

THIS IS THE ONE FOR THRILLS AND FUN!



Knockout

20th MAY, 1961

EVERY WEDNESDAY

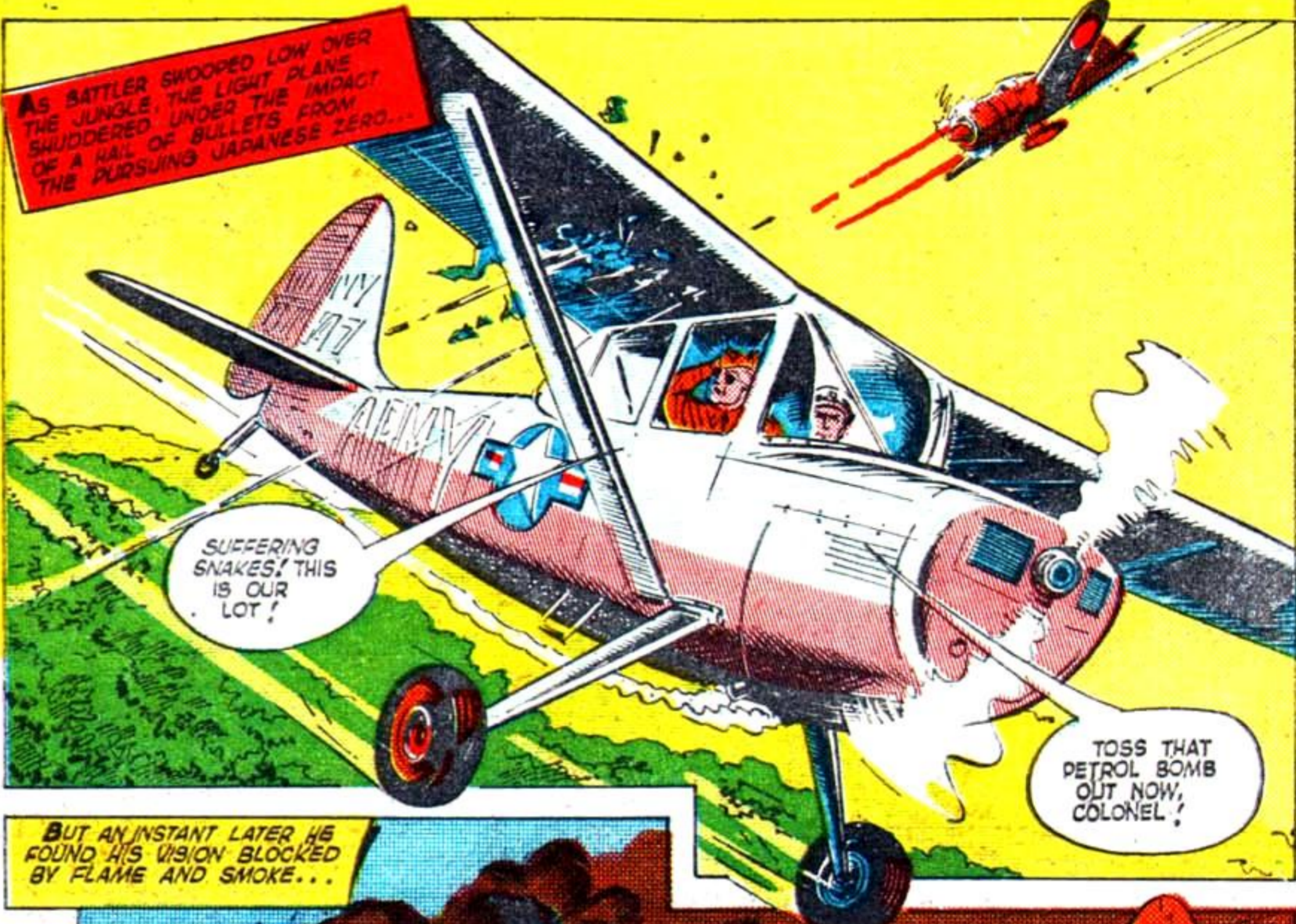
4½^D

Battler Britton

FIGHTING ACE

During a rest period Battler was flying an American, Colonel Coney, round the British airfields in Burma on a goodwill tour. Then he heard that the Japanese were advancing to Kowoon Bridge and, with some home-made petrol bombs, he and the colonel set fire to the bridge. Just then a Jap Zero swooped down on them . . .

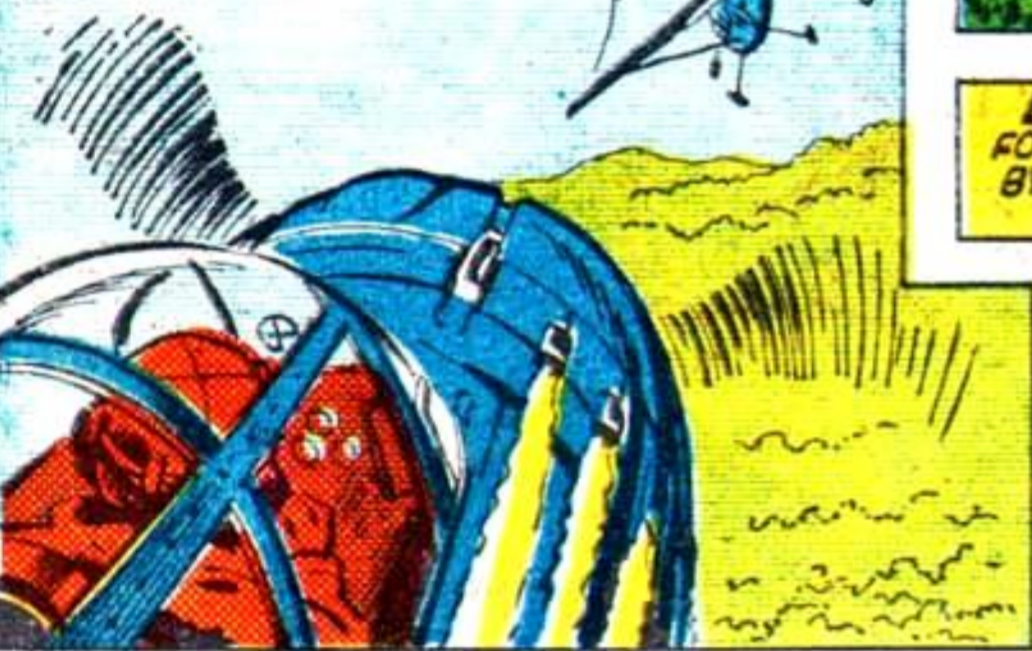
AS BATTLE SWOOPED LOW OVER THE JUNGLE, THE LIGHT PLANE SHUDDERED UNDER THE IMPACT OF A HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE PURSUING JAPANESE ZERO.



SUFFERING SNAKES! THIS IS OUR LOT!

TOSS THAT PETROL BOMB OUT NOW, COLONEL!

