A ghastly smile stretched his cracked lips and parched cheeks.

The scissors snipped. The hair fell in heaps. And, as it fell, Toby, who was supporting Michael's head, brushed them away. Right to the roots Drake

cut the hair. Suddenly so sparse was the hair that against the leathery skin of forehead and neck, the skull gleamed white . . . white, except where some odd, blue markings showed.

Toby, peering closer, gave a start. A thrill ran through him, for those blue stains were not ordinary marks. They had meaning.

"Cap'n. It's a map . . . a map tattooed on his scalp!" he shouted.

Francis Drake's shears ceased sniping. He leaned down with intent stare and wide eyes at the Bo'sun's scalp. There could be no mistaking it. Toby was right. Clearly tattooed on the seaman's scalp was the map of an island. There were even wriggly lines representing rivers.

"By all the four winds and seven seas, it's a map right enough. It's a map of Santa Marino!" cried Drake. "And there . . . there, marked clearly by my own secret sign for such hiding-places is the hide-out of the treasure."

Awestruck, Toby drew back the hand that had supported the Bo'sun's head. As he did so, the still-smiling face of the brave Devonian, Michael Pudmore, turned to him with wide, sightless eyes. Michael's head fell to the pillow. Joy had done for him what torture could not. His mighty overstrained heart burst with it. Until his task was done, until his secret, so cunningly hidden, was brought to Drake's knowledge, the Bo'sun had battled valiantly against death. Now, his fight was won, and merciful death claimed him.

"So dies one who gives the lie to Don Alonzo," said Francis Drake huskily. "He shall be avenged. He did not suffer or die in vain. With a copy of this precious map, we'll sail for Santa Marino and claim the treasure."

"Aye, aye, sir," cried Toby eagerly. "Vengeance." But as Francis Drake swung round to leave the cabin, the surgeon caught his arm.

"Cap'n, it's a fine spirit, but what of caution? We haven't enough ships victualled for sea."

Francis Drake whipped his sword from the sheath. "This sword I shall not sheathe until our comrades of the *Morning Glory* are avenged!" he roared. Then he turned to the bunk where Michael lay, now shrouded with a sheet.

"Brave Bo'sun," he said huskily, "your suffering was not in vain. If your shipmates live anywhere on Santa Marino, I'll see they return to Devon. What's more, the treasure they guarded so bravely shall return too. I swear it on my life's forfeit."

And since he was never known to speak rash,



Three ships were hurriedly got ready by every brave man at Drake's command. It was a race against time!

braggart words, surely enough before night fell, three valiant ships were hurriedly victualled. Magazines were loaded with powder and cannon balls, and every fit brave man that the ships could hold and victual was at Drake's service.

There was no time to summon aid from other ports. It was a race against time. For already there was a beacon fire secretly lit, blazing on a local headland. It was lit by a spy's hand, and sent the awaited message to the lurking galleon.

In vain, that spy was sought by Drake's men. In vain because, feigning dumbness, for fear his speech and accent would betray him, and letting it be thought he was a Cornishman—to explain his dark hair and eyes—the Spanish spy had signed on as a member of Drake's crew on the *Golden Hind*!

He had vowed to silence Drake's drum. One drummer already buried with naval honours at sea, slashed to silence by his knife. And before the *Golden Hind* reached Santa Marino, he vowed, the new drummer, Toby Pertwee, should also be buried at sea, and Drake's dreaded drum with him.

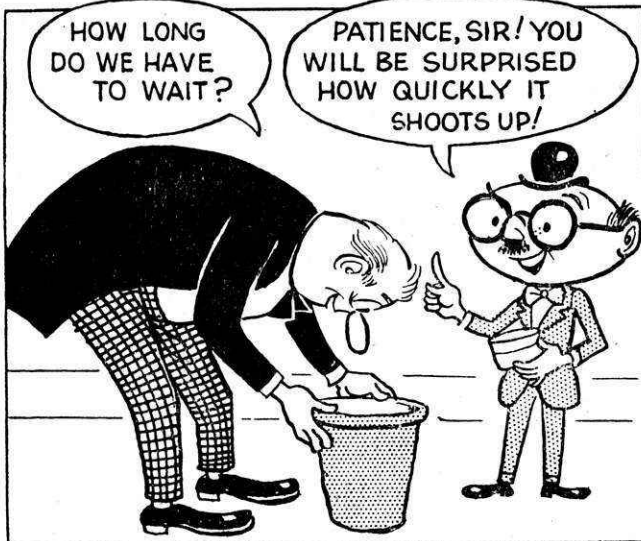
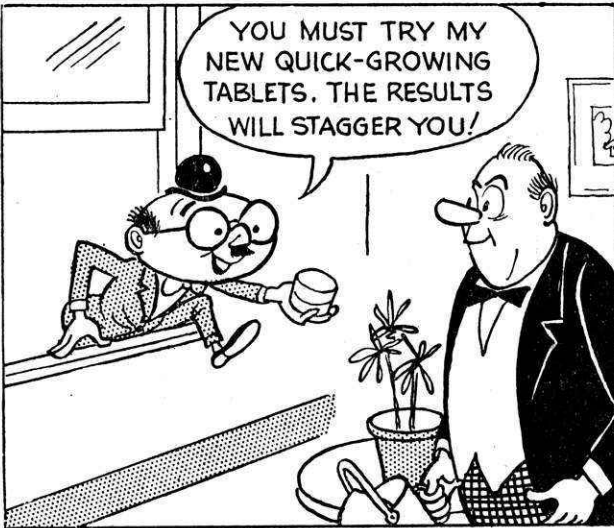
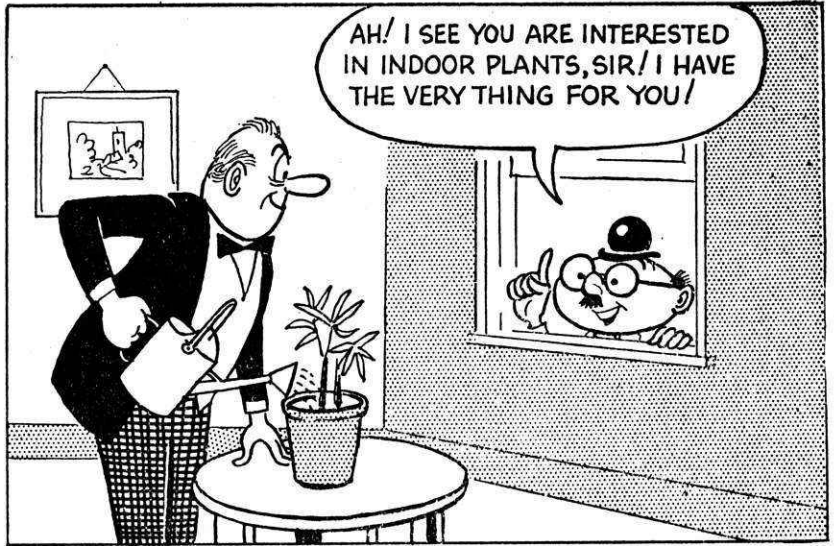
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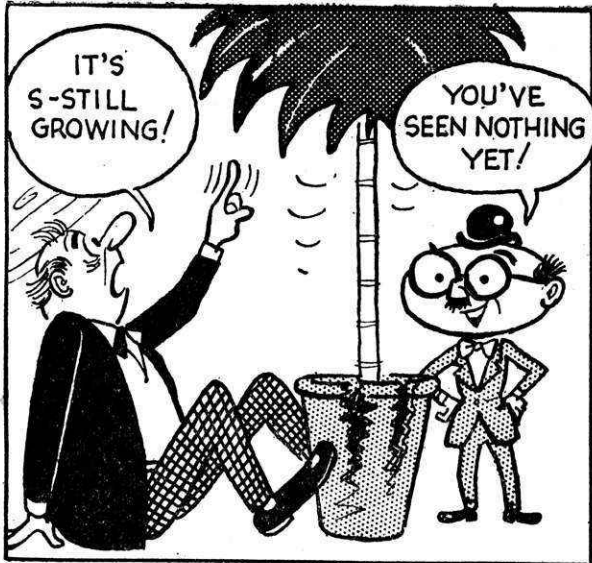
This story is continued on page 98

THE CRACKPOT INVENTOR WITH A "NUT" FULL OF NONSENSE!

PROFESSOR

KNOCKOUT





THE FIGHT GAME IS ONE WHERE YOUTH WILL HAVE ITS WAY. BUT THERE HAVE BEEN ONE OR TWO BOXERS
—THE PETER PANS OF PUGILISM—WHO HAVE DONE THEIR BEST TO PROVE THAT—

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD!

One of the greatest of these was
JERSEY JOE WALCOTT



WALCOTT WAS BORN ARNOLD RAYMOND CREAM, ONE OF A FAMILY OF ELEVEN, IN NEW JERSEY — CITY OF SKYSCRAPERS.



HE BECAME A PROFESSIONAL FIGHTER WHEN HE WAS 16 — JUST ANOTHER COLOURED BOXER AMONGST DOZENS WHO WERE TRYING THAT ROCKY ROAD TO FAME!



THE NAME CREAM WAS NOT ONE WHICH SOUNDED VERY BOXER-LIKE, SO ARNOLD CREAM BECAME JERSEY JOE WALCOTT.

HE BORROWED HIS FIGHT-NAME FROM A FORMER GREAT BATTLER FROM BARBADOS, ADDING THE WORD "JERSEY." JOE HAD A NUMBER OF SMALL FIGHTS...



... BUT HE DIDN'T GET FAR — OR MAKE MUCH MONEY

HE DID GET MARRIED DURING THIS TIME THOUGH, AND RAISED SIX CHILDREN. HE LEFT BOXING BECAUSE THE MONEY WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH TO WARRANT POSSIBLE INJURY IN THE RING.



HE HAD SEVEN MOUTHS TO FEED. SO HE HUNG HIS GLOVES UP TO LOOK FOR A JOB OUTSIDE BOXING.

THEN ONE DAY THERE CAME ONE OF THOSE LITTLE QUIRKS OF FATE THAT CHANGE A LIFE. JOE HADN'T HAD A FIGHT IN FIVE YEARS WHEN OUT OF THE BLUE HE WAS OFFERED ONE.

I'VE BEEN LET DOWN, JOE. I NEED A STAND-IN FOR A FIGHT ON MY BILL. WILL YOU DO IT?



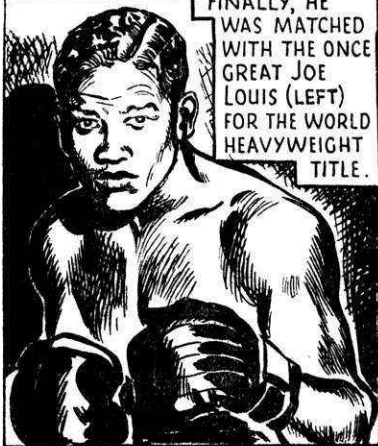
JOE REFUSED, BUT WHEN A CHEQUE FOR 500 DOLLARS WAS PUT IN HIS HAND HE CHANGED HIS MIND. HE WENT TO THE GYM TO TRAIN.



POOR OLD JOE - HE'S IN FOR A KNOCK-DOWN.

HE'S AN 'OLD MAN' BY FIGHT STANDARDS.

JOE, HOWEVER, CONFOUNDED EVERYONE BY WINNING IN TWO ROUNDS. HE KEPT ON FIGHTING - AND KEPT ON WINNING.



FINALLY, HE WAS MATCHED WITH THE ONCE GREAT JOE LOUIS (LEFT) FOR THE WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE.

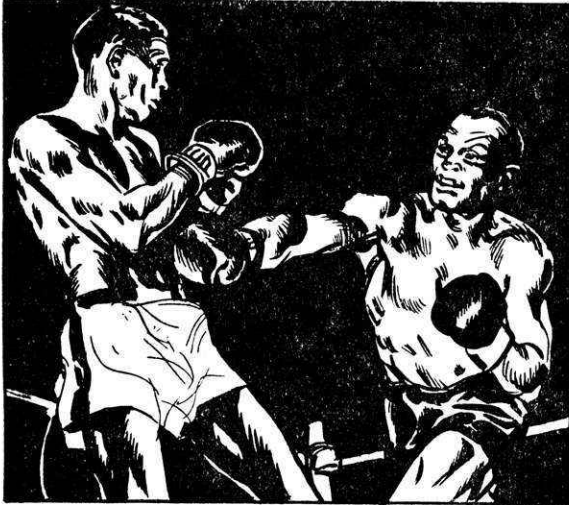
WALCOTT WAS NEARLY THIRTY THREE NOW, AND THE FANS WENT IN THEIR THOUSANDS TO THE FAMOUS FIGHT ARENA, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, NEW YORK. THEY HAD NO DOUBT AS TO THE RESULT...



IT AIN'T WHOSE GONNA WIN - IT'S WHEN'S LOUIS GONNA FINISH IT.

MY GUESS IS THE THIRD OR FOURTH ROUND.

BUT THAT WAS NOT THE WAY IT WAS TO BE. THE OLD WAR HORSE MADE LOUIS LOOK A NOVICE...



HE EVEN PUT LOUIS DOWN FOR A COUNT



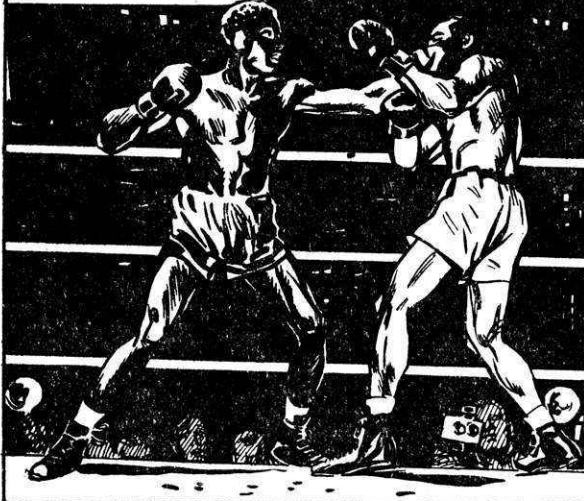
BUT AT THE END OF THE FIGHT, THE VERDICT WENT AGAINST JERSEY JOE - AND THE CROWD BOOED THEIR HEADS OFF AT THE RESULT...



JERSEY JOE, HOWEVER, HAD MADE REAL MONEY - 210,000 DOLLARS. THEN LOUIS ANNOUNCED HIS RETIREMENT, AND WALCOTT WAS MATCHED WITH EZZARD CHARLES (ON RIGHT) FOR THE VACANT CROWN



WALCOTT HADN'T FOUGHT FOR A YEAR, AND CHARLES WAS CLEARLY ON TOP.



HE LOST ON POINTS, BUT HE WASN'T DOWNHEARTED...

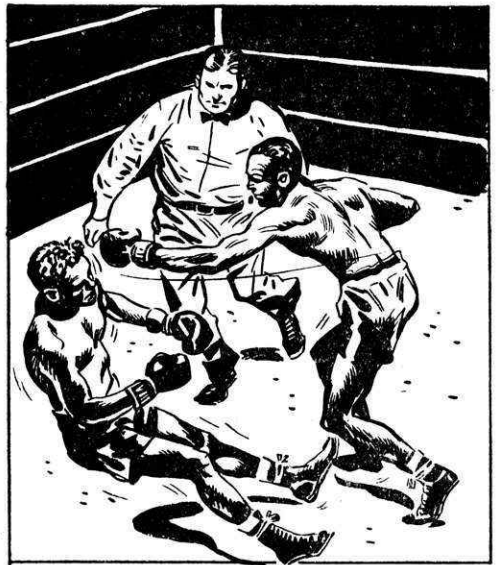
HE DIDN'T REALLY HURT ME. I GUESS I WASN'T AT MY PEAK. MAYBE NEXT TIME...



THERE WAS A RETURN BOUT, AND ALTHOUGH JOE SENT HIS MAN DOWN FOR A COUNT, HE AGAIN LOST ON POINTS.



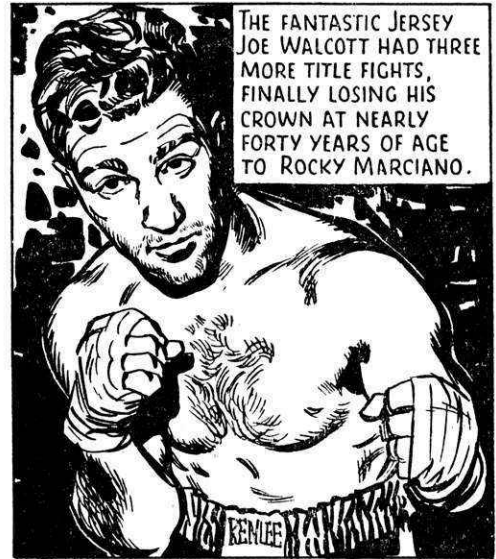
THERE WAS A DEARTH OF HEAVYWEIGHTS AT THIS TIME AND SO, FOR YET A THIRD TIME, CHARLES AND WALCOTT WERE BROUGHT TOGETHER FOR ANOTHER TITLE FIGHT. AND THIS TIME JERSEY JOE BECAME WORLD CHAMPION. A LEFT HOOK IN THE SEVENTH ROUND SENT CHARLES DOWN FOR THE COUNT.



AT LAST, AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS, "OLD" JOE WAS MR. BOXING NO. 1 AND THE FANS THAT NIGHT WENT WILD!



THE FANTASTIC JERSEY JOE WALCOTT HAD THREE MORE TITLE FIGHTS, FINALLY LOSING HIS CROWN AT NEARLY FORTY YEARS OF AGE TO ROCKY MARCIANO.



JOE WAS STILL THE HERO OF HIS PEOPLE AND WHEREVER HE WENT IN THE STREETS OF NEW JERSEY, HIS ADMIRERS MOBBED HIM.



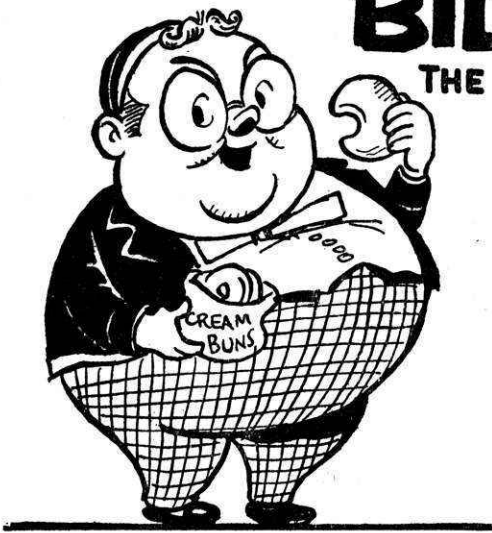
NOW THAT HE IS RICH, AND STILL AN IDOL, JOE IS A SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR IN THE NEW JERSEY POLICE DEPARTMENT, WORKING TO PREVENT JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.



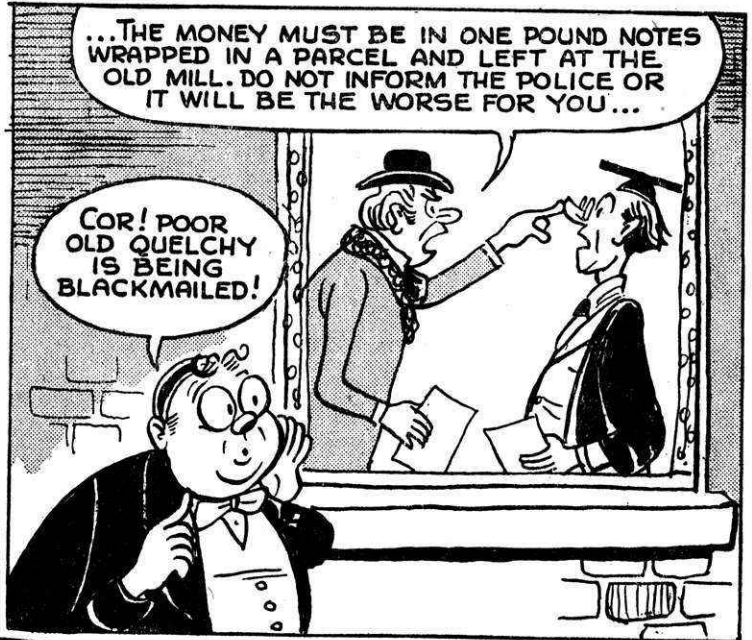
AND SO JERSEY JOE GOES ON FIGHTING, LIKE THE TRULY GREAT SPORTSMAN HE IS, ONLY NOW HIS BATTLES ARE WAGED TO HELP NEEDY YOUNGSTERS WHO WOULD OTHERWISE NEVER HAVE A CHANCE.

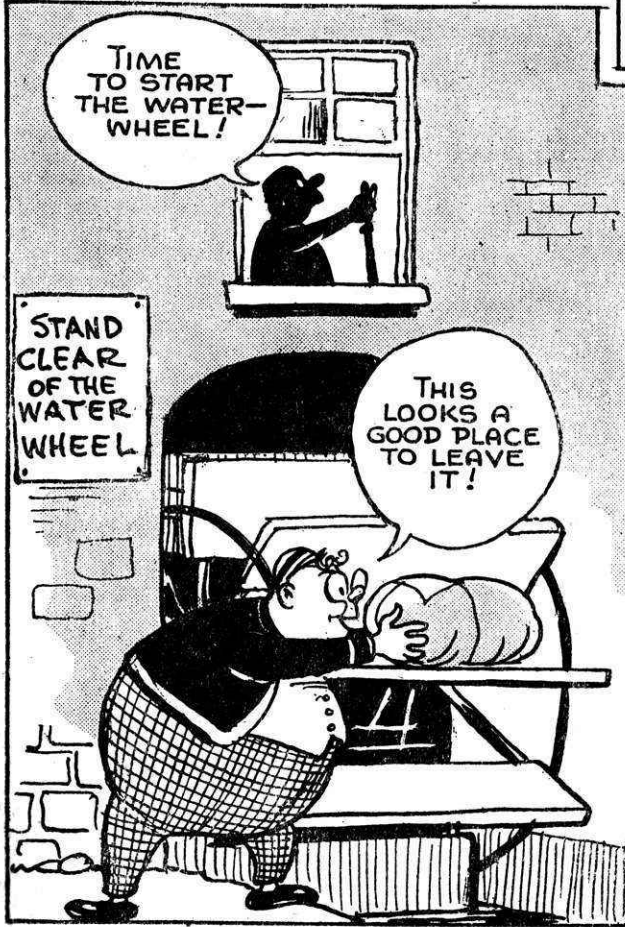
BILLY BUNTER

THE FATTEST SCHOOLBOY ON EARTH



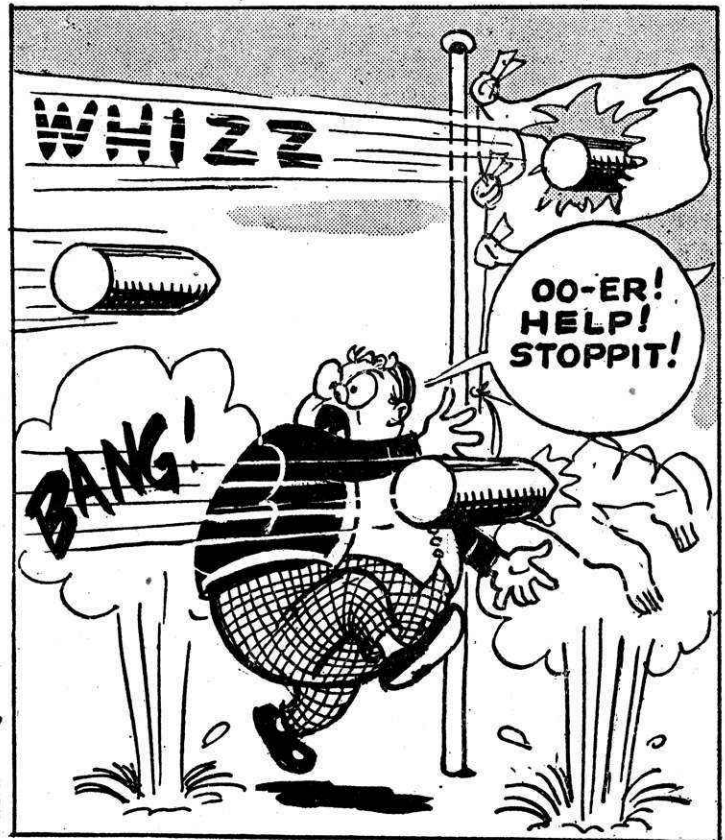
I'LL SNOOP UNDER OLD QUELCHY'S WINDOW AND FIND OUT!

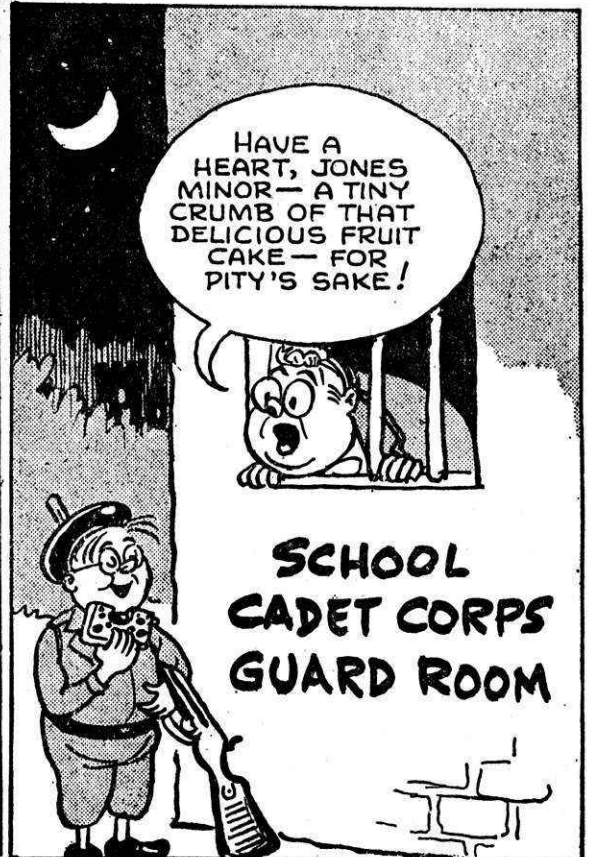






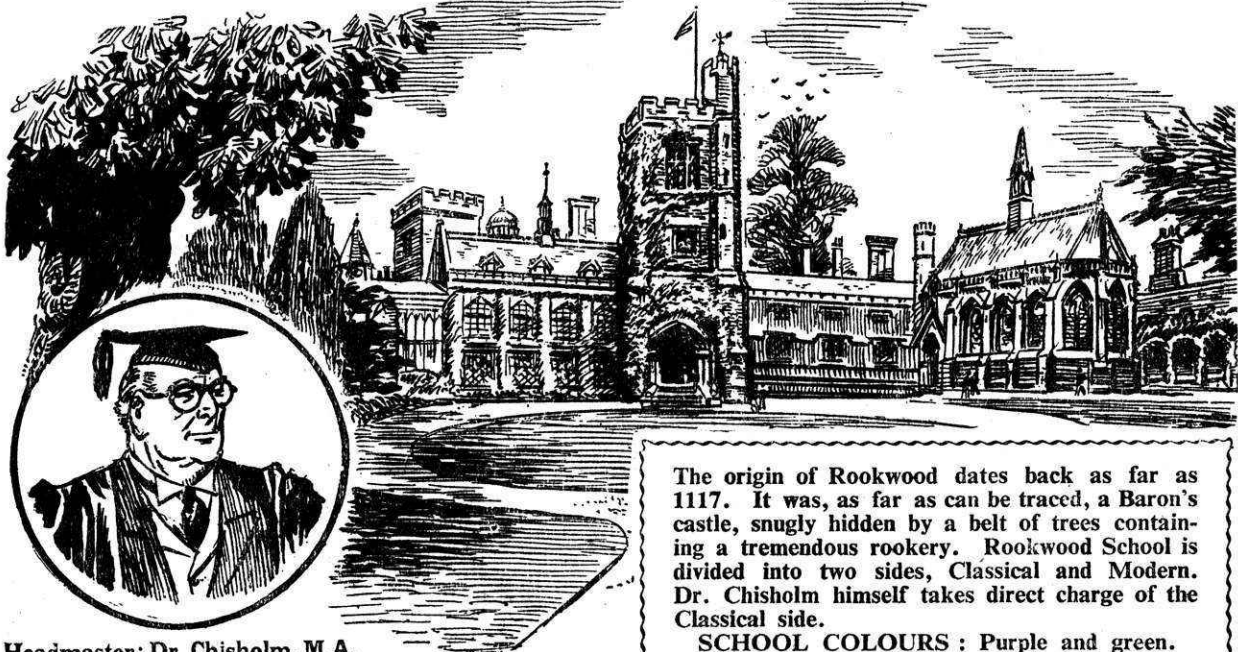
MEANWHILE, MR. QUELCH AND THE SCHOOL CADETS HAD ARRIVED AT THE ARTILLERY RANGE....





WHO'S WHO at ROOKWOOD

Some Information Concerning the Famous School, its Scholars and Staff



Headmaster: Dr. Chisholm, M.A.

The origin of Rookwood dates back as far as 1117. It was, as far as can be traced, a Baron's castle, snugly hidden by a belt of trees containing a tremendous rookery. Rookwood School is divided into two sides, Classical and Modern. Dr. Chisholm himself takes direct charge of the Classical side.

SCHOOL COLOURS : Purple and green.

SIXTH FORM (Classical)

Bulkeley, George.—The head prefect and captain of the School. A splendid athlete, and very popular. First in class, and first in field.

Carthew, Mark Auckland.—The most detested boy in the Classical Sixth.

Dickinson, Walter.—A prefect, and a fellow who knows his job. Has a wild and reckless minor in the Fourth Form.

Jones, Edgar.—A tall, strapping prefect, with two younger brothers in lower forms.

Lonsdale, Ralph.—Rookwood's crack bowler, and a fine all-round cricketer. Not very strong-willed, and consequently kept under the guardian eye of George Bulkeley.

Merton, Charles.—A fellow who always tries to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. Easy going and weak-willed.

Willden, John.—One of the best long-distance runners in the school. Tall, dark-haired and determined about everything.

Neville, Lawrence.—The best and most intimate chum of George Bulkeley. Plays all games like a pro., and has backed up his leader through many a crisis. Captain of boxing.

MODERN SIXTH

Knowles, Cecil.—Head prefect of the Form. Renowned for his bullying, he is careful only to break the school rules strictly "under the rose," and thus contrives to hang on to his office as a prefect, and keep in the good graces of those in authority above him.

Catesby, Stephen.—A prefect who works hand in hand with Knowles, and never fails to make it warm for the juniors who are unlucky enough to cross his path.

Brayne, Kingsley.—A lad of the right type, and a good footballer.

Frampton, Ronald.—A follower of Knowles, but with far less cunning and hardihood. A prefect.

Hoke, Tom.—Not a bad fellow, but somewhat inclined to bully.

Ledbury, Joseph.—A good sportsman.

Medway, Michael.—A good fellow at heart, but easily led. Selfish in temperament.

Myers, Martin.—A hectoring individual. Not at all a favourite.

Tresham, Horace.—A prefect, and a pal of Brayne's.

FIFTH FORM (Classical)

Hanson, Edward.—Captain of the Fifth. Rather a conceited fellow, who

is for ever trying to down Jimmy Silver & Co. Has discovered, through long and painful experience, that it doesn't pay.

Brown, Henry.—A burly fellow with a great opinion of himself. An opinion not shared by others!

Duff, Harry.—Not what one would call a leading light, but all right in the main.

Lumsden, Philip.—A pal of Hanson's, and one of his great advisers.

Jobson, Tobias.—The poorest boy at Rookwood, but nevertheless one who is quite able to look after himself in most things.

Muggins, Paul.—A blundering, heavy-handed individual.

O'Rourke, Cecil.—Comes from Belfast. Sound and decent.

Talboys, Cecil.—The biggest dandy in the Form. Pal of Hanson's, and a fellow who fancies himself a first-class pianist.

FIFTH FORM (Modern)

De Montmorency, Laurie.—The leader of the Form. His pockets are well lined with cash, and his three chums follow closely in his style.

The three chums of De Montmorency are:

Tom Evans, Roderick Flowers, and James Waterson.

SHELL FORM

Smythe, Adolphus Marmaduke.—The leader of the "exclusive" circle in the Shell, and the most dandified boy in the junior school. Has plenty of money, and plenty of followers in consequence. Most of them are members of his "Smart Set" circle, "The Giddy Goats," and, like him, are highly connected, and well supplied with cash.

They are as follows:

Chesney, Alec; Howard, Aubrey (Smythe's study-mate); **Gilbey, Robert; Seaton, Murray; Selwyn, Jack; Tracy, Allan** (Smythe's other study-mate); **Waugh, Paul.**

Other boys of interest in this Form are: **Stagg, Rossiter, Gregory, Jones, Garland and David Bicknell** who has a great hatred of "The Giddy Goats."

FOURTH FORM (Classical)

Silver, James.—The central figure of all the stories of Rookwood. The leader of the Fistical Four, the junior captain of both footer and cricket teams. Luckily born with an everlasting supply of ideas and schemes for japes, and the improvement of things in general. Always firm, and often extremely obstinate.



JIMMY SILVER

He has plenty of the right sort of "push," and ought to get on very well in the world. Called by many—himself in particular—"Uncle James."

Conroy, Kit.—The cornstalk from Australia.

Dickinson, Sidney.—Came to Rookwood with a great idea of being a pirate or a wild and woolly Redskin. Gave it up, to some extent, as the result of a jape organised by Jimmy Silver.

Erroll, Kit.—A quiet fellow, self-sacrificing to a degree, and the study-mate and pal of Valentine Mornington.

Evans, Peter.—Minor of Tom Evans in the Modern Fifth.

Gower, Cuthbert.—One of the "lads" in the Fourth, rather a shady character.

Grace, Edwin.—(Teddy). Originally nicknamed "Putty," because he appeared soft, but has since proved he is otherwise. An irrepressible joker, great at devising schemes, and hardy in carrying them out.

Higgs, Alfred.—Was once the bully of the Fourth. Dropped being so after getting repeatedly put in his place.

Hooker, Ernest.—A good lad, with a ready wit.

Jones, Sidney Herbert.—A happy-go-lucky fellow.

Lattrey, Mark.—An unpopular member of the Form. Made one great

attempt to reform, but has since slipped back again.

Lovell, Arthur Edward.—Jimmy Silver's best friend, and the second member of the Fistical Four. Inclined to be a trifle pig-headed and to rebel against orders, but is sound and decent in every respect. Lives in the famous end study.



ARTHUR LOVELL

Mornington, Valentine.—Came to Rookwood wild and reckless, a bit of a rake, and always a dandy. Has proved over and over again that he can do the right thing when he likes. Will always be headstrong and defiant, but is undoubtedly a sportsman of the best type, and generally admired and liked by everybody.

Muffin, Reginald.—The "egregious Tubby." Dull, dense, fat and stupid. But in all is very amusing, and often he unconsciously assists in working out a tangle or mystery which might have remained unsolved for ever but for his interference.

Newcome, Arthur.—Another member of the Fistical Four who shares the end study with Jimmy Silver. Rather quieter in temperament than the rest, but nevertheless, every bit as capable.

Oswald, Richard.—A decent fellow, well up in sports, who plays in the junior First XI.

Pons, Charles.—Better known as "Charlie." A French-Canadian junior, who can be described as being always "cool, calm, and collected." A japer with a very deep nature, but always likeable.

Peele, Cyril.—Treacherous and unpopular. Can ride a motor-cycle well, but his real one redeeming quality is his ability for acting.

Raby, George.—Raby is the fourth member of the Fistical Four. A burly junior, slow to grasp things and generally rather dull. But, on the whole, George is a good fellow, and capable with his fists.

Rawson, Tom.—A scholarship junior. When he arrived at Rookwood he was immediately marked down by Peele & Co. for a warm time. They quickly discovered, however, that he was one too many for them. A pal of Jimmy Silver's.

Topham, Harold.—Another unpopular boy. Not such an "out-and-outer" as Peele, but is very closely allied with him.

Townsend, Cecil.—The study-mate of Topham, and one of his calibre.

Van Ryn.—Known as "Dutchy." From South Africa. A decent chap, thoroughly reliable.

FOURTH FORM (Modern)

Cook, Tommy.—The study-mate of Tommy Dodd and a fellow always ready to back him up.

Cuffy, Clarence York.—Cuffy is innocent, guileless, and capable of messing up anything entrusted to him to carry out.

Leggett, Albert.—The biggest scamp on the Modern side. A moneylender to juniors who are hard up, and a little shark in threatening clients for interest. Has been firmly put in his place by Jimmy Silver & Co. on many occasions.

McCarthy, Richard.—A good lad, and a firm backer of Tommy Dodd.

Towle, James Frederick.—A staunch backer of Tommy Dodd, the study-mate of Lacy, and a good, reliable friend.

Wadsley, Robert.—A Modern junior of a good all-round average ability.

Dodd, Thomas.—

The great Thomas. Leader of the Modern junior section, and the the organiser of all the "rags" against the rival Classics. A real, capable leader, and a fellow who has proved himself quite equal to Jimmy Silver on many occasions.



TOMMY DODD

Doyle, Tommy.—The third Tommy, and a study-mate of Dodd. Irish, and always full of fun. Talks a genuine brogue.

THIRD FORM

De Vere, Bertie.—Tries in vain to persuade Algy Silver to join in his escapades.

Silver, Algernon.—The wayward and troublesome cousin of Jimmy Silver of the Fourth. Headstrong and wilful to a degree, but all right when he is treated properly.

Other boys of interest in this Form are: **Ernest Grant, Hamley, Gerald Hawes, Lucas, Peters, Pipkin, Stacy, Fred Smithson, James Wegg, Bertrand Wylie, Tom Wyatt, Edward Lovell** (Lovell minor, and very like Algy Silver).

SECOND FORM

The following are best known:

Jones, Arthur Montgomery; Mornington II, Herbert; Tracey, Frank.

Other boys of interest in this Form are: **Fisher, O'Toole, Roberts, Scott.**

FORM MASTERS:

Mr. Herbert Manders, M.A.; Mr. Edward Greely, B.A.; Mr. Percy Jasper Mooney, M.A.; Mr. Dalton, M.A.; Mr. Frank Bohun, M.A.; Mr. Samuel Wiggins, M.A. B.S. French Master: Guillaume Monceau; German Master: Arthur Flinders; Maths. Master: Harold Bull.

KNOCKOUT QUIZ

Spot the Change

The two pictures below look alike. But they're not! There are eight points of difference. Can you find them?



HOW BRIGHT ARE YOU ?

Give yourself a pat on the back if you get the right answers to the general knowledge quiz below.

1. Which word is "Odd Man Out"?

- (a) Dram.
- (b) Stone.
- (c) Hundredweight.
- (d) Guinea.



2. A Shako is:

- (a) A kind of coat.
- (b) A small boat.
- (c) A military helmet.
- (d) A sea shell.



3. The world's highest ever denomination stamp was worth:

- (a) £50.
- (b) £150.
- (c) £1,000.
- (d) £100.



4. Where is the world's highest structure?

- (a) New York.
- (b) Oklahoma City.
- (c) London.
- (d) Paris.



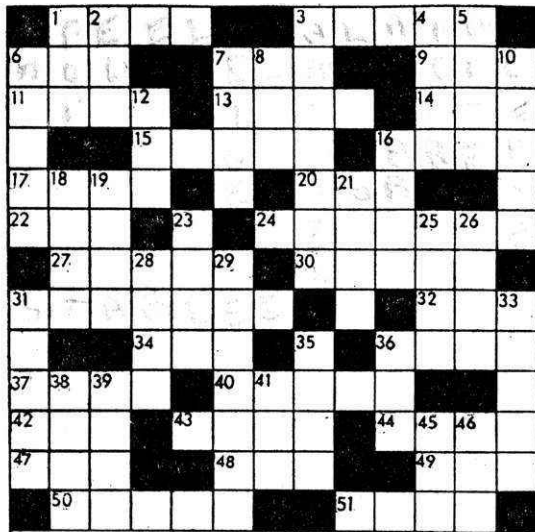
The Billy Bunter Maze

Can you find the way Bunter has to go to eat his tuck in peace ?

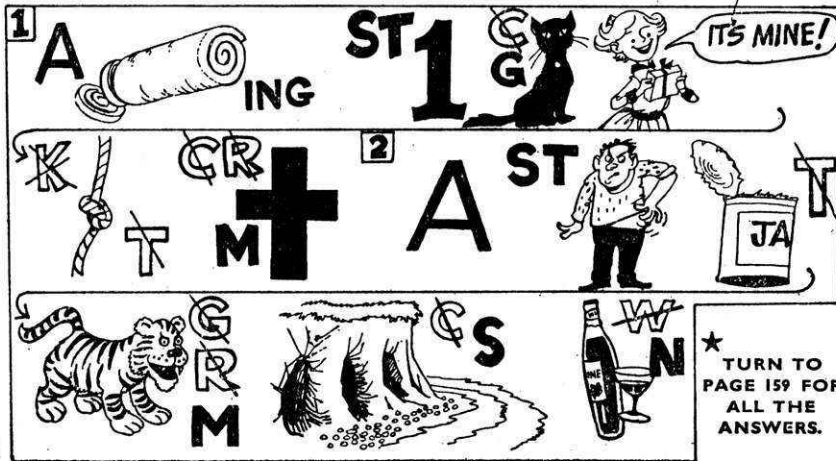
CROSSWORD

ACROSS : 1. Rind. 3. Warning. 6. To cut grass. 7. Tree. 9. Lubricate. 11. Uncover. 13. Clock face. 14. Consumed. 15. Spurs on. 16. Length x breadth. 17. Give out. 20. Cry loudly. 22. Boy. 24. Retaliation. 27. Smallest. 30. Discourage. 31. Horses are kept here. 32. Fasten. 34. Meadow. 36. Serpents. 37. Relaxation. 40. Of sounder mind. 42. Night before. 43. Broad. 44. Worn by a Roman. 47. Small deer. 48. At this time. 49. Road. 50. Twist. 51. Assist.

DOWN : 1. Burst. 2. Sheep. 3. Heaped together. 4. Below. 5. Tiny bit. 6. Pattern. 7. Border. 8. Untruth. 10. Lend. 12. This and bolt. 16. Support. 18. Obtained from barley. 19. Notion. 21. Cook in this. 23. Land surrounded by water. 25. Fishermen use them. 26. Grasp. 28. Competent. 29. Bantering. 31. Guide. 33. Composition. 35. Recognised. 36. Science of drawing. 38. Admit. 39. Prophet. 41. Bother. 45. Night bird. 46. Empty space.



There are two PROVERBS hidden in the picture words below. Can you read them ?



★ TURN TO PAGE 159 FOR ALL THE ANSWERS.

BUFFALO BILL'S BARGAIN

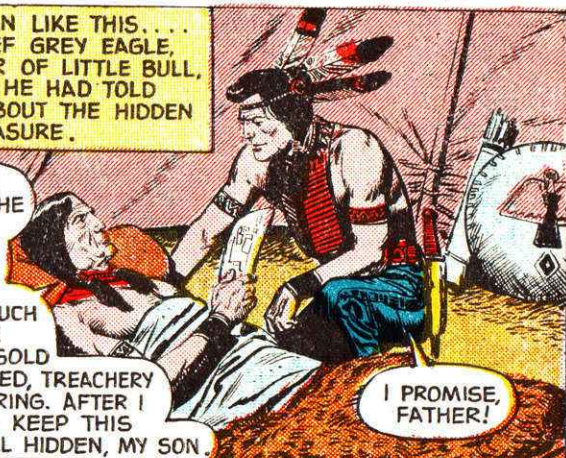
WHEN BUFFALO BILL MADE A PROMISE TO A SIOUX CHIEFTAIN HE WAS READY TO DIE RATHER THAN BREAK HIS WORD!



I'LL GET BACK THE TREASURE CHART WHICH WAS STOLEN FROM YOU, LITTLE BULL! I GIVE YOU MY WORD!

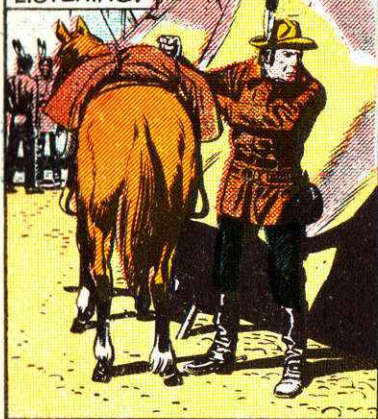
IT ALL BEGAN LIKE THIS... WHEN CHIEF GREY EAGLE, THE FATHER OF LITTLE BULL, LAY DYING, HE HAD TOLD HIS SON ABOUT THE HIDDEN SIOUX TREASURE.

THIS IS THE CHART TO THE TREASURE-CAVE OF THE SIOUX PEOPLE. THERE IS MUCH GOLD IN THE CAVE, BUT GOLD BRINGS GREED, TREACHERY AND SUFFERING. AFTER I HAVE GONE, KEEP THIS CHART WELL HIDDEN, MY SON.

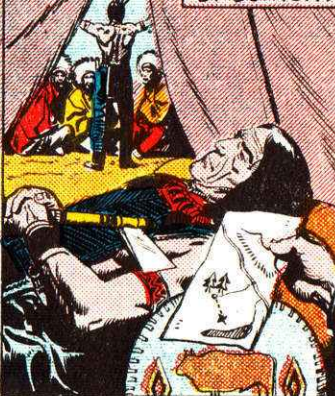


I PROMISE, FATHER!

GREY EAGLE DID NOT KNOW THAT THE HALF-BREED TRADER, JAKE DUNTON, WAS OUTSIDE-LISTENING!



GREY EAGLE DIED—AND THAT EVENING, WHILE THE TRIBE MOURED, THE BIRCH BARK CHART WAS STOLEN BY DUNTON.



THE THIEF DID NOT GET FAR! LITTLE BULL HAD SEEN DUNTON SLIPPING AWAY WITH THE CHART AND HE SENT HIS BRAVES TO BRING HIM BACK AT ALL COSTS.



DUNTON WAS PURSUED AND CAUGHT!

BUFFALO BILL, ON HIS WAY TO FORT HURON, SUDDENLY CAME UPON DUNTON'S STRAY, RIDERLESS HORSE



HULLO! LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN TROUBLE!

LEAVING THE TWO HORSES HIDDEN IN A THICKET, BUFFALO BILL WENT SCOUTING. HE SAW DUNTON BEING THREATENED BY THE MEDICINE-MAN, BLACK FOX



THERE ARE MANY WAYS OF MAKING A MAN TALK!

YOU WON'T GET ANYTHING OUT OF ME!

I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM, SOMEHOW!

WITH ONE ACCURATE SHOT, BUFFALO BILL SENT THE KNIFE FLYING.



FROM HIS HIDING PLACE, BUFFALO BILL WATCHED THE INDIANS SEARCHING FOR HIM.



BLACK FOX NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT HIM!



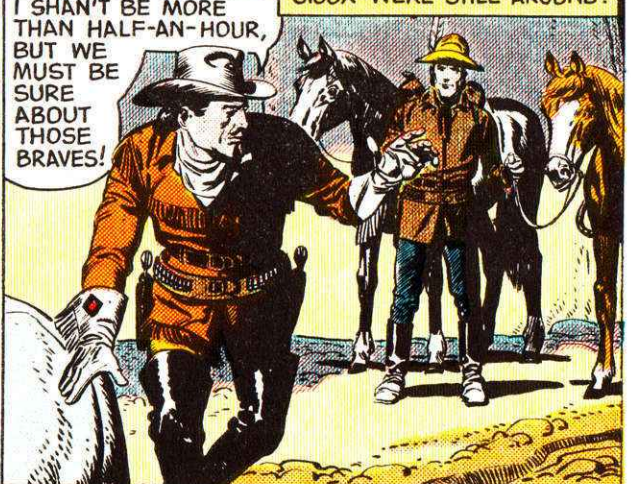
BUFFALO BILL AND DUNTON WERE SOON GALLOPING AWAY — BUT THEY WERE HOTLY PURSUED



AS THE NIGHT GREW DARKER, THEY ELUDED THE REDSKINS AND TOOK COVER AMONGST THE ROCKS

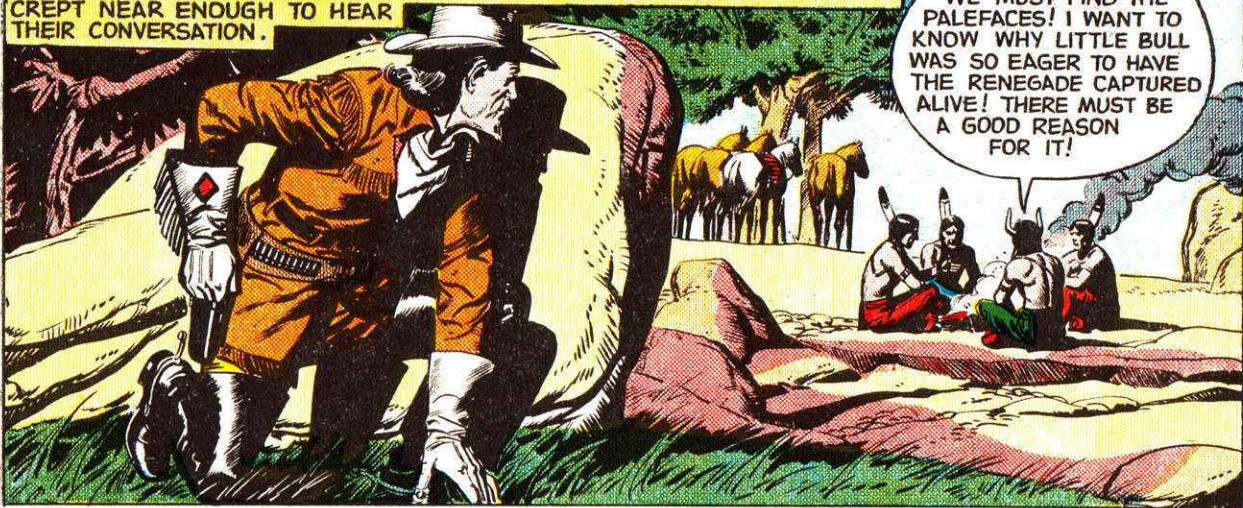


NEXT MORNING, BEFORE MOVING FROM THEIR HIDE-OUT, BUFFALO BILL DECIDED TO FIND OUT IF THE SIOUX WERE STILL AROUND.



THERE WERE REDSKINS IN THE FOOTHILLS — THE SAME PARTY BUFFALO BILL HAD TRICKED THE PREVIOUS NIGHT. HE FOUND THEIR CAMP AND CREPT NEAR ENOUGH TO HEAR THEIR CONVERSATION.

MY BROTHERS, WE MUST FIND THE PALEFACES! I WANT TO KNOW WHY LITTLE BULL WAS SO EAGER TO HAVE THE RENEGADE CAPTURED ALIVE! THERE MUST BE A GOOD REASON FOR IT!



THE FAMOUS SCOUT CAUTIOUSLY MADE HIS WAY BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT.

THIS HAS GOT ME GUESSING, TOO! LITTLE BULL IS A GOOD INDIAN AND I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHY HE WANTED DUNTON TAKEN PRISONER. I'LL QUESTION DUNTON ABOUT IT AGAIN!



WHEN BUFFALO BILL ARRIVED, DUNTON HAD GONE — AND TAKEN THE TWO HORSES WITH HIM!



THE TREACHEROUS RAT! AFTER I SAVED HIM! HE'LL HAVE TO ANSWER FOR THIS!

THE INDIANS SAW DUNTON RIDING AWAY TOO, BUT HE WAS TOO FAR AWAY FOR THEM TO CATCH HIM. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY SAW BUFFALO BILL AS WELL.



WE LOSE ONE PALEFACE BUT — SEE! — THERE IS PA-E-HAS-KA!

HE HELPED THE OTHER PALEFACE. WE WILL ATTACK!

WITHOUT A HORSE, THERE WAS NO ESCAPE FOR BUFFALO BILL. HE STOOD AT BAY AMONGST THE ROCKS AND HELD THE INDIANS BACK WITH HIS ACCURATE SHOOTING.



HERE'S HOPING MY AMMUNITION LASTS OUT!

THEN BLACK FOX CREPT ROUND BEHIND BUFFALO BILL. WITH ONE AGILE LEAP, HE LANDED ON THE SCOUT'S BACK.



AI-EEE!

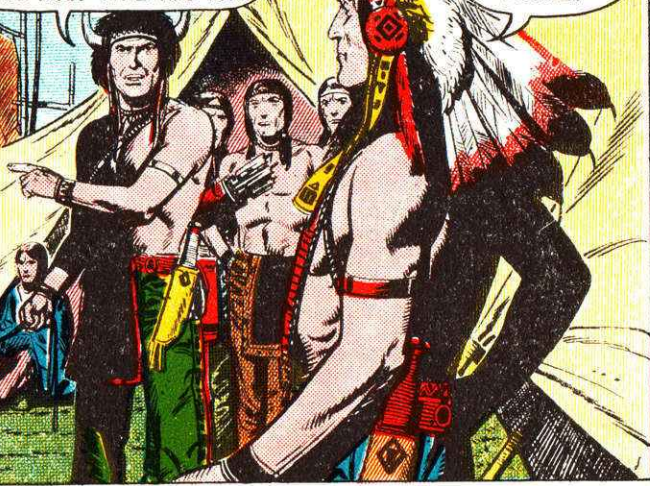
SO BUFFALO BILL WAS TAKEN A PRISONER TO THE SIOUX VILLAGE AND BROUGHT BEFORE LITTLE BULL. BLACK FOX WAS DETERMINED TO FIND OUT WHY LITTLE BULL WAS SO KEEN TO HAVE DUNTON PURSUED!



