



# Billy Bunter's 4½ KNOCKOUT

7th OCTOBER, 1961

EVERY WEDNESDAY

## BILLY BUNTER—Down On The Farm



WHAT A LOVELY DAY!  
I WISH I COULD SPEND  
IT OUT OF DOORS—  
THE FRESH AIR WOULD  
GIVE ME A BIG  
APPETITE FOR  
LUNCH!



BUNTER! STOP  
DAYDREAMING AND  
GET OUTSIDE! WE  
ARE WAITING FOR  
YOU! DON'T YOU  
EVER STUDY THE  
NOTICE BOARD?



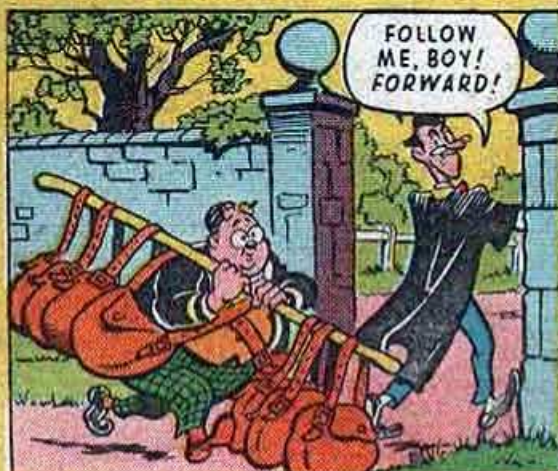
NOTICE THE  
NOTICE NOW,  
BUNTER?

NOTICES  
NATURAL HISTORY  
LESSON TODAY  
WILL TAKE  
PLACE  
OUT OF DOORS.  
PICNIC LUNCH  
WILL BE PROVIDED.  
H. Fozzle  
FORM MASTER

COO, YES, SIR!  
I JUST CAN'T WAIT  
TO GET MY  
HANDS ON THAT  
PICNIC LUNCH!



YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON IT STRAIGHT AWAY,  
BUNTER—IT'S IN THOSE HAVERSACKS! I TOLD  
THE OTHER BOYS NOT TO WAIT FOR US, SO YOU  
CAN CARRY THAT LOT FOR DELAYING OUR  
START! NOW, HURRY—WE MUST  
CATCH THEM UP!



FOLLOW  
ME, BOY!  
FORWARD!



AN HOUR LATER, OUTSIDE  
FARMER FOZZLE'S FARM...

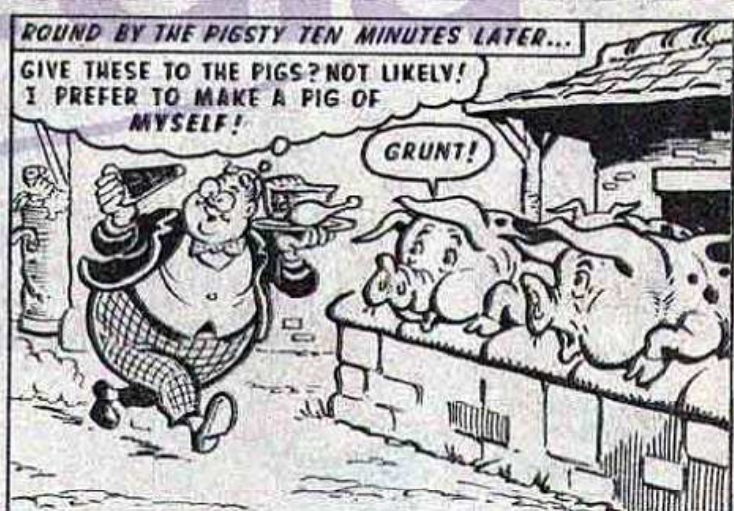
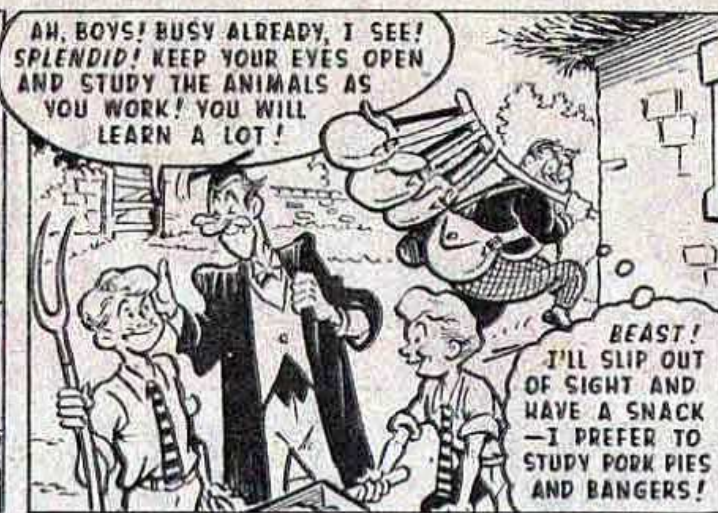
YOU WOULD BE, GREEDY YOUTH!  
WE HAVE NOT STOPPED HERE TO  
EAT—WE HAVE STOPPED FOR  
NATURE STUDY! ENTER!

IS THIS WHERE WE  
STOP FOR OUR PICNIC, SIR?  
I'M EXHAUSTED! I'M READY  
FOR LUNCH NOW!