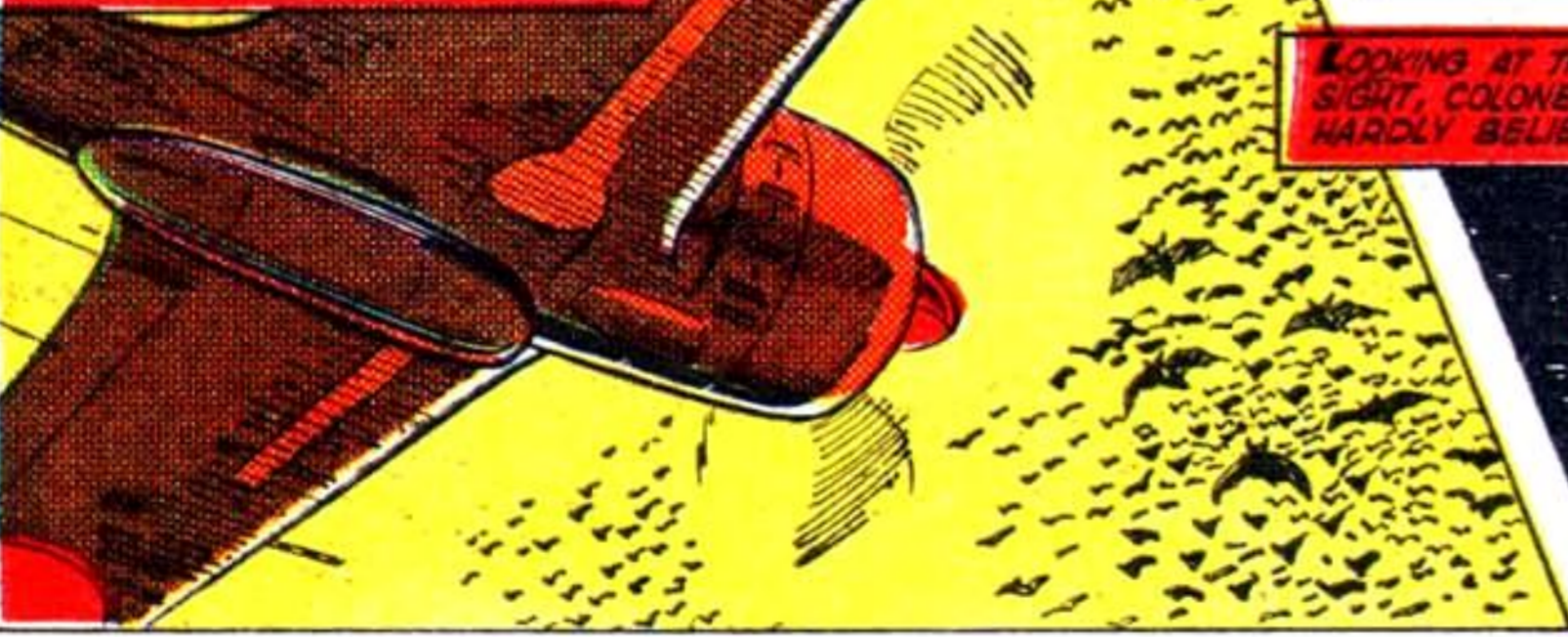
WHILE FIRING OF THE "CAT AND MOUSE" GAME, THE JAPANESE PILOT DECIDED TO MAKE THE KILL . . .



BUT AN INSTANT LATER HE FOUND HIS VISION BLOCKED BY FLAME AND SMOKE . . .



AND FLYING THROUGH THE SMOKE HE FLEW STRAIGHT INTO A MASS OF TROUBLE, A SKY FULL OF FLYING FOXES . . .



LOOKING AT THE FANTASTIC SIGHT, COLONEL CONEY COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EYES . . .



GEE! THERE MUST BE MILLIONS OF 'EM!

I SURE HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, BATTLE! FIRST THE BRIDGE, AND NOW THAT!

TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, THE JAPANESE PILOT TRYING TO EVADE THE SWARM OF CREATURES, STALLED AND CRASHED INTO THE JUNGLE . . .

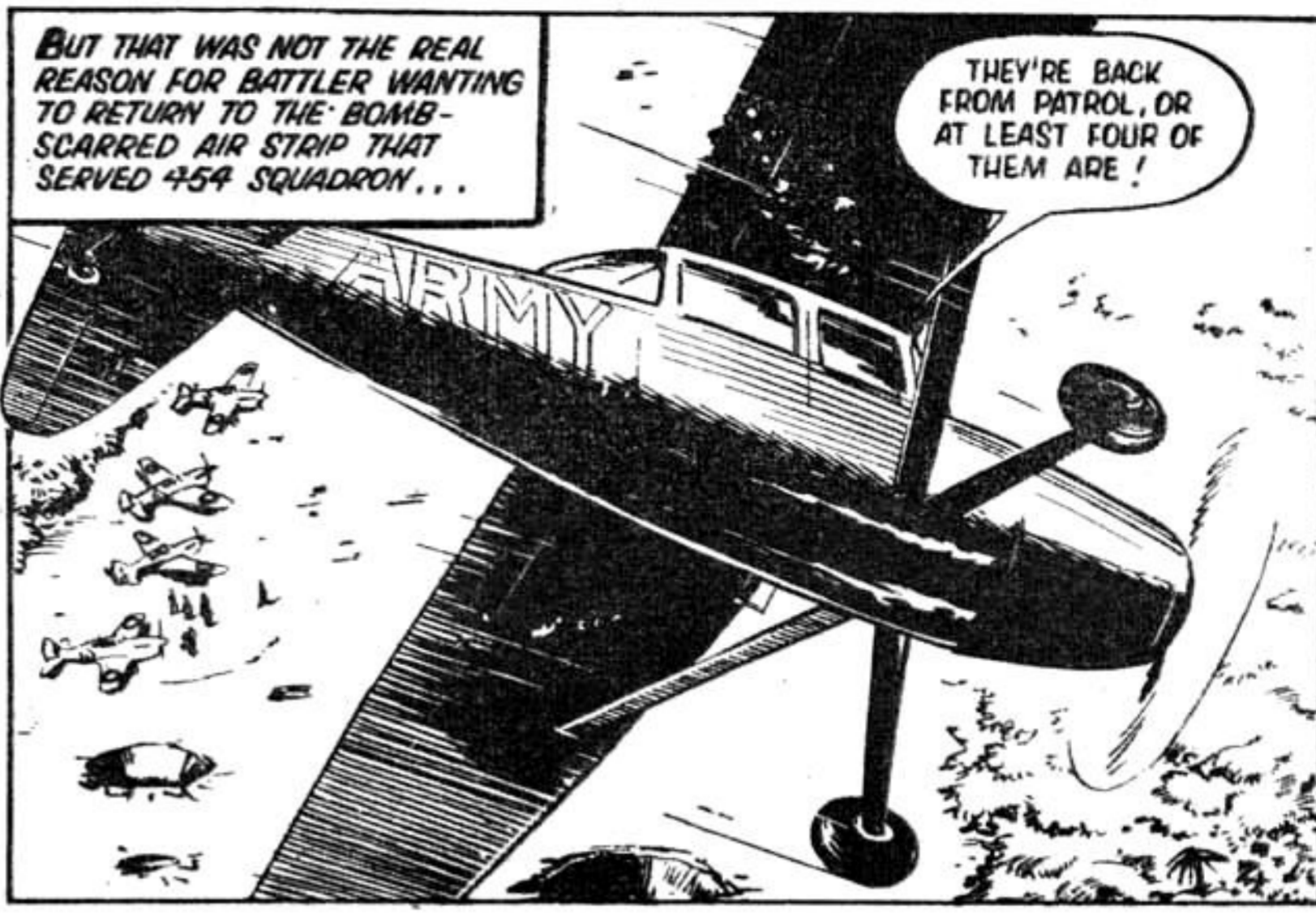


BETWEEN US WE MAKE A GOOD COMBAT TEAM, EH?