HAVE I NOT ALWAYS BEEN AT PEACE WITH LITTLE BULL? WHY IS THIS THING DONE TO ME?



THE PALEFACE WE PURSUED WAS HELPED TO ESCAPE BY THIS MAN PA-E-HAS-KA!



I WILL TALK WITH HIM ALONE!

IN A SECRET POW-WOW, LITTLE BULL TOLD BUFFALO BILL ABOUT THE STOLEN BIRCH-BARK CHART AND THE SIOUX TREASURE



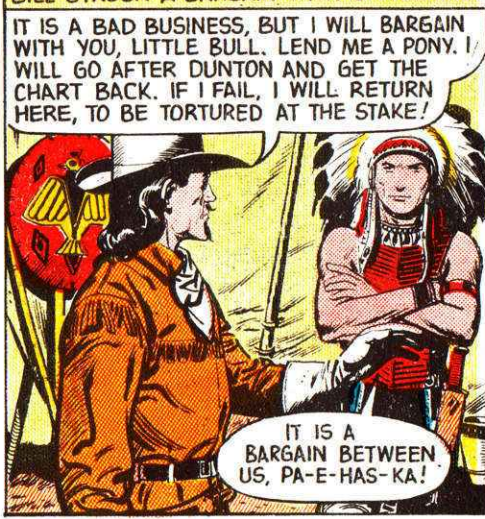
SO I SENT BLACK FOX TO CATCH DUNTON, BUT YOU RESCUED HIM.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHY YOU WANTED DUNTON. IN ANY CASE, BLACK FOX WAS ABOUT TO TORTURE HIM, NOT BRING HIM TO YOU.

AND WHILE THEY TALKED, BLACK FOX WAS AT THE BACK OF THE LODGE, LISTENING!



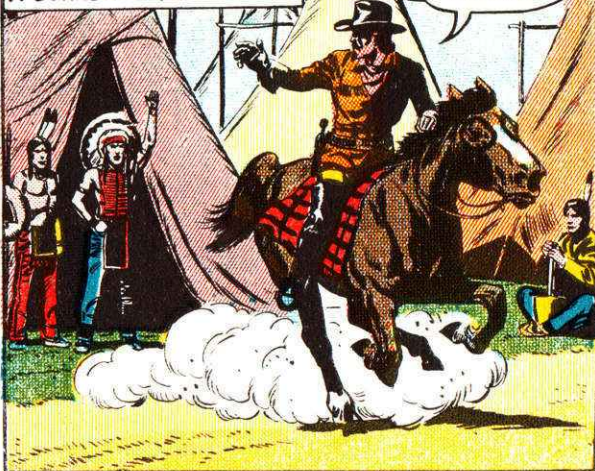
MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE TEPEE, BUFFALO BILL STRUCK A BARGAIN WITH LITTLE BULL



IT IS A BAD BUSINESS, BUT I WILL BARGAIN WITH YOU, LITTLE BULL. LEND ME A PONY. I WILL GO AFTER DUNTON AND GET THE CHART BACK. IF I FAIL, I WILL RETURN HERE, TO BE TORTURED AT THE STAKE!

IT IS A BARGAIN BETWEEN US, PA-E-HAS-KA!

SO BUFFALO BILL RODE AWAY FROM THE SIOUX VILLAGE ON A BORROWED INDIAN PONY



FAREWELL, LITTLE BULL. I SHALL RETURN!

BUFFALO BILL TOOK A SHORT CUT TO FORT HURON OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

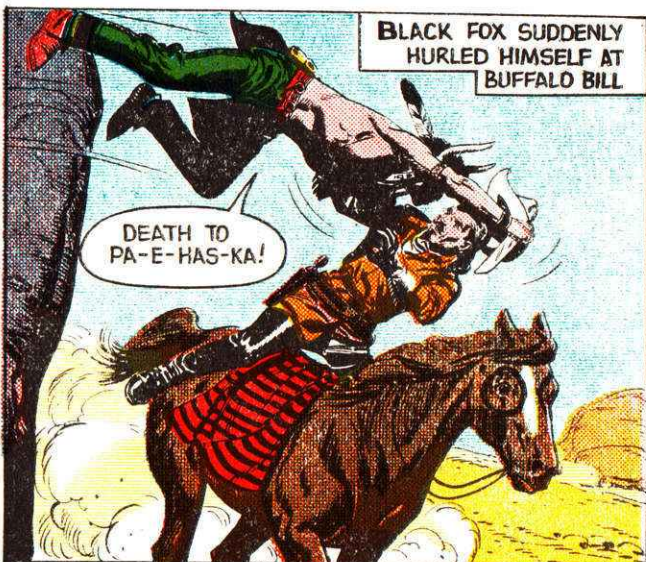


I'VE GOT TO CATCH DUNTON! HE'S GOT PLENTY TO ANSWER FOR— TO ME!

BUT BLACK FOX, HAVING OVERHEARD ABOUT THE BIRCH-BARK CHART, WANTED TO GET IT FOR HIMSELF. SO HE HAD TO STOP BUFFALO BILL SOMEHOW! ON A NARROW MOUNTAIN PATH, HE WAYLAID THE FAMOUS SCOUT.



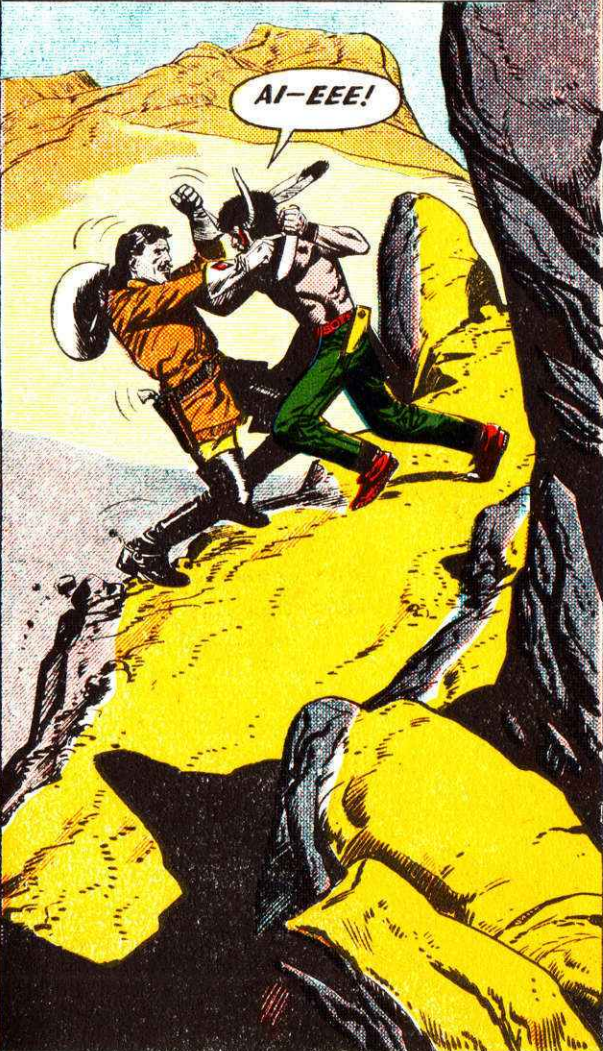
PA-E-HAS-KA!
THIS IS THE END
OF THE TRAIL
FOR YOU!



BLACK FOX SUDDENLY
HURLED HIMSELF AT
BUFFALO BILL

DEATH TO
PA-E-HAS-KA!

THE SCOUT FOUGHT FOR HIS LIFE ON THAT NARROW PATH, BUT LUCK WAS AGAINST HIM. THE CLIFF EDGE CRUMBLING UNDER HIS FEET.



AI-EEE!

BUFFALO BILL WENT HURLING DOWN INTO THE DEPTHS, AND WITH A FIENDISH GRIN OF TRIUMPH, BLACK FOX PREPARED TO RIDE AWAY.



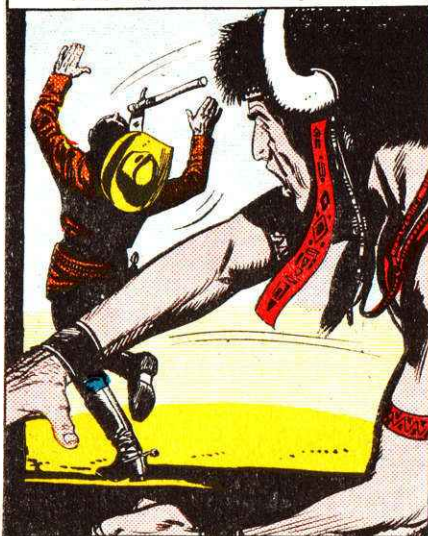
FAREWELL,
PA-E-HAS-KA!

MEANWHILE, DUNTON HAD REACHED FORT HURON. HE THOUGHT HE WAS SAFE — AND HE HAD THE SIOUX TREASURE CHART! BUT BLACK FOX SOON ARRIVED THERE, TOO.

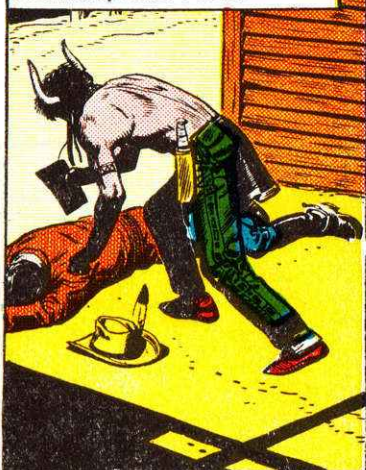


SOON, I'LL BE RICH — RICH!

BLACK FOX HURLED HIS TOMAHAWK — AND DOWN WENT DUNTON!



NOISELESS AS A SHADOW, BLACK FOX SNATCHED THE SIOUX TREASURE CHART FROM THE SENSELESS DUNTON, AND FLED!



BUT IT WAS NOT THE END OF BUFFALO BILL! A STOUT BUSH HAD CHECKED HIS FALL! BLACK FOX HAD NOT STAYED TO BE SURE OF THE SCOUT'S FATE.



I'LL MAKE IT YET!

THANKS TO HIS SUPERB FITNESS AND GRIM COURAGE, BUFFALO BILL CLIMBED BACK TO THE PATH AGAIN.



BLACK FOX HAD MOST OF THE LUCK THAT TIME, BUT HE HASN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME! NEITHER HAS DUNTON!

THE INTREPID SCOUT SET OUT ON FOOT FOR FORT HURON. HE WAS PREPARED TO WALK THE WHOLE WAY BUT HE FOUND A STRAY PONY IN THE FOOTHILLS.



BLACK FOX RODE OFF ON MY PONY TO SAVE TIME. HE LEFT HIS OWN HERE AND IT'S GOOD LUCK FOR ME

AND THAT WAS HOW BUFFALO BILL ARRIVED UNEXPECTEDLY AT FORT HURON. DUNTON WAS TRAPPED!



YOU PESKY THIEF. YOU STOLE LITTLE BULL'S TREASURE CHART! WHERE IS IT? ANSWER ME!

THREE TROOPERS ADVANCED ON DUNTON.

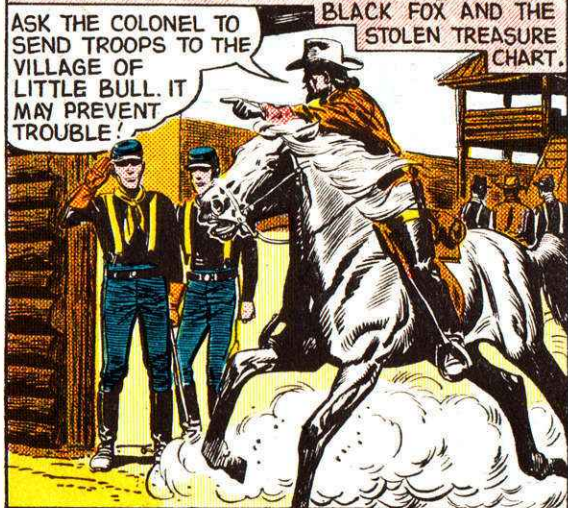


BLACK FOX CLUBBED ME AND TOOK THE CHART! IT'S TRUE, I TELL YOU!

YES, I BELIEVE YOU. THIS IS BLACK FOX'S TOMAHAWK! I'M GOING AFTER HIM—AND MEANWHILE YOU CAN GO TO THE CELLS, TO AWAIT TRIAL!

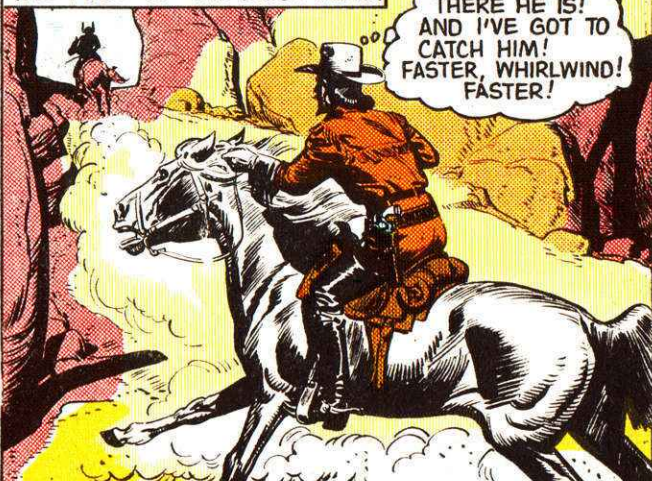
ASTRIDE HIS OWN HORSE, WHIRLWIND, BUFFALO BILL PREPARED TO RIDE OFF ON THE TRAIL OF BLACK FOX AND THE

ASK THE COLONEL TO SEND TROOPS TO THE VILLAGE OF LITTLE BULL. IT MAY PREVENT TROUBLE!



STOLEN TREASURE CHART.

MILE AFTER MILE BUFFALO BILL RODE, UNTIL HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF BLACK FOX AHEAD OF HIM, AT THE FOOT OF THE MOUNTAINS.



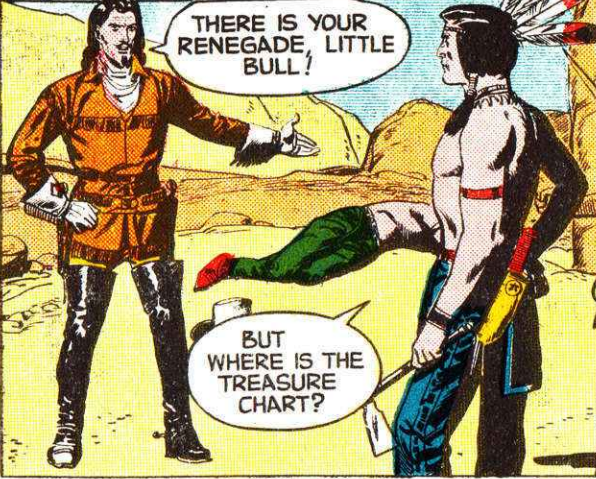
THERE HE IS! AND I'VE GOT TO CATCH HIM! FASTER, WHIRLWIND! FASTER!

BUFFALO BILL SUDDENLY HURLED HIMSELF FROM THE SADDLE AT BLACK FOX.



MEANWHILE, LITTLE BULL HAD GROWN IMPATIENT. BUFFALO BILL HAD NOT RETURNED WITH THE CHART OR TO GIVE HIMSELF UP—SO THE SIOUX BRAVES HAD DECIDED TO TAKE THE WAR-PATH, HEADING FOR FORT HURON. THEY CAME UPON BLACK FOX AND THE INTREPID SCOUT, ENGAGED IN A DESPERATE FIGHT

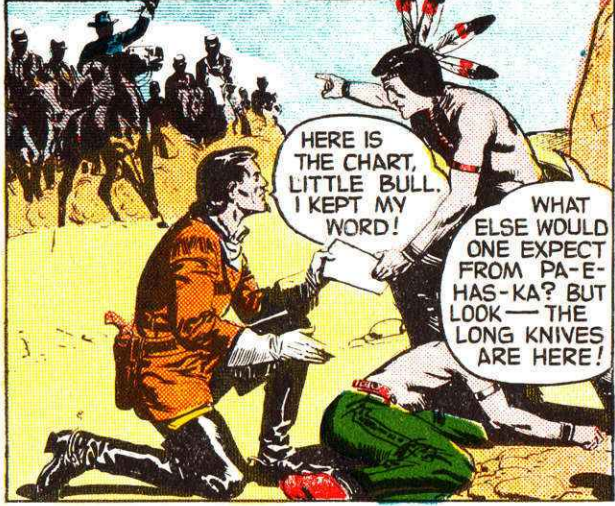
BY THE TIME LITTLE BULL HAD DISMOUNTED, BUFFALO BILL HAD OVERPOWERED HIS ADVERSARY.



THERE IS YOUR RENEGADE, LITTLE BULL!

BUT WHERE IS THE TREASURE CHART?

BUFFALO BILL TOOK THE BIRCH BARK CHART FROM BLACK FOX'S WAIST BELT

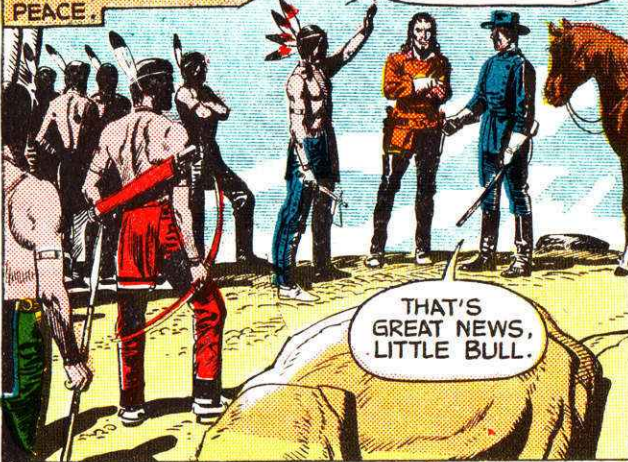


HERE IS THE CHART, LITTLE BULL. I KEPT MY WORD!

WHAT ELSE WOULD ONE EXPECT FROM PA-E-HAS-KA? BUT LOOK — THE LONG KNIVES ARE HERE!

THERE WAS NO WAR, HOWEVER. LITTLE BULL HAD THE TREASURE CHART AND SOUGHT ONLY PEACE.

THANKS TO PA-E-HAS-KA, THE SIOUX WILL RETURN TO THEIR LODGES IN PEACE.



THAT'S GREAT NEWS, LITTLE BULL.

BY THE LAWS OF THE SIOUX BLACK FOX DESERVED DEATH, BUT LITTLE BULL WAS MERCIFUL AND CONTENTED HIMSELF WITH BANISHING HIM FROM THE TRIBE FOREVER!



HENCEFORTH, YOU ARE NO LONGER A SIOUX! GO!

LITTLE BULL MADE A BOLD DECISION — AND SET LIGHT TO THE CHART.

THE SIOUX TREASURE IS IN A SECRET PLACE. LET IT REMAIN SECRET FOR ALL TIME. SO SHALL THE LIVES OF BRAVE MEN BE SAVED FROM DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.



IT IS A GOOD THING THAT YOU DO, LITTLE BULL!

A SIOUX NEVER FORGETS A TRUE FRIEND, AND LITTLE BULL WILL NEVER FORGET PA-E-HAS-KA!



GOOD-BYE, LITTLE BULL. I WILL PAY YOU A VISIT AGAIN, SOME DAY!

YOU WILL REVEL IN THIS RIP-ROARING STORY OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH!

EMERGENCY A 1



* Sometimes you catch some pretty *
* big fish in Spicer's Lagoon—as *
* Jim Harper and his native pal, *
* "Sixpence," found out! *

The Alarm Call

CAPTAIN BILL HARPER was a worried man. As chief security officer at Toomera Rocket Range in Central Australia, he was responsible for arranging for the protection of important persons and visiting Heads of State. His gaze rested on the sun-baked runway almost directly underneath his office window where, within a few hours, a plane would land, bearing Professor William Silver, Britain's top rocket brain and brilliant inventor of airborne missiles.

The airliner carrying the Professor was already on its way from Adelaide, escorted by six high-level jets, in constant radar contact with the airliner. Everything had been conducted at the maximum level of security, but still Harper was worried—without quite knowing why. Perhaps it was the weather—all day it had been sultry, and in spite of the blazing sunshine the atmosphere had pressed down on him like a giant hand. Perhaps part of Harper's mind was involved with his young son, Jim, a healthy Australian twelve-year-old, at the moment some twelve miles eastward at Spicer's Lagoon.

For a moment, Harper's face softened.

"Young scamp!" he muttered half aloud, as he thought of Jim's eager face that morning. Jim and

his young aboriginal friend, Sixpence, had been convinced that they could catch fish in Spicer's Lagoon. Bill himself had fished the water from beginning to end without success, but Jim would not be told and Sixpence had been insistent that they would find fish there that afternoon.

Suddenly he started from his day-dream, every nerve and muscle at the alert. The electric signal lamp on his desk had flared into red, sullen life. In two strides, he had reached the desk and snatched up the phone.

"Harper here. What's up?"

A cool, impersonal voice answered him.

"Radio H.Q. here, sir. Telegram from Adelaide, signed Military Intelligence. Telegram reads: Emergency A.1. Mikhail Kronev known to be in vicinity of Toomera. Repeat Mikhail Kronev. Suspect he has cracked Intelligence code and knows of S's visit. Send six jets to contact S. Reinforce present force. Escort S's aircraft to Toomera. Repeat Emergency A.1. End of message."

Even while the news was still filtering into his mind, Harper had moved into automatic action. The phone slammed down.

His thumb pushed the button connected with the hangars of the interceptor jets. His other hand grabbed a desk microphone and his voice barked rapid, crackling orders which were relayed over the airfield.

"EMERGENCY A.1! Six interceptor jets to

meet plane on Frequency AVH. Contact and escort to base. Watch out for hostile action. EMERGENCY A.1!"

Even as the harsh, distorted tones of his voice drilled into the air, oiled doors on the hangars rose smoothly and gently. Three Interceptor jets—thirty feet of sleek, shining metal, were automatically propelled through the gaping doors. Racing figures, buttoning their flying suits, sped like competing athletes towards their craft. Far down the sun-smitten runway, a red light blinked rapidly, once—twice—three times.

The pilots gained their craft and scrambled in. Under the thrust of the rockets, three glittering planes were flung swiftly skywards to become, seconds later, diminishing specks in the quivering air. In spite of his worries, a grim smile tugged at the corners of Harper's mouth.

"Those R.A.A.F. boys are really spoiling for a fight," he muttered aloud. "You'd think they were going out to battle an army, instead of just one man."

Then the smile slowly faded from his face. Mikhail Kronev might be only one man, but given time and the opportunity, he could do more damage than an army of determined fanatics. For Mikhail Kronev was himself a fanatic. He had been a German Luftwaffe hero during the war. When the war ended, Kronev had found himself at a loose end, and he had become a soldier of fortune, a reckless adventurer, turning his strange talents to stranger ends.

Drug smuggling from the Orient, gun running to Tangier, a revolution in South America—the name Kronev was connected somewhere with all these unsavoury enterprises. But then Kronev had turned to more individual tasks and soon his name became known as a specialist in—assassination! He hired his services out to the highest bidder and it mattered little to him who he killed—provided the price was right!

Quick, efficient and always successful assassinations—a man lying dead in a Budapest gutter—the sudden shot that wiped out an important Cabinet Minister—all these bore Kronev's trademark. And if he was after Professor Silver, on behalf of Britain's enemies, then this could rightly be considered an A.1 emergency!

Harper's random thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of Jack White, his assistant.

"More trouble, Bill," he said. "Look at these weather reports. Big sand storm sweeping from the Musgrave Ranges towards Toomera. Our planes are going to buck it all the way."

Bill Harper grimaced.

"Just our luck," he muttered. "Kronev comes from nowhere and straightaway he's got a sand storm to help him. Any messages from Silver's group?"

"None at all. The operator reckons we've lost radio contact because of the storm."

Bill Harper's worried eyes turned to the sunlit scene outside. He noticed a discolouration in the sky, like a brownish bruise outlined against the horizon—the beginning of the sand storm. For a moment, his mind flitted away from his immediate worries towards Spicer's Lagoon.

The storm would be striking there soon. If Jim and Sixpence stopped at the lagoon, they would be all right—but if they were on their way back, they might be caught in the thick of it.

Harper shook his head and with an effort cleared his mind. Just now, the safety of Professor Silver must be more important to him than the safety of even his own son. When he began to speak, his voice was calm and even . . .

"Broadcast the weather report over general station frequency. Instruct all personnel to seek cover. Make sure everything is battened down. Keep the perimeter guards at their posts, but issue them with sand masks . . ."

A Fight For Life!

FIFTY miles away in the shelter of a clump of mulga trees at Spicer's Lagoon, Bill Harper's son would have given everything he possessed for just two of those sand masks.

He and his aboriginal friend, Sixpence, had reached Spicer's Lagoon on horseback just before noon. Jim was a tall, rangy Australian youth, with steady blue eyes and the crinkles around them that spoke of years of gazing into a blazing sun. Sixpence, his companion, was a young aboriginal of the Arunta tribe. Where Jim was tall and slim, Sixpence was thin and spindly, but those deceptively thin legs could carry him at an incredible pace across burning sand or gibber plains where the ordinary white man would have fallen in his tracks.

As soon as they had entered the cool fastness of the lagoon, Sixpence had made off towards the other side of the water, stationing Jim near the horses. The Australian grinned quietly to himself as he uncurled his line.

"The crafty rascal," he muttered. "He knows he can get fish in this lagoon, but he's not going to let me know just how he does it. Anyway, I'll show him. If I'm lucky enough to catch something before he does, it'll make him look pretty silly."

Baiting his line, he sent it curling out into the lagoon. It struck the green surface with a slight splash and then sank from sight between the floating lily pads. Jim settled himself back against a convenient log and for the next half hour, his movements followed the same comfortable pattern. No bite—reel in—change bait—throw in again—no bite—reel in—and then, just as Jim was sinking into a half doze, he started broad awake. Sixpence burst through the bushes at the side of the lagoon, one

arm waving wildly, his voice shrill and edged with fear.

“Jim! Jim! Big mob sand jump up longa west!”

Jim’s mind automatically translated—a sand storm, and a big one, sweeping down from the west.

He threw aside his rod and line and before Sixpence could reach him, Jim’s hand was on the bridle of his horse. Sixpence’s horse, a rangy, iron grey mare was already flinching and rolling her eyes when Sixpence came panting up and secured her. Jim realised that the native boy had given the warning just in time. Already the sky had darkened and the mulgas on the other side of the lagoon were bending their tops and swaying before the heavy wind, laden with stinging whips of sand.

“Sixpence!” Jim yelled above the roar of the gathering storm. “What’s best to do? Shall we run in front of it?”

Sixpence shook his head wildly.

“We stop here, or we finished altogether. Horses plenty scared. Hold them!”

There was no time for further words. With one bound, the storm was on them and the air became as dark as night. Imitating Sixpence’s example, Jim forced his mount to its knees, then rolled the animal over on to its side. He crouched behind it, holding the reins, his free hand laid over the muzzle, stopping the stinging sand from entering its nostrils.

Jim hunched his head and covered as the full fury burst against their bodies. All around them, the trees tossed their branches as if in fury or fright. The driving grains of sand felt like the tiniest of small shot or pygmy darts, each grain an irritation and a tingling pain.

How long he lay there, Jim had no idea. It was not until much later that he became aware of a hand shaking his shoulder and Sixpence’s anxious face peering into his.

“Jim, you all right?”

Slowly, Jim raised his head and nodded, his tongue painfully licking at his cracked, sand-caked lips. As he looked about, he could see that the storm had eased somewhat. The sand was still in the air but the wind had dropped, although the surface of the lagoon had been whipped into white, curving foam. As the horses struggled to their feet, Sixpence said:

“We sit down by lagoon. Storm he go in little while and . . .”

Suddenly the native boy’s eyes dilated and with a howl of pure fear, he flung himself down, his face nuzzling the ground. In the same second, Jim’s ears roared and were filled with the crowding din of a gigantic noise. It came from just over his head—a roaring bedlam of sound that beat back the noise of the storm and seemed about to descend on them both.

Both horses snorted in sudden panic fear. Jim’s horse wrenched the reins free and as it bolted after its companion, its leap threw Jim on his back. There he cringed while the gigantic lion-like roar passed over his head, then suddenly his panic faded, and he understood.

“It’s a plane,” he thought. “But it must be crashing. It’s down to tree-top level.”

His guess was better than he thought, for a moment later, he heard a tremendous slapping concussion from the direction of the lagoon. It sounded like the explosion of a bomb. The last remnant of a spouting tidal wave of water reached them where they lay and drenched them through.

“Aaaaah!” Sixpence let out a shrill yell as Jim grabbed his shoulders. “The bunyip—from the lagoon. He come to eat up Sixpence . . .”

“Don’t be daft!” shouted Jim. “It’s a plane, Sixpence—you’ve seen ’em before. It’s crashed in the lagoon. Come on, we’ve got to see if there’s anyone who needs help.”

Together, they raced down to the bank of the lagoon. The storm had subsided and as Jim strained his eyes through the lifting gloom he saw, a hundred yards away, the shape of the stricken plane. It was nose down in the water, and Jim guessed that in another five minutes it would settle and finally sink completely.



Captain Harper barked out his orders. “Six jets to meet plane on frequency AVH!” he cried. “Watch for hostile action!”

There was no time to waste. Jim waded out waist-high and then struck out with a quick over-arm stroke towards the aircraft. A minute later, he was bobbing gently beside it, treading water.

There seemed no sign of life and he could see bullet holes along the fuselage. One wing was crumpled back in a mass of wreckage. Several neat holes were stitched across the wing and the port windows of the cabin had been driven completely in. But it was not this that made Jim's mouth open wide, his heart feel as if it had jumped into his throat.

From the emergency exit at the rear, came slowly the heavy, lurching outline of a strange, flapping form, with what looked like wings instead of arms. For a moment, all Sixpence's wild tales of bunyips, the strange, evil animals that haunted the lagoons, submerged Jim's mind in terror. He was almost ready to race back towards the shore when the figure gave a groan. It was a cry compounded of pain and weariness, and the next moment it had lost its grip and plunged heavily into the water on Jim's side.

At the sound of the human voice, Jim's fears dispersed, and without thinking he swam forward three yards and grasped the shapeless bundle by the scruff of the neck. Now that he was close, he could see that he was holding up a man of about fifty with a pale, pudgy face, his horn-rimmed glasses still in position. His clothes and the tattered remnants of a lifebelt hung in rags about his body, and Jim realised that this was the "flapping wings" which had so scared him.

"Hang on!" Jim cried, as he felt the man stir. "I'll get you back to the shore, but you mustn't struggle. Is there anyone else on board?"

The man turned a heavy, vacant stare on his rescuer.

"They're all dead," he moaned. "But we've fallen in the ocean. It's too long a swim. Let me be . . ."

"We're not on the ocean," Jim began. "It's just a lagoon—a small lake. It . . ."

He stopped abruptly as he saw that the man was not listening. He had fainted. Gritting his teeth and cupping his hand under the man's chin, Jim turned and struck back strongly towards the shore. Ten minutes, and the stranger was sitting up with some of the colour returning to his cheeks. Jim had given him artificial respiration and Sixpence had contributed some tea from his flask.

For a moment, the strange man's eyes dwelt on the two anxious faces that confronted him, and he smiled weakly.

"Don't worry," he said. "I feel a lot better. But first, I'd better tell you my name. I'm Professor William Silver . . ."

Treachery Ahead!

"SILVER!" cried Jim. "My dad's expecting you. You were on your way to Toomera from Adelaide, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was," frowned the Professor. "But I had the impression that my mission was top secret."

"Oh, it is," Jim assured him. "But Dad tells me a bit about what's going on, because he knows I can always keep a secret. My dad's the chief security officer at Toomera. I'm Jim Harper and this is Sixpence."

The Professor nodded. "I remember hearing his name mentioned, so I can see I've fallen into good hands."

Quickly, Professor Silver went on to explain. His story was brief and simple. His plane had been en route to Toomera when it had lost contact with the screen of escort jets due to the storm. Then from out of the sandstorm had come a single jet, cannons and rockets blazing. They had already been warned from Adelaide that Mikhail Kronev was lurking in the vicinity and they had guessed that Kronev was the pilot of this plane. He had driven them down through low cloud, but although his final attack had shattered the tailplane, he had lost contact with them. The pilot, more by good luck than anything else, had managed to crash-land on the lagoon where Jim had found him.

When the Professor had finished, Jim leaned forward, smiling into the Professor's exhausted features.

"Now, you're not to worry, Professor Silver. You're safe enough here now. If Kronev heard the sound of your crash, he's bound to have thought that he's killed you, and I don't think he will bother you any more."

"I'm . . . I'm sure I hope so," said the Professor, and Jim frowned at the look of obvious exhaustion on the older man's face.

"You lie back and rest, Professor," he advised. "I've got one or two plans to make." Quickly he turned to the native boy.

"How about the horses, Sixpence? I can see you've got yours, but what about mine?"

"Me see horse belonga you, but he go off plenty quick fella."

Jim groaned aloud. "Gosh! Just when we want him, too. Which way did he go?"

"Him go that way." Sixpence pointed to the other side of the lagoon.

With a baffled sigh, Jim accepted the situation.

"Okay," he said briefly. "You look after the Professor, I'll find the horse. We need it, if we're ever going to get out of here."

Jim moved off quickly. Pushing his way through a thick clump of reeds, he paused, listening through the sighing of the dying storm for a slight whinny or the clink of a bit that might give him the clue he wanted. But there was nothing. Then ahead of

him he saw a small clearing. He pushed his way through the bushes only to halt, every nerve and sinew frozen. Ahead of him was a man—a stocky, heavy-shouldered man—and his hand was on the lead rein of a horse.

The man's back was turned and he was dressed in a flying-suit.

KRONEV!

The name flashed instinctively into Jim's mind. The man was obviously not one of the Australian pilots, and no pilot that he knew carried a sub-machine gun over his back! Jim dropped to the earth amongst the bushes, watching as the assassin ran one hand over the saddle of the horse, obviously puzzled at to what a single, saddled horse was doing here.

Above Kronev's head was spread the white, billowing canopy of a parachute, caught up in the spreading branches of a scrub oak.

It was obvious that the assassin, determined and unrelenting in his mission, had parachuted down from his plane to make sure that the Professor was dead.

Then, to Jim's horror, he heard the soft murmur of voices coming from round the other side of the lagoon. He recognised the guttural tones of Sixpence and the slower, softer tones of the Professor.

Jim's heart stood still. Sixpence was leading the Professor to his death!

At the first sound of the voices, Kronev had sprung into instant action. Swiftly, he wrapped the trailing rein of the horse around a nearby tree, then he had crouched low behind a clump of bush, gun ready for action.

Desperately, Jim looked round—and suddenly a daring idea came into his head. Without making a sound, he quickly drew back towards the tree where the parachute was tangled with the branches.

Thirty seconds later, Sixpence and Professor Silver burst into the clearing—and in the same moment, a form rose from the bushes.

The Professor's tired eyes took in the sub-machine gun cradled in the crook of Kronev's arm and his shoulders slumped. Sixpence stared with bulging eyes at the killer. A slow smile played round Kronev's flat, pock-marked face.

"Too bad, Professor," he said gratingly. "Another half an hour and you might have made it. As it is . . ."

Twelve feet above their heads, Jim Harper, perched on a limb of a scrub oak, caught his breath. The billowing parachute below hid most of the scene from him, but he could see the stubby muzzle of the sub-machine gun and the Professor drawing himself up, his shoulders level, his chin lifting proudly.

"Go ahead, Kronev. There's nothing I can do about it."



As Kronev pointed the gun, Jim leapt from the tree with the parachute held ready for action!



Jim waved his hat wildly to the passing plane—but the prisoner hoped that even yet he might find a chance to escape!

"But I can!" thought Jim fiercely and launched himself into space.

Driven downwards by his weight, the canopy ripped free from the branches and closed down around Kronev like a soft net.

A short, stammering burst of machine gun fire ripped furrows in the ground, then Jim's feet crunched into something hard and unyielding—Kronev's head and shoulders!

He heard a yell of pain and startled fear. He knelt on the struggling figure, dragging the soft silk canopy further around Kronev and gasping out breathlessly . . .

"Sixpence, quick! The gun . . . the gun!"

In a moment Sixpence had seized the gun and, reversing it, he landed one shrewd blow on the assassin's head. There was a smothered moan then the shrouded figure went limp.

"Whew!" Jim let out his breath in an exhausted gasp as he sat up and looked around. "Okay, Professor? Sixpence and I will tie this Kronev character up then we'll make tracks."

Soon after a strange procession left the lagoon. Jim and the Professor were mounted and alongside Jim, tied to a long rope, trudged Kronev.

Jim looked back at the Professor.

"It's going to be a long haul back to Toomera," he said. "How . . ."

His words were cut off by the shrill, banshee scream of a jet plane high above them.

"Yahoooooo!" yelled Jim, waving his hat wildly.

Only Kronev stood silent, hoping that the jet had not seen them and that even yet he might somehow overcome his captors and escape, but his hopes were in vain. The jet banked sharply, then came screeching back low over their heads. A bundle wrapped in a cloth dropped from it as it vanished. Jim picked it up and read the words scrawled on the cloth—SALTBUSH CLAY PAN.

Quickly he ran back to the Professor.

"They're going to land on a clay pan a mile further east," he told him. "It's a flat stretch of clay and they'll wait for us there."

Twenty minutes later, they topped a rise of ground and there below them was the waiting jet. Two figures waiting in the shade of the plane, ran towards them. One was Captain Bill Harper.

One hand gripped Jim's shoulder firmly and his anxious eyes softened as he saw Jim's cheerful grin.

"Gosh, I'm glad to see you, lad. I heard about the dust storm and I was worried. But you see, I had other things on my mind and . . ." then as his eyes settled on the Professor, he gasped aloud. "Stone the crows! It's Professor Silver and . . . who's that? . . . not . . ."

"It is Kronev all right," the Professor put in smilingly. "These two lads met up with me and already your youngster has saved my life twice."

"Phew! All this is a bit too much for me," gasped Bill Harper. "Here, Jack, get hold of Kronev quick. Now let's hear your story, Professor."

A radio message was sent to the other planes patrolling the area and soon the clay pan was littered with four other aircraft. The Professor, Kronev and Sixpence were taken into a jet bomber and Jim had the thrill of flying back to Toomera in a twin-seater fighter with his father.

As they sliced through the air, Bill Harper heard a slight crackle in his earphones then his son's voice came through.

"Hey, Dad, you know you reckoned there weren't any fish in the lagoon?"

"Yes, that's right, I did."

"Well, before we left the lagoon, I went back and picked up my line. There was something on the hook. Here, have a look at this!"

Bill Harper turned his head and looked back to the rear cockpit. He saw his son's face peering through the canopy and one hand waved a three-pound blackfish in the air.

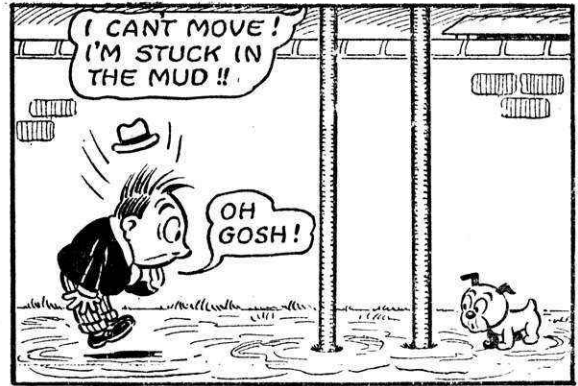
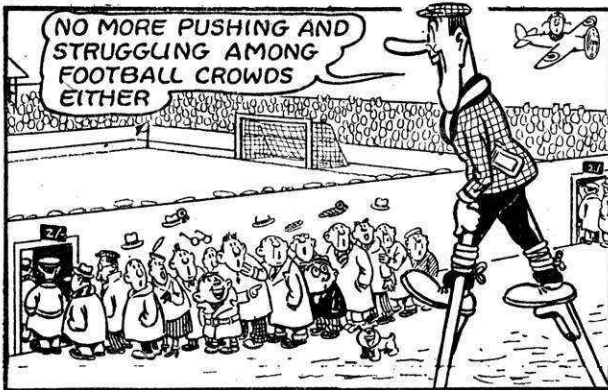
"How about that, Dad?" came Jim's voice.

Jim's earphones crackled to a great roar of laughter from his father. Bill Harper chuckled: "All right son, I admit it. Sometimes, you can catch some pretty big game in Spicer's Lagoon!"



SPORTY

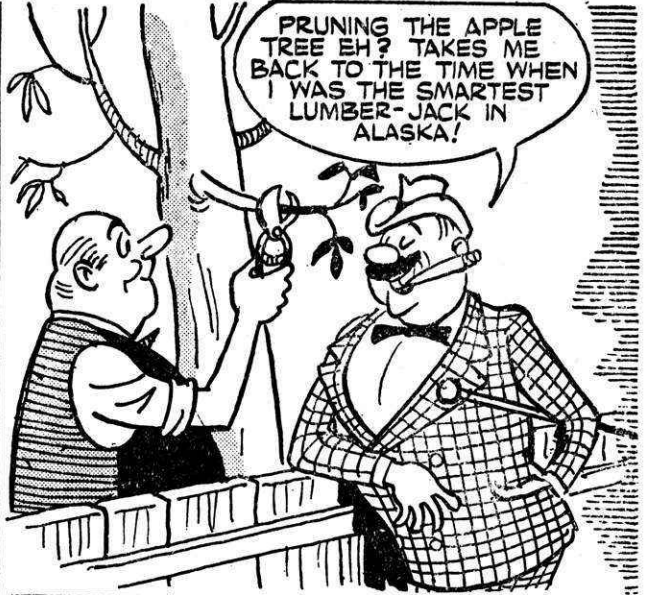
BY
Reg Wootton



BLARNEY

BLUFFER

HE'S BRITAIN'S
BIGGEST BRAGGER!



"I HAD A TWO-HEADED AXE SO THAT I COULD CHOP DOWN TWO TREES WITH ONE SWING!"



"SOMETIMES I DIDN'T BOTHER WITH AN AXE—JUST PULLED UP THOSE BIG DOUGLAS FIRS BY THE ROOTS!"



"THE TREES GOT TO KNOW ME AND USED TO TRY AND RUN AWAY WHEN THEY SAW ME COMING—BUT I WAS TOO FAST FOR THEM!"



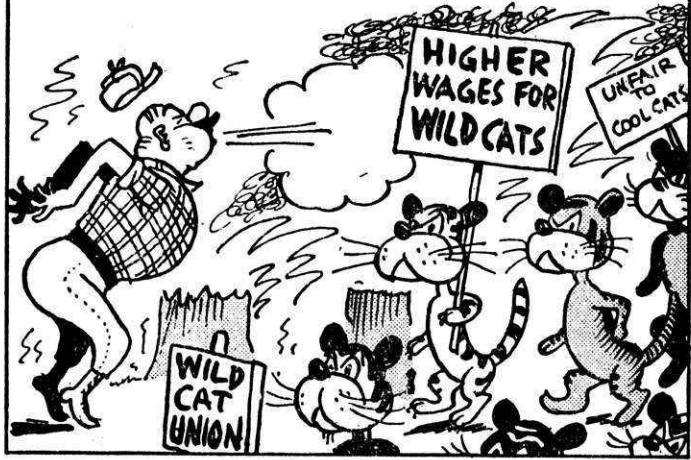
"I FOUND THE RAILWAY TOO SLOW SO I USED TO CARRY MY OWN LOGS DOWN TO THE RIVER AT THE DOUBLE!"



"ONE DAY, BY ACCIDENT, I HIT A BIG PINE TREE WITH THE BACK OF MY AXE. THE TREE SPLINTERED INTO 'MATCH' WOOD!"



"THERE WAS A WILD-CAT STRIKE AT THE TIME. THE MATCHES STRUCK IN SYMPATHY, CAUSING A TERRIFIC FOREST FIRE. I ONLY JUST MANAGED TO BLOW IT OUT!"



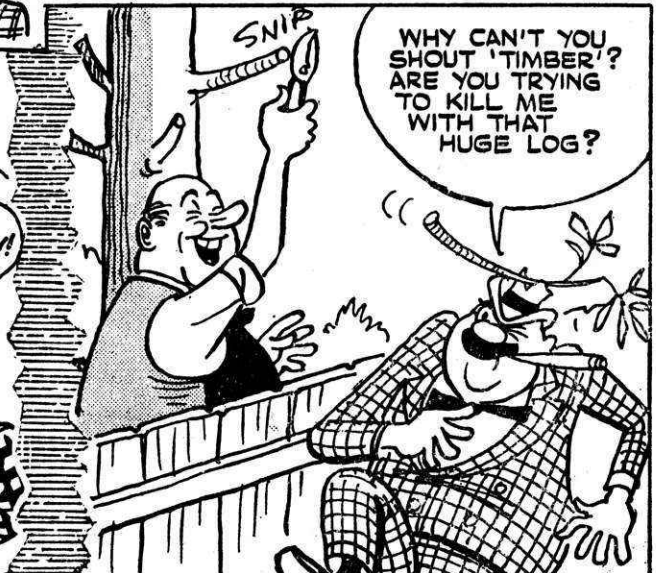
"I THREW SO MANY LOGS INTO THE RIVER THAT IT CAUSED THE BIGGEST LOG-JAM IN ALASKAN HISTORY. THEN I HAD A BRAIN WAVE!"



"WHEN AN AXE HITS A TREE IT MAKES A BIG JAR. I COLLECTED THE JARS AND BOTTLED THAT LOG JAM!"



"I SOLD THE JAM TO THE OTHER LUMBER-JACKS AND MADE A FORTUNE!"



VERA THE INTERFERER

VERA! I HAD QUITE ENOUGH OF YOUR INTERFERENCE LAST YEAR, AND I WANT NONE OF IT IN THE NEW YEAR, SEE!

1962 JAN 1ST

WELL DAD! I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP.

ONLY LAST WEEK, YOU UNSCREWED MY BACK WHEEL NUTS!

PUT GRANDPA'S HAIR TONIC IN MY AFTER-SHAVE LOTION,

AND VARNISHED MY BREAKFAST CHAIR WHEN I WAS LATE FOR THE OFFICE.

YOU WILL PROMISE NOT TO INTERFERE AGAIN-NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS-SIGN THIS!

NEW YEAR RESOLUTION
I PROMISE NOT TO INTERFERE EVER AGAIN

Vera

HELP!

SOMEBODY'S IN TROUBLE!

HELP! MY LADDER SLIPPED WHILE I WAS PAINTING THE GUTTER! PUT IT UP FOR ME, QUICK!

NOT ME! I MIGHT CRACK THE KITCHEN WINDOW WITH IT! BESIDES YOU WARNED ME NOT TO INTERFERE! -REMEMBER?

YOU'LL HAVE TO GET DOWN THE BEST WAY YOU CAN!

KLUNK!

AND LATER...

FETCH THE PLUMBER! WE'VE GOT A BURST PIPE!

I'M NOT GETTING DRAGGED INTO THIS! I'VE PROMISED NEVER TO INTERFERE -AND I WON'T! BESIDES I'VE GOT MY HOMEWORK TO DO!

DON'T JUST STAND THERE, STAN! DO SOMETHING.

HOME-WORK

QUICK! SHOW ME WHERE THE PLUMBER LIVES!

DO COME AT ONCE! PLEASE MR PYPES!

WELL, I WAS JUST GOIN' OUT FOR A BIT OF SHOOTIN'! BUT I'LL COME RIGHT AWAY SIR!

WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I PRESSED THE TRIGGER? PYPES PLUMBER

WASSAT?

BANG!

WALTER PYPES PLUMBER

COO! FANCY THE POTTY PLUMBER LEAVING HIS GUN LOADED, LIKE THAT!

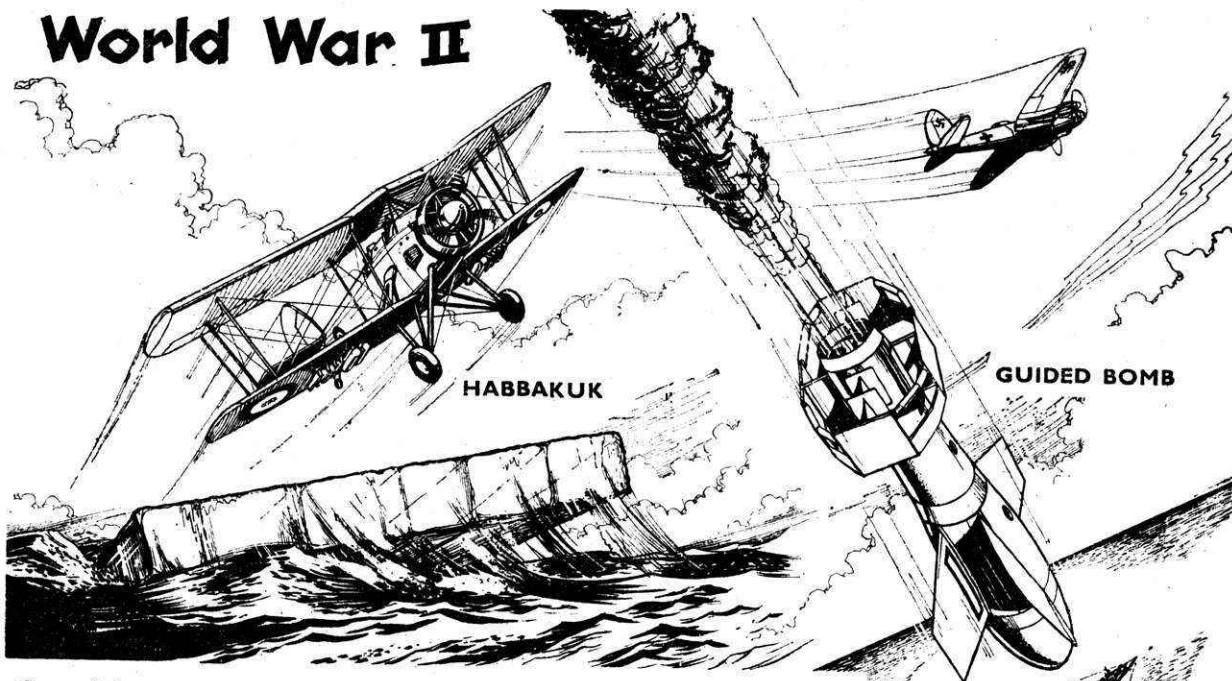
WOW! I'VE GOT ENOUGH LEAKS TO MEND IN MY OWN HOUSE! SORRY I CAN'T COME AFTER ALL, GUV'NOR!

TOOLS

LOOKING FOR SOMEONE, MATE?

WHERE IS VERA?

SECRET WEAPONS of World War II

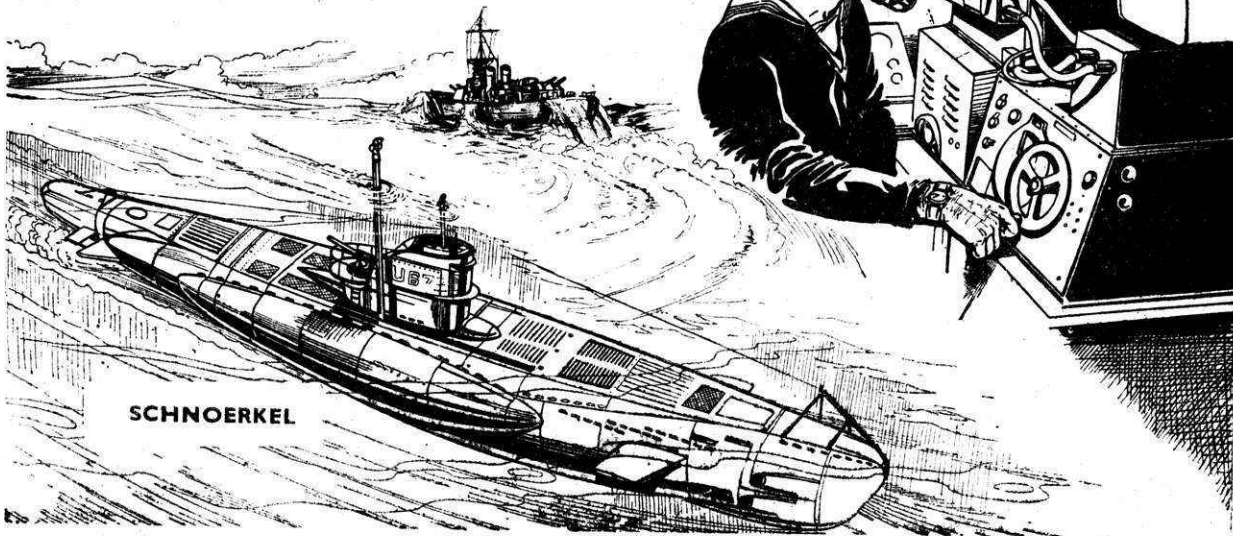


ONE of the most amazing wartime secret weapons was the British plan to build mobile icebergs, each weighing 2,000,000 tons, for use as advanced airfields in our anti-U-boat campaign in the Atlantic. The project was called HABBAKUK, but though it was tested, none of these airfields was ever used operationally.