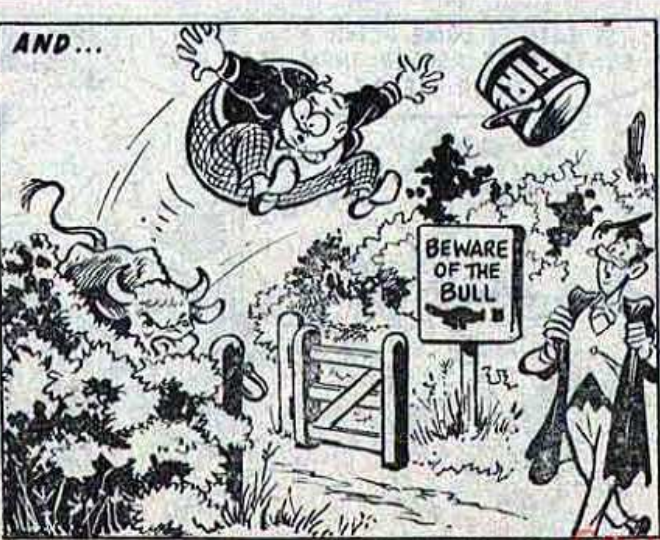
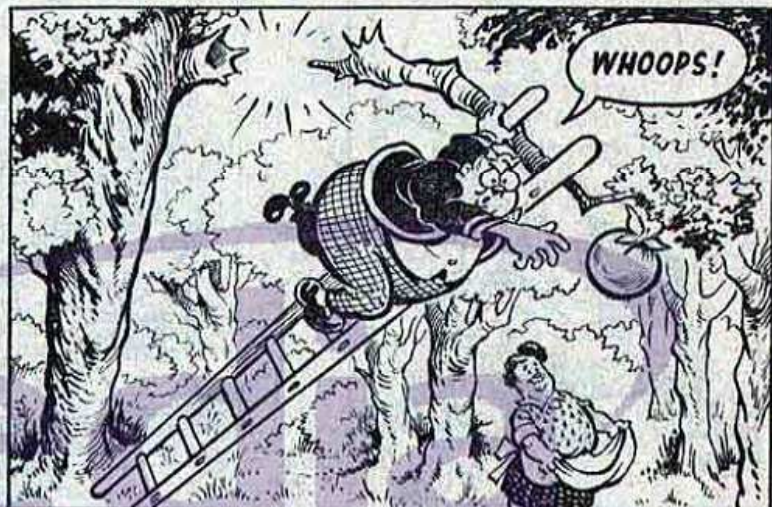
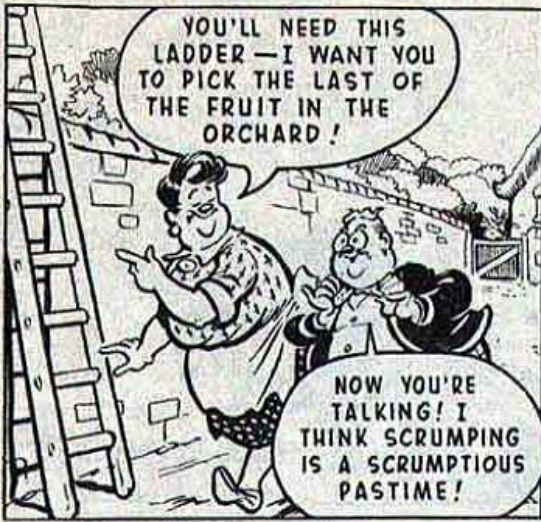
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**BUNTER DECIDED TO MAKE A PIG OF HIMSELF—BUT HE MET SOME COMPETITION!**



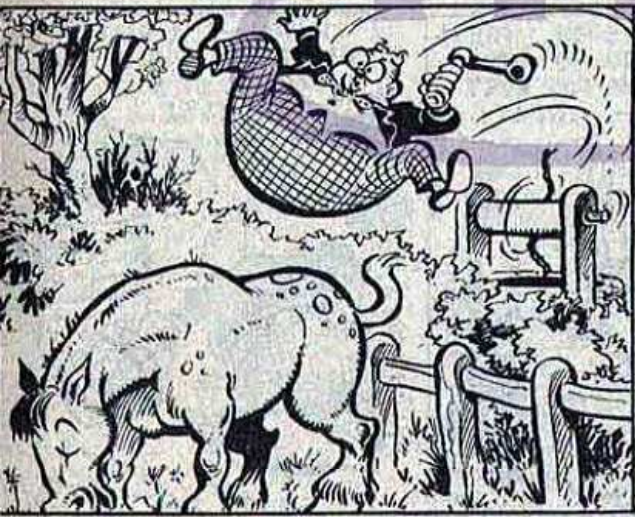
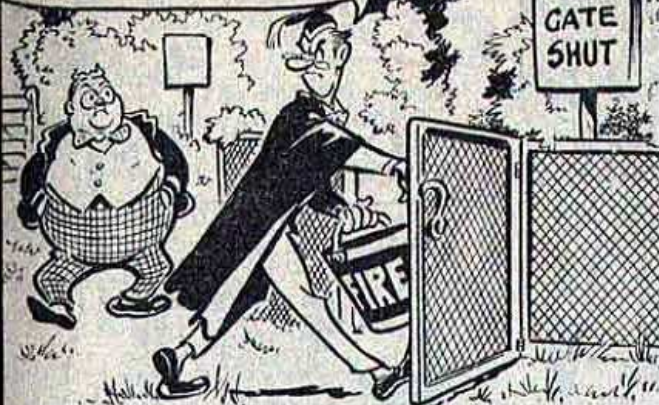






THE FAT OWL WAS HUNGRY—AND HE KNEW "EGGS-ACTLY" WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT!

—WHILE YOU MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL IN THE POULTRY YARD BY PICKING UP THE EGGS!







Billy Bunter will be horsing around in another hilarious tale next week! Don't miss it!

# BILLY BUNTERS FEAST OF FUN

The two top jokes win £1 each. Others earn a delicious Billy Bunter Tuck-Box packed with FRY'S Chocolate Creams, Crunchie, Punch and Turkish Delight. Send your jokes on a postcard NOW, along with the names of your two favourite features in KNOCKOUT, to:  
 "Billy Bunter's Feast of Fun,"  
 KNOCKOUT, 3 Pilgrim St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.)

## BILLY BUNTER'S FEAST OF FUN

IMPORTANT! The above coupon must be attached to your postcard.



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M. TUNNICLIFFE, THORNTON HEATH.



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# OLIVER BOLD



WITH A RINGING SHOUT OLIVER SUDDENLY HURLED HIMSELF FORWARD.

AT 'EM, LADS! IT'S OUR LAST CHANCE TO ESCAPE-- LET'S MAKE IT A GOOD ONE!

DOWN WITH THE SPANISH DOGS!



Oliver Bold and his buccaneers were taken prisoner by his arch-enemy, Admiral Martinez. The admiral intended to transport them to Cadiz for execution, but as they were being led below decks Oliver decided on one last fight for liberty . . .

TAKEN UNAWARES BY THE SWIFT FURY OF THE ENGLISH ATTACK, THE GUARDS GAVE GROUND AND THE PRISONERS FORCED THEIR WAY UP ON DECK-- TO RUN FULL TILT INTO ADMIRAL MARTINEZ.

IN ONE DISCIPLINED RUSH, THE BUCCANEERS GAINED THE SIDE OF THE SHIP AND LEAPED FOR SAFETY.

THEY ARE STILL CHAINED! SHOOT THEM DOWN, YOU FOOLS!

OVER THE SIDE, LADS!



AS QUICK AS YOU LIKE -- BEFORE THEY GET A CHANCE TO USE THEIR GUNS!



SWIFTLY, THEY STRUCK OUT FOR THE DISTANT SHORE WHILE MARTINEZ, HIS FACE PURPLE WITH RAGE, SHOUTED FURIOUS ORDERS...

BUT AS THEY SWAM STRONGLY AWAY, ANOTHER DANGER, TWICE AS DEADLY AS THE SPANIARDS' BULLETS, WAS UPON THEM...

SHARKS, OLIVER! THE SEA'S THICK WITH THEM!