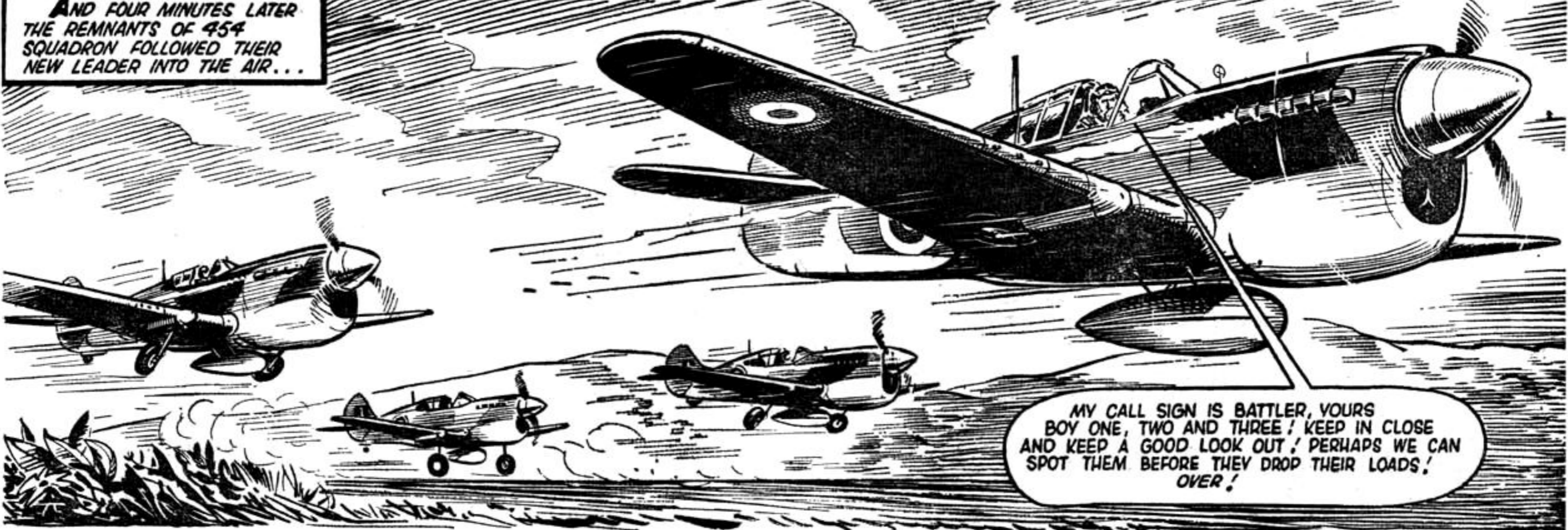


I'M SURE GLAD IT'S ALL OVER! FIGHTIN' AIN'T IN MY LINE O' DUTY! WHERE ARE WE HEADED FOR NOW?

BACK TO PANUT AIRSTRIP, COLONEL!



AND FOUR MINUTES LATER THE REMNANTS OF 454 SQUADRON FOLLOWED THEIR NEW LEADER INTO THE AIR...



MY CALL SIGN IS BATTLER, YOURS BOY ONE, TWO AND THREE! KEEP IN CLOSE AND KEEP A GOOD LOOK OUT! PERHAPS WE CAN SPOT THEM BEFORE THEY DROP THEIR LOADS! OVER!

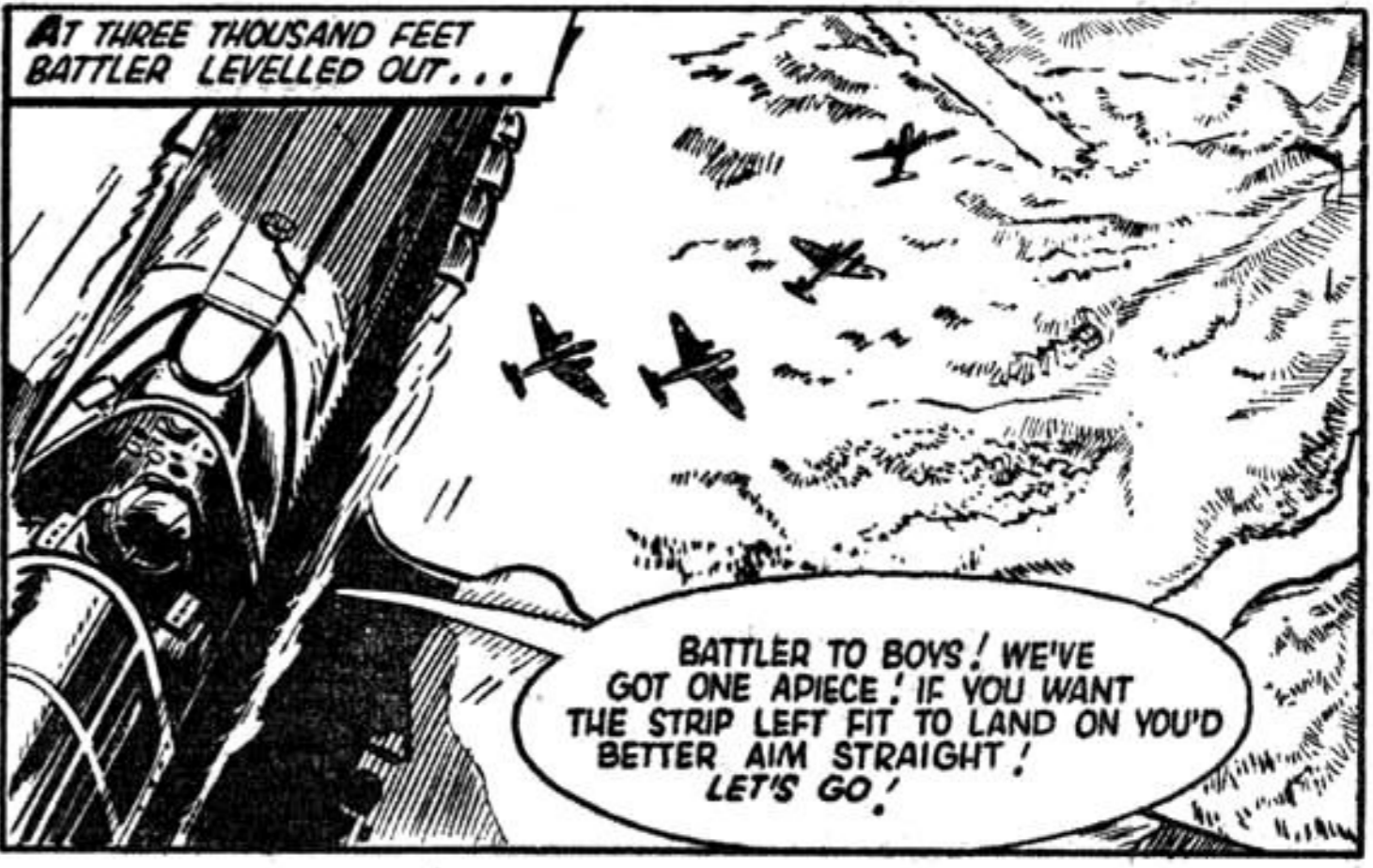


BOY TWO TO BATTLER, FOUR BANDITS AT TEN O'CLOCK, ANGELS TWO THOUSAND!

ROGER, BOY TWO! UP INTO THE SUN WE GO, BOYS!