The GUIDED BOMB was an ordinary 3,000-lb. bomb modified by the Germans by fitting four wooden wings, and a complicated tail-unit housing radio gear, so that it could be remotely controlled by the bomb aimer.

Another German secret weapon, the SCHNOERKEL, was possibly the most important invention in connection with submarines during the war. Really a breather-tube, it enabled a submarine to operate its diesels, and thus charge its batteries, while submerged. So equipped, a U-boat could remain under water for weeks at a time, beyond the reach of radar discovery.

ASDIC was an ingenious British anti-submarine device. From the bottom of our ships, wave impulses were sent out into the surrounding seas. If they struck a solid object, such as a U-boat, they bounced back, and the operator heard each echo as a loud "ping."



DICK TURPIN'S Secret Enemy

Chapter 1 ATTACK IN THE NIGHT

DOWN THE LONELY ENGLISH COUNTRY LANE, A COACH RATTLED AND SWAYED ON ITS HOMEWARD JOURNEY. LITTLE DID THE DRIVER REALISE THE GRIM PERIL THAT LAY AHEAD — PERIL IN THE SHAPE OF A VILLAIN WHO WAS PREPARING TO POSE AS THE "PRINCE OF HIGHWAYMEN" — DICK TURPIN!



INSIDE THE SWAYING COACH SLUMPED SIR HUGH MARVIN, A RICH COUNTRY SQUIRE WHOSE KINDNESS AND GENEROSITY WERE BY-WORDS THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH OF ENGLAND. SIR HUGH HAD BEEN TO COBHAM TO SPEND AN EVENING WITH AN OLD SPORTING FRIEND, AND NOW, AFTER A HEAVY MEAL AND A GLASS OF RICH MADEIRA WINE, HE WAS DROWSING AND LOOKING FORWARD TO HIS FEATHER BED.



AS THE COACH ROUNDED A BEND IN THE SHADDOY HIGHWAY, THERE RANG OUT THE DREAD SUMMONS FEARED BY RICH AND POOR ALIKE...



BUT SIR HUGH MARVIN WAS NEVER TO SEE HIS HOME AGAIN! AHEAD OF HIM LAY DEATH IN THE SHAPE OF A LOADED PISTOL!



UNDER THE THREAT OF THE LEVELLED PISTOLS OLD BEN, THE COACHMAN, RAISED HIS TREMBLING HANDS AND PEERED DOWN AT THE MASKED FACE OF THE HIGHWAYMAN

ONE FALSE MOVE, COACHMAN— AND YOU DIE! I GIVE YOU MY WORD FOR THAT— THE WORD OF DICK TURPIN!



SIR HUGH MARVIN, ROUSED BY THE HIGHWAYMAN'S LOUD COMMAND, CLAMBERED HASTILY OUT OF THE VEHICLE. HE HEARD THE HIGHWAYMAN'S WORDS AND SMILED

DICK, OLD FRIEND, DON'T YOU RECOGNISE ME?



THE HIGHWAYMAN JERKED THE TRIGGER OF THE PISTOL IN HIS LEFT HAND



YES, I RECOGNISE YOU, SIR HUGH MARVIN. YOU SAVED MY LIFE, NOW SEE HOW I REPAY YOUR KINDNESS

MARVIN UTTERED A SINGLE CROKED CRY AS THE HEAVY BULLET DROVE THE LIFE OUT OF HIM. THEN HE TOPPLED TO THE GROUND



AS SIR HUGH ROLLED OVER AND DIED, THE HIGHWAYMAN SNEERED AT THE OLD COACHMAN

I AM NOW GOING TO EMPTY YOUR MASTER'S POCKETS, COACHMAN. IF YOU SHOULD THINK OF MOVING— DON'T!



THE HIGHWAYMAN SWUNG HIMSELF TO THE GROUND. DEFTLY HE EXTRACTED MARVIN'S HEAVY GOLD WATCH, AND A PURSE BULGING WITH GUINEAS

AHA, A PRETTY HAUL! A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK FOR DICK TURPIN!

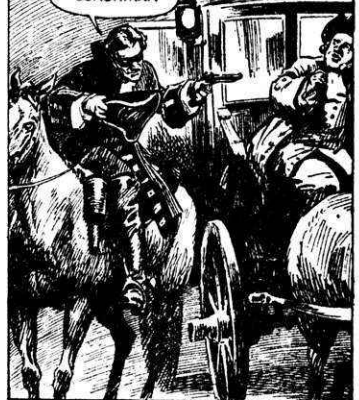


THEN, UNSEEN BY THE COACHMAN, THE HIGHWAYMAN STUFFED A SEALED PARCHEMENT INTO MARVIN'S POCKET



REMOUNTING, THE RUMPAD MOCKINGLY BOWED TO THE FRIGHTENED COACHMAN

FAREWELL COACHMAN



THEN, WHIRLING HIS HORSE, THE HIGHWAYMAN VANISHED INTO THE DARKNESS LEAVING THE COACHMAN WITH HIS MURDERED MASTER

OH, SIR HUGH— MURDERED!



THREE COUNTIES WERE STUNNED BY THE NEWS OF THE POPULAR SIR HUGH MARVIN'S BARBAROUS MURDER. A REWARD WAS OFFERED FOR THE DEATH OR CAPTURE OF DICK TURPIN, WHO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, HAD COMMITTED MURDER!

£500 REWARD WANTED FOR MURDER !!
DICK TURPIN
REWARD OFFERED BY THE GOVERNMENT



IT HAPPENED THAT TWO MEN WHO HAD BEEN STAYING IN YORK FOR A FEW DAYS WERE ATTRACTED BY THE CROWD! THEY WERE DICK TURPIN AND HIS FRIEND, TOM KING

MY OLD FRIEND, HUGH MARVIN, DEAD! AND I'M BLAMED FOR KILLING HIM! COME ON, TOM! I MUST CLEAR MY NAME OF THIS FOUL CRIME AND TRACK DOWN THE REAL KILLER



THE DAY AFTER SIR HUGH WAS LAID TO REST, HIS LAWYER, MR. SAMUEL QULL RECEIVED TWO VISITORS. HE STUDIED THEIR FACES— AND DECIDED THAT HE DID NOT LIKE WHAT HE SAW

AH, QULL, MY MAN, HOW ARE YOU?

MR. BARSTOW, I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU



THE VISITORS WERE GERVASE BARSTOW, SIR HUGH MARVIN'S COUSIN, AND HIS LAWYER, BARLINGTON SLYME, WELL-KNOWN FOR HIS SLIPPERY DOUBLE-DEALING AND FORGERIES

IT HAS COME TO MY NOTICE THAT A WILL WAS DISCOVERED ON SIR HUGH'S DEAD BODY, THAT IS, CORRECT, EH, SLYME?

QUITE CORRECT, SIR

BE SEATED, PERHAPS YOU ALSO KNOW THAT SIR HUGH NAMED A NEW HEIR

MR. QUILL, YOU SURPRISE ME. WOULD I BE THE SOLE BENEFICIARY, DO YOU THINK?

MR. BARSTOW ONLY A WEEK AGO, SIR HUGH ASKED ME TO DRAW UP A NEW WILL, LEAVING EVERYTHING TO HIS ONLY DAUGHTER PRISCILLA WHO IS COMPLETING HER SCHOOLING AT A CONVENT IN PARIS

THIS IS OUTRAGEOUS!

THIS WILL NULLIFIED SIR HUGH'S PREVIOUS WILL IN WHICH, I MIGHT INFORM YOU, A GOODLY SUM HAD BEEN LEFT TO YOU, MR. BARSTOW

EXACTLY ONE DAY LATER

BUT THE WILL FOUND ON MARVIN'S BODY IS OF A LATER DATE

IT WOULD SEEM THAT SIR HUGH CHANGED HIS MIND

THE WILL FOUND ON SIR HUGH MUST BE REGARDED AS GENUINE. SIR HUGH'S SIGNATURE IS PRESUMABLY IN HIS HANDWRITING. H'M, I BELIEVE THAT YOU BEAR QUITE A REPUTATION FOR IMITATING OTHER PEOPLE'S SIGNATURES, MR. SLYME

OUTRAGEOUS OR NOT, I BELIEVE THAT THE WILL FOUND ON SIR HUGH'S DEAD BODY IS A FORGERY, PLANTED THERE SOMEHOW BY YOU RASCALS. WHY DID DICK TURPIN SO STUPIDLY ANNOUNCE HIS IDENTITY TO OLD BEN THE COACHMAN?

WHO PROFITS MOST BY SIR HUGH'S DEATH—DICK TURPIN OR YOU, BARSTOW?

MR. QUILL, TAKE MY ADVICE. ARRANGE FOR ME TO TAKE OVER MARVIN MANOR. SHALL WE SAY A WEEK FROM TODAY?

I HAVE SENT FOR MISS PRISCILLA. IF YOU CAN TELL HER THIS, EVEN AS SHE GRIEVES FOR HER DEAD FATHER, THEN YOU ARE THE BIGGEST SCOUNDREL ALIVE, BARSTOW

AND GERVASE BARSTOW STRODE GRANDLY FROM THE OFFICE OF MR. QUILL. THE GOOD LAWYER CALLED HIS CLERK

JOHNATHAN, OPEN THE WINDOWS. THERE'S A SMELL OF SEWER—RATS!

WELL, THAT IS JUST WHAT I INTEND TO DO, QUILL. COME, SLYME

OUTSIDE IN THE STREET GERVASE BARSTOW LAUGHED EXULTANTLY

WELL, SLYME, IT IS QUITE OBVIOUS QUILL WILL HAVE TO ACCEPT THE DOCUMENT SO CLEVERLY FORGED BY YOU AND PLANTED ON MARVIN'S BODY BY ME. THERE NOW REMAIN THREE MORE MOVES

ONE—TAKE CARE OF QUILL! TWO—PRISCILLA MARVIN! SHE IS IN THE WAY. AND THREE—MOVE INTO MARVIN MANOR

GERVASE BARSTOW GRINNED

IT IS GOOD TO HEAR YOU SAY THAT, SLYME. BUT A WORD OF WARNING! PLAY ME FALSE AND I'LL RAM A KNIFE IN YOUR BACK!

HE HE, MR. BARSTOW. IT AFFORDS ME GREAT PLEASURE TO KNOW THAT YOU TRUST ME. I SHALL HONOUR YOUR TRUST

Chapter 2 DICK TURPIN TAKES A HAND

THREE DAYS LATER MR. SAMUEL QUILL WAS AT DOVER TO MEET PRISCILLA MARVIN

PRISCILLA, MY DEAR, DID YOU HAVE A GOOD VOYAGE?

A CHOPPY ONE I'M AFRAID, MR. QUILL



MR. QUILL LED PRISCILLA TOWARDS THE STARTING POINT FOR THE DOVER TO LONDON COACHES, FOLLOWED BY A SEAMAN CARRYING PRISCILLA'S TRUNK

MR. QUILL, TELL ME ABOUT MY FATHER'S DEATH

A SHOCKING AFFAIR, PRISCILLA. YOUR FATHER WAS MURDERED BY TURPIN, 'TIS SAID, BUT I HAVE MY OWN IDEAS

IN THE COACH MR. QUILL TOLD PRISCILLA ALL HE KNEW. HE WAS JUST ABOUT TO TELL HER OF HIS SUSPICIONS CONCERNING GERVASE BARSTOW WHEN A PISTOL-SHOT RANG OUT—

STAND AND DELIVER! THAT WAS JUST A WARNING, COACHMAN. IF THE GUARD LIFTS HIS BLUNDERBUSS ANOTHER INCH, I'LL BLOW OUT HIS BRAINS!



THE SCARED GUARD INSTANTLY FLUNG DOWN HIS WEAPON. THE NIGHT-RIDER LAUGHED SNEERINGLY

DOWN ON TO THE ROAD ALL OF YOU, AND PAY TOLL TO RICHARD TURPIN



UNDER THE MENACE OF THE MAN'S PISTOLS, EVERYONE ALIGHTED, THE EYES OF GERVASE BARSTOW, FOR THE HIGHWAYMAN WAS INDEED HE, NARROWED

COACHMAN, TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, THE REST OF YOU, EMPTY YOUR POCKETS INTO THE HAT



WHY, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE! I SHALL WRITE TO "THE DAILY ADVERTISER" ABOUT IT!

TREMBLING, THE COACHMAN REMOVED HIS HAT AND INTO IT THE PASSENGERS THREW THEIR VALUABLES. AS THE COACHMAN STOPPED, GERVASE BARSTOW LEANED DOWN FROM HIS SADDLE

THROW THAT FINE DIAMOND BROOCH INTO THE HAT!



TAKE EVERYTHING ELSE I HAVE OF VALUE, BUT LEAVE ME THIS, I BEG OF YOU, SIR

GERVASE BARSTOW LEAPED DOWN, AND LEERED MOCKINGLY AT THE GIRL

I'LL EXCHANGE YOUR DIAMOND BROOCH — FOR A KISS!

SIR! HOW DARE YOU!



MR. QUILL STEPPED FORWARD AND THRUST THE MASKED MAN VIOLENTLY TO ONE SIDE

KISS YOU! YOU DOG! TAKE YOUR ILL-GOTTEN GAINS AND BE OFF WITH YOU!



BARSTOW FELL TO ONE-KNEE, THEN ONE OF HIS PISTOLS SPAT FLAME, THE OLD LAWYER FLUNG UP HIS ARMS AND TOPPLED TO THE GROUND.



NO MAN STRIKES DICK TURPIN — AND LIVES!

THE BOGUS DICK TURPIN SNATCHED THE HAT FROM THE COACHMAN'S QUIVERING HANDS



GIVE ME THAT HAT YOU FOOL!

THEN THE HIGHWAYMAN STRODE OVER TO PRISCILLA MARVIN AS SHE KNELT OVER MR. QUILL



YOU HAVE SLAIN MR. QUILL!

THERE REMAINS ONE MORE ITEM—

BARSTOW LAUGHED HARSHLY



I'LL TAKE THAT BROOCH. NOW, YOU CAN JOIN YOUR PROTECTOR IN PURGATORY!

PRISCILLA'S FACE PALED, SHE CLOSED HER EYES AND THE NEXT INSTANT THERE CAME THE CRASH OF A PISTOL-SHOT. DAZZLED, OPENING HER EYES, PRISCILLA SAW THE HIGHWAYMAN CLUTCHING A WOUNDED WRIST, AND GALLOPING TOWARDS HER CAME TWO HORSEMEN — THE REAL DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING



AAAAAAA! MY WRIST!

WITHOUT FURTHER ADD, GERVASE BARSTOW FLUNG HIMSELF ACROSS HIS SABLE MARE AND RODE OFF AT TOP SPEED



CURSES! AND JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO KILL THE GIRL STILL, I GOT QUILL

THE GALLANT DICK TURPIN THREW HIMSELF FROM HIS HORSE WHILE TOM KING PURSUED THE RUNAWAY HIGHWAYMAN



WHAT FOUL BUSINESS IS AFOOT HERE? ARE YOU HURT, MY LADY?

PRISCILLA CRUMPLED INTO A DEAD FAINT, DICK LIFTED HER UP AND TURNED TO THE TERRIFIED PEOPLE BY THE COACH



WILL NO-ONE HELP THIS POOR GIRL? YOU, MADAM — SURELY YOU HAVE SOME SMELLING SALTS IN YOUR HANDBAG

INDEED, 'TIS ALL THAT WICKED MAN HAS LEFT ME—

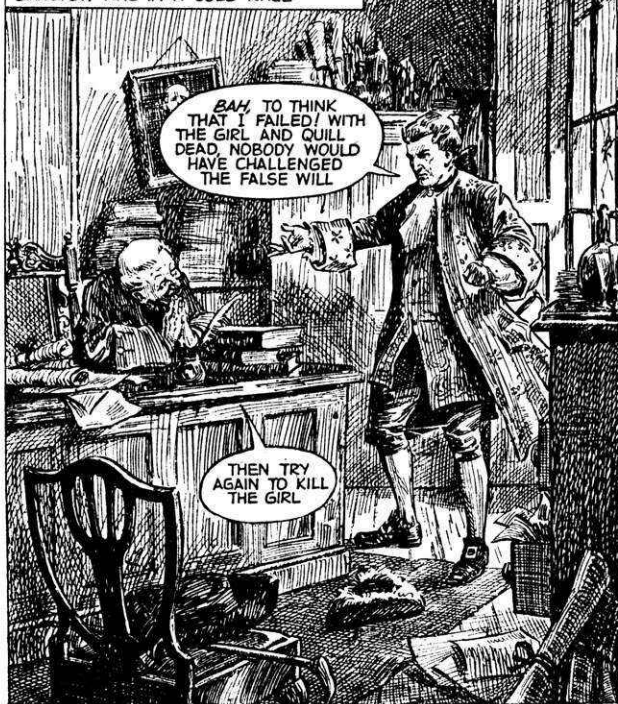
AS THE ELDERLY LADY TOOK CHARGE OF PRISCILLA MARVIN, THE MAN WHO HAD SAVED THE GIRL'S LIFE STARED AFTER HIS FAST-GALLOPING FRIEND



TOM KING WILL NEVER CATCH UP WITH THAT RASCAL — HIS STALLION, SULTAN, IS TIRED AFTER OUR ESCAPE FROM THE RUNNERS—

FOR DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING HAD JUST THROWN OFF A STRONG PARTY OF BOW STREET RUNNERS AFTER A LONG, HARD CHASE. SINCE DICK HAD BEEN CHARGED WITH THE MURDER OF SIR HUGH MARVIN, EVERY IDLE FELLOW IN THE COUNTRY HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR A CHANCE TO CAPTURE HIM AND CLAIM THE £500 REWARD....

THE DAY AFTER THE ATTACK ON THE DOVER—LONDON COACH, GERVASE BARSTOW VISITED BARLINGTON SLYME. BARSTOW WAS IN A COLD RAGE



BAH, TO THINK THAT I FAILED, WITH THE GIRL AND QUILL DEAD, NOBODY WOULD HAVE CHALLENGED THE FALSE WILL

THEN TRY AGAIN TO KILL THE GIRL

EASIER SAID THAN DONE. HOW AM I TO KILL HER NOW WITHOUT RAISING SUSPICION? IT MIGHT BE MONTHS BEFORE SHE MAKES ANOTHER JOURNEY BY COACH—

YOU ARE A DARING MAN, MR. BARSTOW. SURELY YOU ARE NOT GOING TO GIVE UP NOW?



SLYME'S IMPLICATION DROVE BARSTOW INTO A TOWERING FURY

YOU THINK I'VE TURNED COWARD, EH? WHY, FOR TWO PINS I'D WRING YOUR SCRAWNY NECK

AAAASH! D-DON'T HURT ME—I WAS ABOUT TO S-SUGGEST—



SUGGEST WHAT?

T-THAT, IF YOU CAN'T KILL THE GIRL— WHY NOT M-MARRY HER?



AT THIS, AN EVIL SMILE SPREAD ACROSS BARSTOW'S FEATURES

MARRY THE GIRL! A GOOD IDEA, SLYME

YES, THAT'S IT. I'LL MARRY HER. AND THEN EVEN IF OUR WILL IS REVOKED, MARVIN MANOR AND EVERYTHING THAT GOES WITH IT WILL STILL BE MINE

AS HE STEPPED OUT INTO THE STREET, GERVASE BARSTOW HEARD THE STENTORIAN VOICE OF A TOWN-CRIER

OYEZ! WHEREAS THE DOVER TO LONDON COACH WAS YESTERDAY ROBBED BY RICHARD TURPIN, WHO DID SHOOT AND WOUND ONE SAMUEL QUILL, A REWARD OF SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY GUINEAS IS OFFERED FOR THE CAPTURE, DEAD OR ALIVE OF RICHARD TURPIN



GERVASE BARSTOW WENT TO A CABINET WHEREON STOOD DECANTERS AND WINE-GLASSES

COME, SLYME. YOU LOOK PALE. TAKE A GLASS OF BRANDY, YOU'LL FEEL BETTER. NOW I MUST AWAY TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO THE FAIR PRISCILLA



WISH ME LUCK, SLYME, YOU DOG, ALTHOUGH I MUST CONFESS I DO NOT ANTICIPATE FAILURE



BARSTOW MADE HIS WAY DIRECTLY TO MR. QUILL'S OFFICE. HE WAS SURPRISED TO SEE PRISCILLA MARVIN TALKING ON THE STEP TO QUILL'S CLERK

YOUR MASTER IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS, BUT HE IS IN GOOD HANDS— DR. JACKSON IS A BRILLIANT MAN— AND I AM NURSING MR. QUILL MYSELF



QUILL— WOUNDED! ZOUNDS, BUT I BLUNDERED BADLY YESTERDAY. I'LL GO TO HIS OFFICE AT ONCE, FOR 'TIS POSSIBLE THE WOUND MAY PROVE MORTAL

BARSTOW FLUSHED UNDER THE LOVELY GIRL'S CONTUMPTUOUS LOOK, THEN HE SPOKE RAPIDLY AND SMOOTHLY

I AM GLAD I HAVE HAD THIS OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK TO YOU, MY DEAR. OF COURSE I CANNOT ACCEPT THE MANOR. I INTEND TO MAKE EVERYTHING OVER TO YOU



AS PRISCILLA TURNED TO LEAVE, GERVASE BARSTOW SMILED AND BOWED LOW TO THE GIRL

AH, PRISCILLA. I WAS ABOUT TO ASK FOR YOUR ADDRESS. 'TIS I, YOUR COUSIN GERVASE. YOU HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN ME?

IF I HAD, THE TERMS OF MY FATHER'S WILL WOULD HAVE BROUGHT YOU VERY MUCH TO MY MIND



PRISCILLA STARED AT BARSTOW UNBELIEVINGLY

YOU DON'T INTEND TO KEEP MARVIN MANOR?



NO! I WAS GOING TO CALL ON MR. QUILL TODAY TO ASK HIM TO DRAW UP THE NECESSARY PAPERS PASSING THE PROPERTY TO YOU. THEN I HEARD HOW TURPIN HAD SHOT HIM

GERVASE BARSTOW WAS A SKILFUL LIAR. IN NO TIME HE HAD PRISCILLA BELIEVING HIM

AND NOW YOU MUST PERMIT ME TO BUY YOU A CUP OF CHOCOLATE AT THE STRAND COFFEE-HOUSE



OVER THE REFRESHMENT, GERVASE BARSTOW MADE HIMSELF A MOST ENGAGING COMPANION. PRISCILLA WAS HAPPY TO FIND SUCH A KIND AND HELPFUL RELATIVE, ESPECIALLY ONE WHO WAS WILLING TO SURRENDER A FORTUNE TO HER



IT IS NOT SUITABLE THAT MY CHARMING COUSIN SHOULD STAY IN A COMMON INN. I THINK I CAN FIND MORE SUITABLE ACCOMMODATION FOR YOU

HOW KIND OF YOU, BUT DO NOT PUT YOURSELF OUT ON MY BEHALF



WHAT DO YOU THINK TOM? COULD HE BE THE FELLOW YOU CHASED YESTERDAY?

'TIS HE ALL RIGHT

BARSTOW'S REPLY WAS AMBIGUOUS



PRISCILLA, MY DEAR, I SHALL BE ONLY TOO HAPPY TO PUT MYSELF OUT TO OUR MUTUAL HAPPINESS

AT THIS REMARK, A MAN AT A NEAR-BY TABLE SPLUTTERED. HIS COMPANION PLACED A WARNING HAND ON HIS SLEEVE



TAKE IT EASY TOM, WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION

THE TWO MEN WERE DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING, WHO HAD BEEN KEEPING A CLOSE WATCH ON GERVASE BARSTOW



SEE HOW HE MASSAGES HIS WRIST

EGAD, YOU'RE RIGHT TOM. ME-THINKS THIS FELLOW BARSTOW IS PLAYING A DEEP GAME

IS IT NOT ENOUGH TO BE HOUNDED BY THE LAW AS THOUGH I AM A COMMON CRIMINAL, WITHOUT HAVING SCOUNDRELS USING MY NAME? I'LL BRING THIS FELLOW TO BOOK FOR HIS VILLAINY AS SURE AS MY NAME IS DICK TURPIN



MEANWHILE GERVASE BARSTOW HAD WHEELED HIMSELF INTO PRISCILLA MARVIN'S AFFECTIONS BY PAYING HER CONSTANT ATTENTION AND PRETENDING TO LOOK AFTER HER EVERY INTEREST. PRISCILLA WAS NOW STAYING AT THE KENSINGTON HOME OF GERVASE BARSTOW'S FRIEND, LADY GHENDOLYN RANDLE, AN AGING AND GRASPING BELDAME, WHO RAN A GAMBLING DEN



PRISCILLA, MY DEAR, YOU MUST KNOW I LOVE YOU

'TIS VERY SOON TO THINK OF LOVE, GERVASE, WITH FATHER SO LATELY DEAD

BARSTOW WAS CUNNING ENOUGH NOT TO PRESS HIS SUIT TOO HARD



OF COURSE, I—I'M SORRY, PRISCILLA. WHAT A STUPID FOOL I AM!

YOU MUST NOT SAY THAT, GERVASE. I KNOW YOU LOVE ME, BUT ALL I ASK IS A LITTLE TIME—A MONTH PERHAPS

BARSTOW STOOPED TO FRESH HYPOCRISY



YES, MY DEAREST, BY THEN, QUILL WILL DOUBTLESS BE WELL ON THE WAY TO RECOVERY AND I CAN MAKE OVER TO YOU YOUR ANCESTRAL HOME

THERE MAY BE NO NEED FOR THAT. IF WE ARE MARRIED, MARVIN MANOR WILL NOT BE YOURS OR MINE, BUT OURS!

GERVASE BARSTOW LAUGHED TO HIMSELF. THE GIRL HAD TOLD HIM ALL HE WANTED TO KNOW

GOD! EVERYTHING PROCEEDS WELL, BUT I MUST MARRY HER BEFORE QUILL REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND RUINS EVERYTHING



Chapter 3. DICK TURPIN VOWS VENGEANCE

HAD HE ONLY KNOWN IT, EVERYTHING WAS NOT PROCEEDING WELL WITH HIS SCHEMES. DICK TURPIN HAD BEEN MAKING SEVERAL ENQUIRIES ABOUT GERVASE BARSTOW, TURPIN'S INTEREST IN BARSTOW HAD BEEN AROUSED SIX MONTHS PREVIOUSLY WHEN DICK AND TOM KING HAD CALLED ON JEM SOMERS, A BLACKSMITH.

SHE'S GONE FROM ME—MY LITTLE GIRL—AH, IF I COULD ONLY GET MY HANDS ON THE BLACK-HEARTED VILLAIN!

THIS IS A SORRY TALE YOU TELL US, JEM. HAVE YOU HAD NO WORD FROM YOUR DAUGHTER SINCE SHE RAN OFF WITH THIS ROGUE?



IT APPEARED THAT KITTY, JEM SOMERS' YOUNG AND ONLY DAUGHTER, HAD ELOPED WITH A MAN SCARCELY KNOWN TO OLD JEM HIMSELF. HE HAD MET HIM BUT ONCE OR TWICE AND KNEW HIM AS ANTHONY DANVERS, A GENTLEMAN OF MEANS LIVING SOMEWHERE IN LONDON.

JEM, IF YOUR DAUGHTER IS STILL ALIVE—AND WANTS TO COME BACK TO YOU—I WILL RETURN HER. OF COURSE, SHE MAY BE HAPPY WITH THIS MAN DANVERS.

THANKEE, OLD FRIEND—IF YOU CAN ONLY HELP ME, I'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING I OWN.



AT LENGTH, DICK AND TOM DISCOVERED THAT ANTHONY DANVERS' REAL NAME WAS GERVASE BARSTOW. BUT THEN THEY HAD BEEN CHASED OUT OF LONDON BY A PACK OF BOW STREET RUNNERS ANXIOUS TO EARN THE REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF SIR HUGH MARVIN'S MURDERER, STILL THOUGHT TO BE TURPIN HIMSELF.

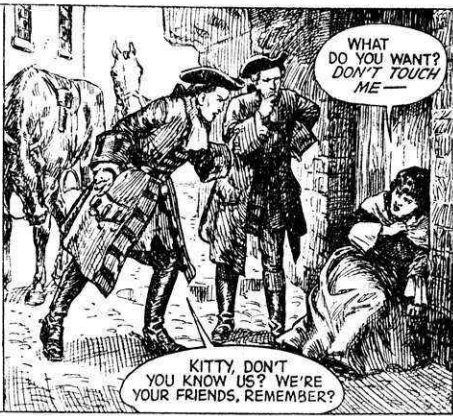
HANG IT, DICK! THIS WOULD HAPPEN NOW



NEVER MIND. WE CAN COME BACK TO LONDON AS SOON AS WE HAVE SHAKEN THE TRAPS OFF OUR TRACKS

DICK AND TOM MANAGED TO EVADE THE RUNNERS ACROSS COUNTRY AND EMERGED ON TO THE ROAD. ONLY A FEW MOMENTS LATER THEY HAD HEARD THE SHOT FIRED AT MR. QUILL BY GERVASE BARSTOW.

THE DAY AFTER THE COFFEE HOUSE INCIDENT THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD FOUND KITTY SOMERS, DESTITUTE AND BEGGING IN A BACK ALLEY OFF WHITEHALL....



WHAT DO YOU WANT? DON'T TOUCH ME—

KITTY, DON'T YOU KNOW US? WE'RE YOUR FRIENDS, REMEMBER?

THE GIRL'S REPLY WAS SAVAGE AND SULLEN...



I HAVE NO FRIENDS!

DICK TURPIN LIFTED THE GIRL IN HIS STRONG ARMS



KITTY, WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS AND WE WISH TO HELP YOU

NO-ONE CAN HELP ME. NO-ONE!

DON'T SPEAK LIKE THAT, KITTY. YOUR FATHER IS BREAKING HIS HEART OVER YOU

AT THE MENTION OF HER FATHER, KITTY LOOKED AT THE TWO FRIENDS



MY FATHER? WHAT OF HIM?

IF YOU DON'T COME HOME—YOUR FATHER WILL GO OUT OF HIS MIND. DOES HE DESERVE THIS, THE MAN WHO WOULD GIVE HIS LIFE FOR YOUR HAPPINESS? KITTY, I THOUGHT BETTER OF YOU THAN THIS

DICK TURPIN'S WORDS BROUGHT A FLOOD OF TEARS FROM THE GIRL



THERE, KITTY

OH, DICK, I TH-THOUGHT THAT MY FATHER WOULD NOT WANT ME SINCE I—I USED HIM SO CRUELLY...

KITTY SOMERS TOLD DICK AND TOM ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED TO HER SINCE SHE RAN AWAY WITH DANVERS, OF HIS SUBSEQUENT DESERTION AND HER LIFE AS A BEGGAR. IT WAS A SORRY TALE AND IT MADE TOM AND DICK SWEAR VENGEANCE ON THE HEAD OF THE MAN WHO HAD BROUGHT SO MUCH TRIBULATION TO THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS DAUGHTER. THEY RETURNED THE GIRL NEXT DAY



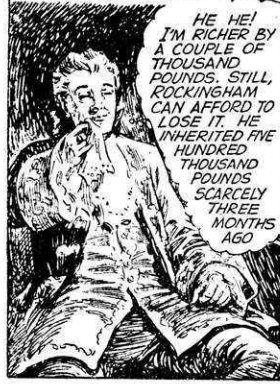
WELL, NOW WE KNOW WHERE WE STAND WITH MASTER GERVASE BARSTOW, ALIAS ANTHONY DANVERS, ALIAS DICK TURPIN. IT'S UP TO US TO SEE THAT HE PAYS FOR HIS VILLAINY

I'M WITH YOU THERE, DICK!

THE NEXT EVENING GERVASE BARSTOW WAS RETURNING HOME IN HIS PRIVATE COACH AFTER VISITING LADY GWENDOLYN RANDLE'S GAMING ESTABLISHMENT



BARSTOW WAS CONGRATULATING HIMSELF ON HIS LUCK



HE HE! I'M RICHER BY A COUPLE OF THOUSAND POUNDS. STILL, ROCKINGHAM CAN AFFORD TO LOSE IT. HE INHERITED FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS SCARCELY THREE MONTHS AGO

BARSTOW SETTLED HIMSELF MORE COMFORTABLY AND CLOSED HIS EYES. THE NEXT INSTANT THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN AND A MASKED MAN LEAPED IN



UTTER A CRY AND YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF IN PERDITION!

BARSTOW STARED IN TERROR AT THE PISTOL LEVELLED AT HIM. HE STUTTERED A QUESTION AND KNEW THE ANSWER EVEN BEFORE IT CAME IN A DAY-OF-JUDGEMENT VOICE



WHO—WHO ARE YOU?



I AM DICK TURPIN AND I HAVE COME FOR YOU!

FEAR LENT BARSTOW DESPERATION AND HE THREW HIMSELF TOWARDS THE DOOR— BUT TURPIN MOVED FASTER, AND FISTED HIM BACK INTO THE CORNER OF THE COACH



YOU DOG! YOU'LL GET NO MERCY FROM ME!

AAAAAAH! MERCY!

I WANT SOME EXPLANATIONS, BUT FIRST TURN OUT YOUR POCKETS!



YOU WOULD ROB ME?

LET US SAY I AM COMPELLING YOU TO MAKE RESTITUTION

WITH QUIVERING HANDS BARSTOW THREW TWO PURSES ON TO THE SEAT BESIDE HIM



RESTITUTION? WHAT A WORD FOR A HIGHWAYMAN TO USE

DOES THE NAME KITTY SOMERS MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU, BARSTOW?

BARSTOW FEVERISHLY TUMBLED A HEAP OF COINS AND VALUABLES ON TO THE SEAT. TURPIN'S EYES NARROWED AS HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF A LADY'S BROOCH. IT WAS THE BROOCH STOLEN FROM PRISCILLA MARVIN



THE MARVIN CREST!

A LADY'S BROOCH! A STRANGE ARTICLE FOR A SO-CALLED GENTLEMAN TO BE CARRYING

I TOOK IT OFF A YOUNG PIGEON I PLUCKED AT THE GAMING ROOMS LAST WEEK. HE GAVE THAT BROOCH TO ME IN PAYMENT OF HIS DEBT

WHAT A LIAR YOU ARE BARSTOW. I AM TAKING THIS BROOCH. I HAVE MY OWN IDEAS OF ITS TRUE OWNER



GERVASE BARSTOW STARED WITH NARROWED EYES...



ENOUGH TO TELL YOU THAT EVERY PENNY YOU WON THIS EVENING WILL BE HANDED TO KITTY IN PART PAYMENT OF THE MISERY YOU HAVE CAUSED HER

HOW DID YOU KNOW I WON MONEY TONIGHT?



I WAS THERE. JUST OVER TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, WASN'T IT? THERE IS NO MORE THAN A HUNDRED GUINEAS IN THE TWO PURSES YOU HAVE TAKEN OUT OF YOUR POCKET. BARSTOW—TAKE EVERY SINGLE ITEM OUT OF ALL YOUR POCKETS

THE KING OF THE HIGHWAY THRUST THE BROOCH AND BARSTOW'S MONEY INTO HIS CAPACIOUS POCKETS



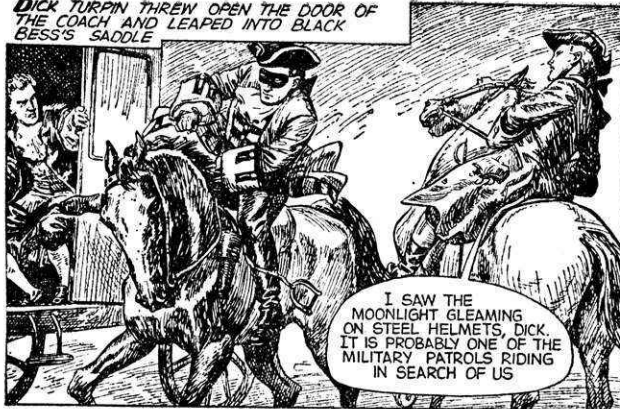
WHY HAVE YOU BEEN IMPERSONATING ME ON THE HIGHWAY KILLING MY GOOD FRIEND SIR HUGH MARVIN, SHOOTING POOR QUILL AND ATTEMPTING TO SLAY PRISCILLA MARVIN?

TURPIN WAS SUDDENLY INTERRUPTED BY A SHOUT FROM TOM KING



DICK! THERE'S A COMPANY OF DRAGOONS RIDING TOWARDS US!

DICK TURPIN THREW OPEN THE DOOR OF THE COACH AND LEAPED INTO BLACK BESS'S SADDLE



I SAW THE MOONLIGHT GLEAMING ON STEEL HELMETS, DICK. IT IS PROBABLY ONE OF THE MILITARY PATROLS RIDING IN SEARCH OF US

DICK TURNED THE MARE ALMOST IN MID-STRIDE



SPURS, TOM! WE'LL SETTLE WITH BARSTOW LATER

AND AS GERVASE BARSTOW CURSED TO HIS COACHMAN TO STOP THE TWO FRIENDS RODE INTO THE SHADOWS



STOP YOU NUMBSKULL! I'VE JUST BEEN ROBBED BY DICK TURPIN

D-DICK TURPIN? HEY, MR. BARSTOW, WHEN DID THAT HAPPEN?

AND AS THE DRAGOONS DREW LEVEL WITH THE COACH, BARSTOW SHOUTED AT THEM HYSTERICALLY



QUICK - DICK TURPIN - THAT WAY - HE'S JUST ROBBED ME -

DICK TURPIN, EH? LEAVE HIM TO US

AND LEAVING BARSTOW FURIOUSLY BITING HIS NAILS, THE TROOPERS SET OFF IN HOT PURSUIT



TURPIN! BY THUNDER, IF HE'S STICKING HIS NOSE INTO MY AFFAIRS, I SHALL HAVE TO MOVE FAST -

BARSTOW'S COACHMAN APPROACHED HIS MASTER WITH A SMIRK ON HIS EVIL FACE



WELL, MASTER, THAT WERE A BIT O' LUCK. RECKON THEY'LL NAIL DICK TURPIN AFORE HE GETS VERY FAR

NEXT MORNING, DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING, PAID A VISIT TO JEM SOMERS, INTO KITTY'S HANDS, DICK - PUT ALL THE MONEY HE HAD TAKEN FROM GERVASE BARSTOW THE NIGHT BEFORE



HOW CAN I THANK YOU, DICK? NOW KITTY AND I CAN LEAVE THE SMITHY AND START A NEW LIFE

LET ME KNOW WHERE YOU SETTLE DOWN, JEM. A LETTER ADDRESSED TO CAPTAIN RICHARD PALMER AT THE SPANIARDS INN ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH WILL FIND ME

IN A FIT OF RAGE, BARSTOW KNOCKED THE COACHMAN HEADLONG



BLACK BESS IS THE FASTEST HORSE IN THE KINGDOM AND TOM KING RIDES A BLOOD ARAB. D'YOU THINK THOSE FARM-HORSES WILL CATCH THEM?

BARSTOW FLUNG HIMSELF INTO THE COACH



WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? I WANT TO GET HOME SOME TIME TONIGHT

YES, MASTER - AT ONCE, SIR!

Chapter 4 THE SWORD-HAND OF DICK TURPIN

AND AS THE TWO HIGHWAYMEN RODE AWAY, THE SMITH'S VOICE BROKE WITH EMOTION



FOOLS SCORN DICK TURPIN AS A COMMON HIGHWAYMAN, KITTY

BUT HE IS A GENTLEMAN BORN AND BRED, WHO HATES ALL INJUSTICE, A FIGHTER WHO DEFENDS THE DOWN-TRODDEN, MAY HEAVEN PROTECT HIM AND HIS VALIANT COMRADE TOM KING.



GOD BLESS THEM BOTH!

DICK AND TOM RODE STRAIGHT TO THE KENSINGTON HOUSE OF LADY GWENDOLYN RANDLE, FOR THEY HAD EASILY DISCOVERED THE WHEREABOUTS OF PRISCILLA MARVIN



I DON'T WANT LADY RANDLE TO KNOW I'M SEEING PRISCILLA. SHE'D WARN BARSTOW

I'LL WAIT HERE FOR YOU, DICK



NOW TO TELL PRISCILLA OF HER COUSIN'S TRUE CHARACTER

PRISCILLA MARVIN HAD JUST RETURNED FROM THE STILL UNCONSCIOUS SAMUEL GULL WHEN SHE HEARD A SLIGHT SOUND FROM BEHIND A CURTAIN



WHO'S THERE? COME OUT, WHOEVER YOU ARE!

ALTHOUGH THE GIRL SPOKE BRAVELY, SHE WAS FRIGHTENED. BUT HER FEAR WAS CALMED WHEN SHE SAW THE MAN WHO HAD SAVED HER FROM THE HIGHWAYMAN



YOU! THIS IS A SURPRISE, SIR, TO SAY THE LEAST OF IT

DICK ADVANCED INTO THE ROOM. HE SPOKE REASSURINGLY



I AM SORRY IF I STARTLED YOU. I HAVE BEEN WAITING HERE HOPING THAT I MIGHT SPEAK WITH YOU SECRETLY

ALTHOUGH SHE OWED HER LIFE TO THIS MAN, HIS ILLEGAL ENTRY INTO THE HOUSE ANNOYED PRISCILLA, AND WHEN SHE SPOKE, HER WORDS WERE COLD AND UNINVITING



I OWE YOU A GREAT DEBT, SIR, AND THEREFORE I WILL LISTEN TO WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY, BUT BE BRIEF!

DICK SHOWED HER THE BROOCH HE HAD TAKEN FROM GERVASE BARSTOW



DOES THIS MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

MY BROOCH! WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

PRISCILLA STARED AT THE BROOCH UNBELIEVINGLY



IT WAS MY MOTHER'S. OH, SIR, HOW DID YOU COME BY IT?

I TOOK IT FROM GERVASE BARSTOW LAST NIGHT

FROM GERVASE BARSTOW? BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE. DICK TURPIN STOLE THIS BROOCH!



THE THIEF SAID HE WAS TURPIN, THAT DID NOT MAKE HIM SO

THEN A NEW THOUGHT OCCURED TO PRISCILLA



GERVASE WAS ROBBED LAST NIGHT BY DICK TURPIN. YOU MUST BE —



DICK TURPIN— AT YOUR SERVICE!

THE FRIGHTENED PRISCILLA FELL BACK A PACE



I AM NOT HERE TO HARM OR ROB YOU, MISTRESS PRISCILLA. I COME TO UNMASK A VILLAIN

YOU— YOU MEAN—

THAT GERVASE BARSTOW HAS BEEN IMPERSONATING ME. IT WAS HE WHO SHOT AND KILLED YOUR FATHER— WHEN I WAS IN YORK, I HAVE WITNESSES TO PROVE IT IF NECESSARY



ONCE YOUR FATHER SAVED MY LIFE AND BECAUSE OF THAT I AM SWORN TO AVENGE HIS DEATH. GERVASE BARSTOW IS PLAYING A DEEP GAME BUT HE WILL NOT GET AWAY WITH IT

PRISCILLA COULD SCARCELY BELIEVE HER EARS

BUT GERVASE HAS BEEN SO KIND. HE HAS EVEN OFFERED TO MAKE THE MANOR OVER TO ME. 'T WAS CERTAINLY NOT YOU WHO ROBBED ME FOR YOU CAME ALONG WHILE THE HIGHWAY-MAN WAS STILL THERE

IF I TOOK THE BROOCH FROM GERVASE BARSTOW LAST NIGHT, THEN HE IS THE MAN WHO HELD UP THE DOVER TO LONDON COACH, SHOT THE LAWYER QUILL AND WAS ABOUT TO SHOOT YOU TOO WHEN I PUT AN END TO HIS VILLAINY FOR THAT DAY

PRISCILLA BURST INTO A FLOOD OF TEARS. DICK LAID A GENTLE HAND ON HER SHAKING SHOULDER

SO—SO GERVASE TRIED TO KILL ME—I HAVEN'T A FRIEND IN THE WORLD

YOU ARE WRONG MY DEAR. DICK TURPIN IS YOUR FRIEND

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME TO THE DEATH. NOW PACK YOUR CLOTHES, AND I WILL TAKE YOU AWAY FROM THIS PLACE

A FEW MOMENTS LATER DICK SLIPPED OUT OF THE WINDOW

DICK TURPIN! SO YOU ARE, AFTER ALL, THE MAN OF HONOUR MY FATHER ALWAYS SPOKE OF SO HIGHLY. BUT FOR YOU I WOULD HAVE WED THE MAN WHO SLEW MY FATHER

BUT SHARP EARS HAD OVERHEARD THEIR CONVERSATION. LADY GWENDOLYN RANDLE HAD BEEN LISTENING

I MUST TELL GERVASE OF THIS AT ONCE

SO WHILE PRISCILLA WAS PACKING HER BELONGINGS, LADY RANDLE CALLED AT GERVASE BARSTOW'S HOME

BUT HE WAS NOT THERE... SHE AT ONCE REPAIRED TO THE OFFICES OF BARLINGTON SLYME. SHE WENT TO THE RIGHT PLACE FOR BARSTOW WAS THERE TALKING TO SLYME. HER NEWS DROVE BARSTOW INTO A TOWERING RAGE

WILL NO ONE RID ME OF THIS MEDDLESOME DOG? WHAT'S TO BE DONE NOW THAT HE HAS TURNED THE GIRL AGAINST ME?

HE GRABBED SLYME BY THE COLLAR AND SHOOK HIM LIKE A RAT

WHAT'S TO BE DONE, YOU FOOL? SPEAK UP, DON'T YOU REALISE OUR NECKS ARE AT STAKE?

GUG—GUG!

AFTER A VALIANT EFFORT, THE LAWYER MANAGED TO DRAG HIMSELF AWAY FROM BARSTOW'S GRASP

MATTERS ARE NOT SO BLACK AS THEY APPEAR. THE GIRL'S EVIDENCE WILL NOT CARRY MUCH WEIGHT

THE COURT WILL HAVE TO CONSIDER WHETHER SHE IS NOT ATTEMPTING TO REGAIN HER LOST ESTATES. AND ON WHAT DOES HER TESTIMONY RELY? THE WORD OF A HIGHWAYMAN!

ALL THE SAME, IF TURPIN IS SEEKING TO REMOVE PRISCILLA MARVIN FROM LADY RANDLE'S HOUSE, YOU HAD BETTER CARRY OUT THE PLAN WE WERE DISCUSSING



YOU MEAN MARRY HER AGAINST HER WILL?



EXACTLY. MARVIN MANOR WILL BE YOURS FOR ALL TIME AND A WIFE MAY NOT GIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST HER HUSBAND IN A COURT OF LAW

THEN I MUST ACT AT ONCE. WILL YOU ACCOMPANY ME, MY LADY?



I THINK NOT. IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I AM SEEN IN PICCADILLY WHEN YOU TAKE HER AWAY. THEN NO SUSPICION WILL ATTACH TO ME



AT THIS, BARSTOW SNARLED SAVAGELY AND STRODE OUT OF THE OFFICE

YOU'RE LIKE ALL THE REST OF THE HANGERS-ON—ALWAYS THINKING OF YOUR OWN SKIN



BARLINGTON SLYME LOOKED AFTER BARSTOW THOUGHTFULLY

I COMMEND YOUR CAUTION, MY LADY. HE IS TREADING A TIGHT-ROPE AND AT ANY MOMENT HE MAY LOSE HIS BALANCE AND FALL TO HIS DEATH



SLYME CHUCKLED EVILLY

HE, HE HE! THAT'S A SECRET. BUT IT'S A JOKE—OH YES, A VERY GOOD JOKE



GERVASE BARSTOW LOST NO TIME IN ABDUCTING PRISCILLA MARVIN. HE BURST INTO PRISCILLA'S ROOM AS SHE WAS PULLING ON HER RIDING GLOVES

WHAT—WHAT IS THIS INTRUSION, GERVASE?



PRISCILLA, YOU MUST COME WITH ME, AND AS I HAVE LITTLE DOUBT THAT YOU WILL REFUSE I MUST MAKE YOU



AND BARSTOW STRUCK THE GIRL UNCONSCIOUS

ONCE WE ARE MARRIED, I'LL SOON HAVE YOU TAMED, MY PROUD BEAUTY



WITH THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS BARSTOW LEFT THE HOUSE

WHIP UP THE HORSES!



WHEN THEY REACHED LADY RANDLE'S HOME, THEY HAMMERED BOLDLY ON THE FRONT DOOR WITH THE BUTTS OF THEIR PISTOLS. RECEIVING NO ANSWER THEY SMASHED THEIR WAY INTO THE HOUSE



PRISCILLA! PRISCILLA! WHERE ARE YOU?

DICK, SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!



RIDING TO THE HOUSE IN KENSINGTON WITH A HORSE FOR PRISCILLA, DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING PASSED BARSTOW'S COACH. NEITHER OF THEM GAVE THE COACH A SECOND GLANCE

THEY SOON FOUND PRISCILLA'S TWO VALISES. TOM KING OPENED ONE OF THEM

RECOGNISE THIS, DICK?



YES, IT'S THE BROOCH I RETURNED TO PRISCILLA BUT SHE'S GONE AND MY BET IS SHE'S BEEN KIDNAPPED

GERVASE BARSTOW MUST HAVE TAKEN HER AWAY. WE'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST, DICK!



THERE'S ONE MAN WHO CAN LEAD US TO BARSTOW - BARLINGTON SLYME. HE IS IN BARSTOW'S CONFIDENCE. LET'S GO!

WITHOUT MORE ADD THE TWO COMRADES HURLED THEMSELVES INTO BATTLE, LIKE TWIN THUNDER-BOLTS THEY PLUMMETED DOWN ON THE RUNNERS. MOST OF WHOM WERE LAW- MEN ONLY BECAUSE OF THE GOOD PAY THEY RECEIVED

HEY FOR THE HIGHWAY! MAKE WAY FOR DICK TURPIN!



YA-HA! RUN FOR IT, MY BULLIES!

AND THEN SUDDENLY THROUGH THE BROKEN DOOR SPED THE HIGHWAY COMRADES



SCATTER THEIR NAGS, TOM! I'LL HOLD OUR OWN HORSES

BUT UNKNOWN TO THE TWO KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD, A GARDENER HAD RAISED THE ALARM, AS DICK AND TOM DESCENDED THE STAIR CASE THEY FOUND THE HALL BELOW CROWDED WITH BOW STREET RUNNERS

LOOK! DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING! GET 'EM, BOYS!

RAPIERS, TOM! WE'LL HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT OF HERE



OW! AAAAAH!

LOOK OUT THERE! HERE WE COME!

HALF-AN-HOUR LATER, BARLINGTON SLYME WAS STARING AFFRIGHTEDLY AT THE NEEDLE-SHARP POINT OF DICK TURPIN'S RAPIER

ALL R-R-RIGHT! I'LL T-TELL YOU. Y-YOU'LL FIND BARSTOW MARRYING PRISCILLA MARVIN AT THE GREEN SHUTTERED HOUSE BY THE B-BELL INN IN HOLBORN



DICK TURPIN FLUNG THE QUAKING LAWYER TO ONE SIDE AND SPED FOR THE DOOR

NO TIME TO LOSE, TOM. BRING THAT TOAD AND FOLLOW ME TO HOLBORN

RIGHT, DICK



IT TOOK BUT A FEW MOMENTS FOR TOM KING TO STAMPEDE THE BOW STREET RUNNERS' HORSES

ALL RIGHT, TOM. NOW LET'S GO!

HA, HA, HA! THE TRAPS WILL NEVER CATCH US NOW, DICK



AND NOW TO WRING THE WHEREABOUTS OF GERVASE BARSTOW OUT OF THAT CRAVEN WORM BARLINGTON SLYME



IN THE HOUSE OF THE GREEN SHUTTERS, A MAN IN SHABBY BLACK CLOTHES WAS PERFORMING THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY. BEHIND PRISCILLA STOOD BARSTOW'S EVIL COACHMAN WITH A PISTOL AIMED AT THE GIRL

I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE

AHA! NOW NONE CAN TAKE MARVIN HONOR FROM ME!





EVEN AS BARSTOW SPOKE, THERE CAME THE CRASH OF SPLINTERING GLASS AND THROUGH THE WINDOW HURTLIED DICK TURPIN

AHA! DICK TURPIN—BY CHRISTOPHER!

D-DICK TURPIN?

THANK HEAVEN! NOW I AM SAFE!



TREMBLING, THE RASCALLY COACHMAN LEVELLED HIS PISTOL AT DICK AND FIRED, MISSING HIM BY A HAIR'S BREADTH

YOU FOOL, TURPIN, YOU ARE TOO LATE. PRISCILLA MARVIN IS ALREADY MY WIFE



THEN, BARSTOW, I INTEND TO MAKE HER YOUR WIDOW. START PRAYING FOR YOUR SOUL!



HOLD THE GIRL FAST IN THE NEXT ROOM, AND SHOULD TURPIN LEAVE HERE ALIVE, SLAY HER BEFORE HE CAN SAVE HER

AYE, AYE, MASTER

YOU FOUL DEVIL, BARSTOW

TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME AT ONCE!