SPLASH AS HARD AS YOU CAN WITH YOUR CHAINS AND SCARE 'EM OFF!



USE YOUR MUSKETS, SOME OF YOU! THE REST OF YOU LOWER THE BOATS AND GET AFTER THEM!



GABRIEL FIRELOCK AND BIG LUKE SWAM TOGETHER, BOTH KICKING HARD TO KEEP THE TERRIBLE MONSTERS AT BAY.

THEN SUDDENLY THE SMILE FADED FROM BIG LUKE'S FACE...

HEAVING HIMSELF FORWARD THROUGH THE WATER, BIG LUKE SMASHED HIS CHAINED WRISTS DOWN ON THE NOSE OF THE SHARK...

BULLETS AND SHARKS TOGETHER AND BURDENED BY CHAINS. BAH! THERE'S NO FUTURE IN THIS LIFE FOR AN HONEST SAILOR!

DON'T WORRY, GABRIEL! THE SPANIARDS ARE SUCH BAD SHOTS THEY'RE HITTING THE SHARKS AND NOT US!

OLIVER! OLIVER! SHARK! BEHIND YOU!

BUT BECAUSE OF THE NOISE OF GUNFIRE, OLIVER NEVER HEARD LUKE'S SHOUTED WARNING

-- AND WITH A SWIRL OF FOAM, THE SHARK DISAPPEARED BENEATH THE SURFACE.





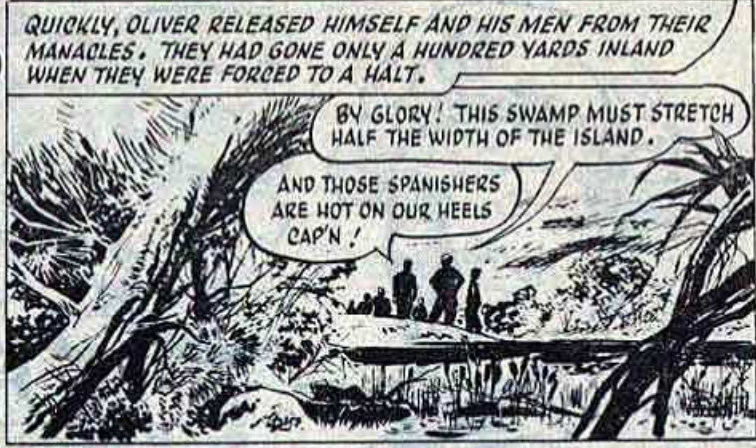
**OLIVER HAD A DARING PLAN TO TRICK THE RELENTLESS PURSUERS!**



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, OLIVER AND HIS MEN STRUGGLED UP THE SANDY BEACH...

THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GIVE UP UNTIL THEY GET US, CAP'N-- AND WE'VE STILL GOT THESE ACCURSED CHAINS ON US.

AYE, BUT NOT FOR LONG. I MANAGED TO TAKE THE KEY TO THE CHAINS OUT OF THE GUARD'S POCKET WHEN HE FELL. WE'LL SOON BE FREE!



QUICKLY, OLIVER RELEASED HIMSELF AND HIS MEN FROM THEIR MANACLES. THEY HAD GONE ONLY A HUNDRED YARDS INLAND WHEN THEY WERE FORCED TO A HALT.

BY GLORY! THIS SWAMP MUST STRETCH HALF THE WIDTH OF THE ISLAND.

AND THOSE SPANISHERS ARE HOT ON OUR HEELS CAP'N!



ALREADY THEY COULD HEAR THE SHOUTS OF THE SPANISH CAPTAIN AS HE BAWLED ABUSE AT HIS SWEATING OARSMEN.

COME ON, YOU LAZY PIGS! PULL! BREAK YOUR BACKS!



AND ONLY A MATTER OF YARDS AWAY, OLIVER AND HIS MEN WERE WORKING FEVERISHLY...

THIS MIGHT DO, LUKE. IF WE PUT THE REEDS IN OUR MOUTHS AND HOLD OUR NOSES, WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO BREATHE UNDER WATER!

IT'S A NEAT LITTLE DODGE, CAP'N! LET'S HOPE WE CAN FOOL 'EM!



AS THE LONGBOATS GROUNDED, THE SPANISH TROOPS SPREAD OUT.

SEARCH INLAND, BUT KEEP TOGETHER. THOSE ENGLISH FIGHT LIKE WILDCATS WHEN THEY'RE CORNERED!



TWO MINUTES LATER, THE SPANIARDS CAME TO A HALT ON THE SHORES OF THE COLD, BLACK SWAMP WATER.

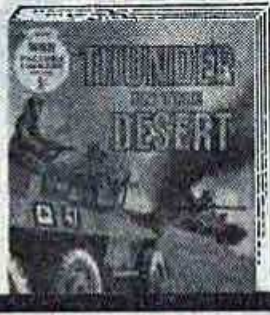
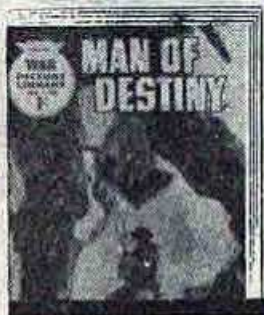
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE THEY COULD HAVE GONE-- INTO THIS SWAMP. AND NOBODY HAS EVER TRIED TO GET THROUGH HERE-- AND LIVED!

THERE'S NO SIGN OF THEM, SIR!

WITH A CRUEL, GLOATING LAUGH, THE SPANISH CAPTAIN ORDERED HIS MEN TO RETURN TO THEIR BOATS.

**Has Oliver's ruse succeeded? More thrills in next week's great episode!**

War is never a pleasant thing but it brought out the best in men as well as the worst. Here are four new titles from War Picture Library—stories of the war on sea and land. 64 exciting picture pages in each—look out for the full colour covers—and the books cost only one shilling each.



MAN OF DESTINY tells of Private Poppoli, for whom the war should have been over but he found it had only just begun.

THE TROUBLED SEA is about Captain Kurt Wolf of U-Boat 97 who deserved to die!

HEAT OF BATTLE tells the story of a Bofors gun crew matched against overwhelming odds!

THUNDER IN THE DESERT—the story of a fighting unit in the fury and heat of desert war.