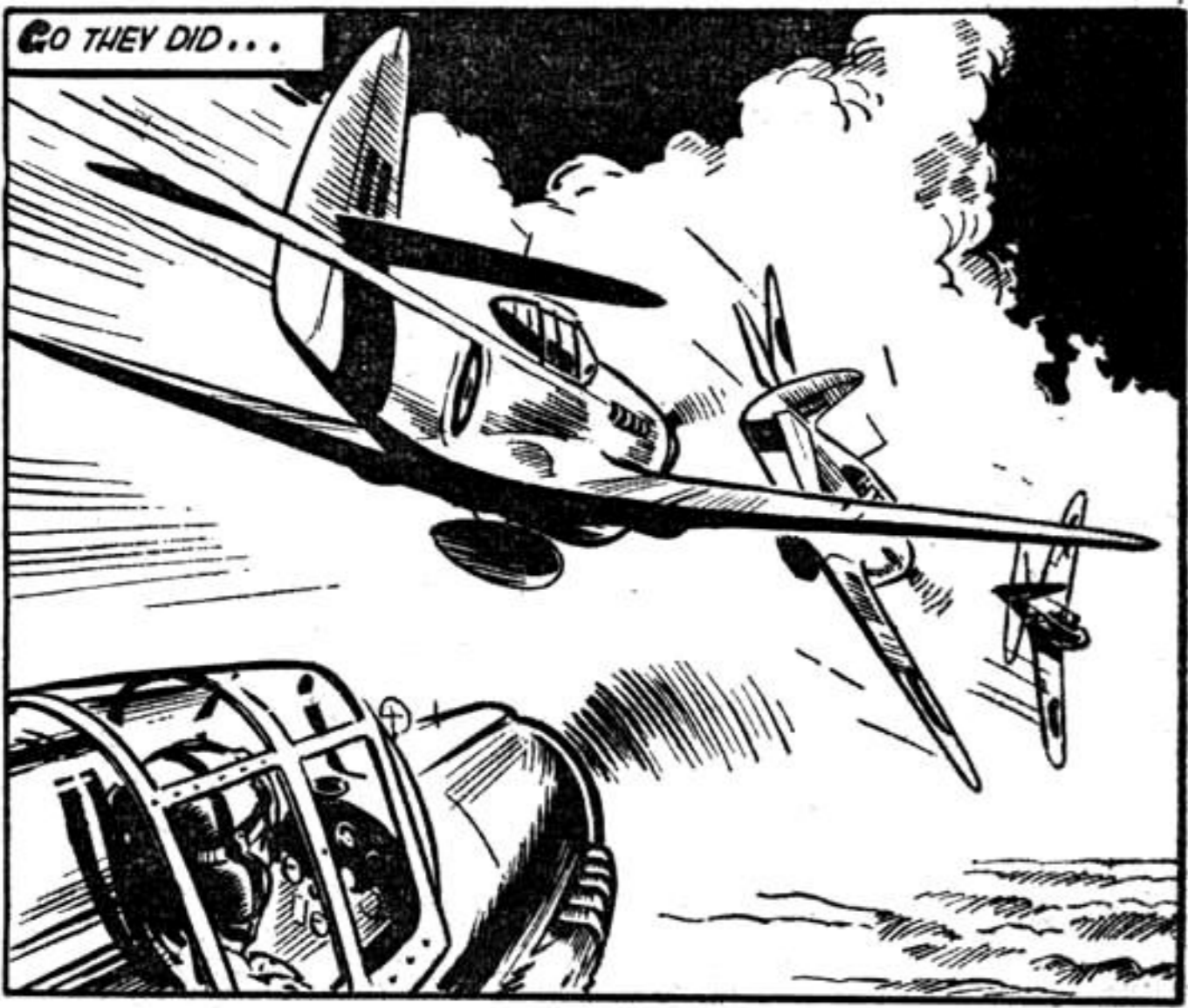


EAGERLY THE WAR-WEARY PILOTS FOLLOWED THEIR LEADER UP INTO THE SUN...

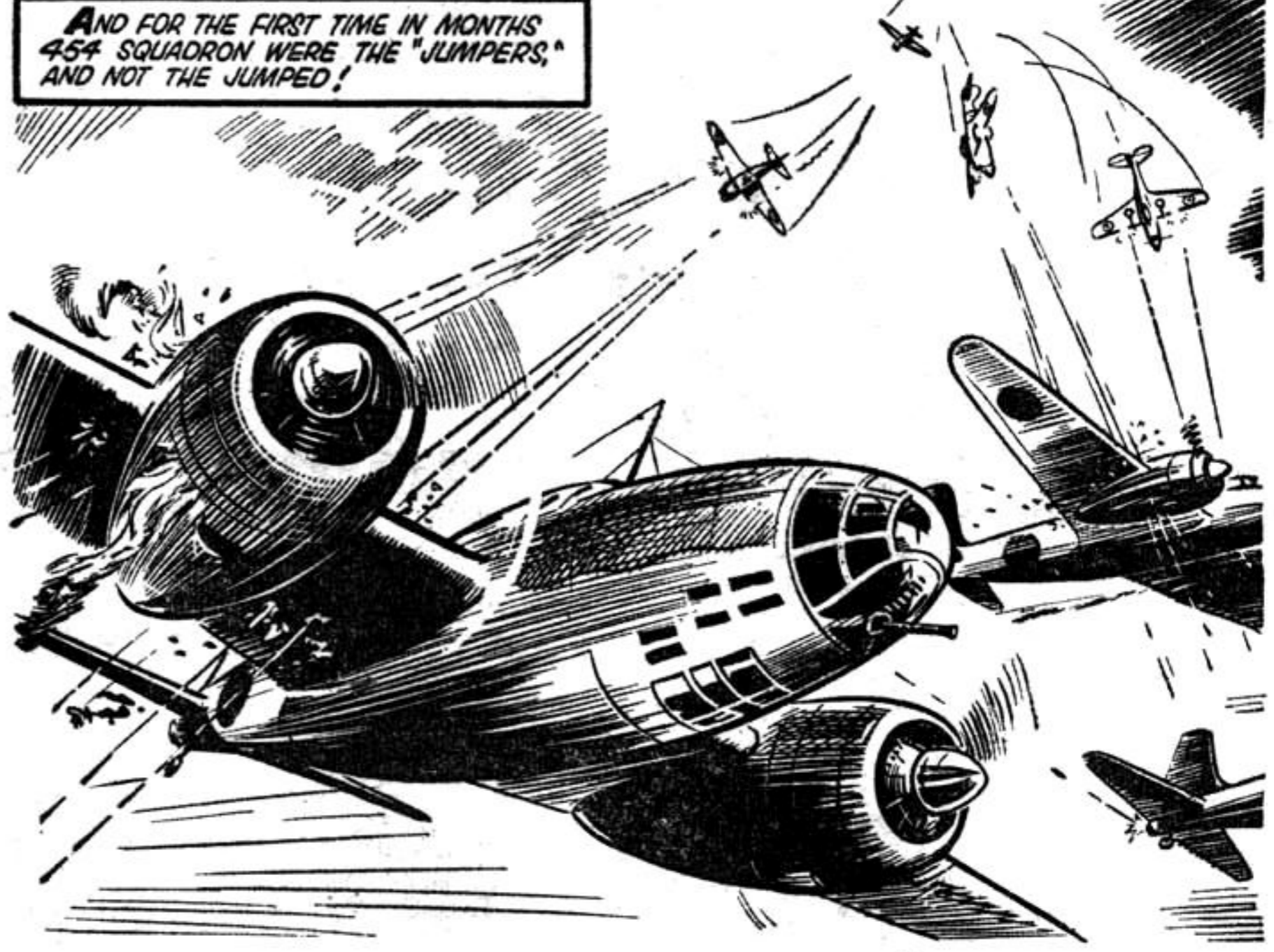


AT THREE THOUSAND FEET BATTLER LEVELLED OUT...