DICK TURPIN THREW HIMSELF FORWARD AND THE TWO SWORDSMEN MET AMID A FLURRY OF BLADES. IN THE SAME MOMENT, PRISCILLA WAS HUSTLED THROUGH THE DOOR WHICH SLAMMED SHUT. THE DUELLISTS WERE ALONE

YOU STAND IN MY WAY, TURPIN, AND BY LUCIFER, I'M GOING TO CUT YOUR HEART OUT

SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR FIGHTING, BARSTOW



YOU FIGHT WELL, TURPIN, BUT I WAS TAUGHT SWORD-PLAY BY LUIGI ANDELLO, THE FINEST ITALIAN MASTER IN LONDON

YOU ROGUE, BEFORE I TOOK TO THE ROAD, I OUT-FOUGHT ANDELLO THREE TIMES

BARSTOW WAS NO MEAN SWORDSMAN, AND THE MERCILESS DUEL MOVED BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE ROOM. ALL THE TIME DICK TURPIN FOUGHT, HE HAD TO LEND HALF HIS BRAIN TO THE PROBLEM CONFRONTING HIM. IF HE KILLED BARSTOW, PRISCILLA, TOO, WOULD DIE



AGAIN AND AGAIN BARSTOW SOUGHT TO DRIVE HIS BLADE THROUGH TURPIN'S DEFENCE BUT THE HIGHWAY-MAN GAVE HIS OPPONENT NO REST. AT LAST BARSTOW THRUST WIDE, GIVING DICK THE OPPORTUNITY HE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR SO PATIENTLY

HERE'S A TRICK YOU DIDN'T LEARN FROM ANDELLO, YOU RASCAL

HOW I HATE YOU, TURPIN!



THERE FOLLOWED A POWERFUL TWIST OF TURPIN'S SWORD-WRIST AND A MOVEMENT OF HIS LEFT LEG. THEN HE RELEASED HIS HOLD. BARSTOW'S SWORD SPLIN FROM HIS HAND TO BURY ITS POINT IN THE CEILING WHILE BARSTOW CRASHED HEADLONG TO THE FLOOR

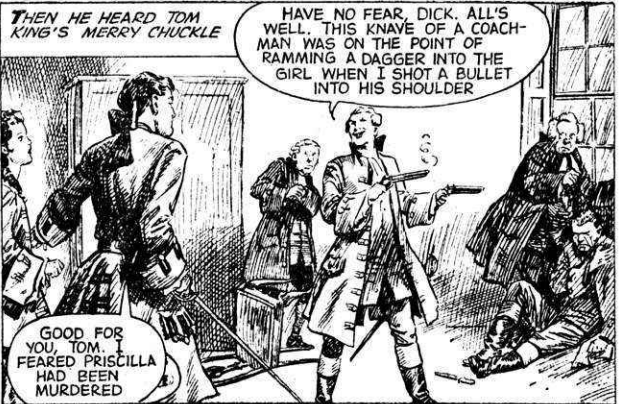
YAAAAAH!

NOW FOR THE RECKONING!



AS GERVASE BARSTOW ROLLED OVER UNCONSCIOUS, THERE CAME A PISTOL SHOT FROM THE NEXT ROOM. DICK BOUNDED INTO THE NEXT ROOM

PRISCILLA!



THEN HE HEARD TOM KING'S MERRY CHUCKLE

HAVE NO FEAR, DICK. ALL'S WELL. THIS KNAVE OF A COACHMAN WAS ON THE POINT OF RAMMING A DAGGER INTO THE GIRL WHEN I SHOT A BULLET INTO HIS SHOULDER

GOOD FOR YOU, TOM. I FEARED PRISCILLA HAD BEEN MURDERED

WHEN GERVASE BARSTOW RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS AND SAW BARLINGTON SLYME, HE KNEW WHO HAD INFORMED DICK TURPIN OF HIS WHEREABOUTS. HIS RAGE KNEW NO BOUNDS



YOU SNEAKING RAT! SO YOU BETRAYED ME, DID YOU?

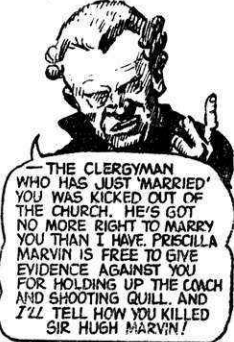
YAAAAGH! LET ME GO!

AS DICK WRENCHED BARSTOW AWAY FROM THE GASPING LAWYER, SLYME FLUNG OUT A HAND



BARSTOW, THE LAST LAUGH IS WITH ME. DID YOU THINK I WOULDN'T KEEP AN ACE TO PLAY SHOULD YOU EVER TRY TO THROW ME OVER? NOW LISTEN TO THIS—

SLYME'S WORDS DRIPPED WITH VENOM



—THE CLERGYMAN WHO HAS JUST 'MARRIED' YOU WAS KICKED OUT OF THE CHURCH. HE'S GOT NO MORE RIGHT TO MARRY YOU THAN I HAVE. PRISCILLA MARVIN IS FREE TO GIVE EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU FOR HOLDING UP THE COACH AND SHOOTING QUILL. AND I'LL TELL HOW YOU KILLED SIR HUGH MARVIN!

AT THIS, BARSTOW FELL INTO SUCH HYSTERICAL FURY THAT DICK TURPIN HAD THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY IN BINDING HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK. BUT AT LAST BARSTOW WAS TIED UP TO AWAIT OFFICIAL ARREST. THEN DICK AND TOM TOOK A FAREWELL OF PRISCILLA MARVIN

YOU'LL FIND A POLICE STATION AT SNOW HILL, PRISCILLA. GO THERE AND TELL YOUR STORY. CLEAR RICHARD TURPIN'S NAME. NOTHING CAN SAVE BARSTOW FROM THE GALLOWES. NOW, FAREWELL



DICK SHUNG HIMSELF UP ON TO BLACK BESS. AS HE DID SO, PRISCILLA MARVIN CAUGHT HOLD OF HIS HAND

GOOD-BYE, CAPTAIN TURPIN. I SHALL NEVER BE ABLE TO REPAY YOU FOR ALL THAT YOU HAVE DONE FOR ME. YOU HAVE INDEED SAVED ME FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH



DICK TURPIN GAVE A GAY LAUGH AND SET OFF AT A SPANKING GALLOP. HE HAD KEPT HIS VOW OF VENGEANCE AND A COLD-BLOODED VILLAIN HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO JUSTICE. A MONTH LATER GERVASE BARSTOW WAS TAKEN TO THE GALLOWES AT TYBURN, THERE TO DIE FOR HIS MANY CRIMES



IN THE WARWICKSHIRE HOME OF JEM SOMERS AND HIS PRETTY DAUGHTER KITTY, DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING RESTED



HERE'S—TO THE TWO OF ME—GOD BLESS YOU BOTH, DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING!

ON THE SAME DAY MR. SAMUEL QUILL WENT OUT FOR A SHORT WALK FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HE HAD BEEN WOUNDED. WITH HIM WENT PRISCILLA MARVIN TO WHOM ALL HER FATHER'S ESTATES HAD BEEN RETURNED

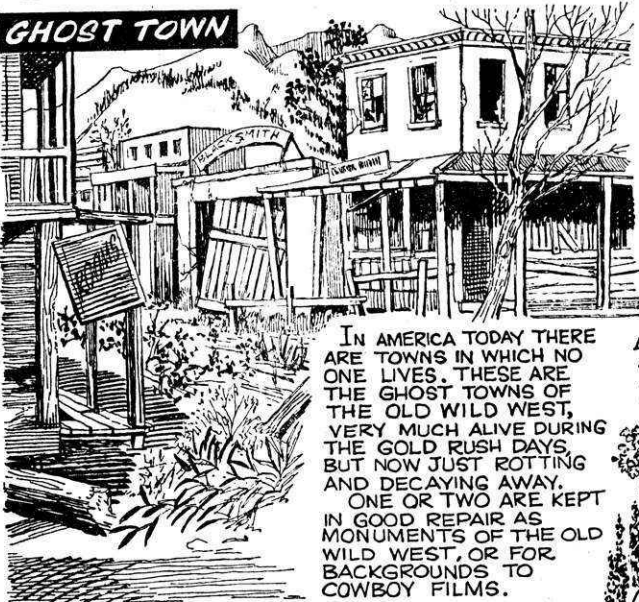
AH, IT'S GOOD TO SMELL FRESH AIR ONCE AGAIN, PRISCILLA. WE ARE VERY FORTUNATE

THANKS TO DICK TURPIN AND TOM KING. I SHALL NEVER FORGET THEM

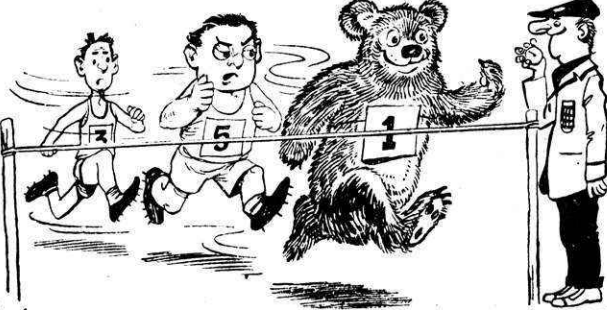


STRANGE BUT TRUE

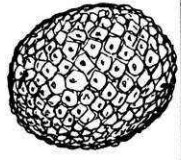
GHOST TOWN



IN AMERICA TODAY THERE ARE TOWNS IN WHICH NO ONE LIVES. THESE ARE THE GHOST TOWNS OF THE OLD WILD WEST, VERY MUCH ALIVE DURING THE GOLD RUSH DAYS, BUT NOW JUST ROTTING AND DECAYING AWAY. ONE OR TWO ARE KEPT IN GOOD REPAIR AS MONUMENTS OF THE OLD WILD WEST, OR FOR BACKGROUNDS TO COWBOY FILMS.

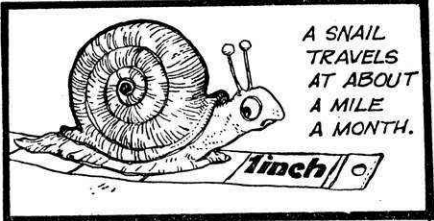


A BEAR CAN RUN FASTER THAN A MAN, OVER A SHORT DISTANCE; A BLACK BEAR HAS BEEN TIMED AT 27 MILES AN HOUR, FULL OUT; WHEREAS A MAN'S FASTEST SPEED IS ABOUT 20 MILES AN HOUR OVER ONE HUNDRED YARDS COURSE.



A TRUFFLE

PIGS ARE USED TO SMELL OUT TRUFFLES IN FRANCE. THE PIG HAS A DELICATE SENSE OF SMELL, AND SOON LEADS ITS MASTER TO THE SPOT WHERE TRUFFLES ARE GROWING — THE TRUFFLE, A KIND OF MUSHROOM AND A GREAT DELICACY, GROWS ABOUT A FOOT UNDERGROUND, NEAR TO THE ROOTS OF OAK, CHESTNUT, BIRCH, AND BEECH TREES.



A SNAIL TRAVELS AT ABOUT A MILE A MONTH.

1/1000th of an inch

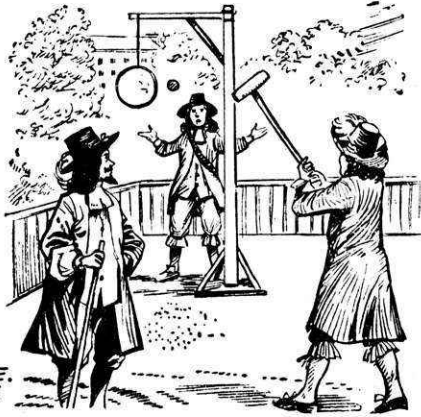


Soldiers For Hire

AT THE END OF THE LAST CENTURY, NURSEMAIDS WERE ABLE TO HIRE SOLDIERS TO KEEP THEM COMPANY WHILE OUT WALKING WITH PRAMS IN THE PARKS. THERE WAS A FIXED TARIFF, THE FEE VARYING ACCORDING TO THE REGIMENT, AND RANK OF THE SOLDIER.

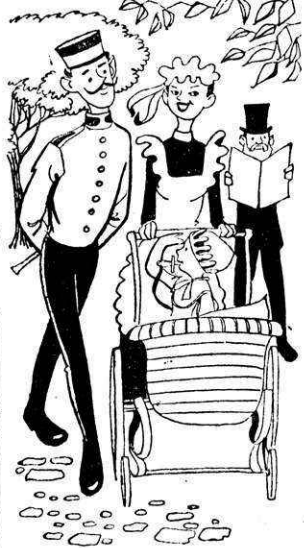


IN 1944, A BRITISH AIR GUNNER FELL FROM A BURNING PLANE TO THE GROUND OVER GERMAN TERRITORY WITHOUT A PARACHUTE, AND HE LIVED TO TELL THE TALE. HE FELL THROUGH THE BRANCHES OF A TALL PINE TREE, AND THEN INTO THE DEEP SOFT SNOW BENEATH IT.



PALL MALL, THE LONDON STREET, TAKES ITS NAME FROM PELL MELL, THE NAME GIVEN TO A GAME PLAYED DURING THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

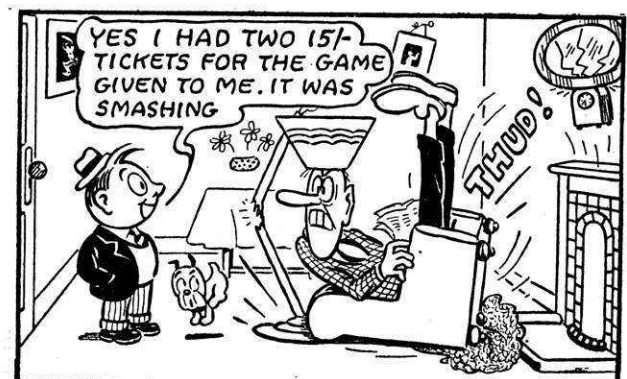
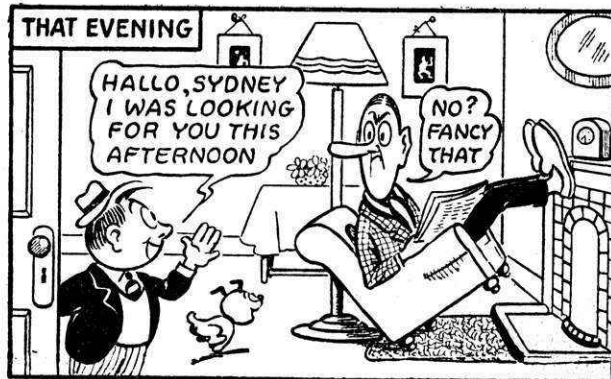
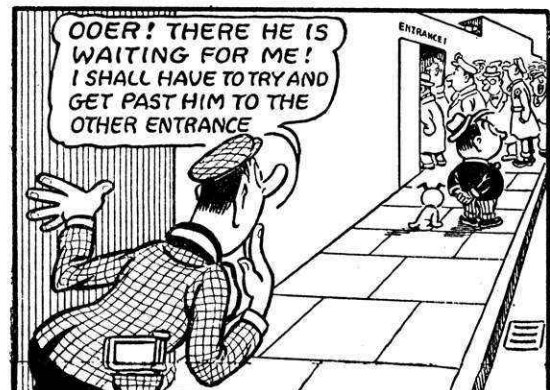
ONE OF THE WORLD'S QUEEREST SPORTS WAS TO BE FOUND IN CHINA. TWO CRICKETS WERE PLACED TOGETHER IN A RING AND GOADED WITH BAMBOO STICKS UNTIL THEY FOUGHT TO THE DEATH. HUGE SUMS WERE SOMETIMES WAGERED ON THE RESULT OF THESE CONTESTS BETWEEN THE INSECTS.





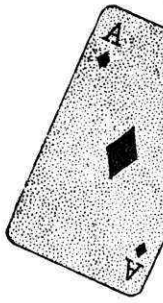
SPORTY

BY
Reg Wootton



THE

SCARLET AGE



A ghost at the piano! What was the eerie secret that lay behind the strange and uncanny happenings at Bellingham Hall? Within the walls of that lonely house, a cunning rogue found himself up against a greater power than the police—a power greater than all men! How that power eventually brought Sidney Fellowes to justice makes this story one of the most remarkable that has ever appeared in print.

The Shadow of the Dock

DEREK CARTER was only seventeen years of age when he inherited the great Bellingham estates. These came to him from his uncle, Robert Bellingham, with whom he had spent most of his life. For young Derek was an orphan. His father had been lost in a shipwreck during the same month that his mother had died from a hunting fall.

The boy was then only three years old, and far too young to fully realise the extent of the tragic circumstances. His mother's brother, Robert Bellingham, undertook guardianship and during the next twelve years the old man and the boy grew to love each other almost as father and son.

Derek was a fine, well-built youngster, naturally good at games, and brightly intelligent. What pleased old Bellingham more than anything was the fact that Derek showed a talent for music.

He began to play the piano in the easy, natural way which comes to some gifted children, from the time he was six years old. When he was twelve he won a gold medal at the Royal Academy of Music, and everyone prophesied for him a wonderful career.

Old Bellingham was delighted. He himself was passionately fond of music, and was a master of several instruments. Being a wealthy man, he could easily afford to put Derek under the finest teachers in the land, and his last hours were actually made happier by the fact that the boy took a high musical degree during the week of the old man's death.

The loss of his uncle was a heavy blow to young



Derek. He had never been able to remember either father or mother, and Robert Bellingham had been his only friend.

A couple of weeks later he was blankly astonished to find that the great estates had been willed to him.

He was wealthy. The Hall and the extensive grounds, which he loved as home, were his for as long as he lived.

Of course, until he was twenty-one the whole place was under the trusteeship of a lawyer. Until that time Derek was sent to finish his education according to the terms of old Bellingham's will.

Once he had got over the deep sense of loss he lived in great happiness and contentment.

It was at his University that he met two young men who were destined to have a tremendous influence over his life.

One was named Stephen Rush, a clever youngster who was living on a scholarship which he had won from an earlier school. Rush's people were poor, and only his own brilliancy was giving him an education which they would never have been able to afford.

Young Steve was no prig, in spite of all his accomplishments. He was good at sports, and he rowed in the same College boat with Derek Carter.

Also, he had a distinct talent for the piano, so that the two of them found a common interest, and soon became fast friends.

The other young man, who was to take such a dominant part in the strange history of events, was named Sidney Fellowes.

He was different in every way from both Derek and Steve. He was a short, narrow-headed youngster, with keen black eyes that seemed to be rather too closely set together.

Few of the youths at the University liked him much, for he was no good at sports, and took no part in them. Neither was he specially brilliant at his studies, but he shone in one way.

He always had money to lend to those who liked to pay a small commission for the convenience. Sidney Fellowes, indeed, was a business man to the core.

His father was a business man who had made a considerable fortune, but lost most of it during the last year that his son was at the University.

At the end of that year, indeed, there was a notorious business "smash" in London, and the name of Fellowes was blazed all over the newspapers.

Sidney's father had failed badly, owing to a last despairing effort to retrieve his fallen fortunes. What was worse, he made the great mistake which so many men have made before him.

He tampered with the books and balance-sheets of his company, and eventually found himself stand-

ing in the dock at the Old Bailey, to face a charge of fraud.

The trial moved swiftly, and within a week Herbert Fellowes, the father, received a sentence of five years. Sidney Fellowes, the son, took the news in grim silence, and avoided the rest of the University.

In a few days he knew he would be leaving. He was only waiting for the instructions of his father's lawyer. Meanwhile, he felt that the family disgrace would make him unwelcome amongst his present companions.

Derek Carter and Steve Rush, however, made a point of seeking him out. They were kind-hearted youngsters, and hitherto they had been more pleasant to Sidney than the rest of the young men.

They were genuinely sorry for him. They wanted to show him that they were certainly not going to blame him for his father's wrong-doing.

At first he regarded the advances of the two good-hearted youngsters with suspicion.

When he realised that they were perfectly genuine, his keen, sharp brain began to work swiftly. Derek, he knew, was going to inherit a large fortune. And Stephen Rush was brilliantly clever.

These two young men, therefore, would undoubtedly be useful friends to a fellow who had to go out into the world under the handicap of a family disgrace.

He pretended to be tremendously grateful, whilst



Derek stretched out his hand. "I'm glad we bumped into you, Sidney!" he cried. "This makes everything perfect!"

at the same time his cunning brain was working out a host of different plans.

Since all three left the University at about the same time, the newly formed friendship continued.

It was at this period that Derek Carter reached his twenty-first birthday and came into full control of his large fortune.

His first thought was to do something for Steve Rush, and he broached the subject straight away.

"Look here," he said. "It's always been your ambition to run a music publishing business, Steve, and I've been thinking that I'd like to have a finger in that sort of pie, too. So I'll put up the money, and you hire an office and run the show. We'll go halves of the profits."

Steve Rush, of course, was delighted. To start such a business had been his ambition for years, and he felt sure that he could make a success of it.

The two told Sidney Fellowes of their decision when the three met shortly afterwards, and at once Sidney saw his chance.

"I think the idea's a grand one," he said. "Steve knows lots about music, and he's got a fine touch for the popular stuff which ought to sell well. He's brilliant—a fine talker—he'll attract business into his firm. But there's one thing he lacks, and that's a hard, shrewd head for figures."

Steve smiled ruefully, and glanced at Derek.

"I'm afraid that's right enough," he said. "I'm sure I can work the business up, but account-books and things of that kind have always bored me to tears. That angle of the thing certainly is my weakness."

"Well then, let it be my strength," said Sidney. "You fellows know I'm good at it. I like it. Accounts and all that kind of thing have a tremendous fascination for me. So let me come into this, and do what you fellows call the uninteresting part of the work. By Jove, don't you see that we couldn't be beaten?"

He spread his hands wide.

"Derek knows all the highbrow stuff," he went on. "He's got a musical degree, and so he'll be lord high chief of the whole show. Steve is a first-class man for popular tunes and songs. He'll be able to compose stuff—buy stuff—that'll sell like hot cakes. And I'll run the books to see that the money we make is carefully looked after."

Derek grinned happily, and stretched out his hand.

"Done!" he said heartily. "My hat, Sidney, I'm glad we bumped into you today! Why, this makes everything perfect! We've got the firm all cut and dried!"

Accordingly, the three young men lost no time in going to a lawyer and having a deed of partnership drawn up. Steve chose an office within a week,

and Sidney started work in an adjoining room, with a magnificent array of books and ledgers.

Six months later the little firm of Carter, Fellowes & Rush was coming along by leaps and bounds. Steve's unerring instinct for popular material had led him to buy several catchy tunes from a little-known composer, who was at that time just making his way.

Derek spent some time in writing a musical manual for learners, which was also published.

The whole undertaking was a brilliant success. The dance tunes "caught on," and were played by half the orchestras in England. Derek's music manual was taken up by the schools. Altogether, the combined publications began to sell in hundreds of thousands.

In the counting-house, where he now had three junior clerks working for him, Sidney Fellowes dealt with all the money that came flooding in.

He was thinking more carefully than ever now. When the firm's books showed a total of seven thousand pounds profit at the end of the first year he smiled quietly to himself.

"Seven thousand pounds," he murmured. "The three shares have not got to be paid out for another month. That money's in my hands, to do exactly as I like with it during the next four weeks. If I've only got the pluck to try, I can make a fortune on the Stock Exchange within that time."

He unlocked a drawer and took out a special list of market quotations, which he studied carefully.

Dealing in shares on the Stock Exchange is gambling—no different in any way from betting on a horse race. A man buys shares, hoping that they will suddenly go up in value, so that he can sell them again quickly at a large profit.

Sometimes this happens—sometimes the gamblers are lucky. At other times they are not. The shares drop right down in value, and the gambler who has bought them loses his money.

A sudden gleam came into his eyes, and, with a swift movement, he walked over to the telephone. He rang up a broker, and ordered seven thousand pounds' worth of special shares.

When he had finished he was perspiring slightly, and his hands were trembling with excitement.

"If that comes off, as it's bound to do," he murmured, "I shall be worth one hundred and forty thousand pounds in a fortnight's time! I shall be rich—rich! I can easily put the seven thousand back into the firm, and those other two fools will never be any the wiser! I'll leave them, then, and they can get some other wage-slave to run their rotten books!"

This was the gratitude with which the young scoundrel answered the help and trust that had been accorded him by his two friends.

He used money which was not his own, in order

to gamble recklessly upon the stock market. In doing so, he was guilty of a criminal act. He was just as much a thief as if he had taken that money and run away with it.

As a matter of fact, fourteen days later he walked into his office in a state of white-faced trembling fright.

For the big deal had not come off! In spite of all his careful calculations those shares had not made the tremendous rise that he had expected.

Instead, they had fallen in value considerably. And if he sold them now he would only get about four thousand pounds back.

"That means I'll be three thousand out on the books," he moaned to himself. "I haven't a penny in the world of my own, and I've got to find three thousand pounds in a week, or else stand in the same dock where my father stood a couple of years ago. My heavens, what shall I do? I can't face it! I won't face it! There must be some way out."

With a fierce effort he pulled himself together, and sat down to think. After a while his face went whiter, and a look of horror flashed into his agonised eyes.

The way out had shown itself to his scoundrelly brain.

It seemed so terrible and grim to him that even he could not face it without a thrill of loathing.

The Secret of the Panel

THE three partners in the music publishing firm spent the following weekend at Bellingham Hall, as was their usual habit.

Almost every weekend since they had started business they spent together at the old place, golfing or shooting and fishing over the splendid estate.

This weekend, however, did not pass quite so harmoniously as was usual. Derek and Steve Rush quarrelled. As a matter of fact, Sidney Fellowes engineered that quarrel by carefully misrepresenting to each of them an item of the business which had been under discussion.

Sidney told Steve that Derek intended to take a very high-handed action over the matter. Then he went to Derek and said that Steve was insisting on having his own way, whatever happened.

Therefore the argument between the two became rather heated. Sidney played his cards cunningly, with the result that just before lunch the two original friends had high words together, and parted on a note of acrimony.

Then Sidney played his next card. On the pretext that he was trying to calm things down, he bet Derek that he could not shoot a rook on the wing with a revolver.

Derek accepted the bet, took a revolver from the gun-room, and went out in the garden, where he fired a shot which missed.



"Quick!" shouted Derek. "Mr. Rush has been shot! Spread out and try to find the man who fired at him!"

Laughingly, he paid over the bet, and then went back into the house with the gun still in his hand. He walked into the library, where Steve Rush was sitting, poring over some business papers.

With a sudden uprush of good nature he walked towards his friend, with the intention of trying to make up the quarrel.

At that moment the room was filled with the crashing report of a revolver, and Steve Rush pitched out of his chair, falling upon the ground with a low cry.

At once, Derek, recovering from the shock, ran to his side, finding that he had been shot through the shoulder. Where on earth the bullet had come from he had no idea. He had merely heard the report of the gun and seen his friend fall down.

He rose and turned to rush to the telephone and call a doctor. In the doorway a group of startled servants had gathered.

"Quickly!" he shouted. "Quickly! Get help! Mr. Rush has been shot! Spread out and try to find the man who fired at him!"

The servants stared at him in amazement, for they saw the gun, which he still unwittingly held in his hand. Derek realised he was holding it only when he got to the telephone. Even then, he did not realise what it was going to mean—what it already meant. The servants were already talking amongst themselves.

The doctor came quickly, and almost at the same

time the police arrived. For Sidney Fellowes had telephoned them directly Derek left the instrument.

Stephen Rush was found to be in a serious condition, and was taken to hospital immediately. Directly he had gone, the police-inspector turned to Derek and spoke grimly.

"Mr. Carter," he said, "I have been making inquiries from the servants, and I now arrest you on a charge of wounding Stephen Edgar Rush, with intent to do grievous bodily harm. I warn you that anything you say may be taken down and used in evidence."

Derek could hardly believe his ears—but the evidence against him was black. The servants had seen him rising from beside his fallen friend with the revolver in his hand. The one spent cartridge which he had unsuccessfully used against the rooks in the garden was found in its chamber.

Derek would not take things seriously at first. He explained the bet he had made with Fellowes, but that individual turned away with a shrug of his shoulders as the story was being told.

When the inspector questioned him upon it, he denied that it had ever happened at all. He swore that he had never made any such bet.

As it had not been overheard by anyone, there was nothing to prove Derek's story. He was arrested there and then, and taken off to the local police station, where he had to stay for the night, until the family lawyer, Mr. Harvey, managed to get him released on a large sum of bail the next day.

He tried to get in touch with Fellowes, but that worthy refused to see him, and still stuck to his story that no bet had taken place.

At the same time, in the privacy of his own office, Fellowes was patting himself on the back.

"It worked like a charm," he murmured. "I knew if I played my cards carefully nothing could go wrong. I shot only to wound Steve Rush, and he'll be out of hospital in a few months. Derek Carter will have to go to prison. It was the only way in which I could get rid of both of them, so that they wouldn't have a chance of seeing the firm's books for a considerable time."

The scoundrel sighed with relief—relief that he had saved himself by injuring one man and sending another to disgrace and imprisonment.

And prison seemed inevitable as far as Derek was concerned.

At his trial he was found guilty, and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment by the grim-faced judge.

His lawyer managed to lodge an appeal, and Derek was allowed to go back to the Hall under his charge, so that he might arrange the various necessary legal matters.

Even so, Harvey was depressed and hopeless.

"My dear Derek," he said one evening, when every detail of the case had been gone over between

them. "I'm afraid I must warn you to expect the worst. We can't win this appeal—it's impossible. The only way I can keep you out of prison is for you to find definite evidence that your bet with Sidney Fellowes actually took place. You see, the servants heard you quarrelling with Rush a few minutes before he was shot. Unless you can find the revolver which actually sent that bullet at him I can do nothing to help you."

Derek accepted the news in grim silence. Everything seemed unreal to him. The only bright ray in the whole of the dark affair was the fact that Stephen Rush was recovering quickly.

He could give no help, much as he wanted to, for although he had heard the evidence against Derek, he could not believe that his friend had fired at him in anger. He had not seen who had fired the bullet, nor where it had come from. There was just nothing he could do to help his friend.

In bitter despair Derek wondered why Fellowes had refused to tell the truth. At the trial the man had sworn on oath that a bet had never been made between them. Why? Why? Carter walked slowly into the library of the old house where Rush died.

Over the piano in the corner was a picture of his uncle, in a beautifully fashioned golden frame. The fittings and furniture of the room were all luxurious and costly—comfort showed in everything. And yet he had to leave it. Leave his inheritance, to spend the next ten years of his life within the narrow confines of a prison cell! Because Fellowes refused to tell the truth.

He walked across the room towards the portrait, moving aside to avoid walking under a ladder which rested against one of the walls.

Detectives, engaged by his lawyers, had used the ladder, searching the place for any clues which would prove his story to be true—to try to find from where the shot had really been fired.

As Derek passed, his foot caught the bottom of the ladder and he stumbled slightly, grabbing at it to regain his balance.

His movement sent the ladder toppling over sideways, and before he could stop it the end crashed against his uncle's portrait, knocking the framed picture from its hook upon the wall.

Down came the picture with a crash, whilst Derek staggered across the room. The frame hit the piano keyboard, striking a chord which rang out loudly—the notes A, C, E.

As it did so Derek uttered a cry. For a strange thing had passed in front of his eyes.

For one moment, when the picture fell, he seemed to see his uncle actually sitting on the piano-stool. The painted face stared at him with a strange look—the rest of the figure seemed to be there, with one hand outstretched, touching those notes which the falling frame had struck.

The impression was only momentary, and as



As Derek ran his fingers over the scarlet diamond there was a light click from within the panelling and a section of the wood began to swing open!

Derek jumped forward, the picture slid to the floor, with every detail about it appearing as normal as ever.

The sound of the chord was still ringing in his head. Although the thing seemed to be impossible, he had the impression that the vision figure was trying to speak—trying to give him some message.

Unsteadily he went to the piano and sat on the stool. Mechanically he picked out the notes hit by the frame—A, C, E. Almost dazedly he turned away from the piano, holding his head, and staring unseeingly across the room. Did it have a message? In his present state of mind, anything would be of help. Anything at all. Perhaps it was because his mind was under an abnormal strain, but it was at that moment that a feeling of hope suddenly surged in him.

Then he saw something which he had seen many times before, without it having any special meaning.

The great oak fireplace of the library had been carved in strange ways by an ancestor of the family who had been an inveterate card-player.

Playing-cards were carved in a strange design all over the mantelpiece and supports. They were gilded and coloured—the paint being now faded by the hand of time.

On one side of the fireplace was carved the form of a king of diamonds, and on the other side an ace.

An ace! The notes on the piano had been A, C, E!

As if impelled by some irresistible power, Derek

walked straight to the fireplace and rested his hands upon the carving of the scarlet ace, A, C, E—ACE. It couldn't just be coincidence.

He examined the carving carefully—he ran his fingers over it. As he did so it moved.

The scarlet diamond in the centre tilted sideways with the pressure of his fingers. There was a light click from within the panelling, and a section of the wood beside the fireplace swung open, disclosing a deep, wide cavity.

Derek dropped to his knees in blank astonishment. But a second later he had jumped up with an object in his hand—a revolver. There was one spent cartridge in the chamber when he opened it. He ran towards the wide staircase calling for Mr. Harvey. The lawyer came from his room, and eyed the evidence grimly. For the next half-an-hour he was busy on the telephone.

In answer to his urgent call police came at once to make another examination of the place.

They found that the secret opening led, by a tunnel, out into the garden. They reconstructed the crime, and saw that the shot which had struck Rush had undoubtedly been fired from within the secret panel.

Taking the number of the revolver they telegraphed inquiries all over the country, and found out where it had been bought and who had bought it.

Next morning Sidney Fellowes was arrested as he entered his office. The police had proved the case against him up to the hilt.

During his rambles about the old house he had found that secret trap, and from it he had shot down his defenceless friend.

Naturally enough, the office and books were searched after his arrest, and full evidence of his defalcations came to light, giving a motive for his crime.

Three weeks later Sidney Fellowes stepped down out of the dock of the Old Bailey, on his way to begin serving a sentence of fifteen years' penal servitude.

Derek Carter's name, of course, was cleared, and he sat in court to witness the trial, and beside him was the frail-looking Stephen Rush, who was still weak after his time in hospital, but was now well on the road to complete recovery.

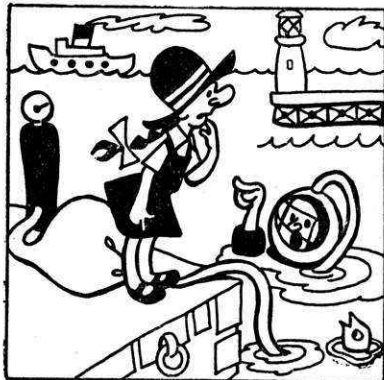
So ends the strange, uncanny story of the Scarlet Ace.

Whether or not it was coincidence which took Derek to the discovery of the secret panel, or whether it was some strange, uncanny power that must for ever remain beyond the understanding of ordinary men, is a question which only the reader himself can decide, according to his own way of thinking.

KNOCKOUT QUIZ

Spot the change

The two pictures below look alike. But they're not! There are eight points of difference. Can you find them?



HOW BRIGHT ARE YOU ?

1. Which is the "Odd Man Out" ?



- (a) French.
- (b) Italian.
- (c) German.
- (d) Spanish.

2. Can you complete the following book-titles ?



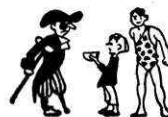
- (a) Black ____.
- (b) Treasure ____.
- (c) Round the World in ____ Days.
- (d) ____ Doones.

3. If you had a Bevel would you :

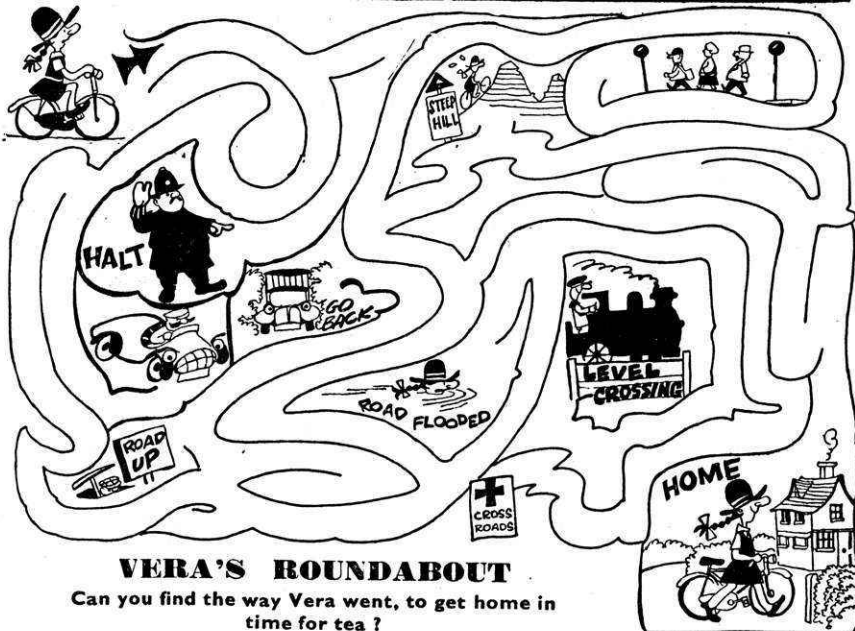


- (a) Open a tin with it ?
- (b) Tell the police ?
- (c) Use it to catch flies ?
- (d) Put it in your car-pentry set ?

4. Who invented the following well-known characters ?



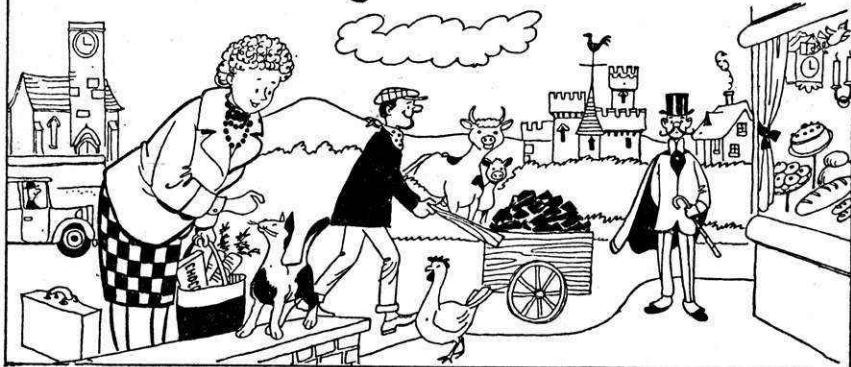
- (a) Tarzan.
- (b) Just William.
- (c) Long John Silver.
- (d) Oliver Twist.



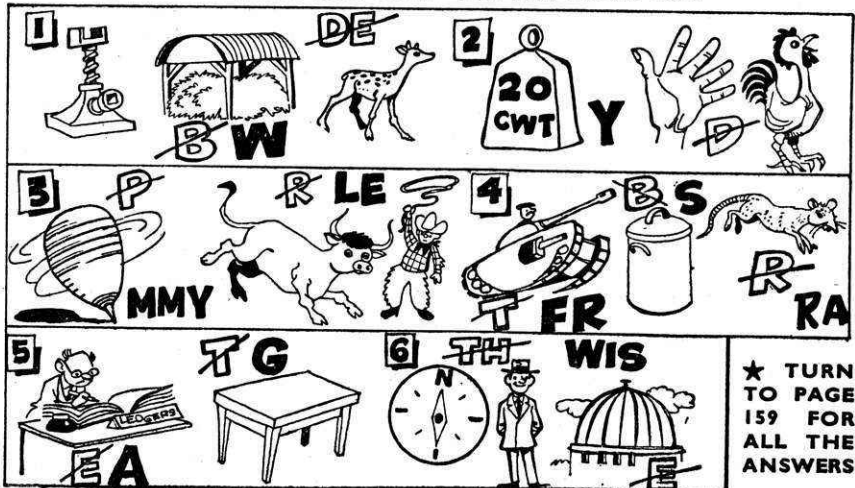
VERA'S ROUNDABOUT

Can you find the way Vera went, to get home in time for tea ?

HOW MANY OBJECTS CAN YOU FIND IN THE PICTURE BELOW, WHOSE INITIAL LETTER IS C



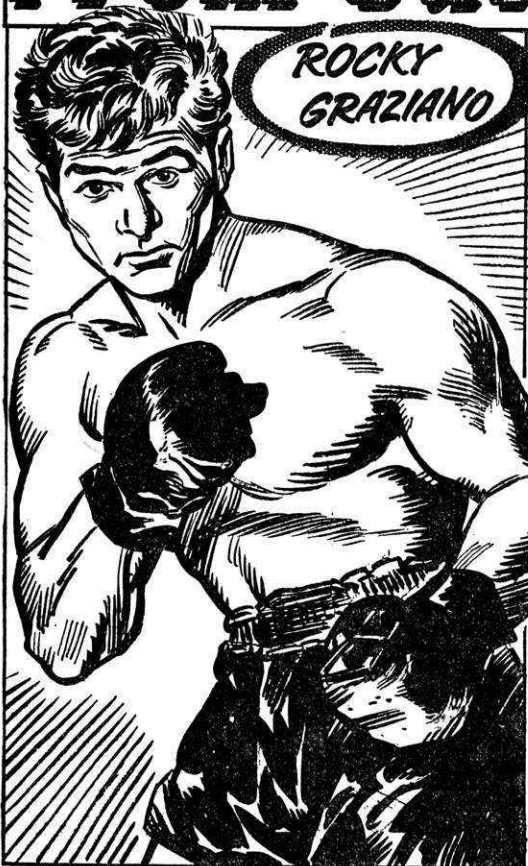
There are six well-known film, radio and TV stars hidden in the picture words below. How many can you find ?



★ TURN TO PAGE 159 FOR ALL THE ANSWERS

THIS IS THE STORY OF A FIGHTER WHO CLIMBED FROM POVERTY TO BECOME A WORLD CHAMPION. IT IS THE STORY OF A MAN WHO, DESPITE HIMSELF, ROSE...

From Gutter to Glory



THOMAS ROCCO BARBELLA WAS BORN ON THE EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK WHERE ONLY THE ROUGHEST OF THE ROUGH SURVIVE ... HE WAS A REAL DEAD END KID.



THE STREETS AND ALLEYS WERE HIS PLAYGROUND, AND IT WAS THERE THAT HE DEVELOPED HIS INSTINCTIVE URGE TO FIGHT.



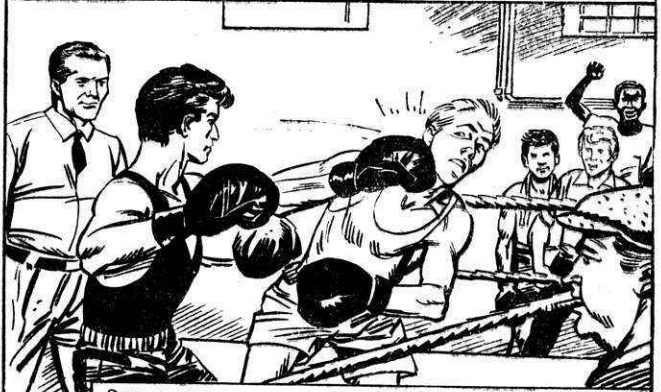
HE WAS FAST BECOMING A HOOLIGAN, AND HAD BEEN IN SEVERAL SKIRMISHES WITH THE POLICE.



GOT YOU, YOU YOUNG SPALPEEN!

STOP PICKIN' ON ME, YOU DUMB IRISHMAN!

AND THEN SOMEONE PERSUADED HIM TO JOIN THE BOXING SECTION OF A BOYS' CLUB, WHERE IT WAS HOPED HE WOULD COME UP AGAINST SOMEONE WHO WOULD TAKE THE YOUNG HOODLUM DOWN A PEG OR TWO.



BUT GLOVE FIGHTING APPEALED IMMENSELY TO YOUNG BARBELLA AND BEFORE LONG HE WAS THE TERROR OF ALL THE AMATEURS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

HIS REPUTATION AS A DEADLY PUNCHER SPREAD RAPIDLY, AND PROFESSIONAL MANAGERS WERE AFTER HIM. BUT EACH DROPPED HIM IN TURN.



THE BOY'S A NO-GOOD. HE TRAINS WHEN HE THINKS HE WILL. HE'LL TURN UP FOR A FIGHT IF HE HAS NOTHING BETTER TO DO. HE'S POISON I'M DROPPING HIM.

SO IS EVERYONE ELSE. BUT WHAT A WASTE OF GOOD MATERIAL

EVERYONE DROPPED ROCKY - EXCEPT A MILD INDIVIDUAL NAMED IRVING COHEN. HE LIKED THE UNCOUTH KID, AND SET OUT TO SAVE HIM FROM HIMSELF.



YOU'RE A NATURAL FIGHTER ROCKY. WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOURSELF THE CHANCE TO GET TO THE BIG FIGHTS?

HE GAINED THE BOY'S CONFIDENCE AND KEPT HIM OUT OF FURTHER TROUBLE UNTIL THE ARMY, AFTER PEARL HARBOUR, CLAIMED HIM. WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS, HOWEVER, HE WAS BACK, CLAIMING HE HAD BEEN DISCHARGED. FIGHTING MEN WERE SCARCE IN NEW YORK JUST THEN, AND COHEN HAD NO DIFFICULTY IN GETTING MATCHES FOR HIM.

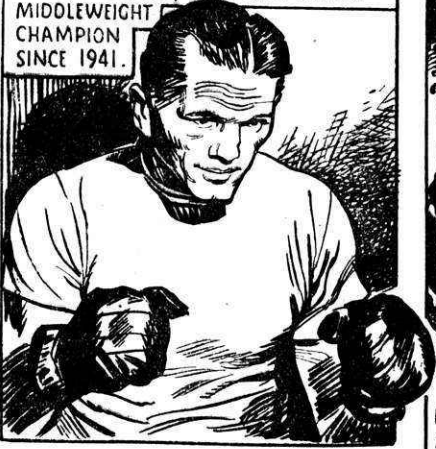


BARBELLA ADOPTED THE NAME OF HIS GRANDFATHER, AND CALLED HIMSELF ROCKY GRAZIANO.

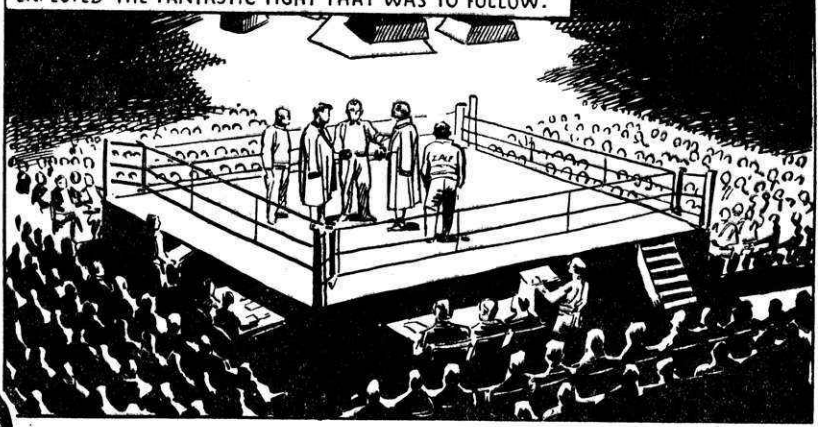
IN 1943 HE HAD 18 BOUTS AND WON TEN BY THE K.O. ROUTE. THE FOLLOWING YEAR HE HAD ANOTHER TEN K.O. VICTORIES IN TWENTY FIGHTS HE WAS BEATEN TWICE BY HAROLD GREEN, AN EXPERIENCED BOXER, BUT THESE TWO FIGHTS PUT ROCKY RIGHT INTO THE LIMELIGHT. HIS DYNAMIC PUNCHING MADE HIM THE STAR OF 1945.



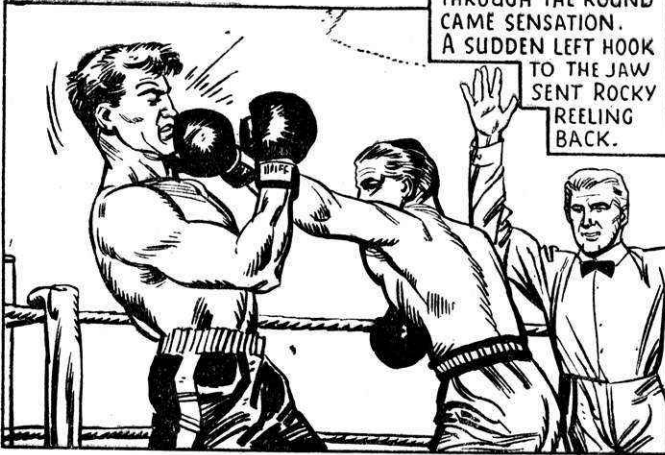
HE WAS NOW LEADING CHALLENGER FOR THE TITLE HELD BY TONY ZALE. THE FIGHT TOOK PLACE AT THE YANKEE STADIUM ON SEPTEMBER 27, 1946. FORTY THOUSAND PEOPLE PAID £85,624 TO SEE THE FIGHT— AND THEY GOT FULL VALUE FOR THEIR MONEY. TONY ZALE (BELOW) FROM GARY, INDIANA, HAD BEEN WORLD MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION SINCE 1941.



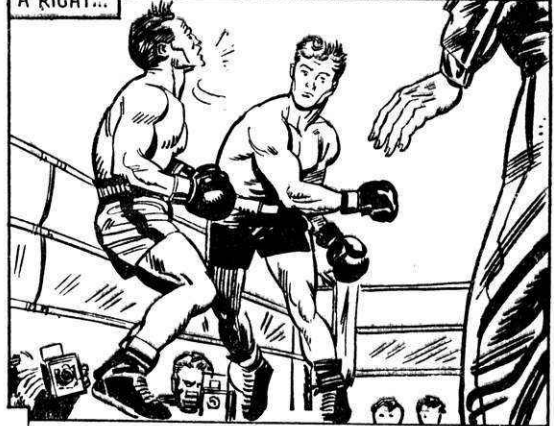
AT 32, ZALE WAS GIVING THE CHALLENGER EIGHT YEARS. MOREOVER, ROCKY HAD BEEN IN CONTINUAL BOXING ACTION, WHILE ZALE HAD BEEN SERVING IN THE WARTIME U.S. NAVY. BUT ZALE WAS A REAL CHAMPION; HE HAD COME UP THE HARD WAY, AND AS THEY ENTERED THE RING FOR THE BOUT, THE WILDLY EXCITED FANS EXPECTED FIREWORKS... BUT NONE OF THEM EXPECTED THE FANTASTIC FIGHT THAT WAS TO FOLLOW.



THEY WENT STRAIGHT IN AT EACH OTHER, AND MID-WAY THROUGH THE ROUND CAME SENSATION. A SUDDEN LEFT HOOK TO THE JAW SENT ROCKY REELING BACK.



BUT GRAZIANO WAS MORE SURPRISED THAN HURT. HE WAS BACK ON HIS FEET AT "FOUR" ONLY TO RUN INTO A FLURRY OF PUNCHES. ONLY HIS SUPERB CONDITION SAVED HIM FROM A K.O. BUT SENSATION FOLLOWED SENSATION. ROCKY SUDDENLY LET LOOSE A RIGHT...



ZALE RECOVERED IN THE SECOND AND THEN, IN THE THIRD, ROCKY LANDED HIS LETHAL RIGHT AND ZALE CRASHED INTO A CORNER, HIS HEAD HANGING OVER THE BOTTOM ROPE.



... AND THE CHAMPION BUCKLED AT THE KNEES. ROCKY BULL-DOZED IN FOR THE FINISH, BUT THE BELL CLANGED TO SAVE ZALE FROM IGNOMINIOUS FIRST ROUND DEFEAT.

THE BELL AGAIN CAME TO THE AID OF THE APPARENTLY BEATEN CHAMPION, AND IN THE FOURTH ROUND, TONY MIRACULOUSLY MIXED IT WITH HIS CRAGGY OPPONENT TO SUCH GOOD EFFECT THAT HE TOOK THE ROUND BY A MARGIN.



NEVER HAD THE VAST ARENA SEEN SUCH A BATTLE OF PUNCHES— THE YANKEE STADIUM WAS IN A DELIGHTED UPROAR.

ZALE INJURED HIS RIGHT IN THE FIFTH, AND ONCE AGAIN, ROCKY WAS WELL ON TOP. IT SEEMED ALL OVER FOR ZALE. HE TRIED TO BOX HIS MAN OFF IN THE SIXTH. ONLY HIS FIGHTING SPIRIT WAS INTACT. HE STOOD STILL, SUMMONING ALL THE LAST RESOURCES OF HIS WANING STRENGTH.

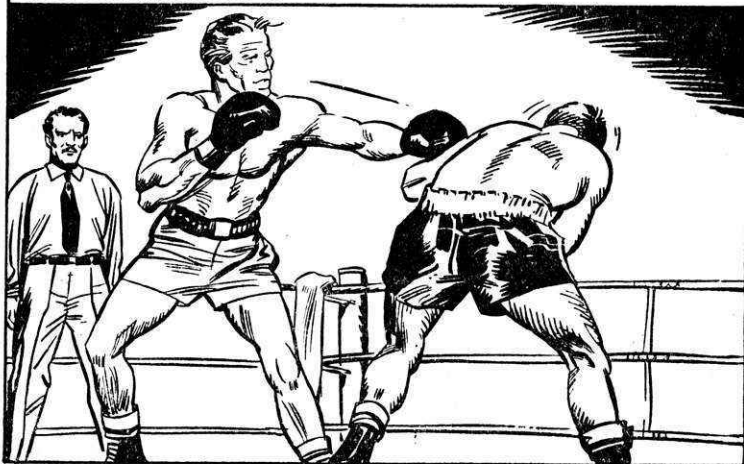


ZALE PUT ALL HE HAD INTO A RIGHT TO ROCKY'S SOLAR PLEXUS. IT WAS A PILE-DRIVER, AND IT SPUN THE CHALLENGER ROUND LIKE A TOP. THE CHAMPION STEPPED IN AND CRASHED HOME A VICIOUS LEFT HOOK TO THE JAW THAT DROPPED GRAZIANO INTO A SITTING POSITION.