**WAR  
PICTURE  
LIBRARY**

ON SALE NOW

**1/-**

EACH



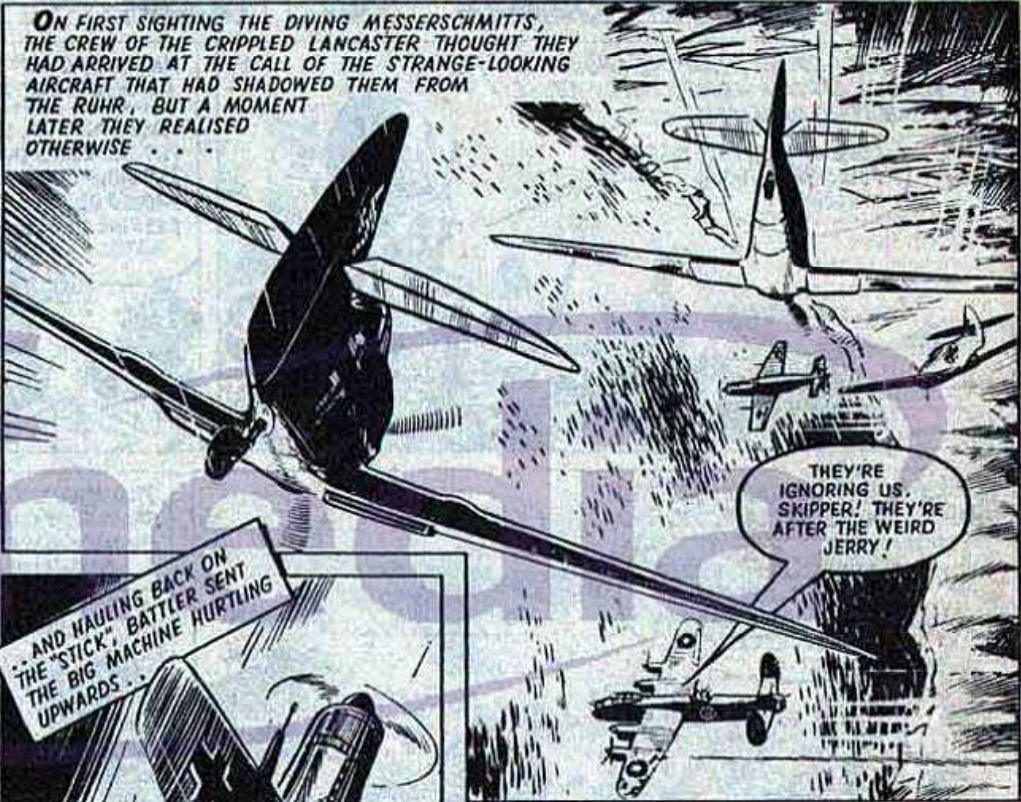
THE FEARLESS BATTLER SOARED UPWARDS—WITH DANGER HOT ON HIS TAIL!

# BATTLER BRITTON

## FIGHTING ACE



After successfully destroying a giant German gun, Battler Britton crash-landed and was captured by the Gestapo. He escaped and stole a new Pfiel fighter plane to get back to England. Over France he met up with a crippled Lancaster and accompanied it until, suddenly, three German fighters roared towards them . . .



ON FIRST SIGHTING THE DIVING MESSERSCHMITTS, THE CREW OF THE CRIPPLED LANCASTER THOUGHT THEY HAD ARRIVED AT THE CALL OF THE STRANGE-LOOKING AIRCRAFT THAT HAD SHADOWED THEM FROM THE RUHR, BUT A MOMENT LATER THEY REALISED OTHERWISE . . .

THEY'RE IGNORING US, SKIPPER! THEY'RE AFTER THE WEIRD JERRY!



FROM THE COCKPIT OF THE "WEIRD JERRY", BATTLER, WEARY FROM TRYING TO KEEP THE DAMAGED MACHINE ON COURSE, SPOTTED THE NEW DANGER . . .

HERE WE GO AGAIN! THIS THING WON'T TAKE MUCH MORE HAMMERING! MAYBE I CAN OUT-CUMB THEM!



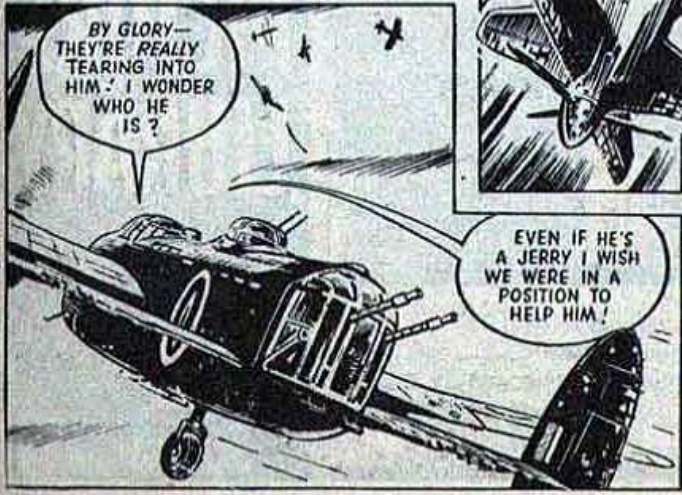
.. AND HAULING BACK ON THE "STICK", BATTLER SENT THE BIG MACHINE HURTLING UPWARDS . . .

UP YOU COME, YOU BRUTE!



LOOK AT THAT WEIRDY GO, JOE! WHO EVER THE PILOT IS, HE KNOWS HIS ONIONS!

BUT THOSE IO9'S ARE AFTER HIM, SKIP! HE'S HAD HIS CHIPS, I RECKON!



BY GLORY—THEY'RE REALLY TEARING INTO HIM! I WONDER WHO HE IS?

EVEN IF HE'S A JERRY I WISH WE WERE IN A POSITION TO HELP HIM!

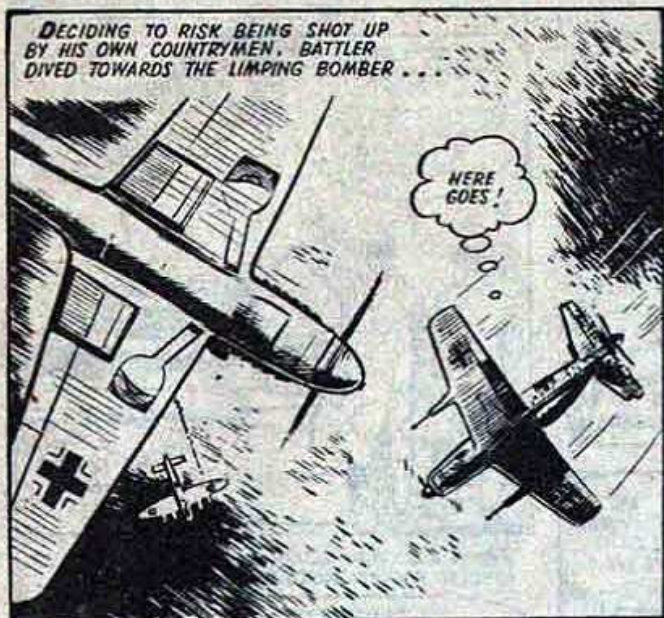
HAD THE ENGINEER KNOWN IT, HE WAS SOON TO HAVE HIS WISH



I BET THOSE BOMBER BOYS ARE WONDERING WHAT'S GOING ON . . . I WONDER IF THEY'LL PLAY BALL IF I DRAG 'EM IN ON THIS SCRAP!