BATTLER TO BOYS! WE'VE GOT ONE A-PIECE! IF YOU WANT THE STRIP LEFT FIT TO LAND ON YOU'D BETTER AIM STRAIGHT! LET'S GO!



SO THEY DID...



AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS 454 SQUADRON WERE THE "JUMPERS," AND NOT THE JUMPED!



EXCITED VOICES CRACKLED OVER THE R/T...

I GOT MINE!

MINE'LL BE JOINING 'EM, TOO!

ME, TOO!

WELL DONE, BOYS! HEAD BACK TO BASE!



SPIRITS WERE HIGH WHEN BATTLER AND HIS BOYS TOUCHED DOWN...

YAHOO! FOUR DOWN! THE TIDE IS TURNING!



ONLY COLONEL CONEY DID NOT FEEL SO HAPPY...

IT LOOKS AS IF WE'LL HAVE TO STAY ON FOR A BIT THEN, AFTER ALL, COLONEL!

A CHUNK OFF ONE OF THOSE JAP PLANES LANDED ON OUR KITE, BATTLER! SMASHED ONE OF ITS WINGS!

Can Battler lead the war-weary squadron to more victories? Don't miss next week's thrills!

EVEN WHEN MR. LOVELL WAS DISTRESSED AT HIS SON'S DISAPPEARANCE CAPTAIN LAGDEN MADE IT CLEAR THAT HE DID NOT WELCOME THEIR RELATIONSHIP!

THE FIGHTING FOUR

Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome—the Fighting Four of Rookwood School—had been delighted to find out that the new sports master to the seniors, Captain Basil Lagden, was a distant relation to Lovell.

All were prepared to like the captain, who had lost his right arm and suffered facial injuries during the Second World War. However, the captain seemed to go out of his way to be unpleasant to people, and before long everyone began to dislike him—Lovell especially.

To make matters worse the captain had discovered the Fighting Four and some of their pals in the forbidden abbey vaults and had reported them to the Head. Because of his remarks to the captain when found in the vaults, Lovell was caned while the others were given lesser punishments.

That night Lovell decided to teach the captain a lesson. He crept down to his study to ink him—and disappeared!

Next morning, when Jimmy Silver, Raby, and Newcome were questioned by the Head in the presence of Arthur Lovell's father, Jimmy was forced to tell of Lovell's intentions on the previous night.

Although he didn't believe that the captain could throw any light on the junior's disappearance, the Head sent Jimmy to fetch him. (Now read on.)

DARK DOUBTS!

CAPTAIN LAGDEN entered the study, followed by Jimmy Silver. Jimmy had found him outside the School House.

"Pray excuse me for troubling you," said the Head.

"I am always at your service, sir!"

The captain did not appear to have observed Mr. Lovell's presence.

Jimmy Silver and Co. could see that he had no desire to claim the relationship of which Arthur Edward Lovell had spoken.

But the Head proceeded to introduce him to the visitor.

Mr. Lovell then shook hands with the captain very warmly, considering him with some interest.

"It is a great pleasure to meet you, Captain Lagden," he said. "Although we have never met, we are, I believe, distantly connected."

"Your son said something of the kind, Mr. Lovell, when I arrived here," said the captain dryly. "The connection, if it exists, is very distant, I believe."

"Oh, decidedly distant!" said Mr. Lovell, chilled by the captain's manner. And he sat down again, without making any further reference to the matter.

Captain Lagden looked inquiringly at the Head.

Dr. Chisholm had been about to make some polite remark on the subject of the relationship, but the captain's dry manner checked it.

It was clear enough that Basil Lagden did not want his distant connection with the Lovells to ripen into acquaintance.

"Please sit down, Lagden," said the Head. "I am afraid you will be surprised by what I am going to say. You heard of the disappearance of Mr. Lovell's son last night?"

"I have heard it spoken of, sir."

"It appears, according to Silver, that Lovell bitterly resented what he was pleased to consider your interference yesterday."

"I am sorry," said the captain. "Knowing from my old experiences here, of the dangers of the abbey vaults, I felt bound to see that the reckless boys did not risk themselves in such a place."

By Owen Conquest

"Quite so. You acted quite rightly, and I thank you for it," said the Head. "The boy Lovell took a different view, and it seems that he planned to play some disrespectful trick on you."

"Indeed!"

"Silver informs me that Lovell left the dormitory last night to visit your room and throw ink over you, or something of the kind."

The captain raised his brows.

"That is news to me!" he said.

"Mr. Lovell thinks he may have carried out his intention, and that you may have seen something of him. Did he come to the Oak Room?"

Captain Lagden shook his head.

"I am not sure," he said. "I am a very sound sleeper, but if he came I was quite unaware of it."

"He did not, at all events, play the trick he contemplated?"

Jimmy Silver & Co. froze in amazement as they saw the smiling figure sitting in the end study!

"No. I should naturally have laid the matter before you, sir, if anything of the kind had happened."

"Then you did not see or hear anything of my son during the night?" asked Mr. Lovell.

"Nothing."

The old gentleman looked disappointed.

"That is all, Captain Lagden," said the Head. "I apologise for having troubled you."

"Not at all, sir," said the captain, and left the study.

Dr. Chisholm glanced at the juniors.

"You have nothing more to tell me?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Jimmy Silver.

"You maintain that you know nothing of Lovell's intention of leaving the school?"

"Nothing at all, sir."

"Very well, you may go."

Jimmy Silver and Co. left the study with downcast faces.

A crowd of the Classical Fourth met them at the end of the passage—Mornington, Erroll, Conroy, Oswald, and a half a dozen more.

"Any news?" they asked altogether.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"I suppose Lovell's father is cut up?" remarked Mornington.

"He looks it," said Raby.

"But what's become of Lovell?" exclaimed Oswald.

Jimmy Silver shook his head again hopelessly. He gave that problem up.

"Looks as if the chap went off his rocker!" remarked Peele. "That's the only way of accountin' for it."

"That's it!" chimed in Gower. "He's gone potty and gone wanderin'."

"Rot!" growled Jimmy Silver.

But, as a matter of fact, that surmise worried the three chums a little.

If Lovell had deliberately left Rookwood, hatless and partly dressed, certainly he could not have been in his right senses.

And if he had not left Rookwood, where was he?

Was it possible that he had gone, as Gower expressed it, "potty," and that he was wandering somewhere at that very moment, incapable of taking care of himself?

It was an unnerving thought.

A little later a taxi bore Mr. Lovell away to the station, and Jimmy's heart was heavy as he noted how distressed and harassed he looked.

Mr. Lovell had no choice but to agree with the Head's belief that his son had run away from school, and his intention now was to have inquiries made for the missing boy.

Jimmy Silver, Raby, and Newcome watched the taxi roll away from the gates, and then they went to their study to tea.

A surprise awaited them when they entered the end study.

It was not empty.

Captain Lagden was seated in the arm-chair, smoking a cigarette, and he smiled genially at the surprised juniors as they stopped and looked at him.

"A FRIEND IN NEED!"

JIMMY SILVER and Co. waited for the captain to speak.

He removed his cigarette with his left hand, and the action drew their attention to the empty sleeve on the other side, and unconsciously they softened a little.