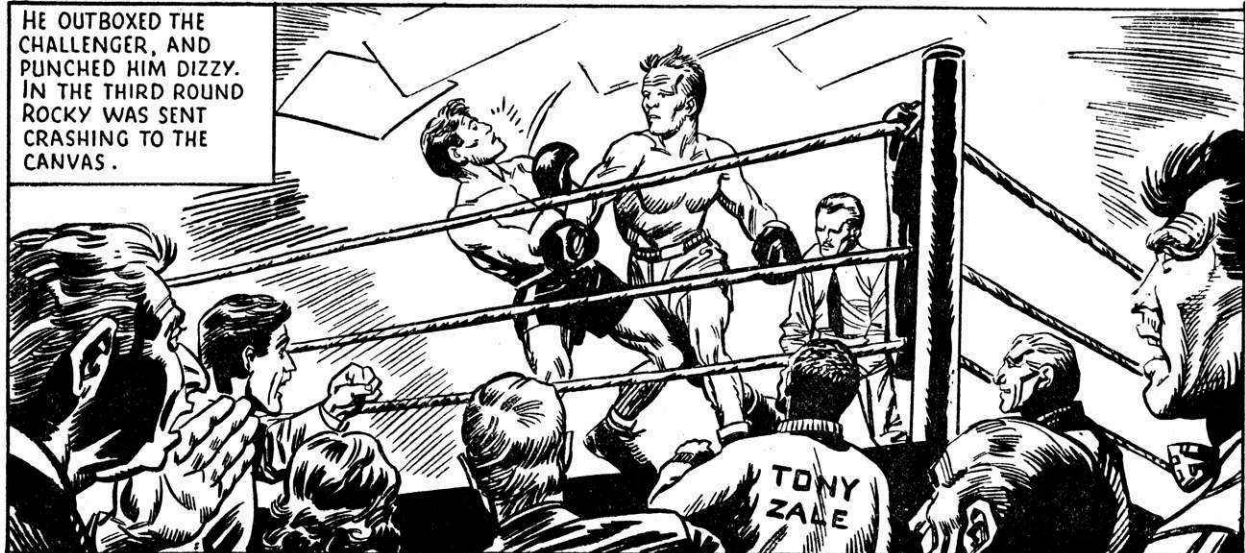


HE TRIED TO GET UP, BUT COULDN'T AND WAS COUNTED OUT AMIDST FANTASTIC SCENES AT THE END OF THE PUNCHIEST FIGHT EVER SEEN AT THE STADIUM.

THERE HAD TO BE A RETURN. AND EIGHT MONTHS LATER, THIS TIME IN THE CHICAGO STADIUM, THEY MET AGAIN. ZALE DOMINATED THE FIGHT FROM THE START...



HE OUTBOXED THE CHALLENGER, AND PUNCHED HIM DIZZY. IN THE THIRD ROUND ROCKY WAS SENT CRASHING TO THE CANVAS.



AND THEN, JUST AS ZALE HAD DONE IN THEIR PREVIOUS FIGHT, GRAZIANO SUDDENLY SHOOK HIMSELF FREE OF THE OVERPOWERING MUZZINESS OF DEFEAT. AND JUST AS ZALE HAD DONE, HE SUMMONED HIS REMAINING STRENGTH FOR A LAST DESPERATE BID...



... HE SENT OVER A CRASHING RIGHT-HANDER.

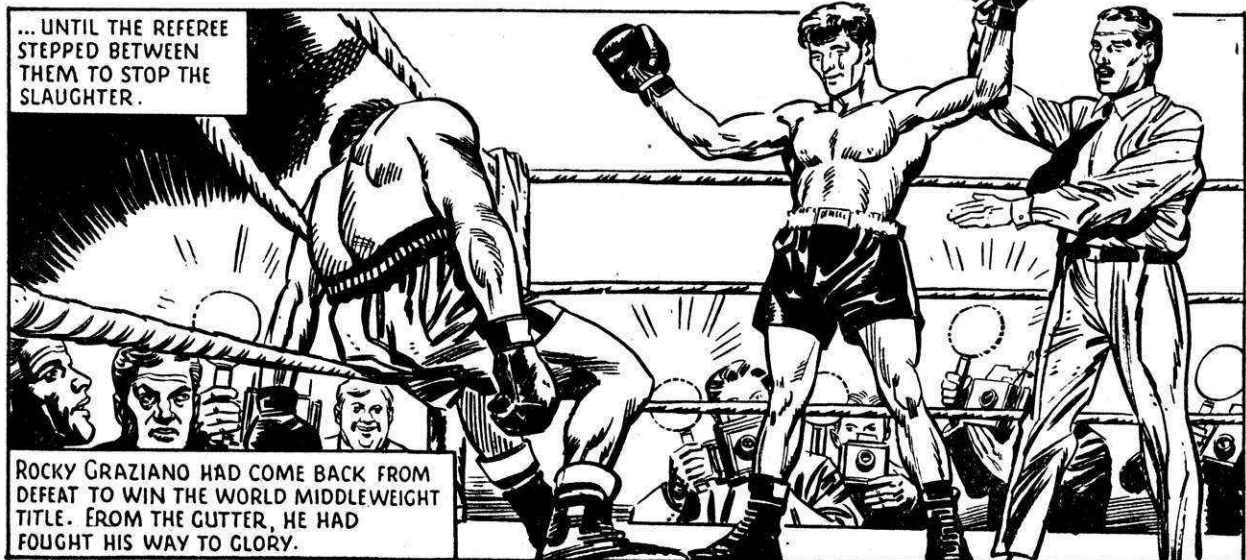
THE BLOW FOUND ITS TARGET. ZALE WENT STAGGERING ACROSS THE RING...



ZALE HIT THE CANVAS, BUT GOT UP, AND COLLAPSED INTO THE ROPES, HANGING OVER THEM WHILE GRAZIANO POUNDED HIM...



... UNTIL THE REFEREE STEPPED BETWEEN THEM TO STOP THE SLAUGHTER.



ROCKY GRAZIANO HAD COME BACK FROM DEFEAT TO WIN THE WORLD MIDDLEWEIGHT TITLE. FROM THE GUTTER, HE HAD FOUGHT HIS WAY TO GLORY.

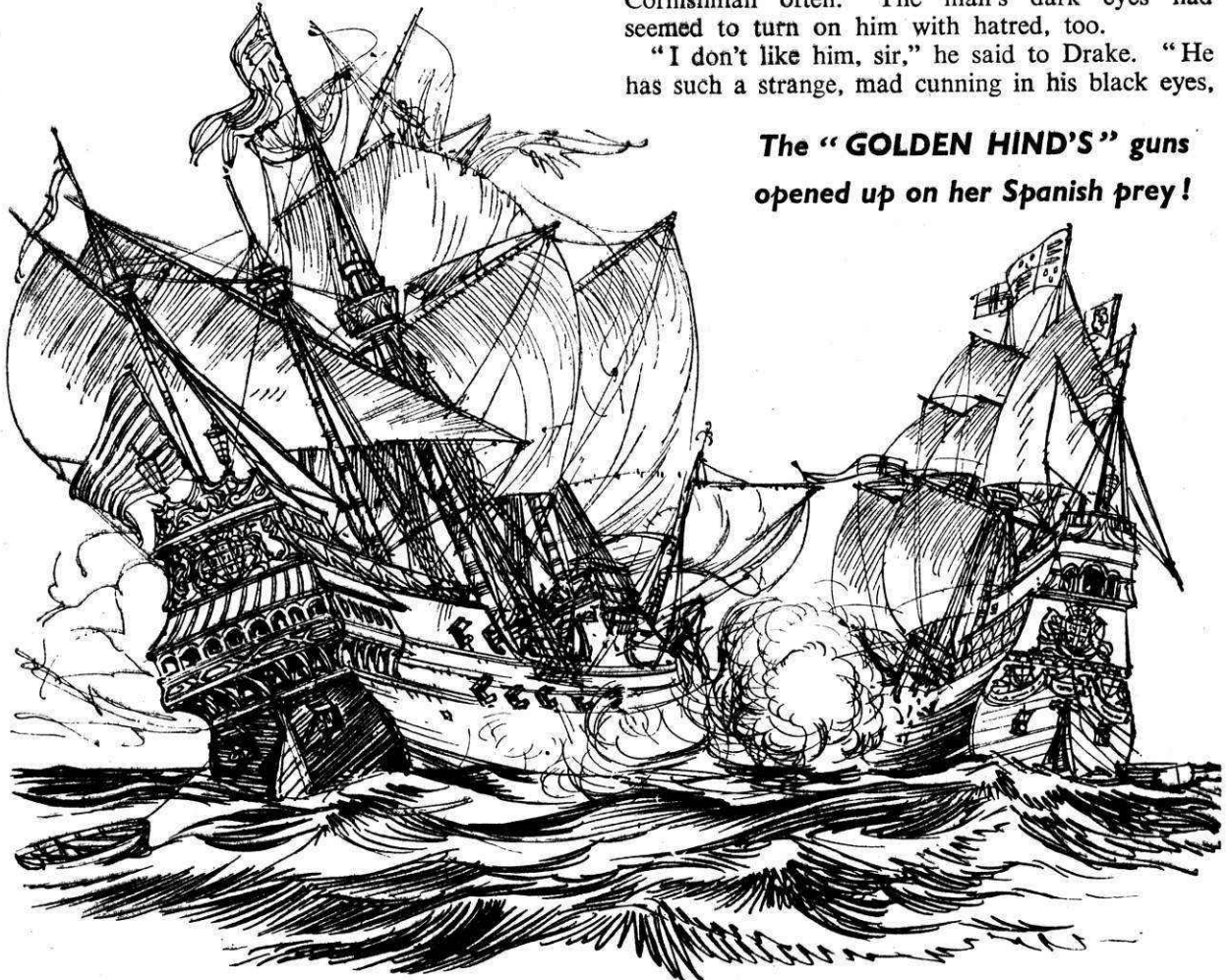
Drake's Drum

CONTINUED
FROM PAGE 35

A Spy Finds His Tongue

TOBY PERTWEE, before the end of his first month at sea, was so hardened a sailor that he half believed that he had been born afloat and had never seen land.

With his captain on the poop deck, shielding his eyes from the sun, he scanned the silver sea astern of the *Golden Hind*. Every day since the



Spanish galleon had been sighted on the starboard quarter, its topmast cutting the skyline, he had watched. But not even the look-out in the crow's nest had sighted it since.

Francis Drake, studying his shining brass solar compass, looked well pleased with his ship's navigation as he stroked his beard, ice-blue eyes twinkling.

"We have left the galleon astern," he said. "There's no shorter course that she could have sailed, Toby, so we shall burst upon Don Alonzo out of the blue. And that, after only one more sunrise."

Then he pointed astern to where one lone sailor-man stood shaking his fist in rage and uttering strange sounds as no one else could possibly understand.

"There's the Cornishman, Toby, lad. The Don, so it's said, tore out his tongue. He hates them with a fierce undying hatred. He raves and pulls faces and shakes his fists at that galleon—or where he thinks it is. The men say he even prays nightly that it may draw near into cannon range."

Toby's brow darkened. He had been near that Cornishman often. The man's dark eyes had seemed to turn on him with hatred, too.

"I don't like him, sir," he said to Drake. "He has such a strange, mad cunning in his black eyes,

**The "GOLDEN HIND'S" guns
opened up on her Spanish prey!**

and he hates me as much as he does the Dons."

"Tschah!" scoffed Drake. "You don't know the Cornishman, lad. Why, often I've had the same glitter-eyed look from him myself. Pay no heed! Be a good lad, and get me pen and paper from the cabin . . . and my large chart . . ."

Toby turned, but looked back at the Cornishman who was no longer staring out to sea. He

came rolling across the deck heading to the foot of the companionway down which Toby himself was going. And what was more, he seemed to be judging his pace as if he intended to reach the same spot as Toby at the same moment.

The *Golden Hind*, creaking before the wind, rolled heavily with the rhythmic swoosh of the sea; but the dumb seaman with the black eyes-walked steadily, with practised skill. He was no land-lubber. His sea legs were as good as any man's aboard.

He looked at Toby, a swift glaring glance, and then turned away just when Toby thought he would stop. Glad of that, Toby went on to Drake's cabin. There, on a large table, were the charts. On a shelf behind it, were pens, ink, and paper.

Toby gathered the charts, sorted them, and found the one Drake wanted. It was the one that showed the course to steer for Santa Marino through its dangerous, reefy waters.

As Toby leaned over the chart, a shadow fell across it, a moving shadow. He saw with amazement and a cold thrill that it was the shadow of a

face, long nosed. Petrified, he saw the shadow of a long arm, raised, and his legs went leaden. In that hand was a knife . . . With speed born of fear, he ducked down and sideways away from the arm.

As Toby moved away a heavy, dull thud sounded in the cabin. An inch into the map table was the blade of a knife, hard driven by a powerful arm.

In mute horror, Toby stared into the black eyes of the dumb Cornishman. For a moment, they stood like statues, staring. Then, after wrenching himself at Toby who, fighting with desperate strength, kicking, writhing, went down to the floor. As he fell, a strong dark hand seized his throat and squeezed it. Black eyes like glinting coals stared into his.

"Die, drummer! Die!"

Those words, harsh, vibrant with hatred, coming from a dumb man's lips set Toby's eyes starting from his head. The hand at his throat tightened.

Suddenly, Toby feigned death. He went limp; his arms fell; his frantic grip on the Spaniard went slack; his head lolled; his eye-lids drooped.

"One more drummer dead," said the Spaniard, and then muttered a string of Spanish oaths.

He left Toby and rushed to the chart table. With both hands, he withdrew the knife and so fiercely that he tottered back as it came from the wood and flashed in the sunlight.

Expecting every second that the knife would slash his throat, and ready to whip aside at the first thrust, Toby watched the Spaniard through half-closed eyes.

Still muttering in Spanish, but whether curses or prayers Toby could not tell, the Spaniard next brought a flask from inside his tattered shirt. With a violent sweep of the hand, he scattered the contents over the charts and chart table, and all around.

As some of the liquid fell on to him, Toby gave an inward gasp: "Oil." Oil it was that the Spaniard sprayed over the precious charts and around the cabin. And when he had emptied the flask he next produced a tinder-box.

Suddenly, a flicker of flame showed. The oil was alight. At once, the Spaniard gave an exultant, gurgling cry. But in his moment of triumph he had turned his back on the drummer boy whom he supposed dead.

Unarmed, Toby was no match for that powerful, ruthless Spaniard. But, an arm's length away, was his drum. Silent



Don Alonzo's eyes turned from the English prisoner as the palace door burst open. "Hearken, Excellency!" an officer shouted. "It is Drake's drum!"

as a cat, he moved towards it. Flames were licking the charts; smoke curled up. In a few minutes, the woodwork would catch fire, the cabin would be ablaze, and the very heart of the *Golden Hind* would become a blazing furnace.

In frenzied glee, the Spaniard dropped to his knees and clasped his hands as in prayer. Behind him, silent, tense, Toby raised his drum on high over the Spaniard's head. Then, with all his strength, he brought it down, crashing it over the dark head which burst the parchment asunder.

The Spaniard, his yells muffled by the drum's barrel, put up his hands to wrench it off. But as he did so, Toby, with every ounce of power he could muster, drove his fist into the rascal's wind.

The licking flames caught the Spaniard's shirt and he groped feebly, winded, to stifle them.

Toby leaped to the cabin door and pulled it wide. "Fire! Fire in the captain's cabin," he yelled.

Scurrying feet sounded. Giant Jackson's voice was heard roaring for buckets of water. As if by magic, men with buckets appeared in the cabin.

There was no more urgent peril at sea than a wooden ship on fire. Men trained for such a hazard, a fire crew, had everything needed ready to hand. So, as the shout "fire!" was heard, the fire crews leaped to instant action. Soon, water swooshed around the cabin as if the *Golden Hind* had sprung a leak. Hurlled from buckets, it swilled in all directions, and swamped the kneeling Spaniard, now howling from his burns.

The mighty hand of Giant Jackson whipped the drum from the Spaniard's head.

"It's the dumb Cornishman," he yelled.

"No Cornishman, Giant, but a Spanish spy. He's been gibbering in Spanish. It was he who started the fire, and left me for dead after half-choking the life from me," panted Toby, still easing his bruised throat. "Hold him fast! Watch for his cunning, stabbing dagger."

To Santa Marino

THE Spaniard, desperate, teeth gritted and bared, savage as a tiger, had not got his breath back, and at Toby's warning words, he whipped out a knife. But before it was raised, Giant Jackson's mighty fist thudded between his eyes and sent him hurtling back to crash against the cabin wall. Stunned, he slithered to the floor.

When Francis Drake, warned of the fire, came into the cabin, the Spanish spy was on his knees, arms pinioned behind his back.

"What's this? Fire? Is that the dumb Cornishman swearing in Spanish?" he cried, amazed.

"It's a spy . . . the same spy that killed your drummer, captain," said Toby in tense excitement. "He tried to kill me and would have if I hadn't feigned death. Leaving me for dead, he fired the cabin."

An angry roar came from the men. They wanted to hurl the Spaniard overboard with no more ado. But Drake ordered them to hold their tongues.

"Let him speak. If we sail into a trap it's certain he knows of it," he said grimly. And sorting amongst the charred charts on the table, he seized one and shook it at the cringing, cursing Spaniard. "See! Here's the map of the treasure secretly buried on Santa Marino . . . the map brought me by Michael Pudmore. We'll seize Don Alonzo's treasure yet."

The Spaniard's dark eyes rolled, and he spat viciously at Drake, letting fly a string of Spanish oaths.

"Take him away," commanded Drake. "See that his newly-found tongue gets exercise. Learn what you can from him of the Dons' plot."

Then Drake turned to Toby, smiling and congratulated him on his courage.

"But, sir, I've done for the drum once and for all," groaned Toby, "bashing it on the rascal's head."

"Parchment is cheap and we have plenty. I can't say the same for drummer boys, lad. I'm mightily glad you're safe . . . and mightily glad you gave such timely warning of the fire," said Drake. "It was a cunning plot that came near to success . . . and would have, but for you."

Only an hour later, the Spaniard, having bragged how he had killed the drummer boy, and lighted the beacon fire, went to his death on the yard arm at the roll of the repaired drum. Francis Drake, arms folded, stood silent to the end. Only when Toby's drumsticks were stilled did he turn to him and tell him what else the Spaniard had confessed.

"Bragging to the end, Toby, the rascal told us that the *Morning Glory* was not sunk. He boasted that it sails for Spain laden with the treasure for King Philip's coffers—and with prisoners for the torturers of the Inquisition. But it has not sailed yet. There is time still to capture it, and capture it we will."

"Ay, and what vengeance for the dead drummer, Cap'n," said Toby. "I'll drum for him, too."

"Land ahoy! Land on the port bow, two fingers' width from line ahead. Land ahoy . . ." sang the look-out some hours later. "A sight for sore eyes. Santa Marino. There she blows, and a galleon in full sail, pennants flying—"

That was the cry that came as music to the ears of Drake and his men of the *Golden Hind*. All eyes strained into the distance. Cheers rose. Toby yelled until he was hoarse as slowly into their view rose the galleon on the skyline.

As the cheers died, a shrill, eerie scream split the air following a red flash from the galleon. A cannon ball skimmed the waters astern; a mighty fountain of spray rose. Then over the water, lagged by the

distance, came the thunder of the galleon's broadside. The *Golden Hind* was under fire!

"Drummer, stand by," commanded Drake.

Toby, sticks raised to drum the "fire!" stood by. No cannon would answer from the *Golden Hind* until his drum rolled the command.

On swept the *Golden Hind*. On went the galleon, bound for Santa Marino and the palace of Don Alonzo—that luxury hide-out, stacked with jewels and gold.

The ships converged, and Toby stood with his drumsticks raised, his throat dry. A sea battle at last!

All the stirring tales he had heard at home came rushing back to his mind, tales of horror, of daring, of ferocity, fear and triumph. Tales of the smashing, wrecking power of cannon balls, the rattle of musketry, the flash of a boarding party's hacking swords and, above all, the thunder, scrunch and splinter of Sundered timbers.

Again the galleon fired, her whole side a red glow of flame and smoke. The air was filled with screech-

ing demons. The sea bubbled and frothed and hissed as the red-hot cannon balls, falling short of the target, were quenched.

Then, suddenly, the *Golden Hind* was shivered from stem to stern as a red-hot ball splintered the deck housing of the poop. Wild yells filled the air. But still the gunners of the *Golden Hind* held their fire.

Toby looked at Francis Drake. When would he give the order? Why did he wait when their ship was sailing into the galleon's range?

It seemed that Drake's plan was to ram the galleon, hit it amidships. But surely before then it would be a splintering blazing wreck?

But the *Golden Hind* was now cutting ahead of the galleon. It was running on as if to shatter the Spaniard's forecastle. Another broadside was due. The galleon's cannons must surely be primed and loaded . . .

The broadside came. It went astern the *Golden Hind* which sailed at an angle to it, and was running faster.



Daggers between teeth, the boat crew swarmed up the ropes to the *Morning Glory*.

Then Toby knew that Francis Drake, master seaman, had outwitted the enemy. No longer could his brave craft be shattered by a broadside.

"Drummer . . . Sound the Fire!" snapped Drake.

There was flame and smoke, and such thunder as Toby had never heard before. The *Golden Hind* heeled and reeled.

Running ahead and across the galleon, the *Golden Hind's* guns roared; her cannon balls crashed into the forepart of the floating fortress. Masts toppled; the hull splintered. But the cannons fired not as a broadside in a volley, but swiftly, one after another, so that their roaring sounded like a mighty drum.

"The drum," said Francis Drake grimly. "The cannon-fire drum!"

Great gaping holes showed in the galleon's hull; a mighty mast had fallen sideways; sails fluttered in rags and ribbons. And through those holes in the maimed ship's side, Toby saw men and guns, and smoke, and flames in a confused mass.

On the galleon's decks, Spanish soldiers were crowded, armed as if for a land battle; helmets flashing in the sun; pikes glinting . . . nearer and larger they became as the wind swept the *Golden Hind* on.

Next came the rattle of Spanish muskets fired wildly, and Drake turned to Toby, a hand on his shoulder, to make him look astern as the racing ship cut across the galleon's bows. Spanish sailors were reefing the remnants of sail in frenzy; the soldiers were firing as and when they could or dared.

"The stern gun! Drummer . . . sound for it," ordered Drake.

Toby's drum rolled and the massive gun at the *Golden Hind's* stern roared, well aimed at the mass of Spanish soldiers. Down they went as the cannon balls seared through. With the *Golden Hind's* stern but twenty yards from the galleon's prow, the stern gun, aligned for this purpose with deadly effect, fired again, and sent the Spanish captain's forward bridge into splintered ruin.

"Santa Marino ahoy!" came a yell from the *Golden Hind* as the galleon, shattered and crippled, was left astern, and Drake's ship sailed for its goal.

Francis Drake, grabbing Toby's arm, pointed to starboard and larboard; for on either side, astern, came the two sister ships set on a different course but now bearing down on their common goal, Santa Marino, to earn Don Alonzo's warm welcome and to return that hospitality in like measure.

Hoist With His Own Petard

HIS Excellency, Don Alonzo Cordillo Carencia, sat stiffly on the red velvet seat of his throne-like chair, richly and flamboyantly ornamented with strange devices, demons to frighten away evil spirits. Over his head wafted a feather fan in the hand of a half-breed slave.

Three steps, red-carpeted, led down from his throne to the floor where an Englishman knelt, stripped to the waist, and starved almost to a skeleton.

A proud sailorman from Plymouth, he knelt with head bowed . . . but bowed only because around his neck was a heavy iron chain, loaded at either end with a cannon ball.

But in case the sailorman did raise his head, a powerful gaoler stood behind him with a many-lashed whip.

"For the last time, sailorman," said Don Alonzo, leaning forward, spitting the words out, "where is the stolen treasure hidden?"

The sailorman answered proudly: "It's known by Francis Drake, but I know it not. I'm but a humble deck hand. The bo'sun blindfolded me when I dug to hide the treasure. I tell you, Don, I don't know where it is. And what I don't know, I can't tell. Not even the whip could lash it from me . . . I just don't know."

Don Alonzo did not believe a word of it, and he shifted in his chair. He was tired of evasions and lies; tired of digging and searching in vain. He had been sent on far too many fool's errands already.

"Lash him—if only to show him the might of Spain," he raged, "and the folly of denying that the Main belongs to Portugal and Spain."

But although the gaoler raised the whip, the lashes did not fall; for at that moment wild, excited shouts were heard and the patter of running steps. The high, iron-studded doors of the palace chamber were flung open and with such suddenness and force that the sentries standing inside were flung to their knees.

In the doorway, stood a Spanish officer with gleaming helmet and breastplate, sword in hand. "Excellency, Excellency," he shouted wildly. "Hearken! Drake's drum."

Don Alonzo rose, white-faced, to his feet. The sailorman, lifting his head despite the weighted chain, let out a cry of triumph. "It is! It is Drake's drum."

Don Alonzo, with a cold, trembling hand on the jewelled pommel of his sword, came to from his trance.

"To arms!" he cried in Spanish. "Every man to arms! Mount the cannons!"

Within two minutes, only the English sailor remained in the court-room of the palace. From outside came the sound of trumpets, the wild firing of muskets, and the roar of cannons intermingled with shouts of terror.

The sailor fell flat, and then, although he was weak from privation, he wriggled his neck from the heavy chain. Free, he stumbled to the door, delaying only to snatch a menacing-looking Spanish pike from the rack.

No one heeded him; he was forgotten in the sud-



Terrified by the oncoming ship laden with gunpowder, the crew of the Spanish galleon began to desert.

den widespread panic; and still ignored, he climbed the stone steps to the palace wall. With arms spread, laughing hysterically, he turned to where the *Golden Hind*, guns blazing, came sailing for Santa Marino, leaving a burning, shattered galleon astern. Carried by the wind that filled her sails, came the roll of the drum.

"Drake's drum . . . Drake's drum!" cried the sailor, tears coursing down his cheeks; and he dropped to his knees to utter a prayer of thankfulness.

End of the *Morning Glory*

HIGH in the crow's nest of the *Golden Hind*, Toby Pertwee, madly happy, drummed as never before. He looked, entranced, at the palace of Don Alonzo; at the signs of wealth and splendour; at the ships moored in the harbour.

But Francis Drake was not sailing into the harbour. It was the creek he was heading for on the island coast, far out of range of the coastal guns. In that creek, according to the Spanish spy, was the *Morning Glory*.

"The *Morning Glory*. There she rides," yelled Toby suddenly.

A moment later, from the deck below, Drake too, sighted her. But he did not give a shout of joy. He stood stock still, Toby noticed. For that, there was sound reason. Drake was puzzled. He had taken the Spaniards by surprise; but even so, the sound of the battle with the galleon must have been heard ashore. Why, then, had not Don Alonzo rushed his soldiers to the creek to defend the *Morning Glory*—if, indeed, she were loaded with the treasure, and ready to sail with it to Spain?

On sailed the *Golden Hind* until it crossed the mouth of the creek where the *Morning Glory* lay. But no show of life came from it. It was silent, a dead ship.

Still suspicious and wary, Drake anchored the *Golden Hind* and trained her cannon. That done, a boarding crew was launched.

Daggers between teeth, swords unsheathed at the ready, the boat crew swarmed aboard up a well-

flung hook-ended rope on to the scrubbed and whitened deck of the *Morning Glory*.

Toby waited. The boarding party was scouring the silent ship. Then suddenly a bearded man leaned over the side, cupping his hands and yelling in wild excitement.

"In the hold . . . treasure. She's loaded with it. Great casks of it . . . jewels and gold," he yelled.

"Treasure beyond dreams," howled Giant Jackson from the poop. "All for the towing away. Signal the Cap'n. Tow her away before the Dons come to her rescue."

But Toby was watching the bushes where he saw a sign of movement. And as he watched, a man suddenly leaped into view. He was naked to the waist, hardly more than a skeleton and he waved his arms wildly and shouted incoherently.

"Long live the Queen," he yelled when he had run nearer, and waved a bloodstained Spanish pike in his hand. Don Alonzo's prisoner was with his own again.

As that cry was heard, everyone froze. Not a word was spoken. All eyes were on him as he stumbled forward.

"It's a trap," he yelled when he reached the water's edge. "It's not jewels that fill those casks but gunpowder. Lay off, or be blasted to eternity."

Giant Jackson stared at him unbelievably at first; but then with yelled orders, he sent the boat ashore to take the man off.

No sooner was he in the boat than he was recognised by two of the crew and claimed as a shipmate.

"Ay. I'm a gunner from the *Morning Glory*," he told them, "a prisoner these three months or more."

As they rowed back to the *Golden Hind*, he babbled out his story and told how he was to have been flogged and the lashes actually raised when the drum sounded and sent the Dons into a panic.

On board the *Golden Hind* a few minutes later, Francis Drake heard the story. Warmly he praised the brave sailorman's courage and loyalty.

"I know their plan," said the sailorman. "They expect you to sail off with the *Morning Glory*. But they have three galleons ready in the harbour and plan to trap you in the creek, sir. They'll blast the *Morning Glory* sky high and with it your *Golden Hind*, too."

Then he begged for a torch that he might go ashore and blast the Dons' powder magazines. He knew where they were; and if it were his last act it would be his happiest.

"Give the brave fellow a torch and a sword," said Drake crisply. Then he signalled the sister ships which came sailing behind. Next, he sent Giant Jackson to make sure that the casks were indeed stacked with powder when the layers of gold and jewels were removed.

When, within the hour, Francis Drake was seen with his three ships rounding the island, the *Morning Glory* in tow, the Spaniards exulted.

With Toby rolling his drum, the *Golden Hind* sailed for the harbour mouth. But when within range of the galleons' guns, it swung away, heeling, and the *Morning Glory*, cut free from tow, sailed on straight as a die for harbour—the *Morning Glory* with casks freed of jewels and treasure, but still laden with gunpowder. And as she sailed into the harbour mouth, flames roared on her decks and went flickering up the sails. Smoke rose in clouds.

On she sailed, a powder magazine due to explode in the harbour. And behind the smoke, Drake's fleet turned broadside. The guns roared. Cannon balls in screaming fury tore into the galleons, whose gun crews, terrified by the oncoming blazing powder magazine, were deserting their posts.

Toby crouched with Francis Drake on the bridge and waited . . . waited . . . With a flash that was blinding, the *Morning Glory* flew to pieces. Crash upon crash sounded as the burning, exploding ship collided with the galleons. Flames roared high; the powder magazines of the galleons went up, with vast timbers hurled skywards, hulls split asunder, masts falling like scythed stalks.

And when at last the thundering explosions ended, and only the furnaces of burning ships remained, the throb of Drake's drum was heard, rolling on and on.

* * *

THERE was not even a show of resistance to the landing parties that went ashore from Drake's fleet. Don Alonzo, mortally wounded, begged for an armistice to bury his dead. That granted him, Francis Drake took command of Santa Marino, disarmed the remaining troops; and then, with Michael Pudmore's map for guidance, marched his men to the underground cavern where the treasure, unharmed, lay stored.

Ten survivors there were of the party he had left behind to guard it, and they, crazed with joy when he freed them, helped to load the treasure on to the three ships.

A week later, with a fair wind, heavily laden, the *Golden Hind* set out for Plymouth. And as the anchor was weighed, Toby Pertwee, no longer a boy, but a man, set his drumsticks throbbing.

"My drummer you are hereafter," said Francis Drake, a hand on his shoulder. "I want none better nor braver."

"Your drummer to the death and after, Cap'n," said Toby. "When I am gone, my ghost and my ghost-drum shall rattle their hearts with dread of Francis Drake and the men of Devon."

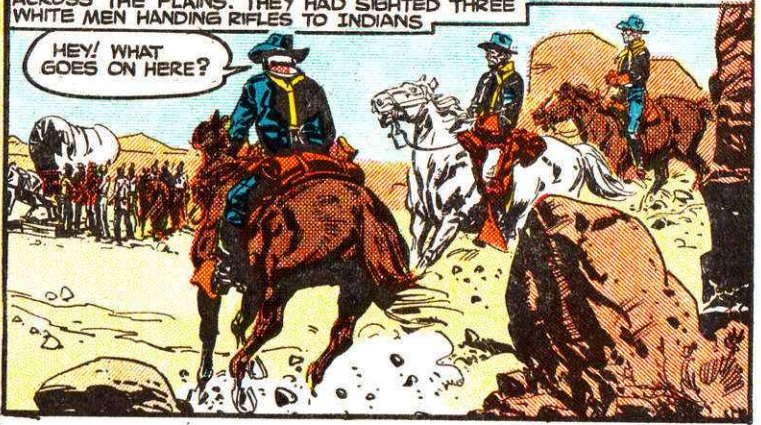
BUFFALO BILL

and the GUN RUNNERS



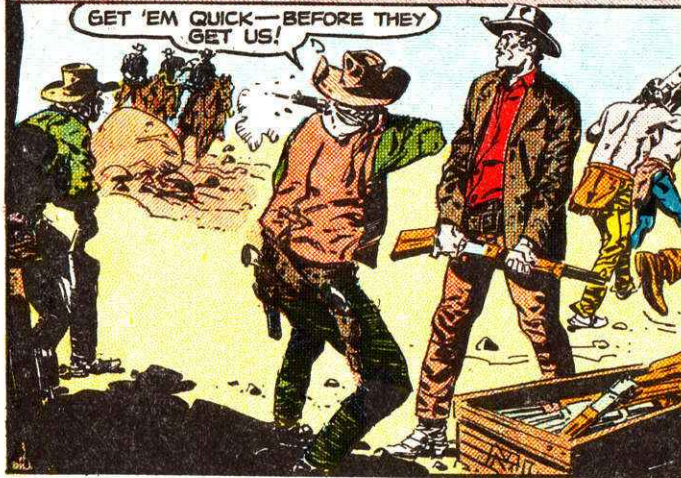
ONE SEARINGLY-HOT AFTERNOON, THE THUNDER OF POUNDING HOOF'S AWOKED THE ECHOES AS THREE CAVALRY TROOPERS GALLOPED ACROSS THE PLAINS. THEY HAD SIGHTED THREE WHITE MEN HANDING RIFLES TO INDIANS.

HEY! WHAT GOES ON HERE?



BURKE, THE LEADER OF THE RENEGADES, RAISED HIS RIFLE

GET 'EM QUICK—BEFORE THEY GET US!



THEIR RIFLES ONLY HALF DRAWN, THE SOLDIERS WERE CUT DOWN RUTHLESSLY.

THE TREACHEROUS SNAKES! A-A-AGH!



THE SUDDEN RATTLE OF SHOTS ECHOED ACROSS THE PLAIN— AND REACHED THE ALERT EARS OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS SCOUT, BUFFALO BILL.

SHOTS! TOO MANY FOR A BUFFALO HUNTER! LET'S GO, WHIRL-WIND!



BUFFALO BILL'S FLEET-FOOTED WHITE STALLION TOOK HIM AT A RAKING GALLOP TO THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING.

BY THUNDER! THEY'RE CAVALRY MOUNTS!



TWO OF THE SOLDIERS WERE DEAD AND THE THIRD CLUNG FEEBLY TO LIFE. BILL KNELT BESIDE HIM...

GUN-RUNNERS! RENEGADES! GET 'EM, COLONEL!

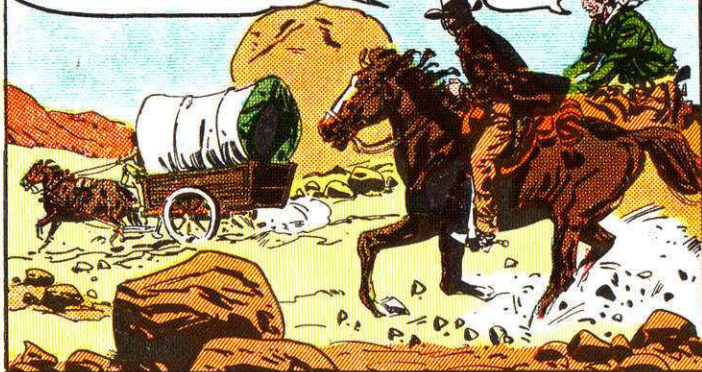
LEAVE IT TO ME, LAD. I'LL GET THE RATS WHO DID THIS!



MEANWHILE, THE THREE GUN-RUNNERS WERE GALLOPING AWAY AMONGST THE GRANITE-HARD ROCKS OF THE FOOTHILLS

RECKON WE'D BEST HIT THE TRAIL OUT OF THESE PARTS! IT'S GONNA GET TOO HOT FOR US WHEN THE ARMY FIND THOSE THREE TROOPERS.

WE'VE HARDLY TOUCHED THIS TERRITORY YET — THE INJUNS ROUND HERE WILL LINE UP TO BUY THOSE OLD RIFLES WE'RE SELLING! WE'D BE CRAZY TO GIVE UP NOW!



THEY CROSSED TWO SMALL RANGES AND THEN CAME IN SIGHT OF AN ADOBE BUILDING STANDING BESIDE A STREAM

HEY, LOOK! A TRADING POST! KINDA ISOLATED, AIN'T IT? GUESS THEY TRADE WITH THE INJUNS FROM THAT RESERVATION WE PASSED A WHILE BACK!

COULD BE, PETE — AND IT GIVES ME AN IDEA — A MIGHTY SMART IDEA!



THE THREE MEN WAITED UNTIL LONG AFTER NIGHTFALL WHEN THE LIGHT OF A SOLITARY OIL LAMP GLOWED DIMLY FROM THE TRADING STORE. THEN THEY MOVED IN...

W-WHAT'S THIS?

SIMMER DOWN, POP — AND YOU WON'T GET HURT. WE'RE JUST TAKING OVER YOUR STORE — TEMPORARILY!



IT NEEDED COURAGE TO LIVE IN INDIAN COUNTRY AND TRADE WITH UNPREDICTABLE REDMEN — BUT THREE RUTHLESS RENEGADES WERE ANOTHER MATTER. WILLIAM MORGAN, THE STOREKEEPER, KNEW THAT THEY WOULD NOT HESITATE TO SHOOT HIM DOWN IF HE DID NOT OBEY THEM.

TWO DAYS LATER BURKE HAD CONTACTED THE BLACK-FOOT INDIANS AND HIS CUNNING SCHEME TO DISTRIBUTE THE ARMS WAS PUT INTO ACTION

THIS MAN'S A BLACK-FOOT! I'M ONLY ALLOWED TO TRADE WITH THE KIOWA INDIANS!

YOU'LL TRADE WITH WHO WE TELL YOU, MORGAN. GIVE THE INJUN TWO SACKS O' THAT SPECIAL FLOUR YONDER!



AT SUNDOWN, BURKE AND HIS COMPANIONS CONGRATULATED THEMSELVES ON THEIR FIRST DAY'S PROFIT

WHAT COULD BE SLICKER? THE INJUNS WALK OUT WITH A SACK O' FLOUR — AND NO-ONE ELSE SUSPECTS THERE'S A COUPLE O' RIFLES STUFFED INSIDE THE SACK!

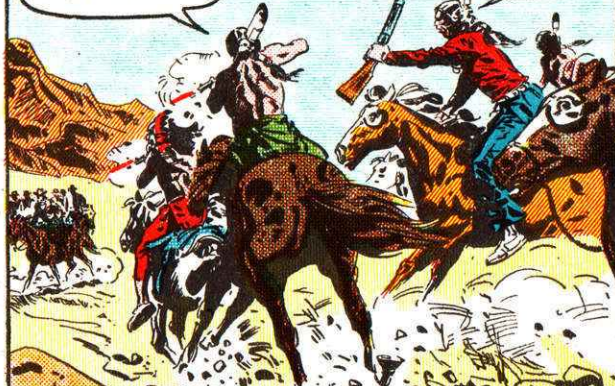
YEAH! TWO MORE DAYS AND WE CAN HIT THE TRAIL WITH OUR SADDLE BAGS FULL O' GOLD AND SILVER!



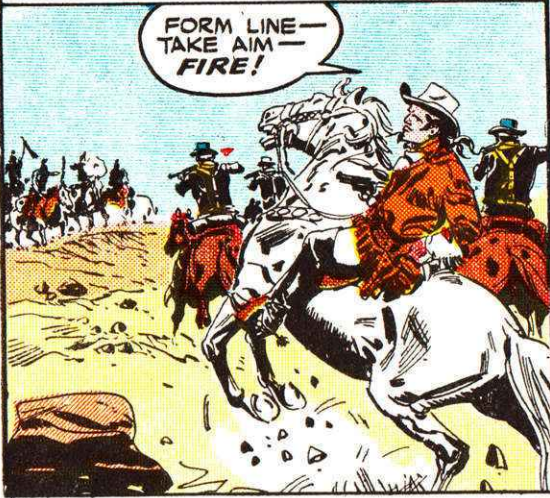
THE BLACKFEET BRAVES WHO HAD ACQUIRED THE RIFLES FROM THE RENEGADES, WERE EAGER TO TRY OUT THEIR NEW WEAPONS. A SMALL PATROL OF SEVENTH CAVALRY CHANCED THEIR WAY...

SLAY THE LONG-KNIVES!

ONHEY!

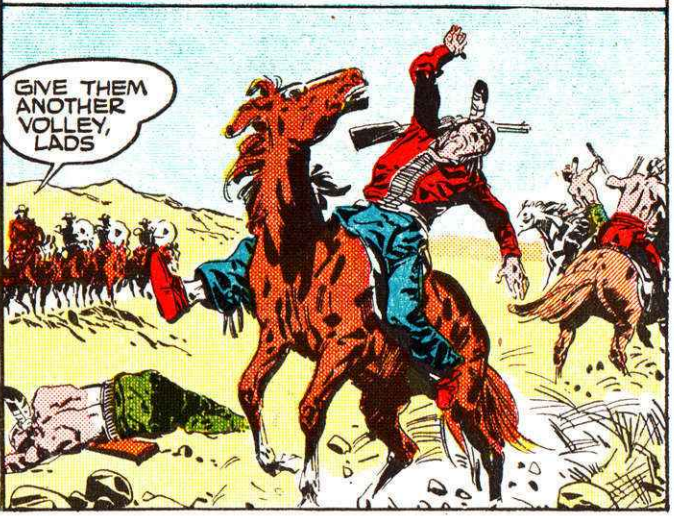


BUT THE INDIANS HAD RECKONED WITHOUT THE FINEST FIGHTING MAN IN THOSE UN-TAMED LANDS — BUFFALO BILL



FORM LINE — TAKE AIM — FIRE!

THE COOLLY-AIMED, ROCK-STEADY VOLLEY CUT A TERRIBLE SWATHE THROUGH THE INDIAN WAR PARTY



GIVE THEM ANOTHER VOLLEY, LADS

THEIR NEW RIFLES DID NOT SAVE THE INDIANS FROM A CALAMITOUS DEFEAT AND THEY SCATTERED IN WILD DISORDER



THESE RIFLES — THAT'S QUEER! WONDER WHERE THEY GOT THEM?

BILL EXAMINED THE OLD PATTERN EX-ARMY RIFLE OF THE FALLEN BRAVE — AND HE WHISTLED SOFTLY



H'M — WHAT'S THIS WHITE POWDER IN THE CRACKS? LOOKS LIKE FLOUR!

HOW WOULD FLOUR GET THERE? SEVERAL OF THE OTHER BRAVES' RIFLES SHOW TRACES, TOO. THERE'S ONE PLACE THE INDIANS GET FLOUR FROM — MORGAN'S STORE



THAT NIGHT, BUFFALO BILL RODE TO THE LONELY STORE OF WILLIAM MORGAN...



HE APPROACHED THE STORE AS SILENTLY AS A SHADOW AND CAUTIOUSLY CLIMBED IN THROUGH A WINDOW



THOSE ARE SACKS OF FLOUR...

HE OPENED ONE OF THE SACKS AND GROPED INSIDE. A MOMENT LATER...



BY GLORY — I WAS RIGHT! THE RIFLES ARE HIDDEN IN THE FLOUR!

SUDDENLY A DOOR CREAKED OPEN BEHIND BILL.

REACH, STRANGER! GET 'EM UP — FAST!



BILL'S HAND CAME UP LIGHTNING SWIFT. A HANDFUL OF FLOUR WENT INTO THE RENEGADE'S FACE.

A-A-AGH!

IS THAT FAST ENOUGH?



LIKE AN UNLEASHED PANTHER, THE SCOUT HURLED HIMSELF ACROSS THE STORE.



AND PETE SLUMPED, SENSELESS, TO THE FLOOR.

MORGAN, THE STOREKEEPER, CAME HESITANTLY OUT OF HIS ROOM AND GAVE A CRY OF RELIEF WHEN HE SAW BUFFALO BILL. HE HELPED BILL TO REMOVE THE RENEGADES' RIFLES FROM THEIR HIDING PLACES.

BUT BURKE AND JED, THE OTHER GUN-RUNNERS, HAD RETURNED.

—AND THEY FORCED ME TO SELL THESE SPECIAL SACKS OF FLOUR TO THE INDIANS. THE OTHER TWO HAVE GONE OFF TO TELL OTHER TRIBES TO COME HERE FOR GUNS.

WELL, THESE RIFLES WON'T GET INTO THE HANDS OF ANYONE. I'M GOING TO USE THIS AXE ON 'EM!

WHY — YOU INTERFERING RATS!



WITH A FLICK OF HIS WRIST, BILL SENT THE AXE FLYING IN A GLITTERING ARC TOWARDS THE DOOR.



WITH A DULL THUD, THE AXE BLADE PINNED THE SLEEVE OF BURKE'S COAT TO THE DOOR — AND BILL'S COLT .45 LEAPED TO HIS HAND...

A-A-AGH!

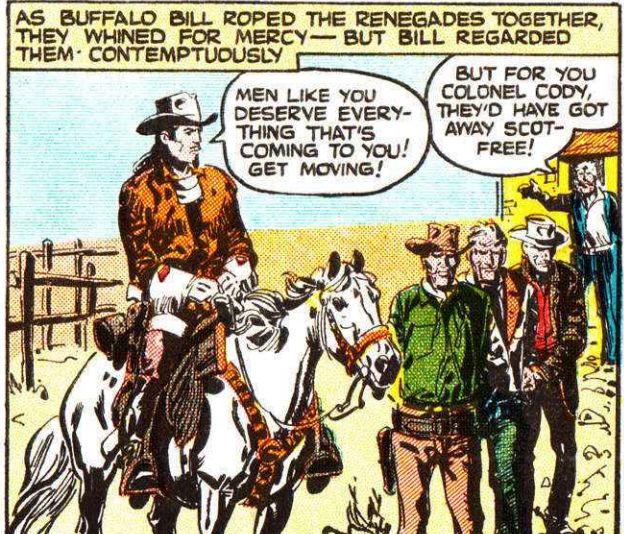
FOR TWO SMART CHARACTERS, YOU'RE MIGHTY SLOW ON THE DRAW!



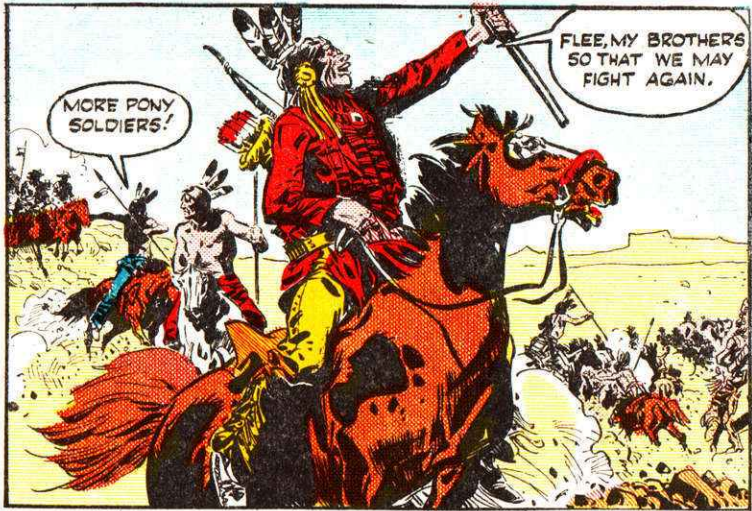
AS BUFFALO BILL ROPED THE RENEGADES TOGETHER, THEY WHINED FOR MERCY — BUT BILL REGARDED THEM — CONTEMPTUOUSLY.

MEN LIKE YOU DESERVE EVERYTHING THAT'S COMING TO YOU! GET MOVING!

BUT FOR YOU COLONEL CODY, THEY'D HAVE GOT AWAY SCOT-FREE!



THE RENEGADES WERE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE — BUT IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE TROUBLE FLARED UP AGAIN! THIS TIME IT CAME FROM A GROUP OF BLOOD-THIRSTY CHEYENNE WARRIORS, FIGHTING UNDER THEIR OWN LEADER, THE FANATICAL GREY WOLF! WHEN NEWS CAME THROUGH THAT A SMALL PATROL OF SEVENTH CAVALRYMEN WERE BEING ATTACKED, BUFFALO BILL AND HIS MEN WENT GALLOPING TO THE SCENE...



MORE PONY SOLDIERS!

FLEE, MY BROTHERS SO THAT WE MAY FIGHT AGAIN.

LUCKY YOU GOT HERE WHEN YOU DID, COLONEL COOY. I WAS BEGINNING TO THINK THOSE PESKY DOG SOLDIERS HAD GOT US LICKED.

IT'S ONLY THOSE PAINTED DEVILS THAT HAVE STOPPED THE CHEYENNE NATION FROM MAKING A PEACE TREATY! THERE'S ONLY A FEW, BUT THE OTHER BRAVES LOOK UP TO THEM.



BUT LATER, IN THE CHEYENNE CAMP, BUFFALO BILL'S WORDS WERE ECHOED BY WHITE BEAR, WISE CHIEF OF ALL THE TRIBE.

THIS SUMMER IS LONG AND HOT, AND WE'RE SHORT OF FOOD! THAT IS BECAUSE WE HAVE BEEN FIGHTING THE PONY SOLDIERS INSTEAD OF HUNTING. WE MUST MAKE PEACE. YOU, GREY WOLF, FILL OUR YOUNG MENS' MINDS WITH THOUGHTS OF WAR. THIS MUST CEASE!

WHITE BEAR, WE ARE WARRIORS ~ NOT FRIGHTENED SQUAWS!



AND AS THE COUNCIL OF CHIEFTAINS ENDED, GREY WOLF'S EYES WERE GLITTERING WITH RAGE...

WHITE BEAR MAY WISH TO HAVE A PEACE TALK WITH THE LONG KNIVES! BUT WE CAN MAKE SURE THOSE PEACE TALKS FAIL.

A YEE! FOR THE DOG SOLDIER, PEACE MEANS DISHONOUR.



NEXT DAY, AT FORT LINCOLN, A NEW OFFICER ARRIVED, AND WAS GREETED BY GENERAL CUSTER. HE WAS LIEUTENANT WILL KELLY, SON OF THE REGIMENT'S VETERAN SERGEANT...



AND AS THE YOUNG OFFICER WALKED AWAY, SERGEANT KELLY TURNED TO HIS FRIEND, BUFFALO BILL...

HE'S A FINE BOY, SIR, BUT BEING JUST OUT OF MILITARY ACADEMY, HE'S GOT AN AWFUL LOT TO LEARN. PERHAPS YOU'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, SIR!

OF COURSE, SERGEANT, BUT YOU CAN TELL BY LOOKING AT HIM, THE ARMY'S IN HIS BLOOD.



AT THAT MOMENT, THERE CAME A CALL FROM THE LOOK-OUT ABOVE THE FORT GATES!

THREE INDIANS COMING! THEY'RE MAKING THE PEACE SIGN!



THE THREE INDIANS WERE TAKEN BEFORE GENERAL CUSTER, WHEN THEY LEFT AFTER DELIVERING THEIR MESSAGE, THE SEVENTH CAVALRY COMMANDER CALLED HIS CHIEF OF SCOUTS...

THOSE WERE WHITE BEAR'S BRAVES! AT LAST, THEIR CHIEF WANTS TO TALK PEACE. HE ASKS US TO MEET HIM NEAR CLEAR CREEK... TOMORROW. WE WILL TAKE EVERY AVAILABLE MAN. WE MUST IMPRESS THEM WITH A SHOW OF STRENGTH!

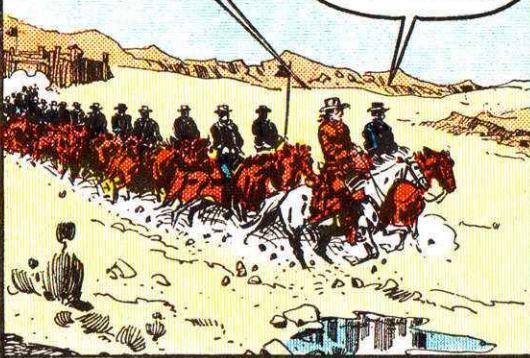


FINE! IF THESE TALKS SUCCEED, HUNDREDS OF LIVES WILL BE SPARED!

NEXT DAY, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF A SINGLE COMPANY, THE ENTIRE REGIMENT RODE OUT TO MEET THE CHEYENNE.