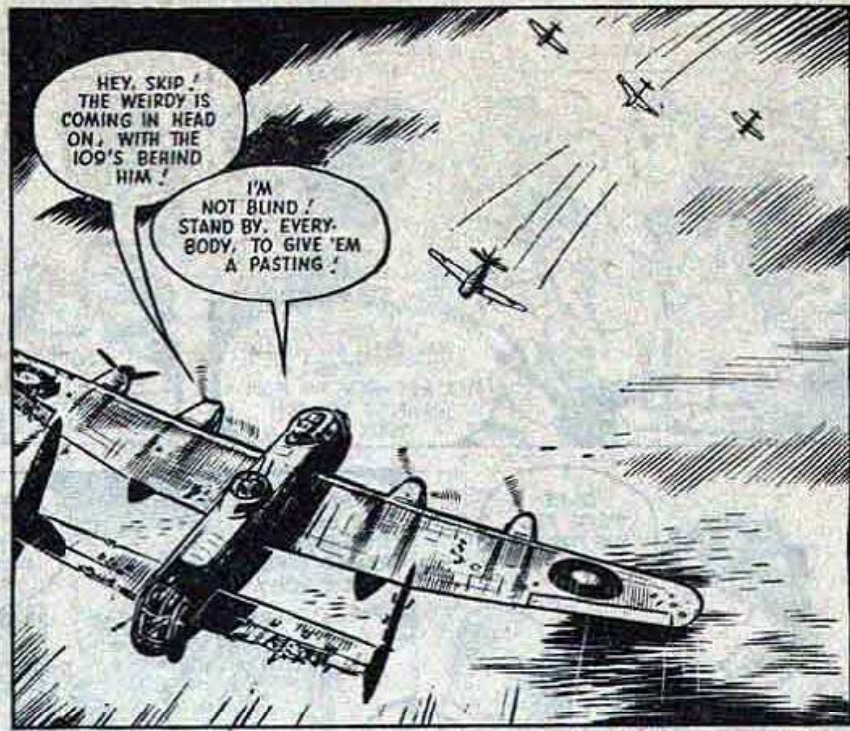


**THE CRIPPLED BOMBER'S GUNS HAMMERED ANGRILY AT THE GERMAN FIGHTERS!**



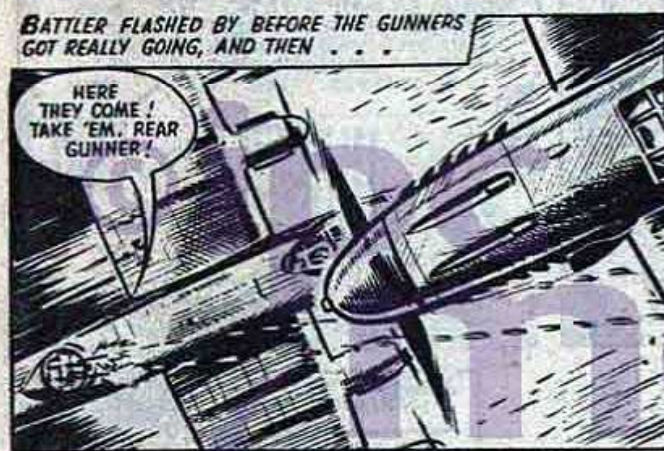
DECIDING TO RISK BEING SHOT UP BY HIS OWN COUNTRYMEN, BATTLE DIVED TOWARDS THE LIMPING BOMBER . . .

HERE GOES!



HEY, SKIP! THE WEIRDY IS COMING IN HEAD ON, WITH THE 100'S BEHIND HIM!

I'M NOT BLIND! STAND BY, EVERYBODY, TO GIVE 'EM A PASTING!



BATTLE FLASHED BY BEFORE THE GUNNERS GOT REALLY GOING, AND THEN . . .

HERE THEY COME! TAKE 'EM, REAR GUNNER!



YEEAH-HOO! I GOT ONE, SKIP!



NICE WORK, SMITTY! ANYBODY SEE WHERE OUR WEIRDY WENT?



THERE HE GOES, SIR! LOW DOWN ON THE DECK HEADING FOR THAT SEA FOG! THE JERRIES ARE WITH HIM, TOO!

ENGULFED BY FOG, THE GERMANS LOST TRACK OF THEIR QUARRY . . . AND THEMSELVES . . .



ACHTUNG! ACHTUNG! YELLOW LEADER CALLING . . . HUNT OVER . . . RETURN TO BASE!



SOME FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER A HOME GUARDSMAN RETURNING FROM HIS DUTY UP ON THE SOUTH DOWNS GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE . . .

LUMME! WHAT BE IT? -A FLIPPIN' JERRY!

AS THE AIRCRAFT VANISHED IN THE MIST THE ENGINE SUDDENLY STOPPED . . . AND AFTER A SICKENING CRUNCH OF TEARING METAL, ALL WAS QUIET . . .



COR! HE' BE CRASHED!



WITH RIFLE AT THE READY, THE CIVILIAN SOLDIER STEPPED BOLDLY TOWARDS THE SCENE OF THE CRASH . . .

TAKE IT EASY, CHUM! WE'RE BOTH ON THE SAME SIDE!

BATTLE WAS BACK IN ENGLAND . . .



**AN HOUR OR SO LATER THE CREW OF THE LANCASTER ARRIVED BACK AT THEIR BASE AND REPORTED THE STRANGE AIRCRAFT...**

IT HAD ENGINES AT BOTH ENDS AND WAS CORKSCREWING ALL OVER THE PLACE! A PROPER MYSTERY IT WAS!

THE MYSTERY HAS BEEN SOLVED, LADS! HERE'S A MESSAGE FROM THE PILOT THANKING YOU FOR YOUR HELP!

THE PLANE IS ONE OF GERMANY'S LATEST FIGHTERS, AND THE PILOT WAS WING COMMANDER BATTLETT BRITTON!

BATTLETT BRITTON - OUR TOP FIGHTER ACE? HE CERTAINLY GETS AROUND!

**BATTLETT CERTAINLY DID, AND AT THAT MOMENT HAD ARRIVED BACK AT BOSCOMBE DOWN...**

WELCOME BACK, WING COMMANDER! BETTER LATE THAN NEVER! YOU'VE BROUGHT US BACK A PRESENT, WE HEAR!

FIRST THINGS FIRST, BOFFINS! HOW DID WE MAKE OUT WITH THE SPIKING OF THE BIG GUN?