In spite of their vague dislike of the man, they remembered what he must have been through, and they tried to feel cordial.

"Surprised to see me here—eh?" asked the captain with a smile.

"Yes, a little," said Jimmy.

"Excuse me walking in, I came here to speak to you, and decided to wait," said the captain. "If you're going to have tea, don't mind me! I'm afraid I have got on the wrong side of you boys somehow since I came here. I'm sorry for that."

The juniors felt more cordial. There was a frankness in the captain's manner that appealed to them.

"About that affair of the vaults yesterday," continued the captain. "You blamed me for reporting you. Now, when I was a boy at Rookwood I was lost in those vaults once, and might have died there, and when I found young fellows like you taking the risk I was disturbed—perhaps angry. It was no business of mine, as you told me, but I was thinking of your safety. Do me the credit to believe that."

"Of course, sir," said Jimmy Silver, quite disarmed now. "We've heard from Sergeant Kettle how you were shut up in the vaults once, sir, by a chap named Baumann."

"Oh! Is Baumann still remembered here?" asked the captain, looking at him curiously.

JIMMY SILVER'S THEORY WAS WILD—BUT HE WAS WILLING TO TELL THE CAPTAIN ABOUT IT!

"Sergeant Kettle remembers him, and I suppose the Head does," said Jimmy. "Of course, that was years and years before our time here."

"Well, it's a fact. That fellow Baumann shut me in the vaults, and I was lost there a day and a night," said the captain. "It was an experience I haven't forgotten yet. I was alarmed when I saw you venturing there. That's why I chipped in. I'm sorry it seems to have made you dislike me!"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Jimmy. "It's all right. We were rather ratty at the time, that's all."

"All serene, sir," said Newcome.

"Never mind it," said Raby.

The three juniors were quite cordial now.

"If—if you haven't had your tea yet, sir—"

said Jimmy diffidently.

The captain smiled.

"Tea in the study?" he said. "Quite like old times, when I was a youngster here, like yourselves! Do you know that this was my study?"

"Was it?" said Jimmy, greatly interested.

"Yes. Baumann was my study mate. Not that we were friends. I had rather a

think. I have a good deal of free time here, as you know, and if there is anything I can do I shall spare no trouble to help the poor lad."

"Well, we can't think what's happened, sir," said Jimmy slowly. "But we don't believe Lovell was light-headed, or anything of that kind. If he was going to run away, he wouldn't have gone partly-dressed, and without even his cap. Yet he's gone. The only explanation is that he was taken away by force."

"Kidnapped?"

"Yes," said Jimmy.

"Who would kidnap him?"

"I don't know, but it's the only explanation. He may have run into a burglar when he went down last night for all we know, or—or anything may have happened. It beats us, I admit that. But—"

"It wouldn't be easy for a kidnapper—"

"Not hiding—hidden!" said Raby.

"Come," said the captain, laughing. "This is steeper than ever! Where could he be hidden?"

"I don't know. It sounds wild," said Jimmy. "But we simply don't know what's happened, so we must think that anything may have happened. There are no end of places about Rookwood—the old clock tower, and the school vaults—and the vaults under the abbey."

"What do you think of doing then?" asked the captain.

"Searching for him," said Jimmy Silver.

"About Rookwood?"

"Yes."

"The vaults are out of bounds, I'm afraid," said the captain. "You must not explore them without permission. If you like, I will ask the headmaster's permission for you. I am sure he will grant it if I offer to accompany you in searching the vaults."

"Thank you very much," said Jimmy gratefully. "We meant to do it, but it would have meant a row if we'd been seen there. If you could get us permission—"

"Quite easily," said the captain, rising. "And I am glad to be of service to you, boys. I hope our little disagreement of yesterday is quite forgotten now?"

"Oh, quite!" said the three together.

"Good. By the way," added the captain thoughtfully, "if I may offer you a word of advice—"

"Yes, please."

"Well, I should not talk too much of this queer theory that Lovell may still be somewhere about Rookwood. It will lead to a lot of excitement, and I fear that your headmaster would be annoyed."

"We weren't thinking of telling anybody, sir," said Jimmy with a nod. "It sounds a bit too steep to talk about, really. The fellows would laugh at the idea."

"I will speak to Dr. Chisholm at once, and you can find me in the quadrangle in ten minutes' time," said the captain.

"Thank you, sir!"

Captain Lagden left the study.

The three juniors looked at one another.

"He's a jolly good fellow," said Jimmy Silver. "We were a bit rough on him at first, I think."

"One of the best!" said Newcome heartily. "And he'll be jolly useful helping us to look for Lovell."

"Yes, rather!" agreed Raby.

When the captain left the three chums he went immediately to Dr. Chisholm's study to get his permission to enter the vaults.

"Come in," said the Head in answer to the captain's knock. "Ah, Captain Lagden, I'm so pleased to see you. I'm sorry that I had to drag you into that unfortunate business a little while ago."

"Not at all," replied the captain. "As a matter of fact, that's exactly what I've come to see you about."

"Oh, I don't quite understand."



Captain Lagden and the juniors searched the dark vaults for the slightest clue which might explain Lovell's mysterious absence.

prejudice against people with German descent even in those days, though we never dreamed of war then. You can give me a cup of tea if you like. I'd help you if I wasn't short-handed," he added with a smile.

Good feeling was quite established by this time.

The chums of the Fourth prepared tea, while Captain Lagden sat in the armchair.

He joined them at the table, when tea was ready, in the most genial way.

"Now, about Lovell!" he said presently.

"I know you three youngsters are worried about him."

"Naturally, sir."

"You can't think of anything that can be done?"

"Oh, yes, rather," said Jimmy at once.

"We're going to find him somehow."

"Leaving Rookwood to look for him, do you mean?"

"No. We can't leave the school."

"But where are you going to look for him, then?" asked the captain, with an air of perplexity.

"Let me hear what you

admitting that theory—to get the boy out of the school," remarked the captain. "The gates were locked. Lifting a boy over the school wall into the road, when anybody might have passed—my dear lad, it sounds steep, doesn't it?"

"It sound impossible," said Raby.

"Then what do you surmise, Silver?"

Jimmy hesitated.

He had no hesitation in confiding to the captain, but the vague idea at the back of his mind seemed so wild, that he hardly cared to put it into words.

"I see you have some idea," said Captain Lagden, lighting a fresh cigarette, as he finished his tea.

"Well, suppose he hasn't gone away from Rookwood at all?" said Jimmy Silver at last.

The captain started.

"Surely you don't think he's hiding somewhere about the school?" he exclaimed.

"Well, I've just spoken to those three boys who are the missing pupil's chums. They seem very anxious about him."

"I've no doubt they are, Captain Lagden. But really, I assure you, you have no need to reproach yourself over anything that's happened. Whatever's become of the boy, he has only himself to blame."

"I quite agree," said the captain, "but these boys have some idea that Lovell is still somewhere in the school."

"Nonsense! He'd have been found by this time. Oh, I know there are several wild rumours flying about the school, but surely we aren't expected to examine them all."

"No, indeed, sir, but Silver and his pals seem to think that Lovell might have been kidnapped and hidden in the school vaults."

"What!" exploded the Head. "Have you been listening to rot like that? Do you

(Continued on next page.)

THE FIGHTING FOUR

(Continued from previous page.)

expect me to have the school vaults searched just because of some silly theory of a junior pupil? Really, Captain Lagden, I had credited you with more sense than that."