DO YOU THINK IT WAS WISE, GENERAL, TO LEAVE AN INEXPERIENCED OFFICER LIKE KELLY IN CHARGE OF THE FORT WHILE WE'RE GONE?

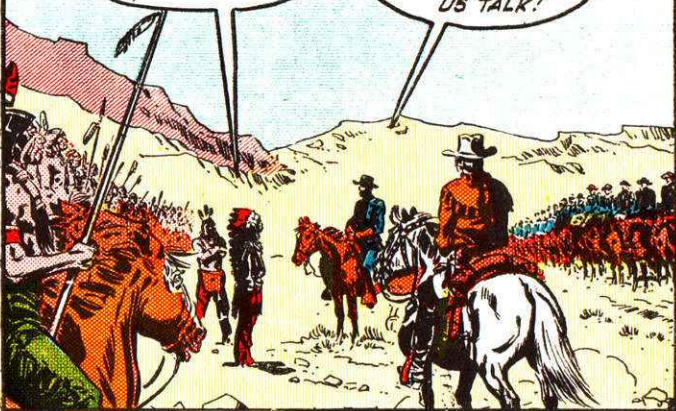
I DON'T SEE WHY NOT, CODY. THE EXPERIENCE OF COMMAND WILL BE GOOD FOR HIM, AND WITH THE WHOLE OF THE CHEYENNE AT THE PEACE TALK, THERE SHOULDN'T BE ANY TROUBLE!



SOON, GENERAL CUSTER WAS FACING WHITE BEAR, HIS OPPONENT IN MANY FIERCE BATTLES. BEHIND THE CHIEF, THE LONG ROWS OF CHEYENNE WARRIORS WATCHED...

GREETINGS, YELLOW HAIR. MAY OUR WORDS BE WISE AND FREE FROM ANY BITTERNESS!

MY PEOPLE WISH ONLY TO LIVE IN PEACE WITH OUR RED BROTHERS! LET US TALK!



AS CUSTER AND WHITE BEAR WERE TALKING OF PEACE, BILL REALISED SOMETHING WAS WRONG...

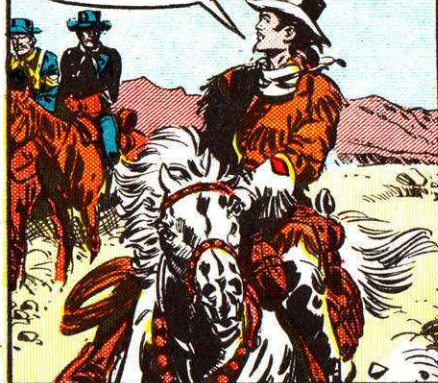
THERE ARE NO DOG SOLDIERS HERE! AND I DON'T LIKE IT! WHITE BEAR CAN BE TRUSTED... BUT NOT THAT CUNNING SNAKE GREY WOLF!



BUT WHAT CAN HE DO? THERE ARE COMPARATIVELY FEW DOG SOLDIERS, AND WITH ALL THE REST OF THE CHEYENNE AT PEACE, HE CAN'T CONTINUE TO FIGHT US ALONE.

BUT BUFFALO BILL'S KEEN INSTINCT FOR DANGER STILL TROUBLED HIM. AT LAST HE SWUNG INTO HIS SADDLE...

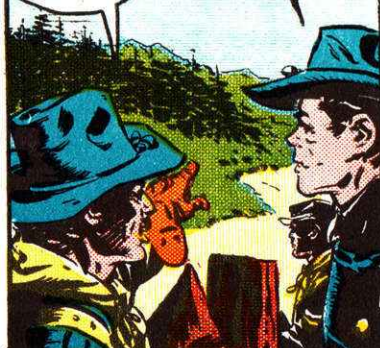
THESE TALKS WILL GO ON FOR SOME TIME! I'M JUST GOING TO TAKE A LOOK ROUND!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT FORT LINCOLN...

I'M POSITIVE, SIR. I CAUGHT A QUICK GLIMPSE OF AN INJUN JUST BEFORE HE DISAPPEARED INTO THAT SCRUB!

PROBABLY JUST SOME WANDERER! BUT TO MAKE SURE, WE'LL PUT OUT EXTRA SENTRIES!

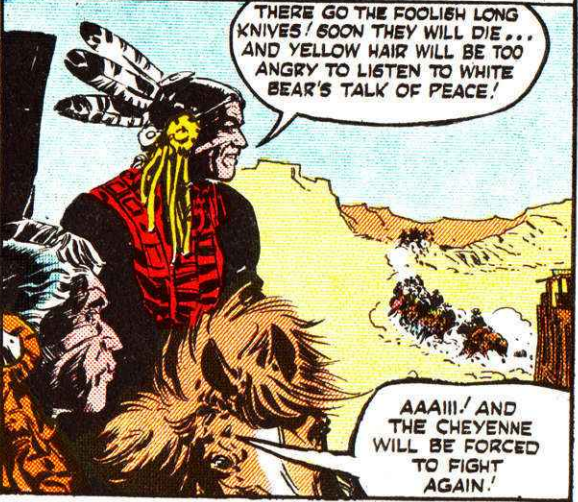


BUT BEFORE THE YOUNG OFFICER COULD GIVE HIS ORDER, A DOZEN CHEYENNE WARRIORS CHARGED THE FORT...

DO THOSE HOTHEADS REALLY THINK THEY CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS? COME ON, CORPORAL, WE'LL TEACH THOSE INSOLENT SAVAGES A LESSON!



NEXT MOMENT, THE BRAVES WHEELED AND FLED... RECKLESSLY LIEUTENANT KELLY LED A TROOP IN PURSUIT OF THE FLEEING BRAVES, AND A FIGURE WATCHED, AN EVIL GRIN ON HIS FACE...



THERE GO THE FOOLISH LONG KNIVES! SOON THEY WILL DIE... AND YELLOW HAIR WILL BE TOO ANGRY TO LISTEN TO WHITE BEAR'S TALK OF PEACE!

AAAIII! AND THE CHEYENNE WILL BE FORCED TO FIGHT AGAIN!

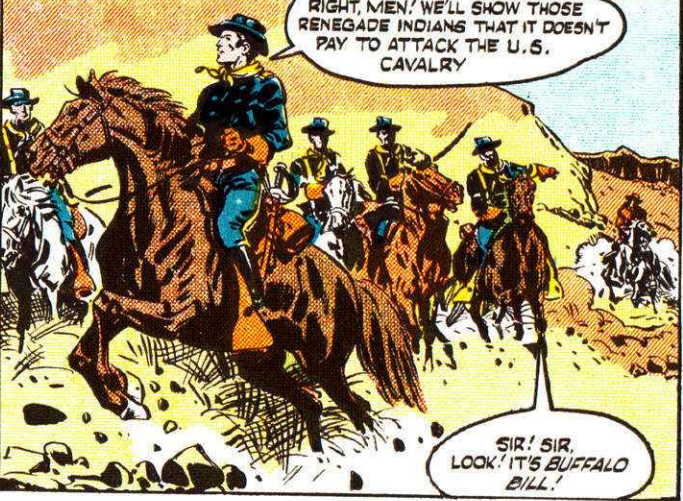
FOR SEVERAL MILES THE CHASE CONTINUED. THEN AS THE CAVALRY TROOP REACHED A LOW RIDGE, THE LIEUTENANT CALLED A HALT...



THERE THEY ARE! RESTING THEIR HORSES, I SUPPOSE, MUST HAVE THOUGHT WE'D GIVEN UP THE CHASE!

THEY'VE A SURPRISE COMING, THEN, SIR!

STEALTHILY, THE TWO MEN CRAWLED BACK AND REJOINED THE WAITING TROOPERS. SABRES SCRAPPED FROM THEIR SCABBARDS AS THE YOUNG OFFICER GAVE A LOW TONED COMMAND. BUT THEN...



RIGHT, MEN! WE'LL SHOW THOSE RENEGADE INDIANS THAT IT DOESN'T PAY TO ATTACK THE U.S. CAVALRY

SIR! SIR, LOOK! IT'S BUFFALO BILL!

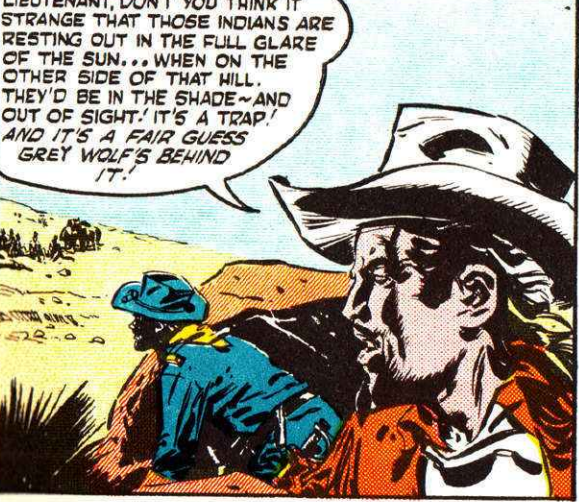
AS HE REACHED THE CAVALRY BILL PLUNGED HIMSELF FROM HIS SADDLE, HIS FACE STERN AND ANGRY...



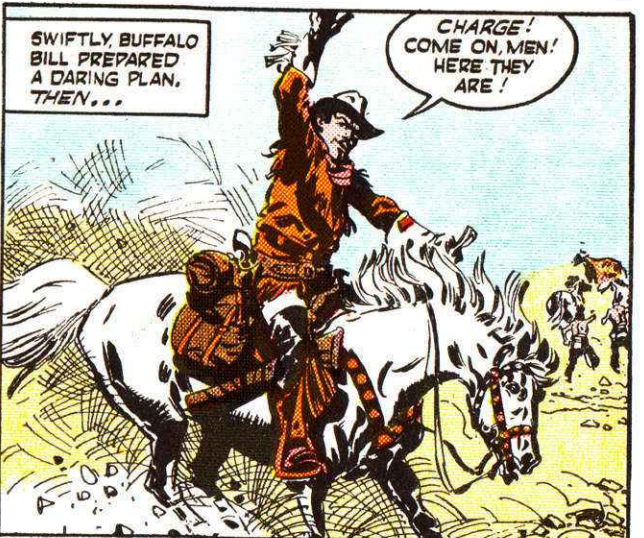
WHAT IN TARNATION DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, LIEUTENANT? YOU WERE TOLD TO HOLD THE FORT - NOT GO CHASING OFF OVER THE PLAINS!

I... I KNOW THAT, SIR, BUT A PARTY OF INDIANS OPENED FIRE ON US, AND THEN RAN FOR IT! NOW WE'VE CAUGHT THEM UP... THEY'RE JUST OVER THAT RIDGE!

BUT BILL WAS WISE IN THE WAYS OF WARRING INDIANS...



LIEUTENANT, DON'T YOU THINK IT STRANGE THAT THOSE INDIANS ARE RESTING OUT IN THE FULL GLARE OF THE SUN... WHEN ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT HILL, THEY'D BE IN THE SHADE~ AND OUT OF SIGHT! IT'S A TRAP! AND IT'S A FAIR GUESS GREY WOLF'S BEHIND IT!



SWIFTLY, BUFFALO BILL PREPARED A DARING PLAN, THEN...

CHARGE! COME ON, MEN! HERE THEY ARE!

BUFFALO BILL HAD ONLY RACED A FEW YARDS... WHEN OVER THE HILL BEFORE HIM CAME GREY WOLF AND HIS DREADED DOG SOLDIERS...



IT IS PA-E-HAS-KA WHO LEADS THE LONG KNIVES! KILL THEM. KILL!

FACED BY THE CHARGING DOG SOLDIERS, THE GREAT SCOUT WHIRLED HIS HORSE AND FLED... THE CHEYENNE IN CLOSE PURSUIT...



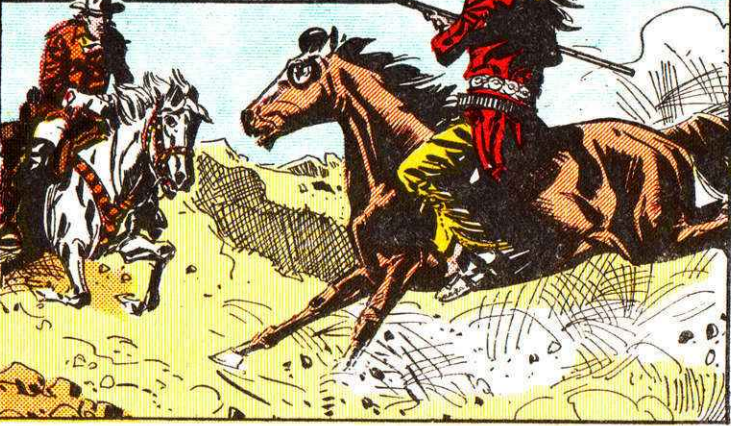
HE RUNS! PA-E-HAS-KA RUNS!

SUDDENLY THE BLOOD-CHILLING WAR CRIES OF THE DOG SOLDIERS WERE DROWNED IN A ROAR OF GUNFIRE...

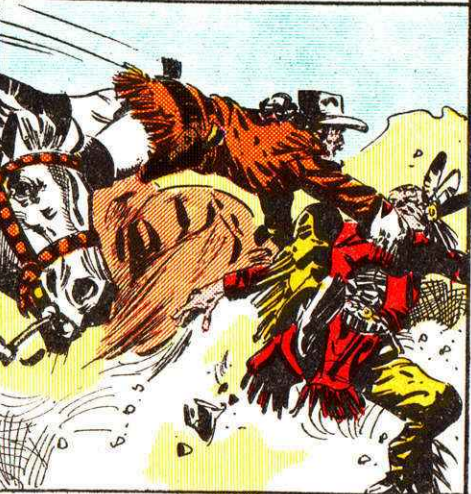


WHERE ARE THE PONY SOLDIERS? AAH! A TRAP! PA-E-HAS-KA HAS LED US INTO A TRAP!

WITHIN SECONDS, THAT WITHERING CROSSFIRE HAD WREAKED FEARFUL LOSSES AMONG THE DOG SOLDIERS. AS HIS WARRIORS BEGAN TO BREAK AND RUN, GREY WOLF'S MURDEROUS GAZE FELL UPON THE MAN WHO HAD DEFEATED HIM! SCREAMING HIS WAR-CRY, THE MADDENED CHIEF HURTTLED FORWARD...



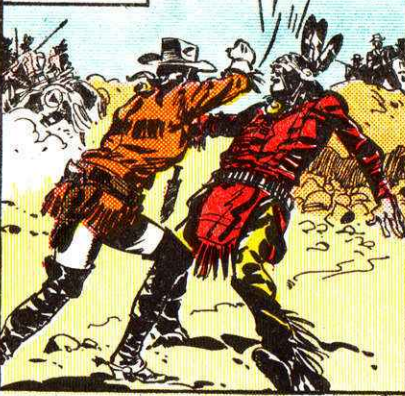
GREY WOLF'S SPEAR HISSED INCHES PAST THE FEARLESS SCOUT'S LUNGING FIGURE...



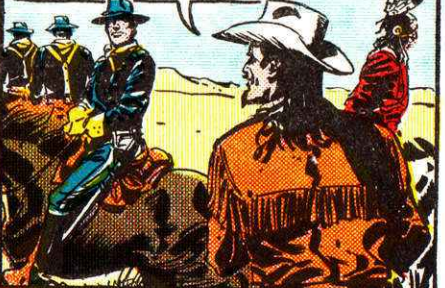
LIKE AS WILD CATS, THE TWO FIGHTING MEN SPRANG TO THEIR FEET. AGAIN GREY WOLF SPRANG TO THE ATTACK... THE SUN GLINTING ON HIS RAZOR-EDGED SCALPING KNIFE...



COOLLY, THE IRON-NERVED PLAINSMAN WAITED UNTIL THE VICIOUS BLADE WAS ONLY INCHES AWAY - THEN VICE-LIKE FINGERS CLOSED AROUND THE DOG SOLDIER'S WRIST... AND A DYNAMITE-PACKED FIST SMASHED AGAINST GREY WOLF'S JAW.



THANKS TO BUFFALO BILL, THE WAR PARTY HAD BEEN BROKEN, AND THEIR LEADER WAS A PRISONER! LET THIS BE YOUR FIRST LESSON, LIEUTENANT! ON HIS OWN GROUND, THE INDIAN WARRIOR IS AS CUNNING AS A FOX... AND THE ONLY WAY TO DEFEAT HIM, IS TO OUTFOX HIM! GET YOUR MEN BACK TO THE FORT! I'M GOING TO TURN THIS COYOTE OVER TO WHITE BEAR. THE CHEYENNE HAVE THEIR OWN WAYS OF DEALING WITH TRAITORS!



Gunner Saves The Situation

By OWEN CONQUEST

The Rookwood Paper-chase!

"ME!" said Gunner.

Gunner of the Fourth Form at Rookwood spoke emphatically, as well as ungrammatically.

Peter Gunner was not particular about grammar, but he was very particular about having his claims considered on all subjects and all occasions, in season and out of season.

But Gunner's remark, emphatic as it was, passed unheeded.

"Lovell's one," said Jimmy Silver. "And the other——"

"Me!" repeated Gunner.

A crowd of the Fourth were in the changing-room, and Jimmy Silver was making the final arrangements for a paper-chase. There were to be two hares, and the rest of the Fourth were to be the pack. Jimmy Silver had already selected Lovell, and was about to pick out the other "hare" when Gunner butted in.

"Now, who's the other?" went on Jimmy Silver, apparently deaf.

"Me!"

For the third time Gunner butted in.

"I suppose you mean 'I,'" remarked Raby, with sarcasm.

Gunner shook his head.

Gunner was as blind to sarcasm as he was to grammar.

"No, I don't mean you, Raby. I mean me!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at in that," said Gunner. "You'd better pick me out, Silver. You want a fellow who can run, and you want a fellow with a little intelligence."

"That suits you," remarked Mornington. "You've got a little intelligence—a very little."

And there was another chuckle in the changing-room.

Gunner did not heed.

"I'm the man you want," he said. "It isn't merely running that's needed in a hare—Lovell can do that almost as well as I can, and I admit it——"

"Only 'almost'!" snorted Lovell.

"Yes. But you want a fellow with some sense of strategy, and so on," said Gunner. "I'll undertake

to give you something to think about in following my trail across country. No sticking to the beaten track for me."

Jimmy Silver hesitated.

He was a good-natured fellow, and very tolerant of Gunner, who, of course, could not help being an ass.

"Make up your mind, old man," said Gunner encouragingly. "Don't leave your best man out of everything, you know."

"Anybody object?" asked Jimmy Silver resignedly, with a glance round.

"Oh, give him his head!" said Raby. "Lovell will give us a good run after Gunner's caught."

"I shan't be caught!" snorted Gunner.

"Do you mind, Lovell?" asked Jimmy.

Arthur Edward Lovell hesitated a moment or two. Really, Gunner was not the companion he would have chosen for the run. But Lovell was a good-natured fellow, and he nodded at last.

"All serene," he said.



"Those fields belong to Mr. Barker, fat-head!"

"That's settled, then," said Jimmy Silver. "Try not to be caught in the first hundred yards, Gunner."

Gunner snorted.

"And don't trespass anywhere," added Jimmy Silver. "There was a row last time you trespassed on Barker's land; old Barker doesn't like fellows crossing his fields."

Another snort from Gunner.

"Blow old Barker," he answered.

"Blow him as hard as you like, but don't trespass on his land," said Jimmy Silver. "We don't want him coming up to Rookwood to make complaints. Now then, get hold of your bags, and clear."

There were two bags of "scent" all ready, and Lovell and Gunner picked them up and slung them on.

Then the whole crowd of juniors turned out of the changing-room and went down to the gates.

Gunner Going Strong!

"BUCK up, Lovell!"

"Buck up, yourself!"

"Now, look here, Lovell——"

"Cheese it!"

The two hares trotted side by side through the wood, dropping the trail of torn paper lightly as they went. Already Lovell repented of his good nature in accepting Gunner as his comrade on the run.

They came out of the wood, Lovell ahead and Gunner labouring on his track, and turned into the tow-path along the River Roke.

"Better cut across these fields and go over the plank bridge farther on," said Gunner.

"Those fields belong to Mr. Barker, fathead. And can't you see the board up: 'Trespassers will be prosecuted?'"

"Blow the board!"

Gunner clambered over a fence and dropped into the field. Lovell halted and gave him a glare of exasperation. Mr. Barker was a farmer who was supposed to have a cross and crusty temper, but who, perhaps, had some reason for supposing that his crops were of more importance than schoolboy paper-chases.

"Come back, you thumping ass!" roared Lovell. "You can't go across Barker's fields."

Gunner laughed scoffingly.

"If you're afraid of old Barker you can hook it, and I'll carry on alone. I'm not afraid of any Barker that ever barked!"

"Who's afraid?" bawled Lovell wrathfully.

"Looks as if you are! If you're not, come on."

Gunner trotted across the field, dropping the scent as he trotted. Lovell breathed hard and deep. Gunner was leaving the paper trail for the pack to follow, and Lovell could scarcely take another direction, leaving another trail. Neither did he want to remain where he was, to be caught by the oncoming pack.

He choked down his wrath and clambered over the fence and followed Gunner.

Leaving a trail of trampling and torn paper through Mr. Barker's winter oats, the hares ran on towards a plank bridge which crossed a little stream, a tributary of the Roke.

Leaning against a tree near the bridge was a burly man, in gaiters, with a whip under his arm. He had a plump, red face, which grew redder and redder with wrath as he saw the two Rookwood juniors ploughing towards him through his winter oats.

The two hares had not yet observed Mr. Barker, but *he* had observed *them*, and he did not seem to be pleased.

The burly form detached itself from the tree and stepped out in the path of the two juniors. Mr. Barker's whip was no longer under his arm; it was in his hand, and he was gripping it hard. Gunner slackened down at the sight of this lion in the path.

"Now you've done it!" gasped Lovell.

"Can't be helped. We can't turn back now."

"Can we go on, fathead, with Barker in the way?" shrieked Lovell.

"Yes. Up-end him."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Are you going to be caught, ass? Back me up, and we'll jolly soon shift Barker."

"Oh, crumbs!"

Peter Gunner rushed on, charging straight at the burly farmer. Lovell gazed after him spellbound for a second. Then he followed. He could not refuse to back up his comrade.

Crash!

Mr. Barker most decidedly had not expected that charge. He had fully expected that the schoolboys would seek to dodge him, and that he would rush after them, laying on his whip. Instead of which, Peter Gunner cannoned into him like a battering-ram, and Mr. Barker went sprawling.

Gunner reeled from the shock.

"Buck up!" he panted.

Lovell raced up and crossed the plank bridge like a flash. Gunner was darting after him when the sprawling farmer clutched at his ankle and brought him down. Gunner landed with a heavy bump.

"Now, you young rascal!" gasped Mr. Barker.

Arthur Edward Lovell looked back from the farther side of the stream. He beheld the interesting sight of Peter Gunner wriggling in the grasp of Mr. Barker, trying to escape, with about as much chance of escaping as if he had been in the grip of an octopus. Gunner was a burly fellow for his age, but he was an infant in the grasp of the big farmer.

Wriggling and struggling and kicking, Gunner was led away across the field by Mr. Barker, Lovell staring after him.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Lovell.

Far in the distance he could see the bobbing heads of the pack. Mr. Barker and his prisoner

disappeared behind a fringe of willows. Lovell shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if ever a silly ass asked for it, Gunner did!" he murmured. "Lucky I got through!"

And Arthur Edward Lovell took up the run again, scattering scent behind him as he ran, and taking the shortest possible cut off Mr. Barker's land. He had had enough of Mr. Barker. It seemed probable that Gunner would have too much.

Rough on Mr. Barker!

"THE chump!"
"The ass!"
"The duffer!"
"Bother him!"

The pack had arrived at the fence bordering Mr. Barker's field. Across the fence lay the scent, and Jimmy Silver & Co. halted, and told one another what they thought of Gunner.

It was Gunner, they were sure of that; Lovell would never have taken that route willingly.

"My fault!" said Jimmy Silver ruefully. "I might have known that that silly owl would put his foot into it somehow. And I warned him specially not to trespass on Barker's land."

"Your fault, old man," agreed Putty of the Fourth. "You always were a bit of an ass, as I've told you before. But we're going on, Barker or no Barker; we're not going to be beaten."

Jimmy Silver vaulted over the fence and took up the trail again. Right through Mr. Barker's winter

oats ran the scent of torn paper and on the scent trooped the Rookwood juniors.

The scent led on to the plank bridge over the field stream, and the pack ran hard to reach that point. They wanted to get clear of Barker's land, if they could, without meeting Mr. Barker. In the distance the farmhouse could be seen, half hidden by a fringe of willows, and all the juniors had the corner of an eye in that direction as they pelted across the field.

"Cave!" exclaimed Mornington suddenly.

"Look out!"

"There's jolly old Barker!"

Of the disaster that had happened to the hares, of the capture of Gunner, the pack knew nothing so far—they had been too far out of sight at the time to know anything about that.

"Put it on!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "If he cuts us off from the bridge we shall be in a hole."

"Go it!" panted Raby.

The juniors fairly flew.

But Mr. Barker succeeded in cutting them off from the bridge, and he interposed his bulky figure between them and the plank that crossed the stream and shook his whip at them.

"Go back!" he roared.

The juniors slackened down, panting. The angry farmer brandished his whip.

"Get off my land! Do you hear?"

"Excuse us, sir," said Jimmy Silver in his silkiest



Jimmy Silver and the other juniors slackened down, panting, and faced the angry farmer. "Get off my land, do you hear?" snarled Mr. Barker, brandishing his whip.

tone. "It's a paper-chase, and if you wouldn't mind letting us pass, sir, we'd be ever so much obliged!"

Mr. Barker wasted no more time in words. He came at the juniors flourishing his whip, with the evident intention of driving them before him like a flock of sheep.

Jimmy Silver set his lips.

"We're not going back!" he rapped out. "Look here, Mr. Barker—we'll pay for any damage done. That's a fair offer!"

It was a fair offer, but Mr. Barker was not in a reasonable mood.

The pack scattered and ran, but they ran onwards, towards the bridge. The farmer kept pace with them, lashing furiously at all within his reach, in a towering rage. A whip-lash curling round bare legs was painful—very painful indeed. Wild yells rang across the field as the pack dodged and twisted and ran.

One by one they sprinted across the plank.

"Thank goodness we're out of that!" gasped Newcome.

"Are we out of it?" chuckled Mornington. "I fancy we shall see the Barker man at Rookwood over this."

"Come on! Can't be helped now," said Jimmy Silver. "Keep smiling."

And the pack went on.

A Narrow Squeak for Gunner!

CHEEK!"

Thus spoke Peter Gunner. Gunner was thrilling with indignation.

His present quarters were a shed belonging to Mr. Barker's farm buildings. Mr. Barker, with a ruthless disregard of the liberty of the subject, and of the extreme importance of Gunner's liberty in particular, had marched Peter into that shed and locked him in.

Gunner tramped about the shed in burning indignation. He was locked up—locked up like some tramp caught pilfering, to wait for the police. It was intolerable.

Gunner's wits were neither active nor bright. But necessity is the mother of invention. Gunner's eyes turned at last on the roof of the shed—attracted perhaps by a ray of wintry sunlight that peeped in through a hole in the thatch.

The roof was four feet above his head. But the rough timbers of the wall gave handhold and foothold, and Gunner clambered breathlessly out on the sloping roof, and rolled off and sprawled on the ground.

"Ow!"

He picked himself up.

He was quite near the farm buildings and it behoved him to get farther away from them as soon as possible. Gunner glanced round him, and saw a gate at a distance, beyond that a meadow, on the farther

side of which was a lane. That was his shortest cut to safety and freedom, and Gunner started for the gate at a run.

"Hallo, there! Stop!"

He was seen.

Gunner did not even turn his head. He raced on and reached the gate, and dragged at it. It was padlocked.

But a padlocked gate was not likely to stop Gunner. He clambered over it desperately.

"Stop! Bull! Bull!"

Gunner rolled over the gate into the meadow. He picked himself up again, and stared back at a farmhand, who was gesticulating and shouting.

"Silly ass! murmured Gunner. "What the thump does he mean, bull? Is he calling me a bull? Must be potty!"

And he streaked across the wide meadow towards the lane. A high hedge separated the meadow from the lane, and there was no sign of a gate; but Gunner was confident of forcing a way through the hedge somehow.

Gunner looked back again as he ran, and saw the farmhand at the gate he had left, still gesticulating wildly, though he gave no sign of following Gunner into the meadow. He was still shouting, but the wind carried away his voice.

"Oh, sorry, kid!" gasped Gunner suddenly.

As he was running hard, while he was looking back, he had nearly fallen over a child that was playing in the meadow. He stopped just in time as the little girl gave a startled shriek. Gunner halted breathlessly.

"Sorry, kid! Don't howl; you know you're not hurt," he said encouragingly.

Gunner was a good-hearted fellow, and he would not have hurt a child for worlds.

The little girl seemed about five years old. She fixed big, blue, startled eyes, that looked like saucers, upon Gunner. She was seated in the grass, with a ragged "teddy bear" in her arms. She really had some cause for alarm, as Gunner had very nearly trodden on her.

"Don't cry, kid!" said Gunner. "Look here, you oughtn't to be sitting in the grass—it's damp! You run home to your mother—see?"

And he kindly picked up the little girl and set her upon her feet.

Gunner's intentions were good, but the child was alarmed, and she proceeded to howl at the top of her voice. And then suddenly, above the screaming of the child, there came a deep, alarming sound, and Gunner spun round, with his heart thumping.

From a muddy hollow in the meadow, where there was a pond, a terrific figure had emerged, and Gunner knew now, as his heart thumped against his ribs, what the farmhand had meant by shouting "Bull!" and why the gate had been padlocked. Mr. Barker's prize bull—a gigantic animal that looked



Gunner seized the little girl in his arms and ran for his life as the infuriated bull bore down on him.

elephantine in its proportions, with wicked, savage eyes—was glaring at Gunner scarcely twenty yards away.

“Oh crumbs!” gasped Gunner.

The bull lowered its head in anger and pawed the ground.

The child screamed with fear.

Gunner was an ass—there was no doubt about that. All Rookwood was agreed that he was every kind of an ass. But perhaps Gunner’s heart made up for the deficiencies of his head. The bull was already upon him, lashing his stumpy tail, his eyes gleaming with malice.

Gunner had ample time to sprint to safety himself. But it did not even occur to him to go alone. He seized the little girl in his arms and ran.

The child kicked and struggled and screamed. One little hand dug into Gunner’s eye, and the other tore at his hair.

Behind Gunner, as he ran with his struggling, tugging burden, sounded the awful bellow of the bull. There was a heavy thudding of hoofs on the damp grass of the meadow.

Gunner took a flashing glance over his shoulder. Right on his track came the gigantic animal, with head lowered.

That glance spurred Gunner on to a terrific effort. He fairly flew over the grass, with the child in his arms. Thudding hoofs sounded behind him. On Mr. Barker’s farm never fewer than two sturdy men at a time dealt with that gigantic, savage animal.

Gunner tore on frantically. In the corner of the field he at last sighted a gate that gave on to the lane.

A woman’s frightened face was looking over it. Gunner raced desperately for the gate.

“Quick!” he panted, holding up the child into the woman’s arms; and the little girl was taken from him over the gate.

The thudding hoofs were almost upon him.

Gunner made a desperate spring.

He clutched the top bar and rolled over into the lane, and the next second the strong gate shook and creaked and groaned under the impact of a charging head.

Gunner rolled dazedly on the ground.

“Oh, my hat!”

He staggered to his feet. On the other side of the gate the bull was parading up and down, bellowing and lashing.

But Gunner was safe now; the gate was too strong for the savage brute. He gasped and panted, winded to the wide, and feeling as if his breath would never come back. The woman was holding the child in her arms, soothing its frightened shrieking.

“I say, if you know where that kid lives, you might take her home,” said Gunner, when he had recovered his breath a little.

The woman nodded. She was too busy with the frightened child to speak.

“All serene, then!” said Gunner.

Gunner watched the woman start off down the lane. He was a long way from Rookwood and there wasn’t a run left in him. And what was more to the point, when he *did* get back trouble with a capital T would be waiting!

A Painful Reception for Gunner!

TA-RA-RA-RA-RA!

The bugle rang out as the quarry was sighted on the Rookwood road.

"Only Lovell!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Where's that ass, Gunner, then? We haven't seen him on the road."

"Goodness knows."

Arthur Edward Lovell looked back and grinned breathlessly. It had been a long and a hard run, but it was near the finish now; the gates of Rookwood were in sight. The pack had thinned out. Behind him, on the road, he could see Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome, Morny and Oswald and Conroy, and two or three more strung out behind.

The rest of the pack had tailed off, run out, and were making their way homeward by various ways.

"Put it on!" said Morny.

Lovell was putting it on, determined not to be caught in the last lap. Almost at the end of his tether, but still resolute, Arthur Edward pounded on to the school gates. After him, faster and faster, came the pack, tailing off, however, in the final rush. Oswald dropped behind, and Newcome, and then others, till only Jimmy Silver and Mornington were keeping pace with the hare, and they were not gaining.

Jimmy forged ahead at last, putting on a spurt, and had the chase lasted three minutes longer Arthur Edward Lovell would have felt the tap on his shoulder. But the school gates were quite close now, and the school gates were "home". With a final burst Lovell rushed into the old gateway and staggered breathlessly against the ancient stone pillar, and turned a breathless grin on Jimmy Silver.

"Done you!" he gasped.

"Just!" said Jimmy cheerily.

"Jolly good run!" said Lovell, as he towelled a crimson face. "That ass Gunner nearly mucked it up, of course! Did you fellows have any trouble with the Barker bird?"

"Didn't we?" grinned Mornington.

"What did you go across his land for?" demanded Conroy.

"That ass, Gunner——"

"Well, we guessed that!" said Jimmy Silver. "But what became of Gunner? You dropped him somewhere."

Lovell chuckled.

"Barker got him. Last I saw of him Barker was marching him off by the collar towards his farmhouse."

"That's torn it!"

And then, all of a sudden, Gunner dawned on them.

He came plodding up the lane, and the juniors

stared at him in deep and intense relief. Never had they been so glad to see Gunner. Indeed, nobody could remember ever having been glad to see him before. But undoubtedly all the fellows were glad to see him now.

"Good grief! Here he is!" exclaimed Mornington. "He's got away somehow. The Head won't have to do the giddy ambassador stunt."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver fervently.

Gunner came tramping up.

"Well, fathead," said Jimmy Silver grimly, "what's happened to you?"

"That man was frightfully cheeky!" said Gunner.

"Locked me in a shed! I fancy he was going to keep me till I was sent for! Cheek, you know!"

"But you got away?" asked Jimmy.

Gunner sniffed.

"Of course I did! I burst a hole through the roof of the shed and cleared. Jolly nearly got gored by a bull, too, crossing a field. But it's all right. Did you catch Lovell?"

"Not quite."

"Well, I suppose you wouldn't have," assented Gunner. "Lovell wasn't much good without me to give him a lead; but, of course, you fellows are a lot of duds!"

Gunner tramped away to the changing-room.

"That man Barker was cheeky—locking a chap up in a shed," said Gunner. "My idea is that he ought to be given a lesson. Who's game to come back with me and duck him in his own pond?"

"Oh, my hat! That's your idea, is it?" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Come on. Put his head under a tap."

"Here, I say——" spluttered Gunner.

Gunner struggled desperately. But many vengeful hands were upon him, and the tap played on his head and his face, and he streamed with water. Then he was bumped down on the floor of the changing room, where he sat in a breathless state, trying to get his second wind.

"That's a sample, you crass ass!" said Jimmy Silver, grimly.

And Gunner was left to gasp.

A Surprise for Rookwood!

YOU'RE for it, you fellows!"

Tubby Muffin made that observation quite cheerily as the juniors were on their way to Hall for roll-call. Tubby had tailed off in the first fifty yards of the paper-chase, and had been nowhere near the Barker territory. So he could afford to be cheerful about it.

"What do you mean, fatty?" growled Lovell.

"Barker's come."

"Oh!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. were not in high spirits as they went into Hall. Mr. Barker, apparently, had

arrived at Rookwood, and they could guess why he had come.

Mr. Dalton was taking the roll. Just as the Fourth Form master had finished calling the names, the upper door opened, and the Head entered the Hall with a burly, red-faced man at his side.

"I have been informed by Mr. Barker," said the Head, going straight to the point, "that a number of boys belonging to Rookwood trespassed on his land this afternoon—engaged, as I understand, upon a paper-chase, in spite of my very strict prohibition. All boys concerned in the matter will stand forward."

"Come on, you chaps!" grunted Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy led the way, and almost all the Classical Fourth followed. With dismal faces the crowd of delinquents stood before the headmaster and the red-faced gentleman beside him.

Mr. Barker ran his eyes over the group. He pointed to Gunner.

"That's the boy!" he said. "I don't know his name, but that's him."

"Gunner!"

"Yes, sir!" murmured Peter.

"Stand forward!"

Gunner stood forward.

What followed made the Rookwooders blink.

Mr. Barker stepped towards Gunner, and for a second the juniors supposed that he was going to take the matter of punishment into his own burly hands.

Instead of which, Mr. Barker grasped Gunner by the hand—to Gunner's absolute astonishment—and shook hands with him, with a vigorous grip.

"Young gentleman," said Mr. Barker, with emotion in his voice, "you came on my land today without permission. Come on it as often as you like; and any time you care to look in at the farm, lad, you'll find me and my missus and my little girl glad to see you. I'm proud of you, my boy—proud to shake you by the hand."

And Mr. Barker fairly wrung Gunner's hand with a grip that nearly made Gunner yelp.

Gunner stared at him blankly.

"But—but what have I done, sir?"

"Has—has—has Gunner done anything, sir?" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Then he hasn't told you!" exclaimed Mr. Barker. "You don't know that he saved my little girl from my prize bull?"

"Wha-a-at!"

"She'd got into the field, through some hole in the hedge, with her teddy-bear," said Mr. Barker. "Nobody saw her; she'd got away somehow without being noticed. And there she was, in the field with the bull—my prize bull, that I never go near myself without another man with me.

"What would have happened if this young



To everyone's amazement, Mr. Barker suddenly shook Gunner's hand. "I'm proud of you, my boy!" he said.

gentleman hadn't cut across that field in getting away from the shed I don't dare to think. Her mother was looking for her in the lane, and had just caught sight of her across the gate as—" Mr. Barker's powerful voice shook. He gave Gunner another grip that made him wriggle. "My wife saw it all, sir, and my man Bill, though he was too far away to help. You could have got away easy without my little girl, and you nearly got yourself killed to save her. Master Gunner, I'm your servant for life, and your schoolfellows here should be proud of you!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Gunner. "Is that it? That was nothing, sir; I'd forgotten that."

"I shan't forget it in a hurry, young man," said Mr. Barker.

And he wrung Gunner's hand once more, and left the Hall with the Head, who was smiling genially—not at all the expression Jimmy Silver & Co. had expected him to wear on this occasion.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Gunner—great Scott!" stuttered Arthur Edward Lovell. "That ass, Gunner! That chump, Gunner! And Gunner—"

"Three cheers for Gunner!" called out Bulkeley of the Sixth.

"Hip-hip hurrah!"

The old Hall of Rookwood rang with it. And then Gunner, still in a state of astonishment, found himself collared by his Form-fellows and carried shoulder-high out of Hall.

DID you know that Wells Fargo was the biggest overland stagecoach company in the United States? Its coaches carried millions of dollars in gold, silver, currency and securities. They were seldom held up for all the guards were deadly shots.



DID you know that the gunfight at the O.K. Corral seconds? Wyatt Morgan and Virgil Earp and their friend Doc Holliday fought the Clanton Gang—like Billy Clanton, Billy Claiborne, Tom and Frank McLowery. Seventeen shots were fired by both sides. The McLowery Brothers and Billy Clanton were killed. Ike Clanton, who was responsible for the fight, fled without firing a shot.

DID you know that James Bowie, inventor of the bowie knife, and Davy Crockett, the famous frontiersman, died at the Alamo on 6th March, 1836? Texas was at war with Mexico, and Bowie and Crockett, with 183 Americans, defended the Alamo, an old fortified mission, against Mexican General Santa Anna and 5,000 troops.

DID



THE Piute Indians tried many times to capture a Pony Express rider because they wanted to find out what the riders carried in their mail pouches. They believed the pouches contained some kind of magic which enabled the riders to travel swiftly.

FAVOURITE sport amongst boys of the Sioux tribe was making war on bees' nests. The lads painted themselves for battle and with loud war-whoops, rushed at a bees' nest in an attempt to destroy it. After the onslaught, they held a "scalp dance" but the boys were covered with bee stings!



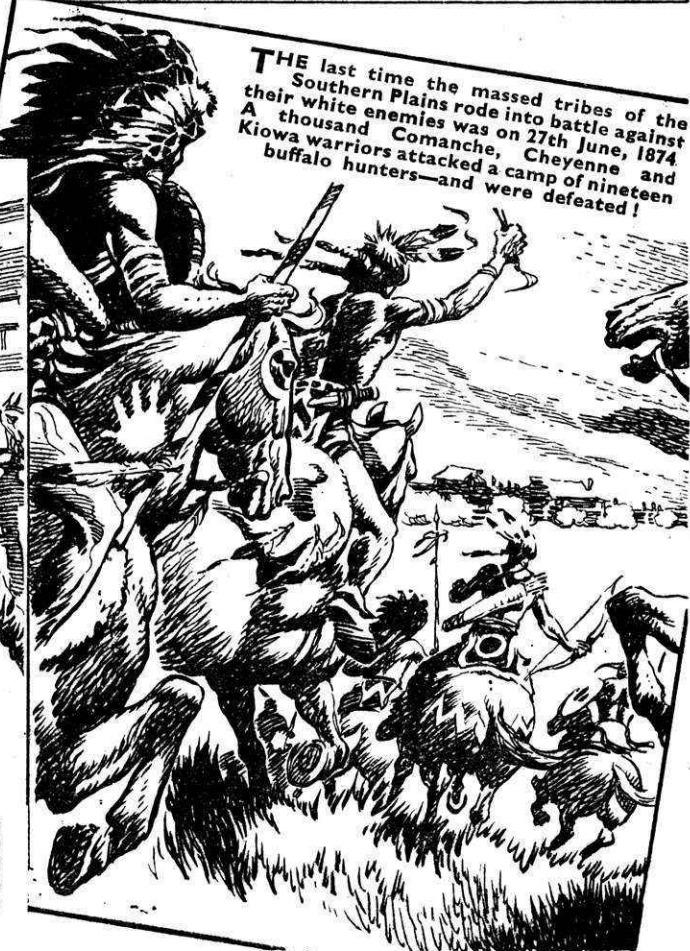
YOU KNOW?

READ THESE FACTS ABOUT THE WILD WEST



DID you know that the outlaw, Jesse James, robbed at least seventeen banks and trains and got away with over two hundred thousand dollars in loot? He always worked with his gang—most of whom were his relatives, and all much-wanted outlaws—and each robbery was carefully planned in advance.

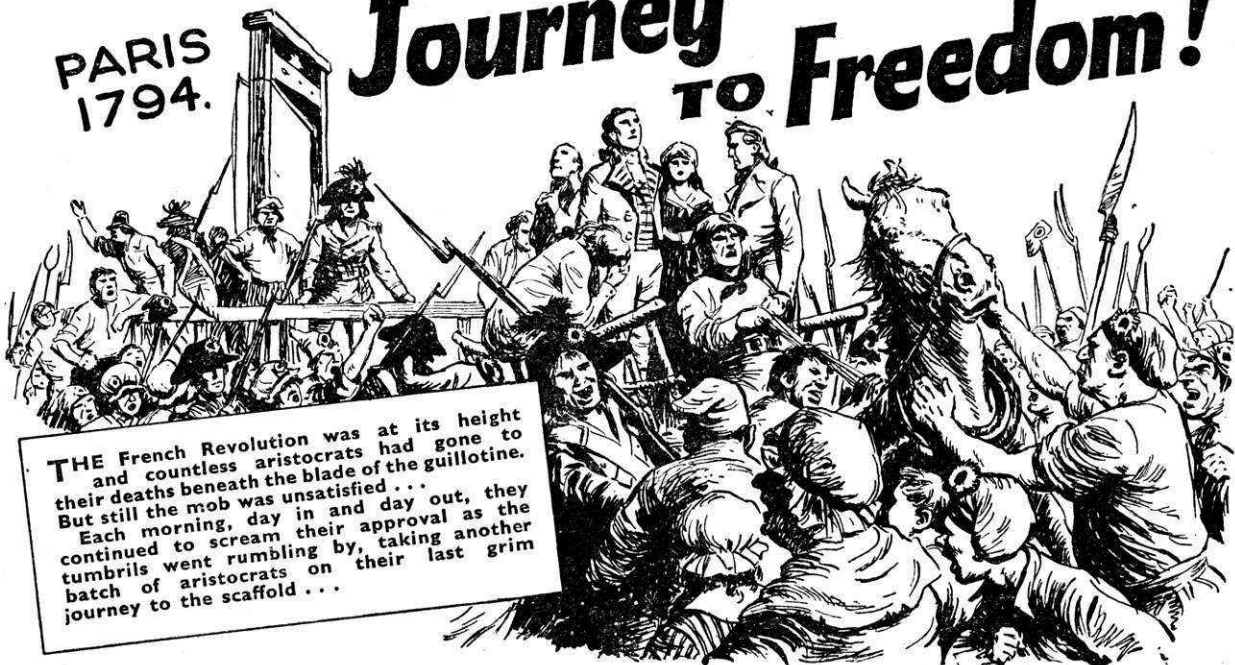
DODGE CITY, Kansas, was the wildest, most rip-roaring town on the frontier because it was the end of the railroad track and the terminus of the long cattle trails from Texas. Cowboys and railroad workers had money to spend and were out to enjoy themselves, and fist fights and gun fights were common.



THE last time the massed tribes of the Southern Plains rode into battle against their white enemies was on 27th June, 1874. A thousand Comanche, Cheyenne and Kiowa warriors attacked a camp of nineteen buffalo hunters—and were defeated!

PARIS
1794.

Journey to Freedom!



THE French Revolution was at its height and countless aristocrats had gone to their deaths beneath the blade of the guillotine. But still the mob was unsatisfied . . . Each morning, day in and day out, they continued to scream their approval as the tumbrils went rumbling by, taking another batch of aristocrats on their last grim journey to the scaffold . . .

MANY OF THESE ARISTOCRATS HAD SPENT THEIR LAST DAYS IN THE VILE, RAT-RIDDEN BLASCO DUNGEONS . . .



THE BLASCO DUNGEONS WERE PRESIDED OVER BY A CERTAIN CITIZEN HUGO MARTINE, WHOSE HATRED OF HIS PRISONERS WAS ONLY EXCEEDED BY HIS DETERMINATION TO MAKE THEM SUFFER AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE BEFORE THEY DIED . . .



COME, MY FRIENDS. LET US BREAK THE GOOD NEWS TO THE PRISONERS.

SMILING HAPPILY, CITIZEN MARTINE LED THE WAY INTO THE DUNGEONS. THERE WAS AN ALMOST PATERNAL SMILE ON HIS FACE AS HE LOOKED AT HIS CHARGES . . .



MES AMIS. I HAVE CHEERING NEWS FOR YOU. YOUR SUFFERING WILL SOON BE AT AN END. TOMORROW YOU WILL ALL GO TO MEET MOTHER GUILLOTINE . . .

AS CITIZEN MARTINE WENT ON TAUNTING HIS PRISONERS, A BOY WATCHED HIM FROM THE END OF THE PASSAGE WITH SOMETHING LIKE HATRED . . .



. . . THE TUMBRILS WILL COME FOR YOU AT DAWN. I HOPE YOU HAVE A PLEASANT JOURNEY . . .

THE INHUMAN BEAST. HE REVELS IN THEIR SUFFERING.

THE BOY WAS PAUL RESPAIL, THE NEPHEW OF CITIZEN MARTINE, WHO HAD TAKEN HIM INTO HIS HOUSE WHEN PAUL'S MOTHER HAD DIED. UNLIKE HIS UNCLE, PAUL'S YOUNG SOUL WAS SICKENED BY THE SENSELESS SLAUGHTER OF THE ARISTOCRATS. BUT LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, HE COULD ONLY STAND BY AND WATCH HELPLESSLY AS THE REIGN OF TERROR PURSUED ITS RELENTLESS COURSE...

PAUL WENT SLOWLY BACK TO THE GUARD ROOM TO WAIT FOR HIS UNCLE, WHO CAME IN BEHIND HIM SOME MINUTES LATER, RUBBING HIS HANDS GLEEFULLY.

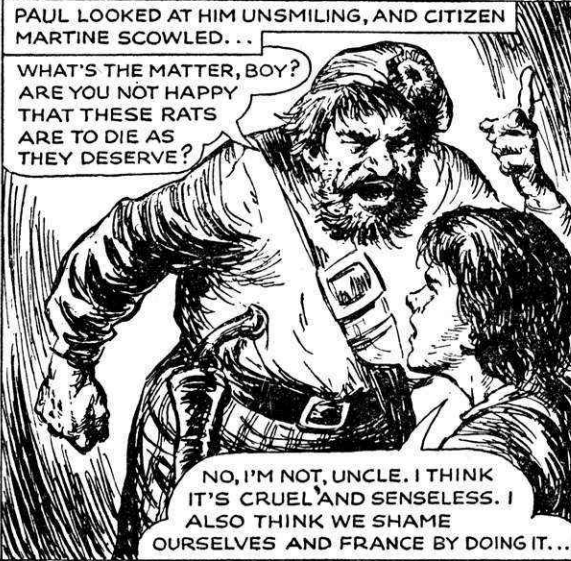
IF WE CONTINUE AT THIS RATE WE SHALL SOON RID THE REPUBLIC OF EVERY ARISTOCRAT IN IT. AND A GOOD THING, TOO, EH, PAUL?



IF ONLY I COULD DO SOMETHING TO HELP THEM...

PAUL LOOKED AT HIM UNSMILING, AND CITIZEN MARTINE SCOWLED...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOY? ARE YOU NOT HAPPY THAT THESE RATS ARE TO DIE AS THEY DESERVE?



NO, I'M NOT, UNCLE. I THINK IT'S CRUEL AND SENSELESS. I ALSO THINK WE SHAME OURSELVES AND FRANCE BY DOING IT...

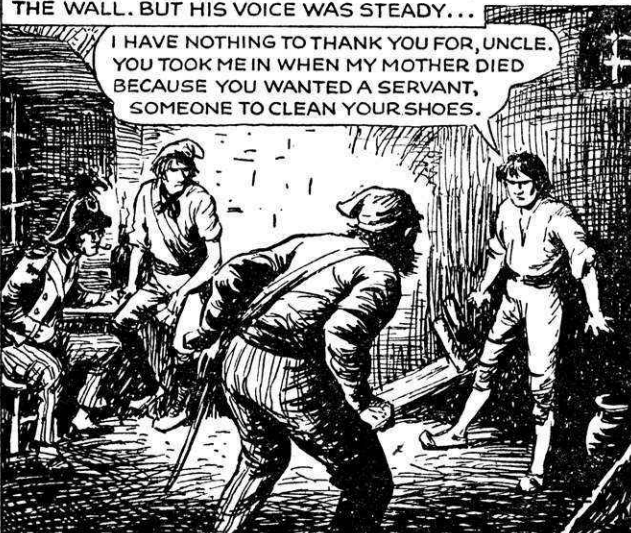
CITIZEN MARTINE LOOKED AT PAUL AS IF HE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EARS. THEN WITH A CHOKED CRY OF ANGER, HE DEALT PAUL A STUNNING BLOW AROUND THE HEAD...



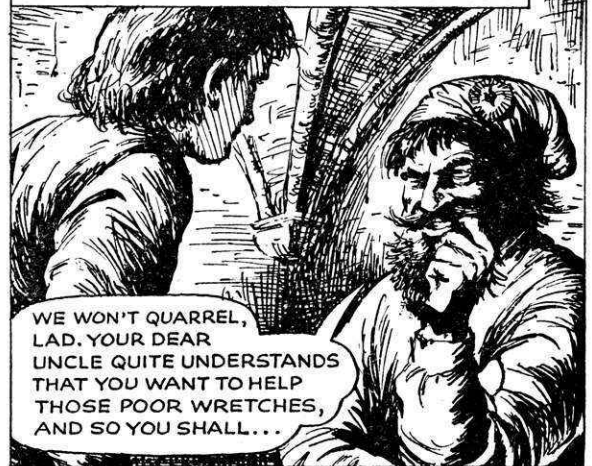
WORTHLESS BRAT. YOU SHOULD BE PROUD THAT YOU ARE HELPING YOUR UNCLE TO RID US OF THIS VERMIN. IS THIS ALL THE THANKS I GET FOR BRINGING YOU IN FROM THE GUTTER AFTER YOUR MOTHER DIED...

PAUL'S FACE WAS WHITE AS HE LEANED BACK AGAINST THE WALL. BUT HIS VOICE WAS STEADY...