COME INSIDE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

-THERE! WE HAD IT ENLARGED AND FRAMED SPECIALLY FOR YOU!

BOY! WE CERTAINLY MADE A MESS OF IT, DIDN'T WE?

FROM BOSCOMBE DOWN BATTLETT FLEW BACK TO LONDON FOR AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE...

... THE THINGS THAT WORRIED ME MOST WERE THE ROCKET-BOOSTED FOCKE-WULFS THEY'RE DEVELOPING AT RECHLIN, GENTLEMEN! SOMETHING OUGHT TO BE DONE ABOUT THEM!

DON'T WORRY, WING COMMANDER, IT WILL BE!

.. AND TWO NIGHTS LATER, AS S.S. MAJOR HERTZ RETURNED TO HIS HEADQUARTERS FROM THE HOSPITAL AT RECHLIN AIRFIELD, THE GROUND SHUDDERED UNDER THE IMPACT OF HEAVY BOMBS...

WELCOME, HERR MAJOR! IT LOOKS AS IF YOU LEFT RECHLIN JUST IN TIME!

THERE BEING NO LOVE LOST BETWEEN THE S.S. MAJOR AND THE RECHLIN PILOTS, HE ANSWERED WITH A SNEER...

SERVE THEM RIGHT! PERHAPS NOW THEY WILL PAY MORE ATTENTION TO FIGHTING THE WAR INSTEAD OF FLYING TOO LOW OVER OUR HEADQUARTERS WITH THEIR BEASTLY MACHINES!

SUDDENLY THERE WAS A TREMENDOUS ROAR...

HIMMEL! LOOK OUT, HERR MAJOR!

AS THE FIVE HUNDRED POUND BOMB EXPLODED, DESTROYING THE EVIL PLACE, THE PATHFINDER MOSQUITO CLIMBED HIGH INTO THE NIGHT...

AND WITH A SMILE, BATTLETT BRITTON HEADED BACK FOR HOME...

WELL, THAT'S THAT!

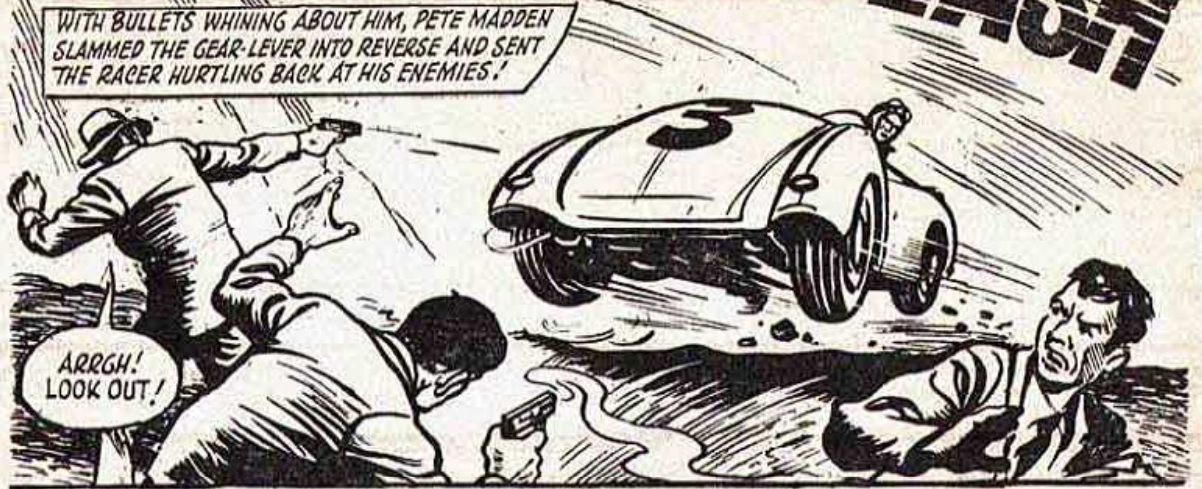
A thrill-packed NEW Battler Britton adventure starts next Wednesday! Don't miss it!

Courtesy of IPC Media

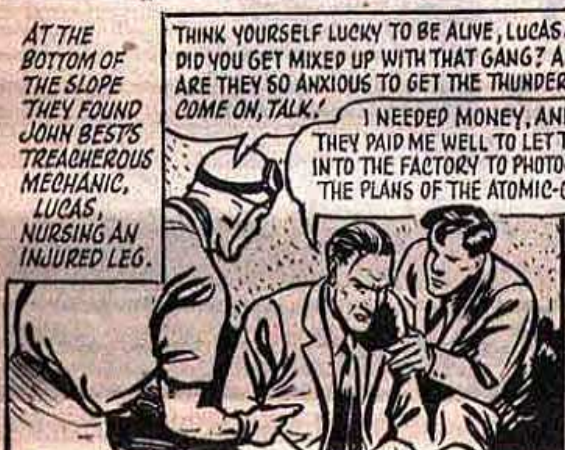


# PETE MADDEN AND THE THUNDERFLASH

Marvin Stone and his gang had hidden microfilm of the plans of a secret new atomic gun in John Best's racing car, the Thunderflash, in order to smuggle it out of England. The car was entered in the Italian "Dolomite 500" race, with John Best and private detective Pete Madden taking turns at the wheel. While Madden was driving, a crooked rival forced him off the road . . . and into an ambush!



WITH BULLETS WHINING ABOUT HIM, PETE MADDEN SLAMMED THE GEAR-LEVER INTO REVERSE AND SENT THE RACER HURLING BACK AT HIS ENEMIES!





AFTER HELPING STEVE CARRY LUCAS UP TO HIS CAR, PETE MADDEN DROVE BACK ON TO THE RACE CIRCUIT. JOHN BEST AND HIS DAUGHTER MOLLY WERE RELIEVED TO SEE HIM ROAR PAST THE PITS...

THANK HEAVENS! HE WASN'T CRASHED! BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT DELAYED HIM ON THE MOUNTAIN STRETCH.

WELL, THE THUNDERFLASH SEEMS ALL RIGHT, DADDY. WHEE-EE! LOOK AT IT GO!

IT WAS A RACE AGAINST TIME FOR PETE MADDEN, AND HIS DAREDEVIL DRIVING SOON HAD THE SPEED FANS ROARING THEIR ADMIRATION.

HE SENT THE THUNDERFLASH STREAKING PAST ONE CAR AFTER ANOTHER IN HIS BREAKNECK BID TO OVERHAUL STONE'S CROOKED PAL, PAUL, IN THE TOLEDO.

I MUST SIGHT HIM PRESENTLY!

AND AT LAST HE WAS REWARDED! HE WAS ON THE TAIL OF THE CROOK WHO HAD NEARLY WRECKED HIM ON SUICIDE CORNER!