"It would certainly put the whole stupid idea out of their heads, sir, if you did allow a search to be made. In fact, I'm prepared to supervise it myself if you'll allow me to take Lovell's chums with me. A couple of hours down there will satisfy them that their theory is unfounded and it'll also keep them out of mischief."

The headmaster thought deeply for a moment.

"All right," he said at last. "But don't let this foolish escapade get any further than the four of you. I don't want every boy in the school playing amateur detective."

The three chums were feeling in better spirits when they went out to join the captain in the quadrangle.

Captain Lagden greeted them with a smile and a nod.

"I have spoken to the Head," he said. "I am afraid he is a little annoyed by the suggestion that Lovell may still be somewhere about Rookwood; but he has consented to let the vaults be searched, on condition that I accompany you. I am ready."

"We're ever so much obliged," said Jimmy gratefully.

"Not at all. I see you have a lantern, so let's start."

And the one-armed gentleman and three juniors started for the abbey ruins.

RABY HAS AN IDEA

JIMMY SILVER and Co. were late beginning their prep. that evening.

They returned to their study tired and dusty.

In company with the captain, they had

spent long hours in the abbey vaults, searching.

It was with little, if any, hope that they had begun to search, and what faint hope there was had now died away.

In those long hours they had explored every recess of the abbey vaults, and they had found nothing.

They had scarcely expected to find anything, but it was a disappointment all the same.

The hope had been vague, and now they could not help admitting to themselves that it was pretty clear that Lovell had left Rookwood.

Yet the total absence of any motive that their chum could have had for doing so, perplexed them, and left them in the same state of mind as they were in at first.

The three chums worked on their prep. in a desultory fashion that evening.

They could not put their minds into their work because the mystery of Lovell's fate haunted them.

It was understood that Mr. Lovell was to telephone to the school at once if he received news of his son, but no news had come yet.

Fellows of the Fourth dropped in to chat over the mystery with Lovell's chums. Even Smythe of the Shell Form came along to express his sympathy.

But it was a sad evening for the three.

They left their prep. unfinished, and after their callers had gone they sat round the table discussing the matter wearily.

"There's just no explanation for it," Jimmy Silver was saying. "Lovell liked Rookwood even more than most of us do. There's absolutely no reason why he should have left the place."

"And even if he was contemplating doing so, then why the dickens didn't he tell us?"

It's not like Lovell to remain silent if he's got something on his mind," argued Newcome.

"The thing I can't make out," said Jimmy, "is why Lovell spun me that yarn about going down to the captain's study if he was planning to leave the school. It just doesn't make sense."

Raby had been silent for some time, while Jimmy and Newcome were speaking. But he broke in suddenly:

"There's one thing we haven't thought of, you fellows!"

"What's that?" asked Jimmy.

"Lovell went down last night to ink the captain in his room. He told you so when you woke up."

"That's so."

"He must have had the ink with him," said Raby. "In fact, I remember seeing him put some under his bed last night, and I suppose it must have been there ready for Lagden."

"Very likely."

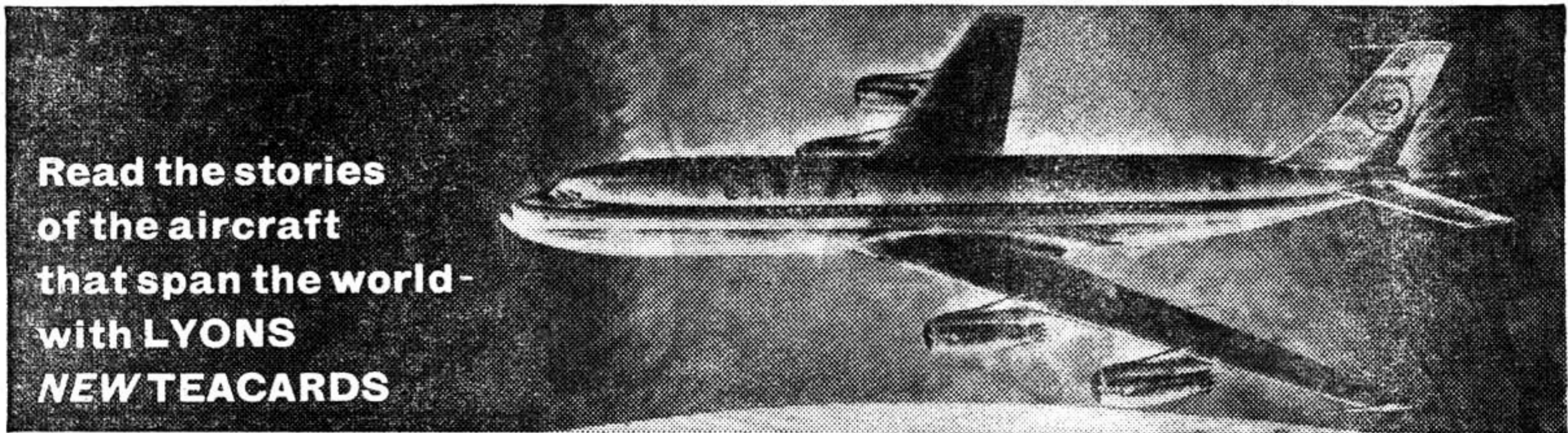
"Well, he took it down with him," said Raby. "What happened after that, nobody knows. The open window looks as though he went out; but—but it may mean that somebody had come in—some burglar perhaps—and Lovell met him. Well, if old Lovell was collared, isn't it jolly well likely that he spilt the ink he was carrying? It was a can I saw him shove under his bed, and if he dropped that can there would be no end of a mess. What about looking for traces of it all the way from the dorm to the Oak Room—Lagden's room?"

"The maid would have seen it and cleared it up," said Newcome.

"H'mm. Yes," admitted Raby. "But some sign might be left all the same."

"Well, it's something to do, anyway," said Jimmy Silver. "I'll get my flash lamp. There'll be nobody about up there, and we may as well do some scouting."

(Will Raby's idea help to solve the mystery of Lovell's disappearance? Don't miss next week's dramatic episode of this great school story in **KNOCKOUT!**)



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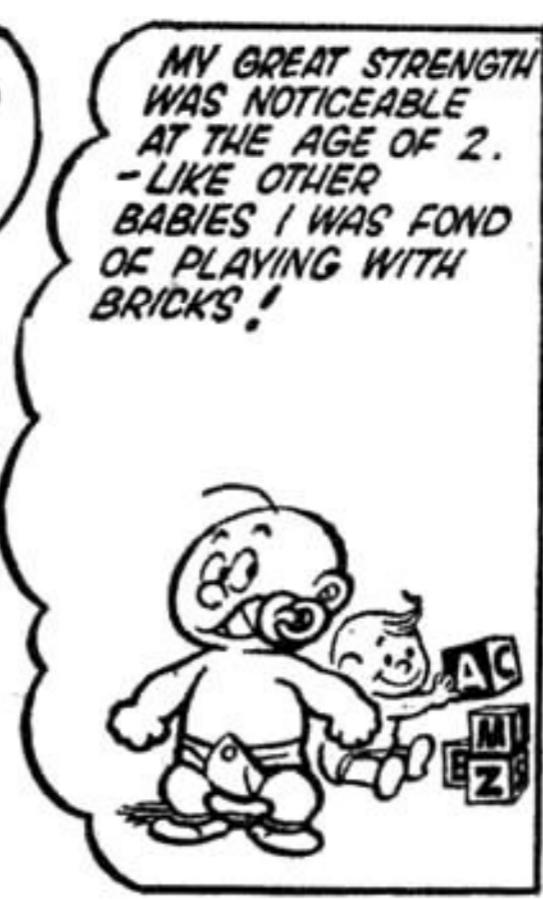


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BLARNEY BLUFFER

HE'S BRITAIN'S BIGGEST BRAGGER!