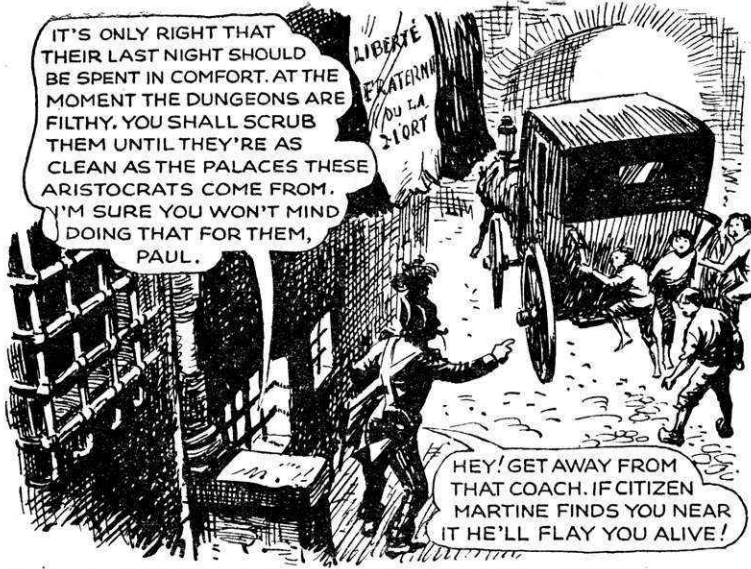
I HAVE NOTHING TO THANK YOU FOR, UNCLE. YOU TOOK ME IN WHEN MY MOTHER DIED BECAUSE YOU WANTED A SERVANT, SOMEONE TO CLEAN YOUR SHOES.



ANOTHER STINGING BLOW ACROSS THE FACE SILENCED PAUL. FOR A MOMENT OR TWO CITIZEN MARTINE LOOKED AT HIM, HIS PIG LIKE EYES BULGING. THEN SUDDENLY HE SMILED EVILLY...

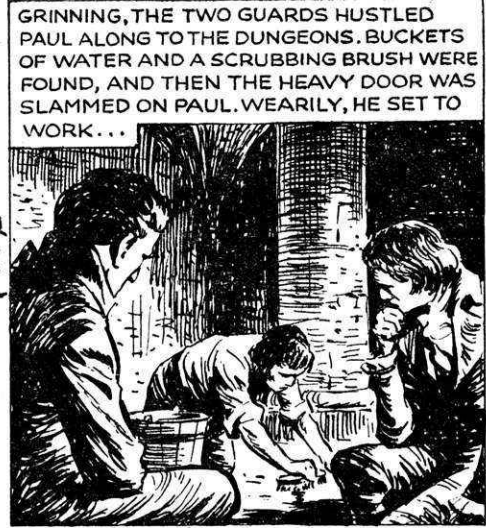


WE WON'T QUARREL, LAD. YOUR DEAR UNCLE QUITE UNDERSTANDS THAT YOU WANT TO HELP THOSE POOR WRETCHES, AND SO YOU SHALL...



IT'S ONLY RIGHT THAT THEIR LAST NIGHT SHOULD BE SPENT IN COMFORT. AT THE MOMENT THE DUNGEONS ARE FILTHY, YOU SHALL SCRUB THEM UNTIL THEY'RE AS CLEAN AS THE PALACES THESE ARISTOCRATS COME FROM. I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND DOING THAT FOR THEM, PAUL.

HEY! GET AWAY FROM THAT COACH. IF CITIZEN MARTINE FINDS YOU NEAR IT HE'LL FLAY YOU ALIVE!



GRINNING, THE TWO GUARDS HUSTLED PAUL ALONG TO THE DUNGEONS. BUCKETS OF WATER AND A SCRUBBING BRUSH WERE FOUND, AND THEN THE HEAVY DOOR WAS SLAMMED ON PAUL. WEARILY, HE SET TO WORK...

ONE OF THE PRISONERS AWAITING DEATH WAS YOUNG ROBERT FONTIN, WHOSE FATHER HAD ALREADY BEEN SENT TO THE GUILLOTINE. AS HE WAS ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS PAUL IT WAS PERHAPS INEVITABLE THAT THEY SHOULD EXCHANGE A FEW WORDS.



WHY DO YOU CLEAN THIS PLACE WHEN WE ARE ALL TO DIE TOMORROW?

IT'S MY UNCLE'S IDEA OF A PUNISHMENT. BUT I DON'T MIND. THIS FOUL PLACE NEEDS A CLEANING OUT, ANYWAY...

IN NO TIME AT ALL THE TWO BOYS WERE TALKING LIKE OLD FRIENDS.

MY FATHER AND I WERE CAUGHT TRYING TO ESCAPE TO ENGLAND. WE ACTUALLY GOT AS FAR AS THE COAST. WE WERE HOPING TO JOIN MY MOTHER THERE. FORTUNATELY, SHE WAS VISITING FRIENDS WHEN THE REVOLUTION BROKE OUT...



THERE WAS A WISTFUL EXPRESSION ON ROBERT'S FACE AS HE GAZED AROUND THE DUNGEON...



I'M NOT AFRAID OF DYING. BUT I WOULD DEARLY LIKE TO HAVE SEEN MY MOTHER AGAIN...

I WISH I COULD HELP YOU... I WISH I COULD HELP ALL OF YOU.

PAUL KNEW IT WAS BEYOND HIS POWER TO SAVE THEM ALL, BUT AS HE SAT THERE, SOMETHING HAPPENED WHICH MADE HIS HEART BEAT A LITTLE FASTER, SOMETHING WHICH MADE HIM SUDDENLY WONDER IF HE COULD SAVE ONE OF THEM...



HEY, PAUL. HELP ME WITH THIS, WILL YOU?

PAUL'S THOUGHTS WERE RACING AS HE HELPED THE GUARD WITH THE WINE. NORMALLY THE BARREL WAS EMPTIED IN THE COURSE OF THE NIGHT AND TAKEN OUT IN THE MORNING. BUT SUPPOSING IT WAS EMPTIED BEFORE THE TUMBRILS CAME AT DAWN FOR THE ARISTOCRATS, SUPPOSING IT WAS POSSIBLE TO PUT THE GUARDS OUT OF ACTION...



IT MIGHT BE POSSIBLE, IT'S WORTH A TRY, ANYWAY.

AS PAUL HAD NO WISH TO BUILD UP ROBERT'S HOPES IN A SCHEME THAT COULD SO EASILY FAIL, HE SAID NOTHING TO THE OTHER BOY. INSTEAD, HE WORKED DESPERATELY TO FINISH HIS CHORE, AND FINISHED IT JUST AS CITIZEN MARTINE CAME TO SEE HOW HE WAS GETTING ON...



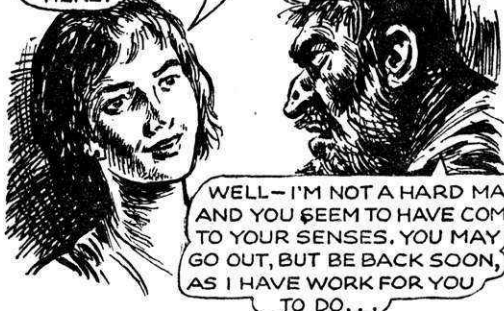
YOU SEEM TO HAVE DONE A GOOD JOB ON IT, BOY. I HOPE YOU'VE NOW COME TO SEE REASON.

YES, UNCLE. I'M SORRY I SPOKE SO RUDELY TO YOU.

AS SOON AS HE HAD LEFT THE PRISON, PAUL HURRIED TO THE APOTHECARY'S WHICH WAS ON THE CORNER...

PAUL'S HEART WAS BEATING FASTER, AS HE PUT ON HIS MOST WINNING SMILE...

UNCLE—MAY I GO OUT FOR A WHILE? I HAVE DONE MY WORK WELL, AND I AM IN NEED OF A LITTLE AIR AFTER WORKING IN HERE.



WELL—I'M NOT A HARD MAN, AND YOU SEEM TO HAVE COME TO YOUR SENSES. YOU MAY GO OUT, BUT BE BACK SOON, AS I HAVE WORK FOR YOU TO DO...

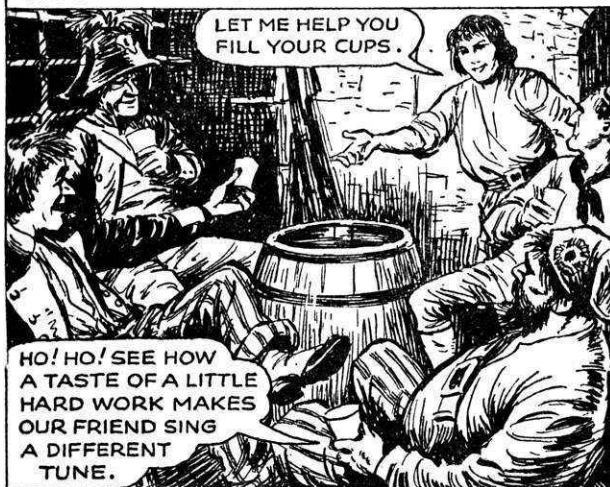
I WISH FOR A STRONG SLEEPING POTION, ENOUGH TO PUT A NUMBER OF PEOPLE TO SLEEP. TO BE CHARGED TO CITIZEN MARTINE, WITH NO QUESTIONS ASKED.

WHO AM I TO QUESTION WHAT CITIZEN MARTINE DOES. I VALUE MY NECK TOO MUCH.



PAUL MOVED AMONG THE GUARDS, FILLING THEIR CUPS WHENEVER THEY WERE EMPTY. EACH TIME HE FILLED A CUP, HE ALSO DROPPED A LITTLE OF THE APOTHECARY'S POWDER IN IT. THE POWDER WAS OBVIOUSLY A POTENT ONE, FOR IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR, ONLY PAUL AND CITIZEN MARTINE REMAINED ON THEIR FEET.

PAUL RAN BACK TO THE PRISON AND MADE HIS WAY TO THE GUARD ROOM, WHERE CITIZEN MARTINE AND THE GUARDS WERE BUSY BROACHING THE BARREL.



LET ME HELP YOU FILL YOUR CUPS.

HO! HO! SEE HOW A TASTE OF A LITTLE HARD WORK MAKES OUR FRIEND SING A DIFFERENT TUNE.



PAH, LOOK AT THE WRETCHES. IF A MAN CAN'T HOLD HIS DRINK, HE SHOULDN'T TOUCH IT, THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS SAY...

SLOWLY, CITIZEN MARTINE'S LEGS BEGAN TO BUCKLE UNDER HIM. HIS BLOODSHOT EYES SWIVELLED WILDLY, AND THEN LIKE A POLE AXED BULL, HE CRASHED TO THE GROUND. GRINNING, PAUL WENT OVER TO THE BARREL...

THAT'S MOST OF MY TROUBLES OVER. BUT OF COURSE, THERE'S STILL THE GUARD AT THE MAIN GATE...



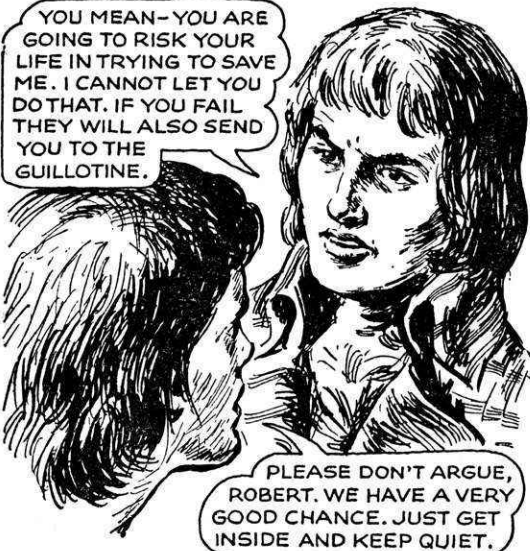
PAUL TOOK THE DUNGEON KEYS OFF HIS UNCLE, AND THEN TRUNDLED THE BARREL OUT OF THE GUARD ROOM. A FEW MINUTES LATER HE WAS IN THE DUNGEON WITH IT, FRANTICALLY BECKONING FOR ROBERT TO JOIN HIM BEHIND ONE OF THE PILLARS...

ROBERT - THERE IS NO TIME FOR WORDS... GET INTO THIS BARREL - QUICKLY.



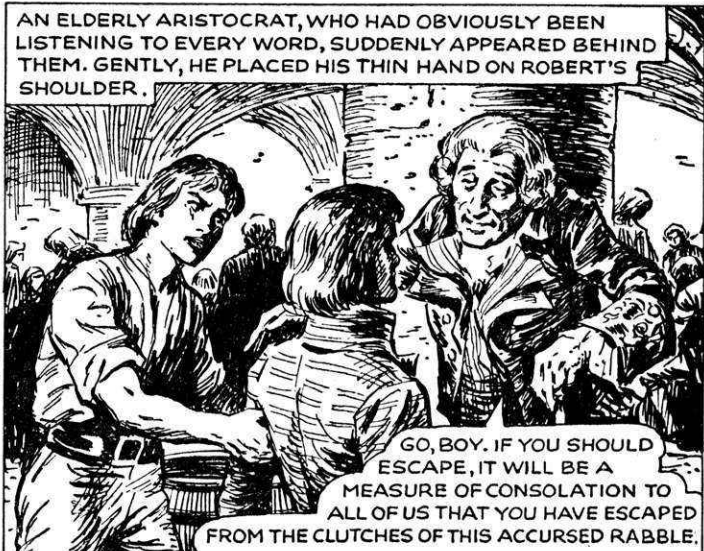
YOU MEAN - YOU ARE GOING TO RISK YOUR LIFE IN TRYING TO SAVE ME. I CANNOT LET YOU DO THAT. IF YOU FAIL THEY WILL ALSO SEND YOU TO THE GUILLOTINE.

PLEASE DON'T ARGUE, ROBERT. WE HAVE A VERY GOOD CHANCE. JUST GET INSIDE AND KEEP QUIET.



AN ELDERLY ARISTOCRAT, WHO HAD OBVIOUSLY BEEN LISTENING TO EVERY WORD, SUDDENLY APPEARED BEHIND THEM. GENTLY, HE PLACED HIS THIN HAND ON ROBERT'S SHOULDER.

GO, BOY. IF YOU SHOULD ESCAPE, IT WILL BE A MEASURE OF CONSOLATION TO ALL OF US THAT YOU HAVE ESCAPED FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THIS ACCURSED RABBLE.



ROBERT STOOD THERE, STILL HESITATING, UNTIL THE ELDERLY ARISTOCRAT GAVE HIM A GENTLE PUSH... OUTSIDE, THE GUARD WAS DOZING GENTLY ON HIS RIFLE...



A QUIET KNOCK ON THE DOOR FROM INSIDE MADE HIM LOOK UP WITH BLEARY EYES. GRUMBLING UNDER HIS BREATH HE PEERED INTO THE DUNGEON

WHY DO YOU WAKE - WHY DO YOU DISTURB ME AT THIS HOUR?

THE WINE BARREL IS EMPTY. MY UNCLE HAS ASKED ME TO LEAVE IT IN THE YARD FOR THE MEN TO COLLECT TOMORROW...



GRUMBLING, THE GUARD OPENED THE DOOR. THERE WAS A SOUR EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE AS HE WATCHED PAUL TRUNDLING THE BARREL INTO THE STREET.

THEY'VE FINISHED IT, THE PIGS, WITHOUT LEAVING A DRAIN FOR ME! I'LL NOT FORGET THIS IN A HURRY.



AS PAUL WENT PAST HIM, THE GUARD AIMED A DISGRUNTLED KICK AT THE BARREL. HIS EXPRESSION CHANGED ALMOST AT ONCE...

THAT BARREL'S NOT EMPTY! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, YOU YOUNG RASCAL! TRYING TO SELL OFF THE WINE TO SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS...



THE GUARD WRENCHED THE LID OFF THE BARREL - JUST AS PAUL BROUGHT THE MUSKET BUTT DOWN ON HIS HEAD...



BOY, I WOULDN'T BE IN YOUR SHOES FOR A THOUSAND SOUS WHEN YOUR UNCLE GETS TO HEAR OF THIS.



QUICKLY DISPOSING OF THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD, THEY FLED TOWARDS CITIZEN MARTINE'S COACH...



PAUL PUSHED THE YOUNG ARISTOCRAT INSIDE THE COACH AND SLAMMED THE DOOR ON HIM.

PAUL - CANNOT WE SAVE THE OTHERS AS WELL?



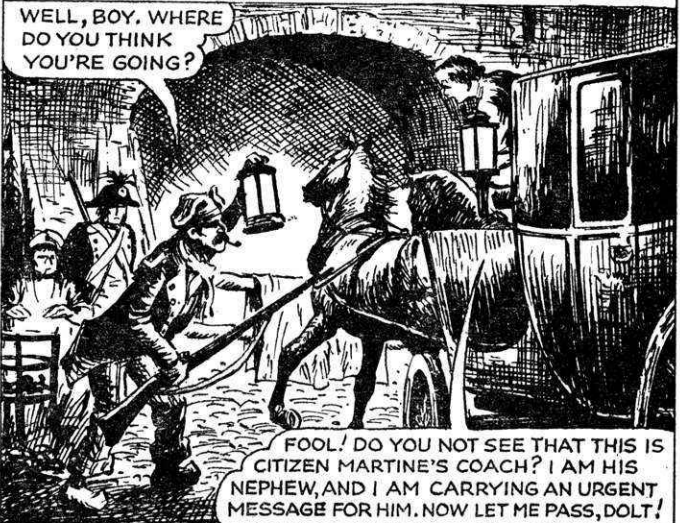
I'M SORRY, THERE IS NO TIME. A PATROL MAY PASS THIS WAY ANY MINUTE...

PAUL CLAMBERED UP INTO THE DRIVING SEAT, AND WHIPPED UP THE HORSES...



THE MAIN GATE IS ONLY A MILE OR SO AWAY. IF WE CAN GET THROUGH THAT WE MAY STAND A CHANCE OF REACHING CALAIS.

THEY REACHED THE MAIN GATE IN LESS THAN HALF AN HOUR...



WELL, BOY. WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?

FOOL! DO YOU NOT SEE THAT THIS IS CITIZEN MARTINE'S COACH? I AM HIS NEPHEW, AND I AM CARRYING AN URGENT MESSAGE FOR HIM. NOW LET ME PASS, DOLT!

IT NEVER OCCURRED TO THE GUARD FOR ONE MOMENT THAT A MERE BOY WOULD DARE TO SPEAK TO HIM IN THIS MANNER, UNLESS HE HAD THE WEIGHT OF CITIZEN MARTINE'S AUTHORITY BEHIND HIM. THE BARRIER WAS HURRIEDLY LOWERED, AND THE COACH RATTLED THROUGH...



WHAT DO WE DO NOW, PAUL?

IF WE KEEP TO THE MINOR ROADS, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET TO CALAIS WITHOUT RUNNING INTO THE SOLDIERS. THEN WE MUST FIND OURSELVES A BOAT THAT WILL TAKE US TO ENGLAND.

THEY DROVE ON THROUGH THE REST OF THE NIGHT, AND FOR MOST OF THE NEXT DAY, PAUSING ONLY TO GIVE THE HORSES A BRIEF REST FROM TIME TO TIME...



YOU MENTIONED A BOAT. IF WE STEAL ONE, WILL YOU KNOW HOW TO STEER IT TO ENGLAND?

NO - I WON'T. BUT IT'S BETTER THAT WE SHOULD TAKE OUR CHANCE ON THE SEA, RATHER THAN STAY IN FRANCE, WHERE WE WOULD SURELY BE CAUGHT IN THE END. NOW - BACK INTO THE COACH, ROBERT, AND ON TO CALAIS!

THEY REACHED THE OUTSKIRTS OF CALAIS JUST BEFORE DUSK. HIDING THE COACH IN A SMALL WOOD, THEY MADE THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE SAND DUNES...



AS IT'S DARK, WE'LL PUSH IT OUT. AFTER THAT, WE CAN ONLY PRAY THAT LUCK IS WITH US.

TWO HOURS LATER, THEY WERE SAILING INTO THE DARKNESS. ALTHOUGH ROBERT DID NOT SAY ANYTHING, PAUL COULD SEE THAT HE WAS FRIGHTENED, AND NOT WITHOUT SOME CAUSE, AS HE WAS QUITE WILLING TO ADMIT EVEN TO HIMSELF. THERE WAS, HOWEVER, ONE REASSURING FACTOR...



THINGS ARE NOT AS BAD AS THEY SEEM, ROBERT. I HAVE HEARD THAT ENGLISH SHIPS MANNED BY ROYALIST SYMPATHISERS, COME OVER AT NIGHT, LOOKING FOR PEOPLE LIKE US WHO ARE FLEEING FROM THE TERROR...

IF THERE WERE ENGLISHMEN SEARCHING FOR PEOPLE SUCH AS THEMSELVES, THEY WERE NOT TO SEE THEM. HALF WAY THROUGH THE NIGHT THE WIND ROSE SUDDENLY, AND PAUL REALISED THEY WERE IN FOR A STORM.



ROBERT—HELP ME TO GET THESE SAILS DOWN. OTHERWISE WE'LL CAPSIZE WHEN THE STORM BREAKS...

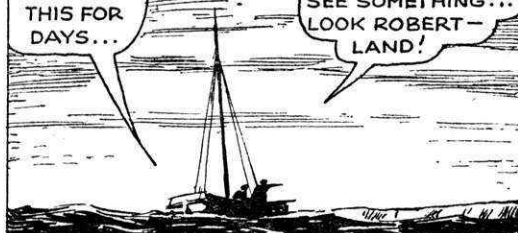
AS THE STORM BUILT UP AROUND THEM, IT BECAME CLEAR TO THE TWO BOYS THAT NOTHING SHORT OF A MIRACLE COULD SAVE THEM NOW.



AND THEN AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD STARTED, THE STORM BEGAN TO DIE AWAY. FOR HOURS THEY DRIFTED AIMLESSLY AT THE MERCY OF THE CURRENTS. THE DAWN CAME, BUT STILL THEY COULD SEE NOTHING EXCEPT GREAT, HEAVY LOWERING CLOUDS THAT BLOTTED OUT THE SKY LINE...

WE COULD DRIFT LIKE THIS FOR DAYS...

JUST A MINUTE... I THINK I CAN SEE SOMETHING... LOOK ROBERT—LAND!



EVEN AS PAUL STRAINED HIS EYES, TRYING TO PIERCE THE GLOOM IN FRONT OF HIM, THE SUN STARTED TO FILTER THROUGH AND THE CLOUDS BEGAN TO ROLL ASIDE...

IT WAS ENGLAND AT LAST. AFTER AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GARRISON COMMANDER AT DOVER A COACH TOOK THEM TO A GREAT HOUSE IN THE HEART OF THE COUNTRY WHERE A TEARFUL WOMAN CLUNG TO ROBERT, AS IF SHE WOULD NEVER LET HIM GO.



SHE LOOKS A NICE KIND WOMAN. PERHAPS SHE WILL LET ME STAY HERE AS A SERVANT...

AFTER WHAT SEEMED AN ENDLESS PERIOD OF WAITING, THEY CAME TOWARDS HIM. PAUL BOWED AWKWARDLY AS THE WOMAN LOOKED AT HIM WITH EYES STILL BRIMMING WITH TEARS.

MY SON ROBERT HAS TOLD ME OF WHAT YOU DID FOR HIM. IT IS A DEBT I OWE YOU, WHICH I CAN NEVER REPAY...

I ASK FOR NO PAYMENT. BUT PERHAPS YOU HAVE ROOM FOR A SERVANT—OR A GARDENER...

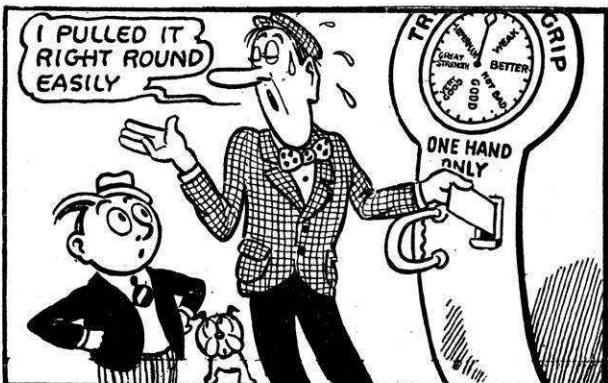
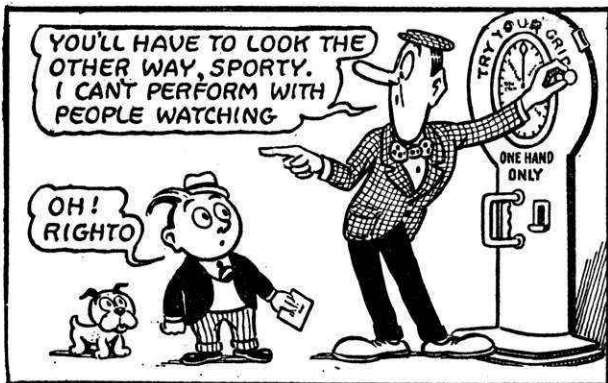
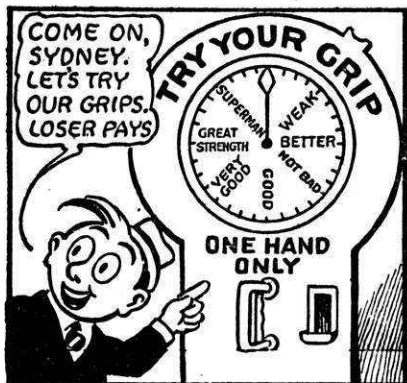


BEFORE PAUL COULD SAY ANOTHER WORD, ROBERT'S MOTHER PLACED A HAND GENTLY ON HIS LIPS. INCREDULOUSLY, HE HEARD HER SAY THAT THERE WAS NO QUESTION OF HIM BECOMING A SERVANT, AND THAT FROM NOW ON HE WAS TO CONSIDER HIMSELF ONE OF THE FAMILY. SPEECHLESS WITH HAPPINESS, HE WALKED BESIDE THEM TOWARDS THE GREAT HOUSE THAT WAS TO BE HIS HOME FROM NOW ON...

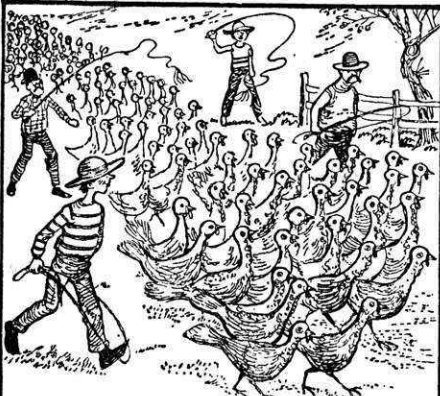


SPORTY

BY
Reg Wootton



STRANGE BUT TRUE



IN AMERICA, AT THE END OF THE LAST CENTURY, STOCKMEN, USING LONG STOCK WHIPS, USED TO DRIVE HERDS OF TURKEYS OVER THE COUNTRY, SIDE TO THE MARKETS IN THE BIG CITIES. HERDS OF 10,000 HEAD, HAVE BEEN DRIVEN FOR DISTANCES OF 200 MILES.

TONY GALENTO



TONY GALENTO, THE FAMOUS BOXER, HAS FOUGHT A KANGAROO, A GIANT BEAR, AND EVEN AN OCTOPUS DURING HIS CAREER. BEFORE A FIGHT WITH ARTHUR DE KUH, HE ATE 52 HOT DOGS BEFORE BEATING HIS OPPONENT.

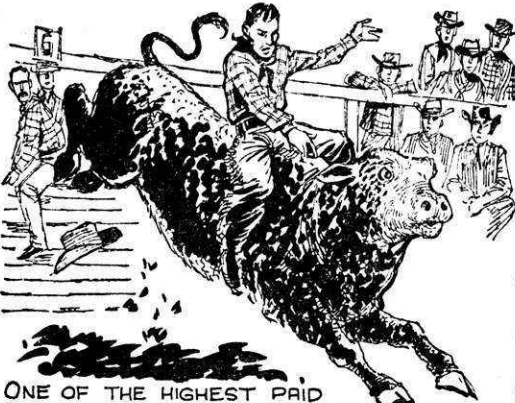
A British Jonah



THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY HAS A RECORDED CASE ON ITS FILES OF A MAN BEING SWALLOWED BY A WHALE. IN 1891 THE WHALER, JAMES BARTLAY, WAS FOUND ALIVE IN A WHALE'S STOMACH, FIFTEEN HOURS AFTER BEING SWALLOWED.



IN THE 17TH CENTURY, TOBACCO WAS WIDELY USED AS A MEDICINE. BARBERS USED TO RUB TOBACCO JUICE INTO THE SCALP TO STOP FALLING HAIR. IT WAS ALSO USED AS A CURE FOR SORES, ULCERS, TOOTHACHE AND RHEUMATISM. MODERN DOCTORS SAY IT HAS NO CURATIVE PROPERTIES.



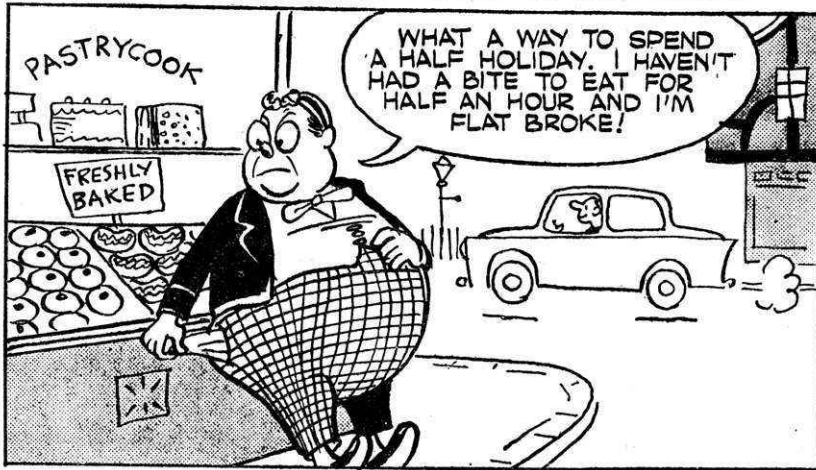
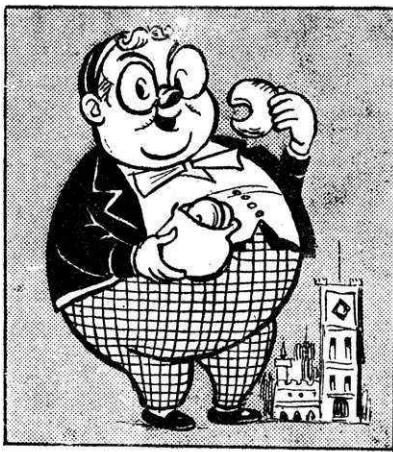
ONE OF THE HIGHEST PAID SPORTS IN AMERICA TODAY IS BULL RIDING AND BRONCO BUSTING IN RODEOS. BUT IT IS ALSO ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS. TO EARN A YEARLY SUM OF £10,000 OR MORE, THE ROUGH RIDERS OFTEN SPEND A LOT OF TIME ON THEIR BACKS, IN HOSPITAL.



OLIVER CROMWELL PASSED A LAW TO STOP CHRISTMAS DAY. ANYONE FOUND CELEBRATING IT IN ANY WAY, OR DARING TO STOP WORK ON THAT DAY, WAS FINED OR SENT TO PRISON. TO THE PURITANS, YULE TIDE WAS KNOWN AS 'FOOLTIDE' AND SO STERNLY SUPPRESSED

BILLY BUNTER

THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHUMP OF HIS SCHOOL

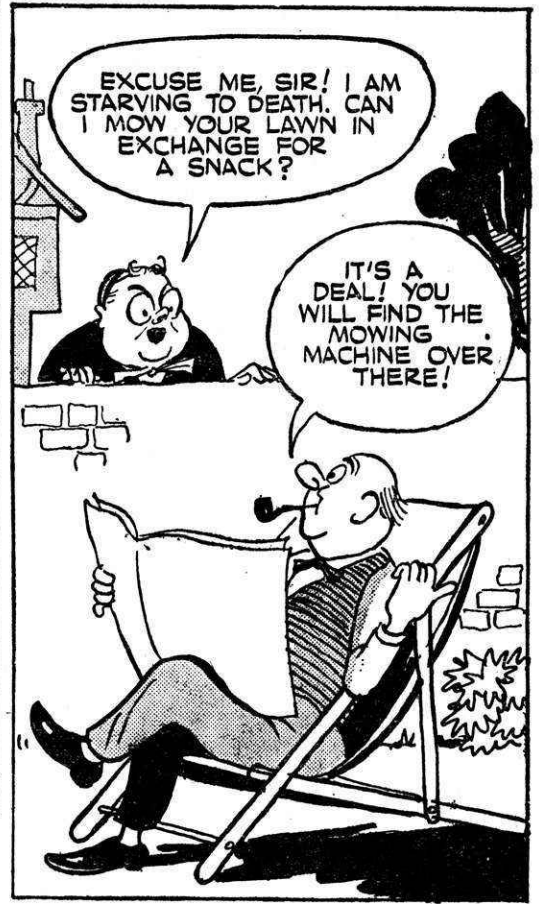


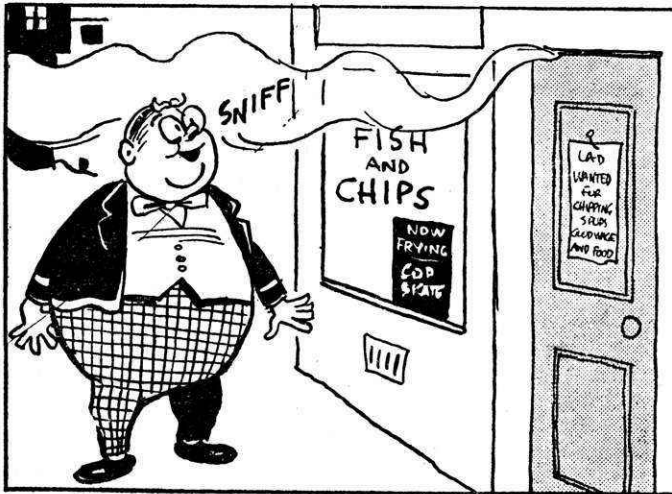
I WONDER WHAT THOSE PEOPLE ARE QUEUEING FOR?



HALF AN HOUR LATER









Buffalo Bill

AND THE COSSACK CHIEF



THE SEVENTH CAVALRY WERE ON PARADE, EVERY TROOPER STRAIGHT AS A RAMROD IN HIS SADDLE, HORSES GROOMED UNTIL THEY GLEAMED IN THE SUNLIGHT. BESIDE GENERAL CUSTER, RODE A MAN STRANGE TO THE WEST



IT WAS THE ARCH-DUKE NICOLAS, A RUSSIAN NOBLE...

AS GUEST OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, HE WAS VISITING FORT LINCOLN ON HIS TOUR OF NORTH AMERICA

A SPLENDID TURN-OUT, GENERAL! BUT NOT TO COMPARE OF COURSE, WITH MY GLORIOUS COSSACKS ~ AH WHAT FINE HORSEMEN ~ WHAT FIGHTERS!



CUSTER'S GREAT PRIDE IN HIS REGIMENT WAS OUTRAGED...



NEXT DAY, ARCH-DUKE NICOLAS WAS TO BE INTRODUCED TO THE THRILLS OF THE BUFFALO HUNT BY THE GREATEST HUNTER OF THEM ALL ~ **BUFFALO BILL**.

IT SHOULD BE EASY TO KILL SUCH DOCILE BEASTS ~ NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKS, YOUR HIGHNESS



THE TWO RIDERS CANTERED TOWARDS THE VAST HERD ~ AND SUDDENLY, THE RUSSIAN SPURRED HIS BLACK STALLION AHEAD...

AH! LOOK AT THAT MAGNIFICENT ANIMAL! THAT IS THE ONE I SHALL SHOOT FIRST!



BUFFALO BILL FOLLOWED THE DIRECTION OF THE RUSSIAN'S GAZE ~ AND GAVE AN EXCLAMATION OF DISMAY...

HE'S CHOSEN THE MEDICINE BUFFALO OF THE COMANCHES! IF LONG ARROW HEARS THAT A WHITE MAN HAS KILLED THAT SACRED ANIMAL, THE COMANCHES WILL BE HUNTING SCALPS!



WHIRLWIND SHOT FORWARD ~ BUT ALREADY THE ARCH-DUKE WAS TAKING AIM AT THE MASSIVE BLACK BUFFALO.

NO, NO! NOT THAT ONE! DON'T SHOOT!



THE SUDDEN MOVEMENTS OF THE HORSES HAD ALARMED THE HERD AND THEY BEGAN TO MOVE, CUTTING BILL OFF FROM ARCH-DUKE NICOLAS, JUST AS HE FIRED.

HE'S MISSED!



BUT THE RUSSIAN IMMEDIATELY GALLOPED AFTER HIS QUARRY AND THE FAMOUS SCOUT SET OFF IN PURSUIT.



TRY AS HE MIGHT, WHIRLWIND COULD ONLY GAIN A FEW YARDS ON THE STALLION ~ AND THEN BILL NOTICED A PARTY OF INDIANS.

COMANCHES! IF I DON'T CATCH THE ARCH-DUKE, WE'LL BE IN BIG TROUBLE!



ARCH-DUKE NICOLAS' RIFLE CAME UP TO HIS SHOULDER AGAIN ~ AND HIS ACTION WAS AT ONCE SEEN BY THE LYNX-EYED COMANCHES.

SEE! THE WHITE MAN HUNTS THE MEDICINE ANIMAL OF THE COMANCHES!



AN ARROW SANG THROUGH THE AIR AND THE ARCH DUKE'S STALLION SANK TO ITS KNEES...



SHAKEN, THE ARCH-DUKE STAGGERED TO HIS FEET ~ TO FACE A FEARSOME COMANCHE CHARGE.



BUT SUDDENLY, A BUCKSKIN-CLAD RIDER ON A WHITE HORSE FLASHED IN FRONT OF THE INDIANS...

JUMP UP, SIR! QUICKLY!



WITHOUT BREAKING STRIDE FOR A MOMENT, WHIRLWIND RACED ON AT A HEADLONG GALLOP.

SORRY TO BE SO ROUGH, YOUR HIGHNESS -- BUT THERE WAS NO TIME FOR ETIQUETTE!



RELENTLESSLY, THE COMANCHES PURSUED THEM INTO THE WOODED FOOTHILLS...

KEEP RIDING! I'LL CATCH YOU UP...



A MOMENT LATER...



ALONG THE TRAIL CAME THE COMANCHES, THEN BILL SWUNG HIS LARIAT...



BUFFALO BILL LEAPED DOWN ON TO ONE OF THE INDIAN'S HORSES

YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR WHIRLWIND, FELLER -- BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO DO AT A PINCH!



SNATCHING UP A FALLEN WAR-LANCE, THE SCOUT URGED THE PONY TOWARDS THE ARCH-DUKE... AS ANOTHER PARTY OF COMANCHES RODE TO CUT THEM OFF...

MAGNIFICENT, COLONEL -- MAGNIFICENT!

THIS IS NO TIME FOR COMPLIMENTS, YOUR HIGHNESS...





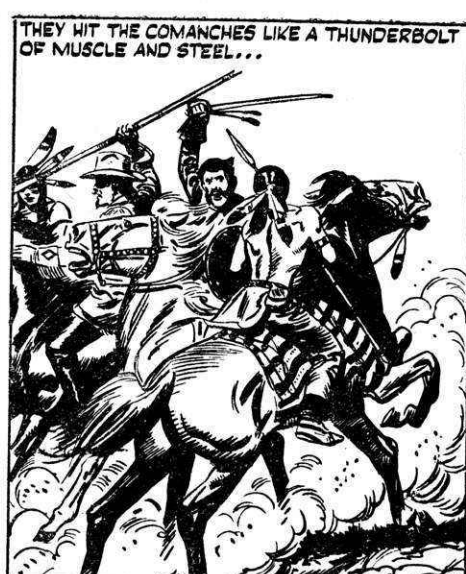
THE SCOUT GESTURED ACROSS THE PLAIN. FORT LINCOLN LIES OVER THERE. DO WE RIDE RIGHT THROUGH THOSE REDSKINS!

WE ARE FIGHTERS, YOU AND I, COLONEL - WE DO NOT HIDE FROM THE ENEMY! FORWARD!

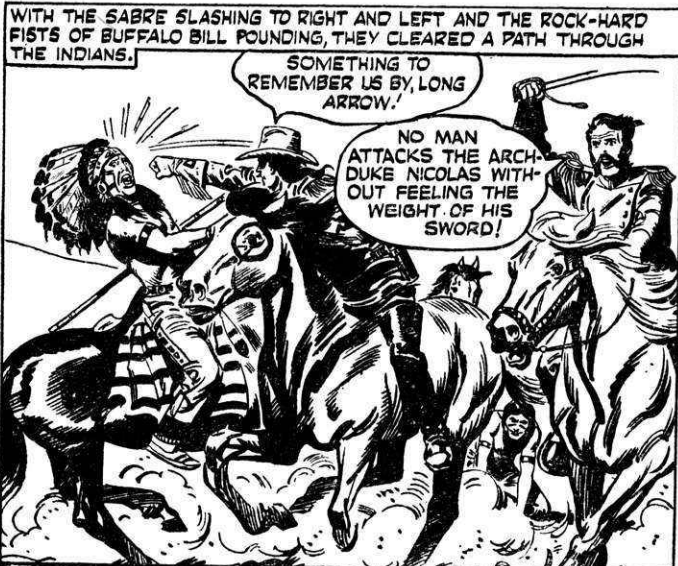


BOOT TO BOOT, THE FEATHERS, ON THE WAR LANCE FLUTTERING IN THE BREEZE. THE SUN GLINTING ON THE GREAT CURVED SABRE, THEY CHARGED!

YAHOOO!



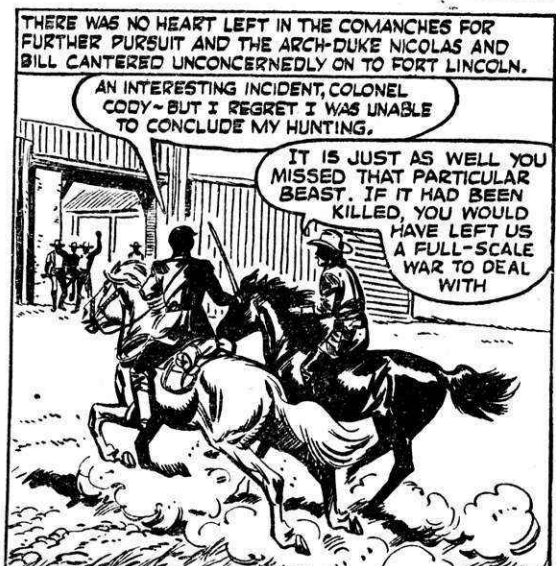
THEY HIT THE COMANCHES LIKE A THUNDERBOLT OF MUSCLE AND STEEL...



WITH THE SABRE SLASHING TO RIGHT AND LEFT AND THE ROCK-HARD FISTS OF BUFFALO BILL POUNDING, THEY CLEARED A PATH THROUGH THE INDIANS.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY, LONG ARROW.

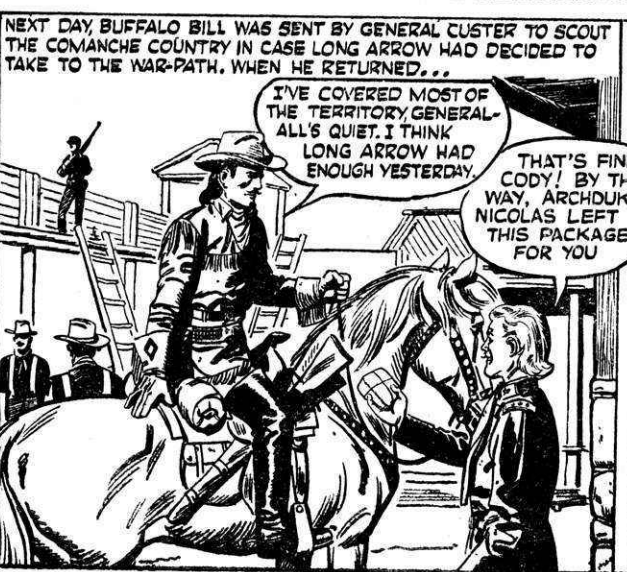
NO MAN ATTACKS THE ARCHDUKE NICOLAS WITHOUT FEELING THE WEIGHT OF HIS SWORD!



THERE WAS NO HEART LEFT IN THE COMANCHES FOR FURTHER PURSUIT AND THE ARCHDUKE NICOLAS AND BILL CANTERED UNCONCERNEDLY ON TO FORT LINCOLN.

AN INTERESTING INCIDENT, COLONEL CODY - BUT I REGRET I WAS UNABLE TO CONCLUDE MY HUNTING.

IT IS JUST AS WELL YOU MISSED THAT PARTICULAR BEAST. IF IT HAD BEEN KILLED, YOU WOULD HAVE LEFT US A FULL-SCALE WAR TO DEAL WITH



NEXT DAY, BUFFALO BILL WAS SENT BY GENERAL CUSTER TO SCOUT THE COMANCHE COUNTRY IN CASE LONG ARROW HAD DECIDED TO TAKE TO THE WAR-PATH. WHEN HE RETURNED...

I'VE COVERED MOST OF THE TERRITORY, GENERAL - ALL'S QUIET. I THINK LONG ARROW HAD ENOUGH YESTERDAY.

THAT'S FINE, CODY! BY THE WAY, ARCHDUKE NICOLAS LEFT THIS PACKAGE FOR YOU

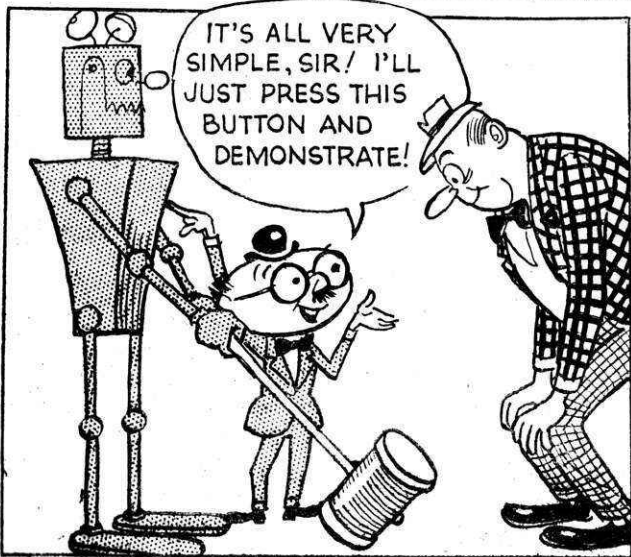
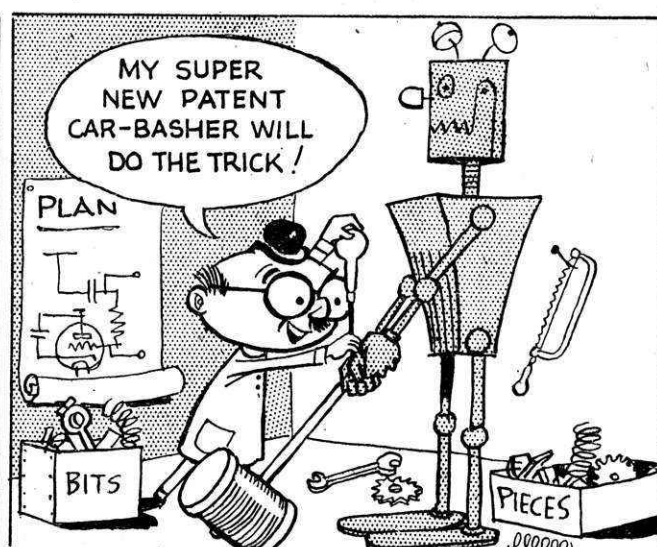
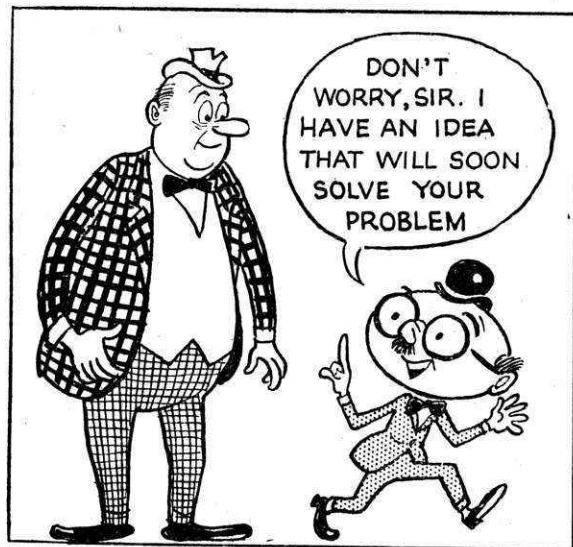
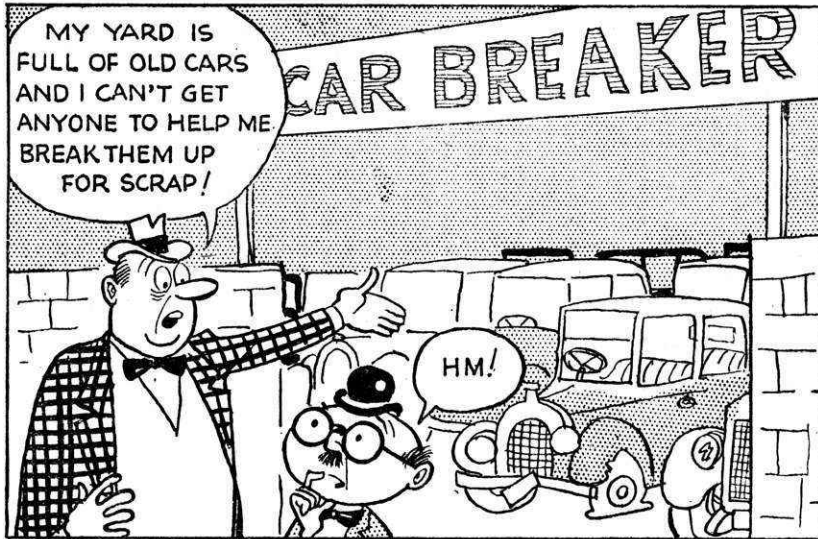


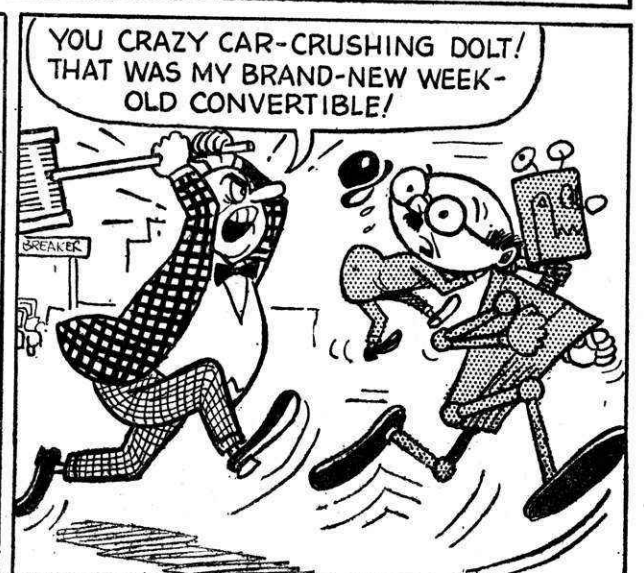
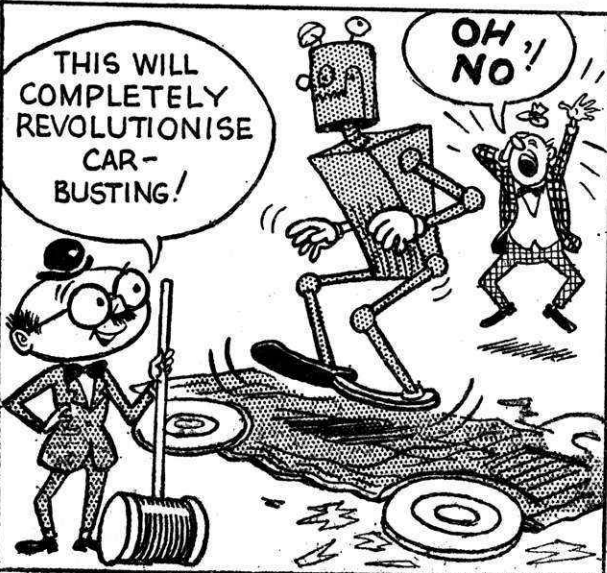
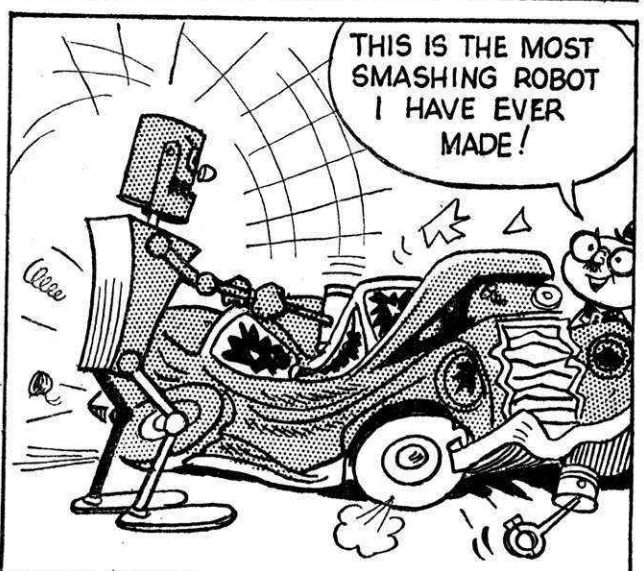
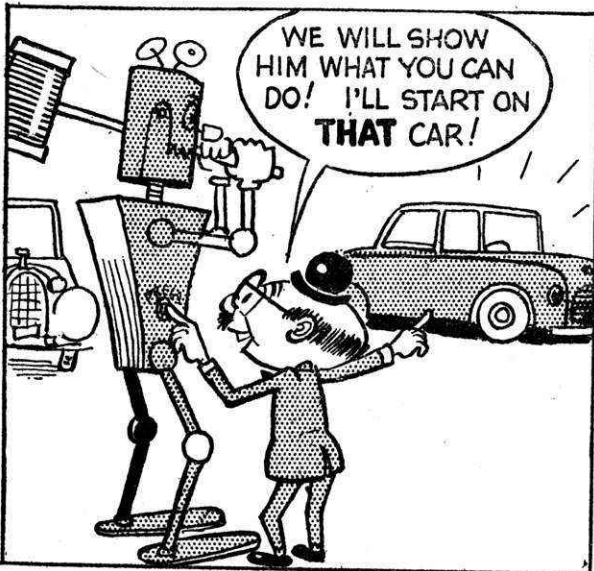
BILL OPENED THE SMALL PARCEL - INSIDE WAS A PAIR OF EXQUISITELY-MADE SPURS OF SOLID GOLD.