PAUL --- A CROOKED BUT SKILLED RACE DRIVER --- WAS CONVINCED HE COULD NOW WIN THE RACE, WITH MADDEN AND THE THUNDERFLASH OUT OF IT. BUT A GLANCE IN HIS DRIVING-MIRROR SHATTERED HIS HOPES!

PETE MADDEN! SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG! I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS!

YOU MAY WELL PANIC, CHUM! I'VE GOT YOU RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU. THE GAME'S UP!

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION, PAUL SUDDENLY SLEWED THE TOLEDO OFF THE MAIN CIRCUIT AND INTO A NARROW SLIP-ROAD.

THE FOOL! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT AT THAT SPEED. HE'S FINISHED!

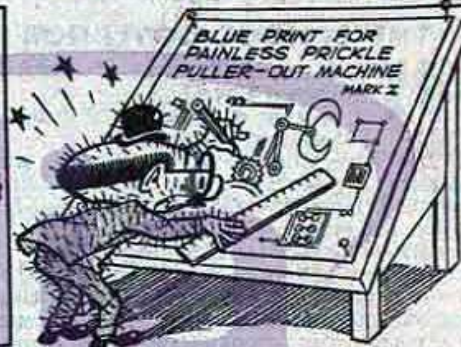
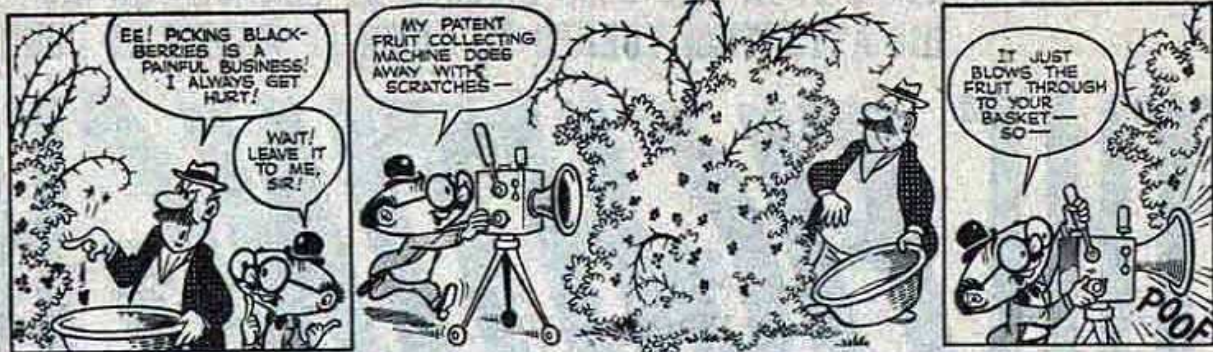
LESLIE DAVID

Will the crook lose control of his car and crash? Don't miss next week's big thrills!



# PROFESSOR KNOCKOUT

HIS LATEST GADGET CAUSES A PRICKLY PROBLEM!



## INTERNATIONAL SOCCER STARS

"Look! a great new picture-card series!"

says

**JOHNNY HAYNES**  
Captain of England

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One of the stars in this spectacular series—  
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**Kellogg's** **WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES**





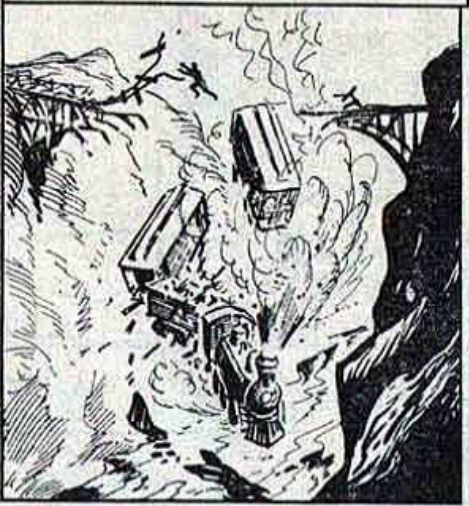
# WOLF-EYE'S VENGEANCE



Wolf-Eye, a renegade Indian, had stirred the Black River Tribe to go on the warpath because he had a plan to rob a gold bullion train along with Ace Kleek and a crooked guard called Sayers. Marshal Texas John Slaughter managed to detach the passenger carriages before the train reached a bridge which the Indians had blown up.

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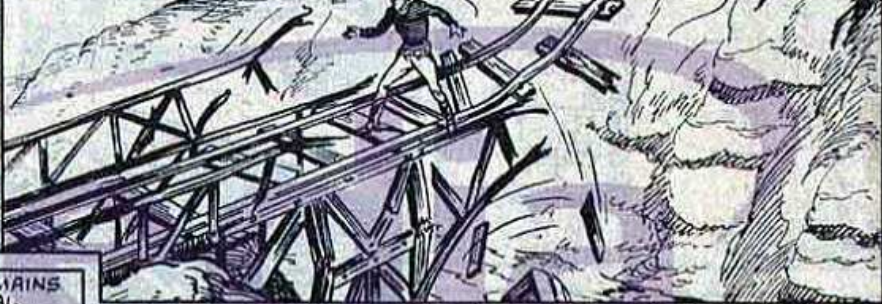
AS THE TRAIN PLUNGED INTO THE CANYON, TEXAS JOHN MADE A DEATH-DEFYING LEAP FOR THE BROKEN, TWISTED RAILS.



HIS HANDS CLUTCHED THE END OF A RAIL, AND HE SWUNG LIKE A PENDULUM ABOVE THE YAWNING CHASM...



SLOWLY, AND WITH GREAT CARE, TEXAS JOHN HEAVED HIMSELF UP ON TO THE SWAYING REMAINS OF THE BRIDGE AND BEGAN TO PICK HIS WAY CAUTIOUSLY BACK ALONG THE SPLINTERED, GROANING SLEEPERS.



SUDDENLY, WITH A MOUNTING ROAR, THE SHATTERED REMAINS OF THE BRIDGE STARTED TO COLLAPSE, AND THE MARSHAL FLUNG HIMSELF TOWARDS THE SAFETY OF THE CLIFF EDGE.



THAT EVENING, IN THE INDIAN CAMP, THERE WAS WILD CELEBRATION THE GOLD BULLION WAS THEIRS, SO THEIR WAR GOD WOULD BE PLEASED. THE HATED WHITE MAN HAD BEEN BEATEN AND WOLF-EYE AND HIS PARTNERS, SAYERS AND KLEEK, HAD NOTHING TO FEAR FROM THE LAW WITH TEXAS JOHN SLAUGHTER DEAD.



THEN THE VOICE OF THE TOTEM BOOMED OUT AND CUT SHORT THE REVELRY...



THE WARRIORS OF THE BLACK RIVER TRIBE HAVE PROVED THEMSELVES THE BRAVEST OF MEN. I AM PLEASED. NOW LET THE GIFTS OF GOLD BE BROUGHT FORTH TO ME.