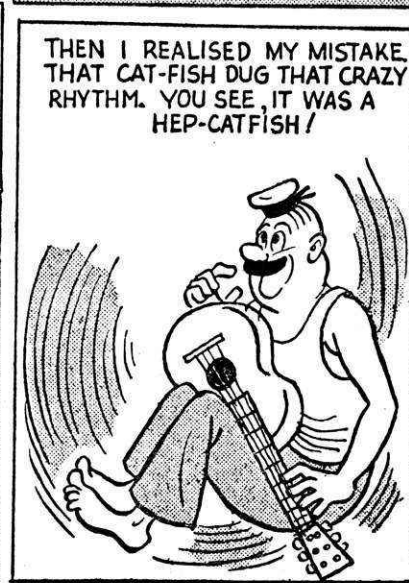
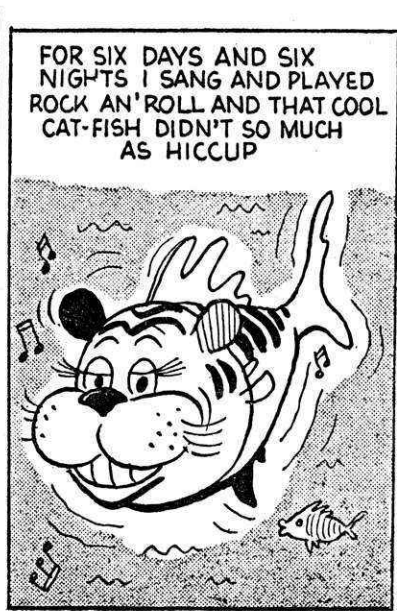
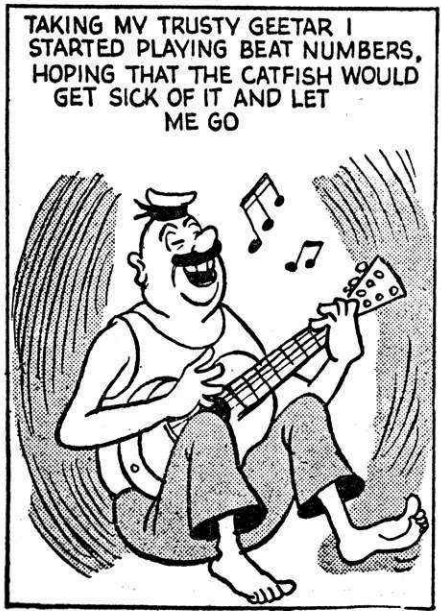
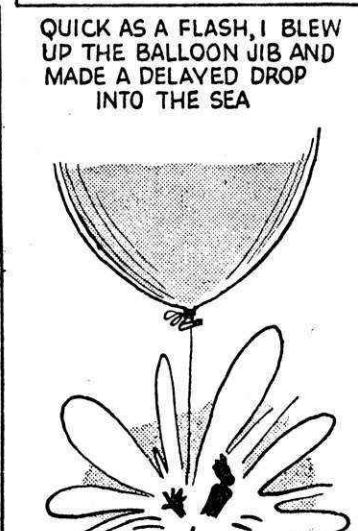
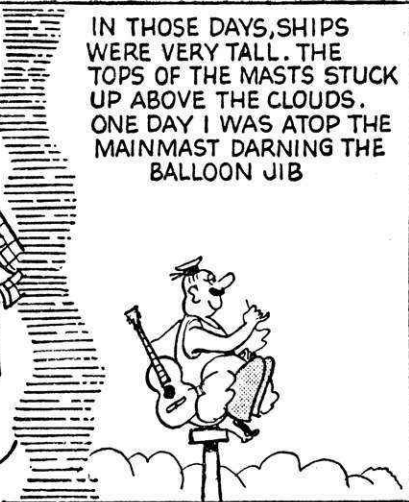
To Buffalo Bill Cody -
The horseman and warrior without equal!
From his friend
Nicolas

PROFESSOR

KNOCKOUT







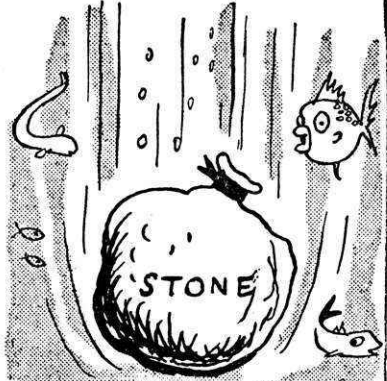
FROM THAT MOMENT I CHANGED MY TACTICS. I BEGAN SINGING SQUARE BALLADS OFF-KEY



SURE ENOUGH, THE SHARP NOTES PRICKED HIS INSIDES AND HE SHOT ME OUT —



NATURALLY, WITH MY HEAD FULL OF ROCK TUNES I SANK TO THE BOTTOM LIKE A STONE



ON THE SEA BED, I FOUND A LONG CHAIN ATTACHED TO A GREAT BIG PLUG



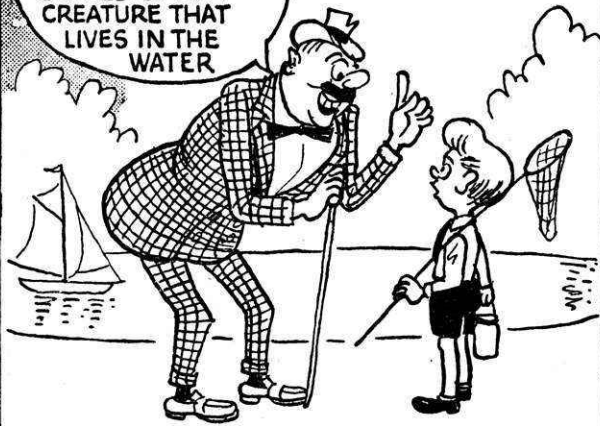
USING ALL MY VAST STRENGTH, I PULLED OUT THE PLUG...THE SEA DRAINED AWAY AND I WAS ABLE TO WALK HOME



AND TO PROVE IT, WHAT WAS ONCE THE ARAHAS OCEAN IS NOW THE SAHARA DESERT. ARAHAS SPELT BACKWARDS, SEE?



FROM THAT DAY I HAVE NEVER BEEN SCARED OF ANY CREATURE THAT LIVES IN THE WATER

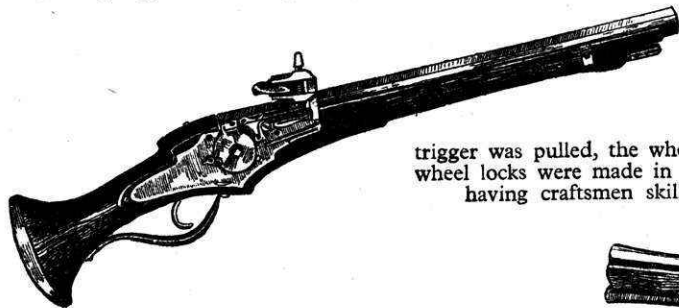


EEK!
WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE MONSTER YOU'VE GOT IN THAT JAR? TAKE IT AWAY...
EEEP!

DON'T WORRY, BLARNEY IT'S ONLY MY TADPOLE!

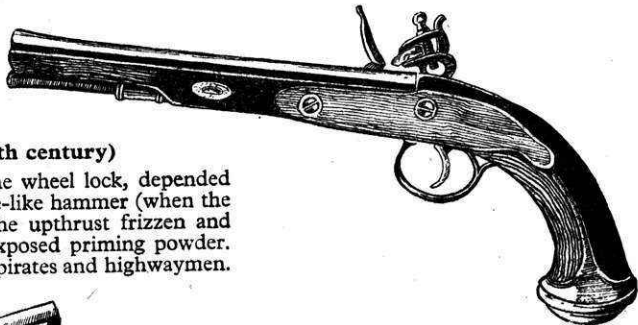


PISTOLS—PAST and Present



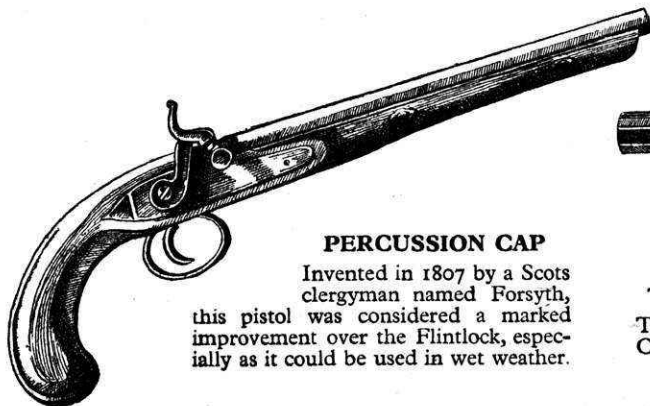
THE WHEEL LOCK

The pistol shown on the left is the earliest type ever made. The spring-loaded wheel was wound up by a key, then the piece of iron pyrites held in the hammer's jaws was rested on the wheel. When the trigger was pulled, the wheel revolved, sending sparks into the gunpowder. Most wheel locks were made in Germany in the 16th century, very few other countries having craftsmen skilled enough to make the very intricate mechanism.



THE FLINTLOCK (17th-18th century)

The Flintlock system, which superseded the wheel lock, depended on the flint, which was gripped in the vice-like hammer (when the trigger was pulled) striking and opening the upthrust frizzen and sending a shower of sparks into the now-exposed priming powder. The pistol illustrated is of the type used by pirates and highwaymen.



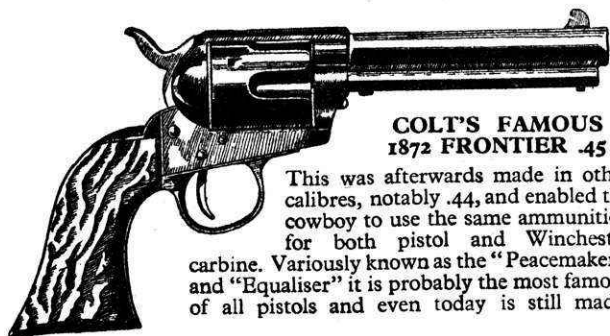
PERCUSSION CAP

Invented in 1807 by a Scots clergyman named Forsyth, this pistol was considered a marked improvement over the Flintlock, especially as it could be used in wet weather.



TEXAS PATTERSON 1836 MODEL

This revolving pistol, made by Samuel Colt, fired five shots without re-loading.



COLT'S FAMOUS 1872 FRONTIER .45

This was afterwards made in other calibres, notably .44, and enabled the cowboy to use the same ammunition for both pistol and Winchester carbine. Various known as the "Peacemaker" and "Equaliser" it is probably the most famous of all pistols and even today is still made.



THE MAUSER

Made in calibres 7.65 and 9mm. Although not an official issue weapon of the German War Office it was a great favourite with the army officers of that country during the 1914-18 war.



AMERICAN ARMY ISSUE PISTOL—THE 1911 COLT .45

The magazine, which holds seven rounds, is concealed in the butt. Self-loading weapons rely on the recoil when the arm is fired, to send the breech block to the rear, at the same time ejecting the spent cartridge case.



LUGER 1908 PATTERN

This was the famous official pistol of the German armed forces in both World Wars until it was replaced by the Walther model of 1937. Its calibre of 9mm was the main reason for the British Army adopting the Sten machine carbine which also uses 9mm cartridges.

BATTLER BRITTON - TANK BUSTER

DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR, THE SUN-BLEACHED SANDS OF THE NORTH-AFRICAN DESERT WERE THE SCENES OF MANY A TITANIC BATTLE, BOTH ON LAND AND IN THE AIR. BUT OF ALL THE HEROIC MEN WHO FOUGHT THERE, NONE WAS MORE FAMOUS AND DARING THAN THE AMAZING ACE OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE ...
WING COMMANDER BATTLER BRITTON!



**BLUE PATROL CALLING
BASE... BLUE PATROL CALLING
BASE... GERMAN TANKS
MOVING EAST FROM BARDIA...
AM ATTACKING ... SEND
FIGHTER BOMBERS TO
ASSIST ... OVER!**

AS THE BLACK-CROSSED GERMAN TANKS CAME INTO SIGHT ON THE RUGGED, BROKEN DESERT BELOW, BATTLER BRITTON SENT HIS HURRICANE SCREECHING DOWN AT FULL THROTTLE.

THE FIRST ROCKET FROM THE ACE'S PLANE SWOOSHED DOWN IN A SMOKING, FIERY TRAIL ... AND THE LEADING AFRIKA KORPS TANK ERUPTED IN A VIOLENT CLOUD OF VIVID FLAME!

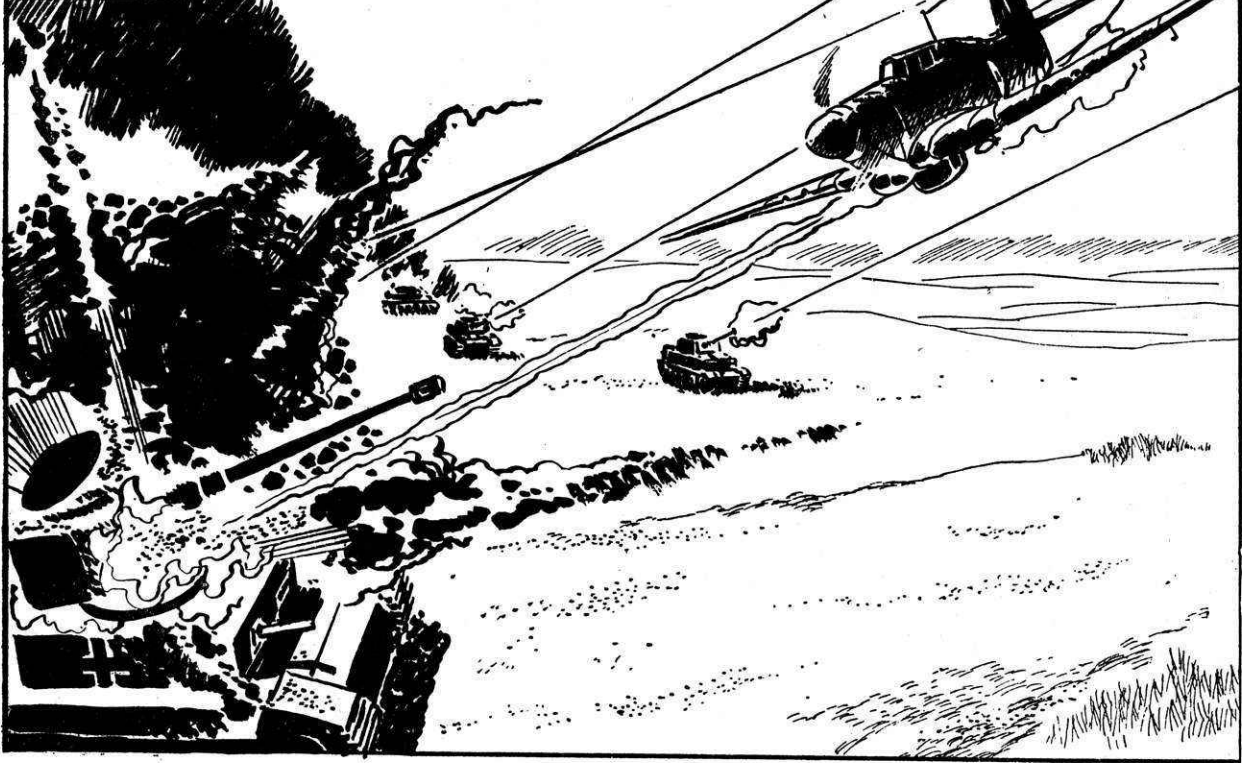


THAT'S ONE JERRY TIN CAN LESS!

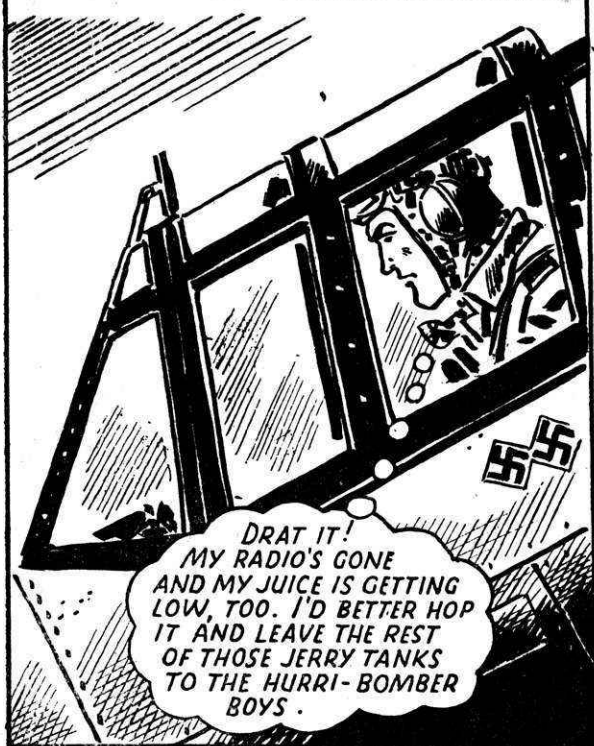
A SLASHING, VICIOUS HAIL OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS FOLLOWED THE HURRICANE AS IT CLIMBED... AND THE FIGHTER SHUDDERED LIKE A WOUNDED BIRD AS THE LETHAL LEAD BIT HOME!

BY JUPITER! THOSE SQUAREHEADS HAVE GOT A STING IN THEIR TAIL!

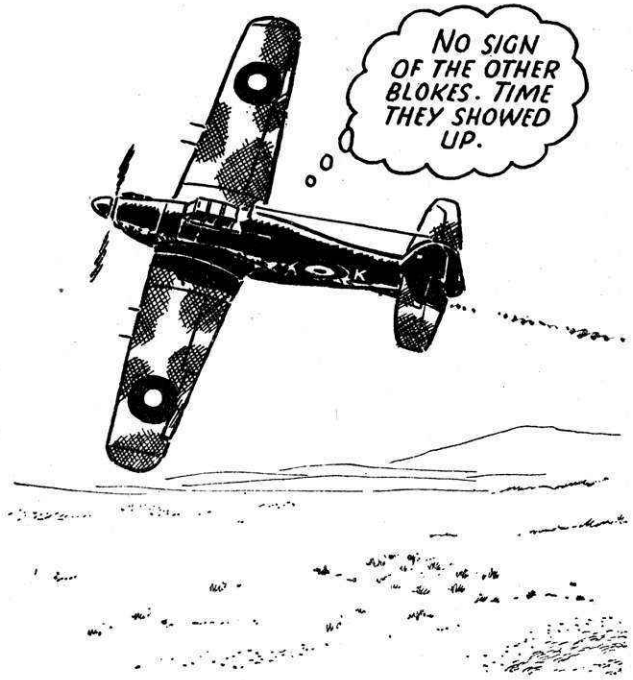
BATTLER SWUNG THE STREAMLINED HURRICANE ROUND AND DIVED AGAIN INTO THE BARRAGE OF BULLETS FROM THE ENEMY TANKS... AND ANOTHER ROCKET SPED DOWN AND FOUND ITS MARK!



BATTLER MADE A THIRD DARING ATTACK... BUT THIS TIME BOTH HIS REMAINING ROCKETS STUCK!



THE HURRICANE ZOOMED UP AND BATTLER HEADED EAST TOWARDS THE AIRFIELD JUST INSIDE THE EGYPTIAN BORDER.



IT WAS A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE ACE REALISED HIS COMPASS HAD ALSO BEEN AFFECTED BY THE GERMAN MACHINE-GUN FIRE. HE LOOKED DOWN TO GET HIS BEARINGS ...



THE OUNDA OASIS ... AND MORE OF ROMMEL'S ARMOUR HEADING RIGHT FOR IT, BY THUNDER! THEY MUST BE GOING TO OCCUPY IT. I WISH TO HEAVEN MY RADIO WAS WORKING, SO I COULD WARN BASE!

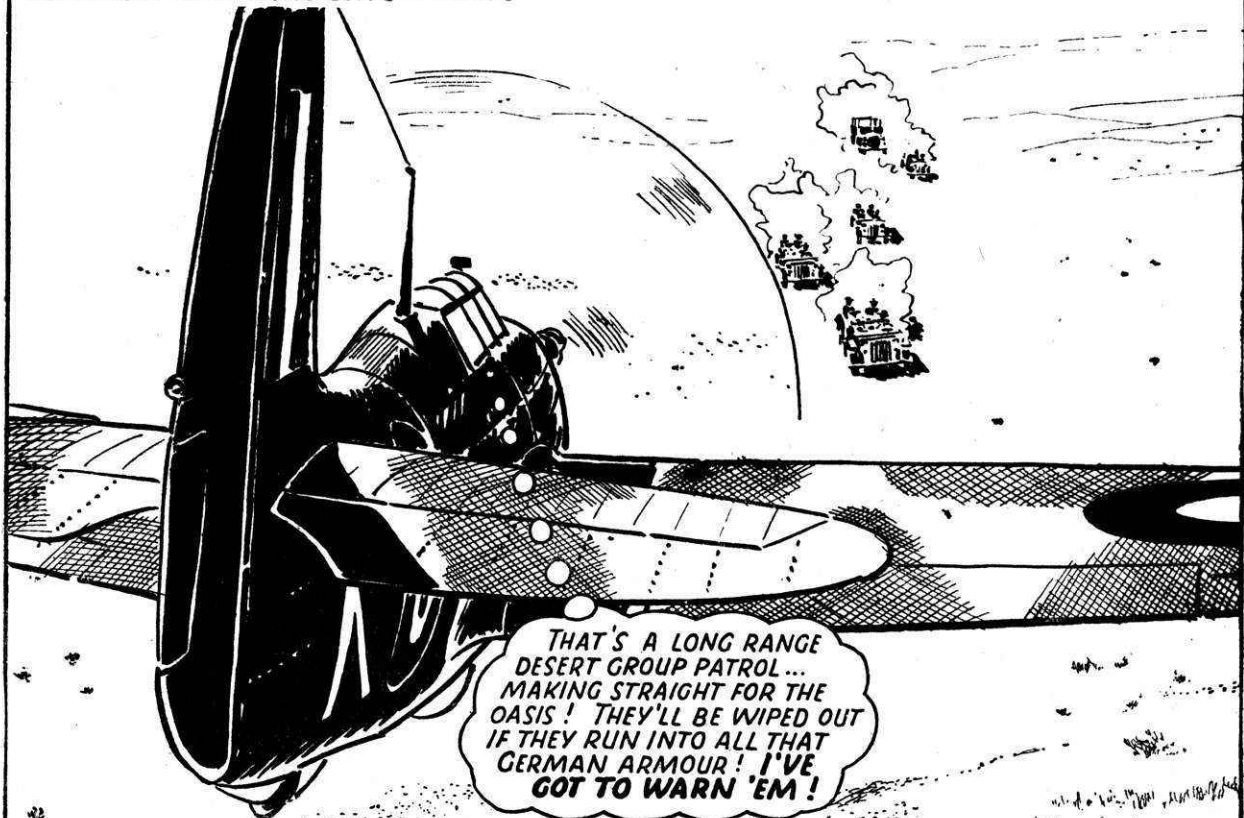
BATTLER OPENED UP HIS THROTTLE AND THE HURRICANE HURTTLED EASTWARDS AT FULL SPEED, FLASHING HIGH OVER THE DESERT WASTES.



THAT OASIS IS GOING TO BE DARNED IMPORTANT FOR WATER WHEN WE MAKE OUR ADVANCE. THE JERRIES HAVE GOT TO BE STOPPED—SOMEHOW!



IT WAS THEN THAT HE SAW ANOTHER SMALL DUST CLOUD BELOW. HE DIVED... AND THEN GAVE A GASP!



THAT'S A LONG RANGE DESERT GROUP PATROL ... MAKING STRAIGHT FOR THE OASIS! THEY'LL BE WIPED OUT IF THEY RUN INTO ALL THAT GERMAN ARMOUR! I'VE GOT TO WARN 'EM!

HE CAME DOWN LOW AND SENT THE FIGHTER ROARING OVER THE LITTLE LINE OF TRUCKS. HE FLUNG BACK HIS COCKPIT HOOD AND WAVED HIS HAND TOWARDS THE DISTANT OUNDA OASIS.

FRIENDLY SORT OF RAFF TYPE! THEY'RE NOT USUALLY THAT PALLY, JOHNSON.

PROBABLY WISHING US LUCK, SIR, OR ELSE HE'S SORT OF LONELY UP THERE. KNOW I WOULD BE!

BATTLEER MADE ANOTHER LOW RUN OVER THE PATROL AND ALL THE MEN WAVED BACK CHEERFULLY AT HIM.

IT'S NO USE. I'LL HAVE TO LAND AND WARN 'EM. ONLY HOPE I'VE GOT ENOUGH JUICE TO TAKE OFF AGAIN.

THE ACE LOOKED ROUND FOR A FLAT PIECE OF GROUND AND CAME IN TO LAND

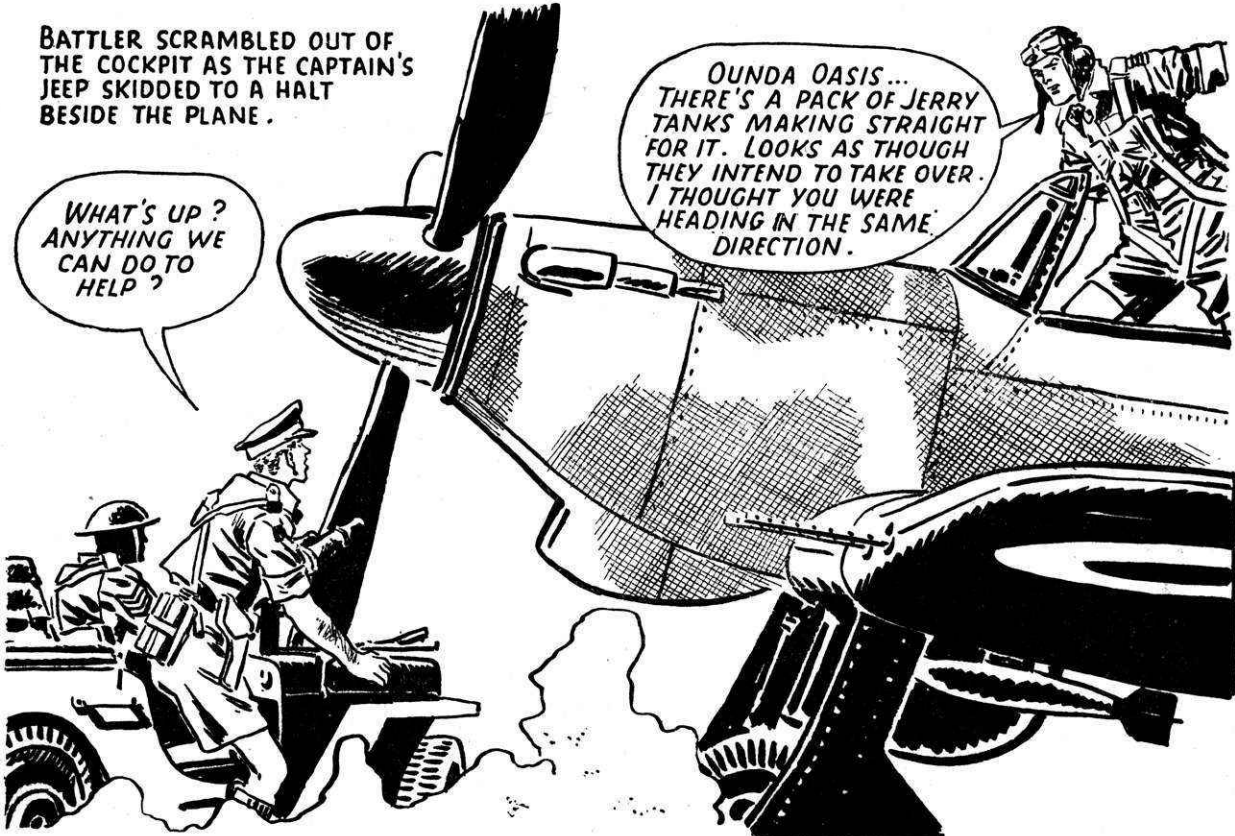
CAPTAIN PEARSON, THE GUARDS OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE PATROL, ORDERED HIS VEHICLES TO STOP.



BATTLER SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE COCKPIT AS THE CAPTAIN'S JEEP SKIDDED TO A HALT BESIDE THE PLANE.

WHAT'S UP?
ANYTHING WE
CAN DO TO
HELP?

OUNDA OASIS...
THERE'S A PACK OF JERRY
TANKS MAKING STRAIGHT
FOR IT. LOOKS AS THOUGH
THEY INTEND TO TAKE OVER.
I THOUGHT YOU WERE
HEADING IN THE SAME
DIRECTION.



CAPTAIN PEARSON'S FACE GREW GRIM...

WE WERE MAKING A ROUTINE INSPECTION OF THE OASIS. BUT WE'VE ONLY GOT LEWIS MACHINE GUNS... THEY'D BE LIKE PEA SHOOTERS AGAINST GERMAN TANKS!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA... THERE'S TWO ROCKETS UNDER MY HURRICANE... BOTH JAMMED. BUT IF WE CAN TOW THE PLANE TO THE OASIS, I CAN FIX THE RELEASE GEAR AND THEN WE CAN GIVE THE HUNS SOME HEADACHES! LET'S TRY, EH?

THE GUARDS OFFICER QUICKLY AGREED AND THE HURRICANE WAS TAKEN IN TOW BY THE PATROL'S 15 CWT. TRUCK. WITHIN TEN MINUTES THEY WERE SPEEDING AND BUMPING ACROSS THE DESERT...

BOUND FOR OUNDA OASIS!

I ONLY HOPE WE BEAT THE JERRIES TO IT... OTHERWISE WE'RE GOING TO RUN INTO A HOT RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

I RADIOED BASE, SIR. WE SHOULD GET SOME HELP BEFORE LONG... I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE!



BUT LUCK WAS WITH THEM... THEY REACHED THE OASIS FIRST.
THE APPROACHING DUST CLOUD WAS ABOUT TWO MILES OFF...



QUICK... GET THE
OLD KITE INTO THE
FORT AND COVER IT
WITH CAMOUFLAGE
NETTING.

THERE'S SOME
SOFT-SKINNED VEHICLES
WITH THE TANKS... SUPPLY
TRUCKS, I RECKON. THEY'LL
MAKE NICE TARGETS FOR
OUR LEWIS GUNS!

THERE WERE A DOZEN HEAVY AFRIKA KORPS TANKS
AND SIX HALF-TRACKED TRUCKS, ALL LUMBERING
TOWARDS THE OASIS...

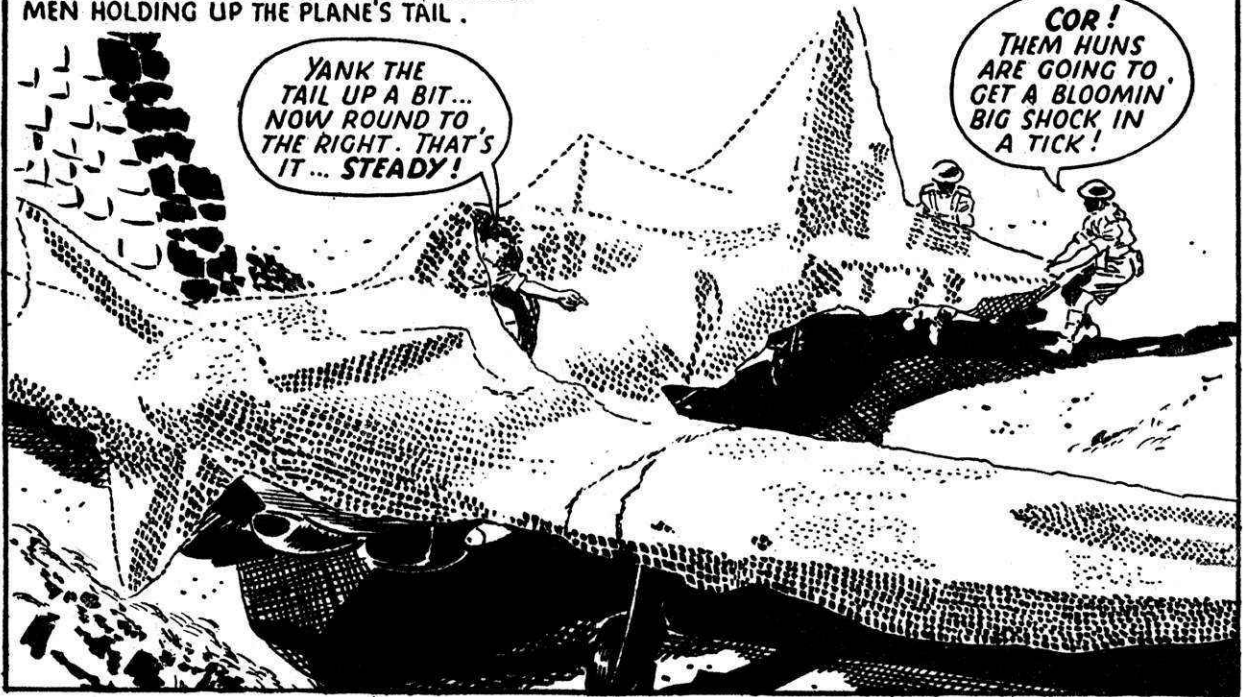


SO!
THE OASIS
AT LAST!

ALL UNSUSPECTING, THE GERMAN TANKS ROLLED NEARER AND NEARER. IN THE COCKPIT OF THE HURRICANE, BATTLER CALLED TO THE THREE MEN HOLDING UP THE PLANE'S TAIL.

YANK THE TAIL UP A BIT... NOW ROUND TO THE RIGHT. THAT'S IT... STEADY!

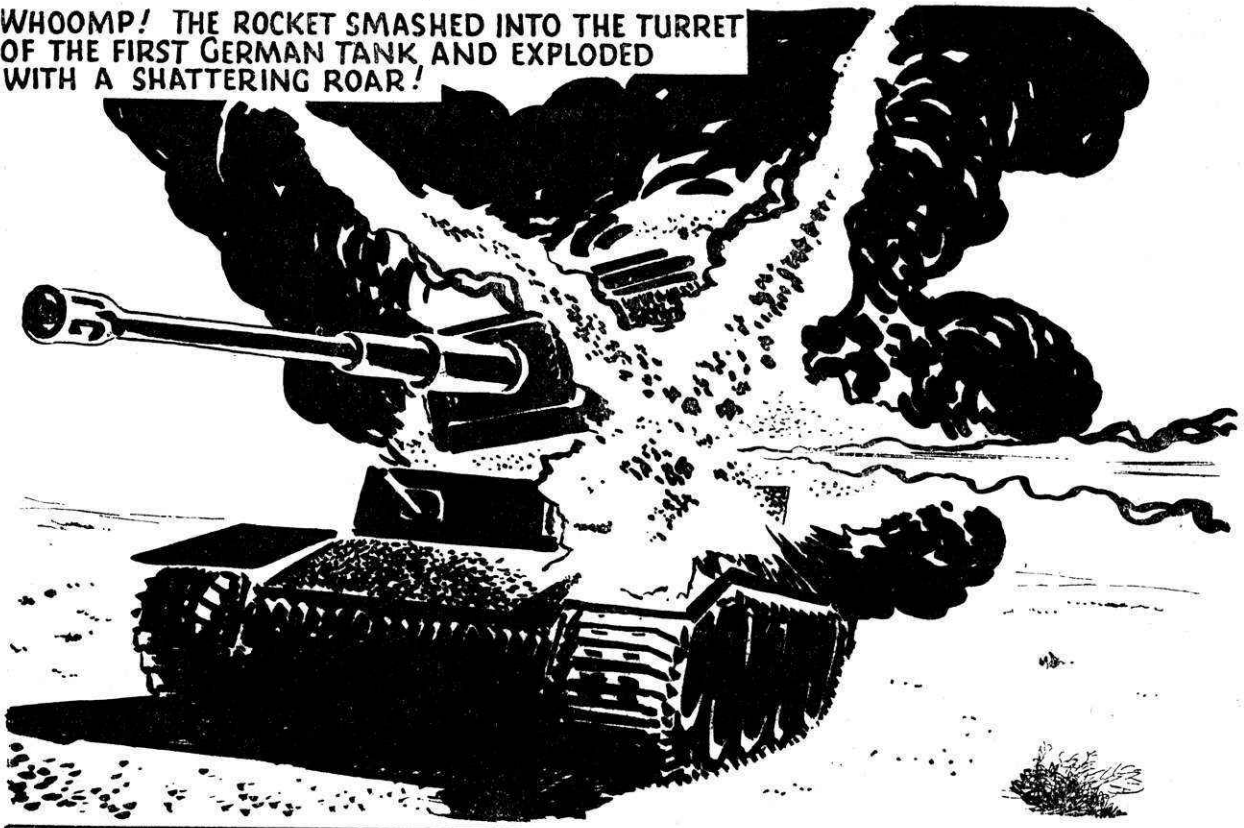
COR! THEM HUNS ARE GOING TO GET A BLOOMIN BIG SHOCK IN A TICK!



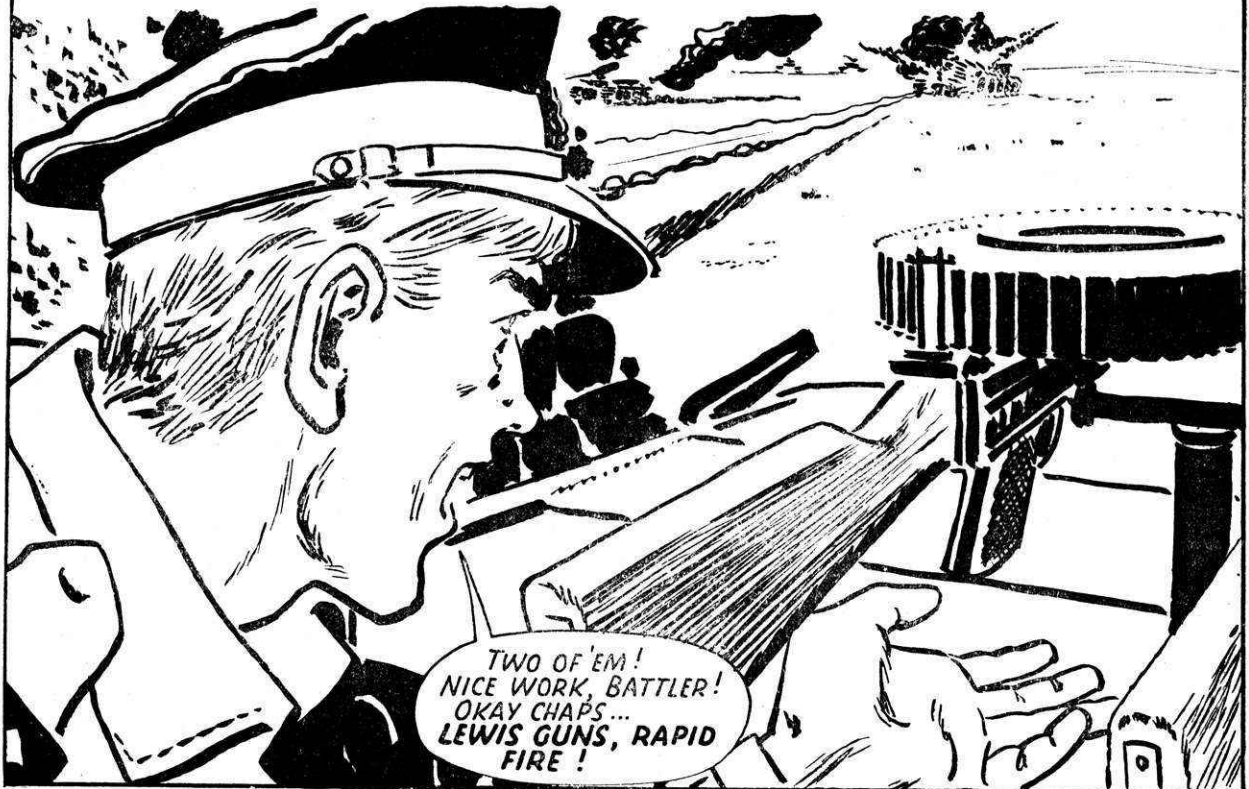
CLOSER AND CLOSER CAME THE GERMAN TANKS... THE SOLDIERS IN THE FORT WAITED WITH BATED BREATH... THEN BATTLER FIRED... SWOOOSH!

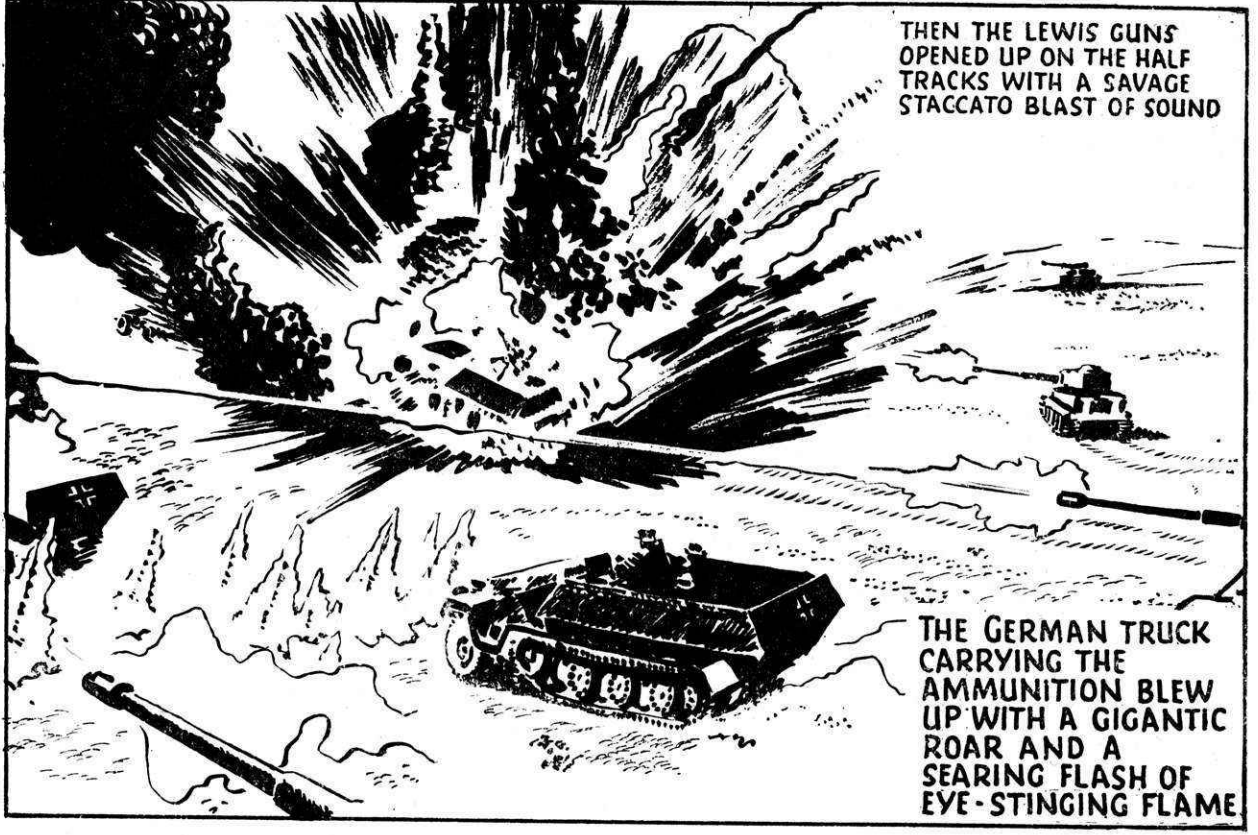


WHOOMP! THE ROCKET SMASHED INTO THE TURRET OF THE FIRST GERMAN TANK AND EXPLODED WITH A SHATTERING ROAR!



THE TANK WAS A ROARING INFERNO WITHIN SECONDS AND THE CREW LEAPED FOR THEIR LIVES. BEFORE THE STARTLED GERMANS REALISED WHAT WAS HAPPENING, ANOTHER ROCKET BLASTED OUT FROM THE RUINED FORT!





THEN THE LEWIS GUNS
OPENED UP ON THE HALF
TRACKS WITH A SAVAGE
STACCATO BLAST OF SOUND

THE GERMAN TRUCK
CARRYING THE
AMMUNITION BLEW
UP WITH A GIGANTIC
ROAR AND A
SEARING FLASH OF
EYE-STINGING FLAME



THEN THE REMAINING GERMAN TANKS
SWUNG THEIR TURRETS AND
THUNDERED INTO ACTION. BATTLE
GAVE A YELL TO THE PATROL SERGEANT...

COME ON,
SERGEANT...
THAT SECOND
TANK CAN STILL
FIRE... LET'S
TAKE IT OVER!

RIGHT, SIR...
LEAD THE
WAY!

THEY RACED THROUGH A BARRAGE OF EXPLODING SHELLS AND AS THE CREW OF THE LAST TANK PUT OUT OF ACTION SCRAMBLED OUT, BATTLER AND SERGEANT BAKER TORE INTO THE GERMANS WITH FLAILING FISTS!



THE FIGHTING ACE'S THUDDING FISTS SMASHED THREE GERMANS TO THE GROUND AND BAKER ACCOUNTED FOR THE OTHER TWO!



THE SERGEANT LOADED, WHILST BATTLER TRAVERSED THE TURRET, TOOK AIM ... AND FIRED!



SERGEANT BAKER HASTILY LOADED AGAIN AND THE AMAZING ACE TURNED ON THE NEXT TANK... WHAAANG! THE MIGHTY GUN CRASHED OUT... AND ANOTHER AFRIKA KORPS TANK SLITHERED TO A HALT IN A SEA OF FLAMES!



THE SURVIVING TANKS TURNED THEIR GUNS ON BATTLER AND SERGEANT BAKER AND PLAGSTERED THEM WITH A WILD BARRAGE OF SHELLS. IT WOULD HAVE BEEN SUICIDE TO STOP AND THEY BALED OUT... SWIFTLY!



THEY THREW THEMSELVES DOWN BEHIND THE THICK STONE WALLS... JUST AS A SHOUT OF JOY WENT UP FROM THE SOLDIERS IN THE FORT. BATTLER LOOKED UP...



THE HURRICANES DIVED LIKE AVENGING HORNETS
AND A RAIN OF ARMOUR-PIERCING BOMBS
SPRAYED DOWN ON THE GERMAN TANKS.



NOT A SINGLE ENEMY TANK SURVIVED THAT TERRIFIC ONSLAUGHT!
AN UNCANNY SILENCE FELL AS THE PLANES PULLED AWAY...
THEN A WILD CHEER AROSE FROM THE PATROL IN THE FORT!

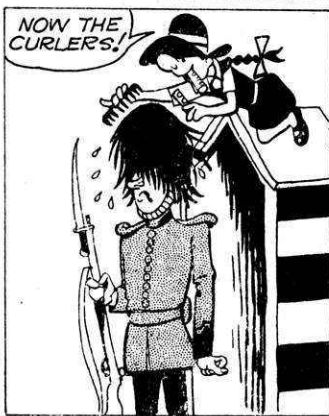
GOOD OLD
BATTLE!
WE'VE DONE
THE RAFF!

YOU'VE SAVED
THE DAY, BATTLE...
BUT FOR YOU, WE
WOULD ALL HAVE
WALKED INTO A
DEADLY TRAP.



AND THANKS TO BATTLE, OUNDA OASIS REMAINED IN
ALLIED HANDS AND IT WAS AN INVALUABLE WATER
HOLE WHEN THE EIGHTH ARMY ADVANCED TWO DAYS LATER!

Vera THE INTERFERER



SOLUTIONS TO KNOCKOUT'S QUIZ PAGES

SPOT THE CHANGE (Page 48)

Cat's whiskers.
Boy's cap, top right.
Cake in window.
Window in tower.
String on shop sign.
Waitress' hair bow.
Bunter's shirt.
Waitress' apron belt.

SPOT THE CHANGE (Page 92)

Clock hand.
Girl's belt.
Diver's wrist-strap.
Cloud shape.
Lighthouse window.
Ship's funnel.
Ripples round fish.
Lighthouse tower.

HOW BRIGHT ARE YOU? (Page 48)

1. A guinea.
2. A military helmet.
3. The King George V £100 red and black of Kenya.
4. The 1,572-foot high TV mast at Oklahoma City, U.S.A.

HOW BRIGHT ARE YOU? (Page 92)

1. German—the non-Latin.
2. Black Beauty, Treasure Island, Round the World in Eighty Days, Lorna Doone.
3. A bevel is a carpentry tool.
4. (a) Edgar Rice Burroughs. (b) Richmal Crompton. (c) Robert Louis Stevenson. (d) Charles Dickens.

SIX STARS (page 92). Jack Warner, Tony Hancock, Tommy Steele, Frank Sinatra, Clark Gable, Norman Wisdom.

CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Peel. 3. Alarm. 6. Mow. 7. Elm. 9. Oil. 11. Open. 13. Dial. 14. Ace. 15. Urges. 16. Area. 17. Emit. 20. Sob. 22. Lad. 24. Revenge. 27. Least. 30. Deter. 31. Stables. 32. Tie. 34. Lea. 36. Asps. 37. Ease. 40. Saner. 42. Eye. 43. Wide. 44. Toga. 47. Roe. 48. Now. 49. Way. 50. Wring. 51. Help.

Down: 1. Pop. 2. Ewe. 3. Amassed. 4. Roar. 5. Mite. 6. Model. 7. Edge. 8. Lie. 10. Lease. 12. Nut. 16. Abot. 18. Malt. 19. Idea. 21. Oven. 23. Isla. 25. Nets. 26. Grip. 28. Able. 29. Teasing. 31. Steer. 33. Essay. 35. Knew. 36. Art. 38. Avow. 39. Seer. 41. Ado. 45. Owl. 46. Gap.

HOW MANY OBJECTS BEGINNING WITH C

Answer: 30. Curtain, candle, cakes, cottage, cravat, cloak, cane, castle, cock, cow, calf, coal, cart, cap, chicken, cat, carrot, chocolate, cloud, curls, choker necklace, collar, coat, cuffs, case, car, church, chimney, cuckoo, clock.

TWO PROVERBS (Page 48)

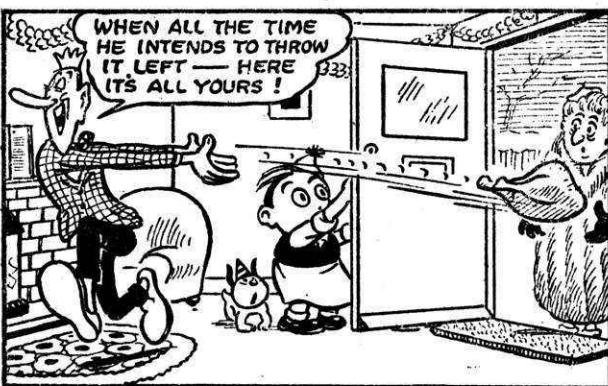
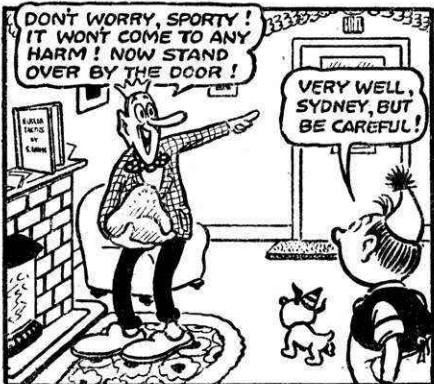
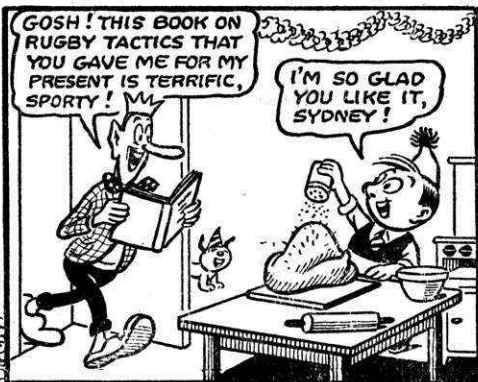
A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.
A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.



SPORTY

BY
Reg Wootton

GIVING
SYDNEY
THE
BIRD!





D. G. RYAN

Knockout

ANNUAL

1962