IT SHALL BE DONE, O GREAT ONE!

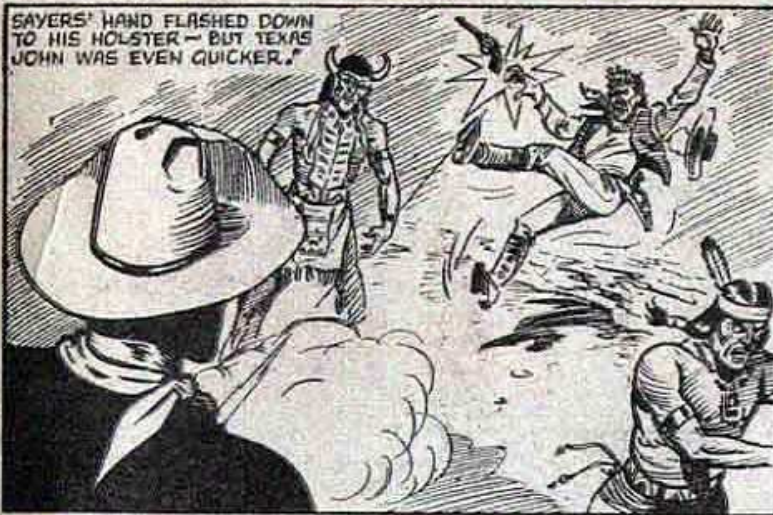
AS WOLF-EYE AND SAYERS MOVED TOWARDS THE BULLION, A GREAT SHOUT OF FEAR AROSE BEHIND THEM. THEY SPUN ROUND — AND SAW TEXAS JOHN AND CHIEF EAGLE CLOUD RIDING SLOWLY INTO CAMP.



AIEE! THEY ARE EVIL SPIRITS WHO COME TO HAUNT US!



SAYERS' HAND FLASHED DOWN TO HIS HOLSTER - BUT TEXAS JOHN WAS EVEN QUICKER.



HAVING RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK OF SEEING EAGLE CLOUD AND TEXAS JOHN ALIVE, THE BRAVES CROWDED AROUND AND LISTENED IN GRIM SILENCE TO THE OLD CHIEF...



LISTEN, MY BRAVES, YOU HAVE BEEN TRICKED BY WOLF-EYE AND HIS EVIL WHITE FRIENDS. THEY TRIED TO KILL ME, AND LEAD YOU TO THE WAYS OF WAR. THEY TRICKED YOU INTO STEALING THE WHITE MAN'S GOLD WHICH YOU WERE TO DELIVER TO A FALSE GOD. THEN THEY INTENDED TO MAKE OFF WITH THE GOLD AND LEAVE YOU TO TAKE THE BLAME FOR THEIR WICKEDNESS!

THEN THE VOICE FROM THE TOTEM BELLOWED OUT AGAIN.

KILL THE WHITE MAN AND EAGLE CLOUD, FOR I FAVOUR ONLY WOLF-EYE!

HEAR! YOUR GOD SPEAKS WITH WISDOM. DO AS HE BIDS!



TEXAS JOHN SAW A FLICKER OF FLAME INSIDE THE TOTEM, AND HE RAISED HIS GUN AND FIRED.



KILL! KILL! I COMMAND YOU!

THE NEXT MOMENT A FLAMING TORCH DROPPED FROM THE TOTEM INTO THE RIVER AND THE VOICE OF THE GOD CHANGED.



OUCH! MY HAND! OW! OW!

WOLF-EYE WAS SEIZED BY SOME OF THE BRAVES WHILST THE REST RUSHED TO THE TOTEM AND DRAGGED OUT THE TERRIFIED ACE KLEEK.



MERCY! PLEASE DON'T LET THEM KILL ME, MARSHAL!

ONLY WITH DIFFICULTY DID TEXAS JOHN MANAGE TO PERSUADE THE INDIANS TO LET HIM TAKE KLEEK AND WOLF-EYE BACK WITH HIM TO STAND TRIAL.



MY BRAVES HAVE ERRED GREATLY, MARSHAL. I ONLY HOPE THAT THE WHITE MEN WILL FORGIVE THEM FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE!

THEY WEREN'T REALLY TO BLAME, EAGLE CLOUD. AND NOW YOU'RE BACK TO LEAD THEM I KNOW THAT THERE'LL BE NO MORE TROUBLE!

WHAT WORDS ARE THOSE FOR A GOD TO SAY? EAGLE CLOUD IS RIGHT. WE HAVE BEEN TRICKED BY THESE EVIL ONES!



THE END

An exciting NEW Texas John Slaughter adventure starts next week! Don't miss it!

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LUMME! WHAT A LOT OF OLD FUDDYDUDS! DON'T THEY DO ANYTHING HERE EXCEPT SIT? NO SPORTS OR GAMES?



I THINK WE OUGHT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT DRAUGHTS HERE!

GOOD! THAT'S A START IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION! I'LL FIX SOME MATCHES!



WE DON'T WANT MATCHES - BUT YOU CAN FIX SOME PATCHES! THE DRAUGHTS ARE COMING FROM ALL THOSE WALL CRACKS!

HA! HA! YOU LET YOURSELF IN FOR THAT, SYDNEY!



NEVER MIND! I STILL THINK A DRAUGHTS TOURNAMENT FOR A CUP IS A GOOD IDEA!

O.K! LET'S GET STARTED!

O'I'LL PLAY IN THE FIRST GAME!



AGAINST ME, EH? YOUR FIRST MOVE, GAFFER! HURRY UP - I'M WAITING!

O'I'VE ALREADY MOVED!



O! DID IT UNDER ME BEARD AND NOW O'I'M READY TO JUMP OVER ONE OF YOUR MEN!



NO SECRET MOVES! I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!



NOW I'LL SIT DOWN WHILE I CONTEMPLATE THE MASTER MOVE THAT WILL GET ME THE CUP!



YEEOW

THAT BE A FUNNY MOVE TO START WITH!



DOCTORS WAITING ROOM

IS THIS A GAME?

IT WAS! BUT CAN YOU GET IT OFF DOCTOR? THEY WANT IT BACK AT THE CANTEEN FOR TEA!

# TITCH



WE'LL BE GENERALS AND THAT'S OUR FORT! WHO'S GOING TO BE OUR ARMY?

TICH!



TICH CAN LOAD THE CANNON WHILE WE WORK OUT OUR MANOEUVRES!



ZUNK



PERISHIN' KIDS THROWIN' ROCKS!!

NOW WE'LL BE THE GENERALS RETREATING TO A SAFER PLACE!

AND I'LL TAKE COVER UNTIL THE BATTLE'S OVER!