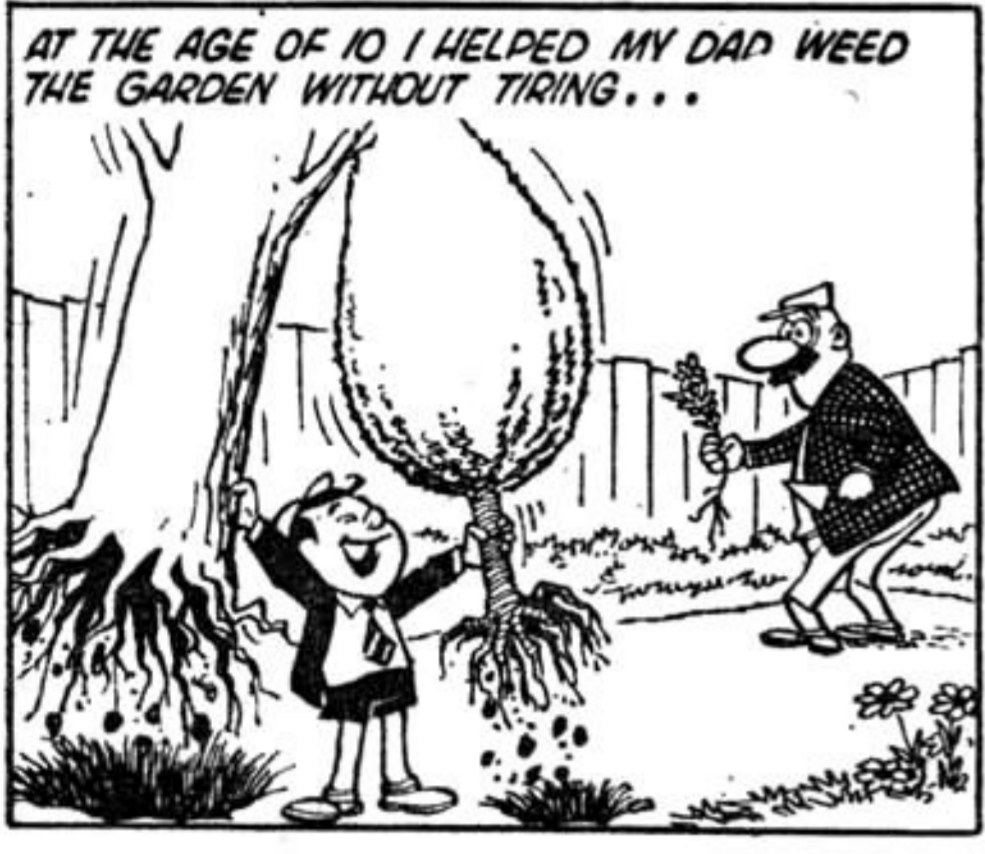
A mammoth yarn from our fabulous fable spinner!



YOU KNOW, I'M CONSIDERED THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN!

MY GREAT STRENGTH WAS NOTICEABLE AT THE AGE OF 2. - LIKE OTHER BABIES I WAS FOND OF PLAYING WITH BRICKS!

BUT I USED BUILDERS' BRICKS!



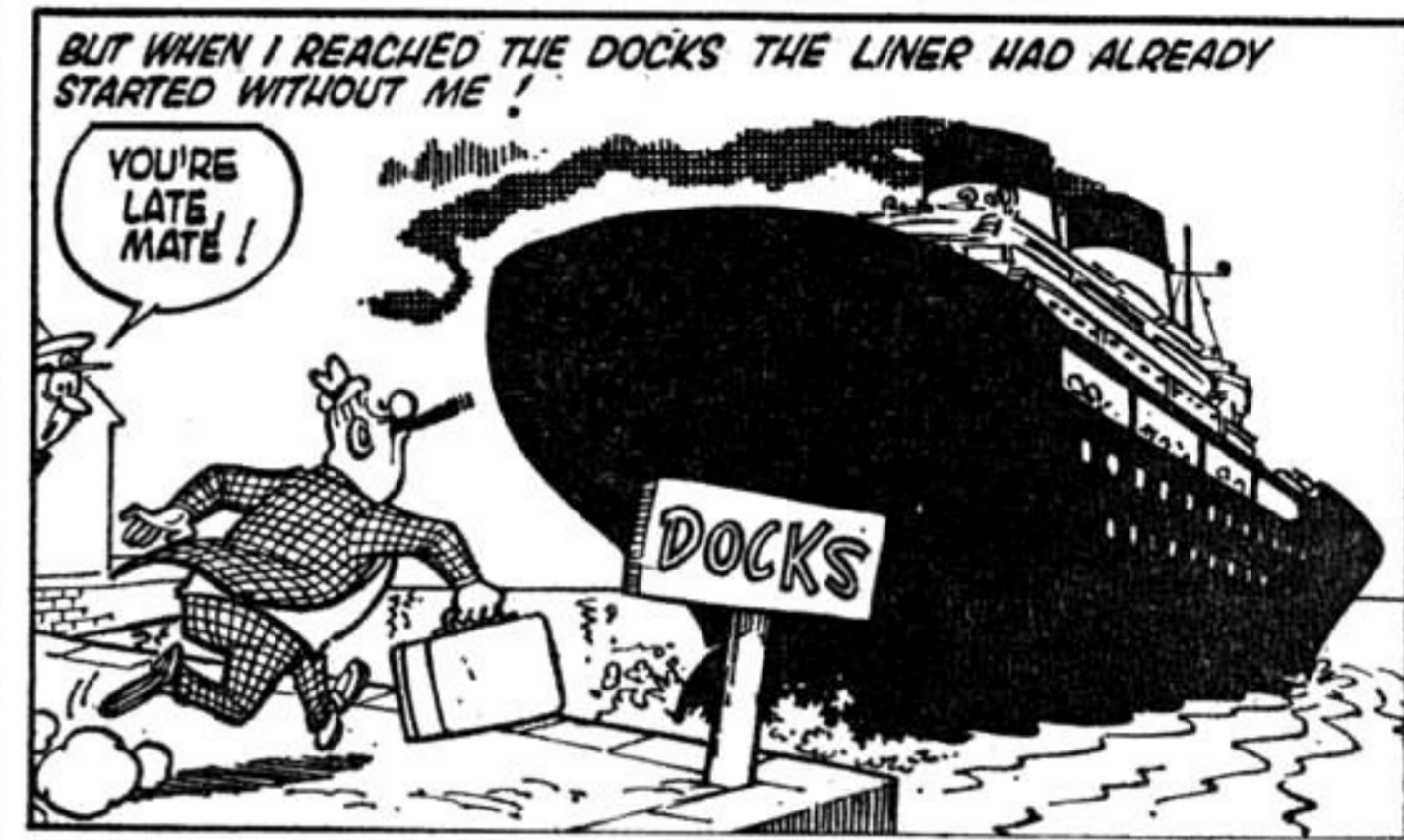
AT THE AGE OF 10 I HELPED MY DAD WEED THE GARDEN WITHOUT TIRING...



BY THE TIME I WAS 20, MY DAD DECIDED TO SEND ME ABROAD TO WORK OFF MY ENERGY!

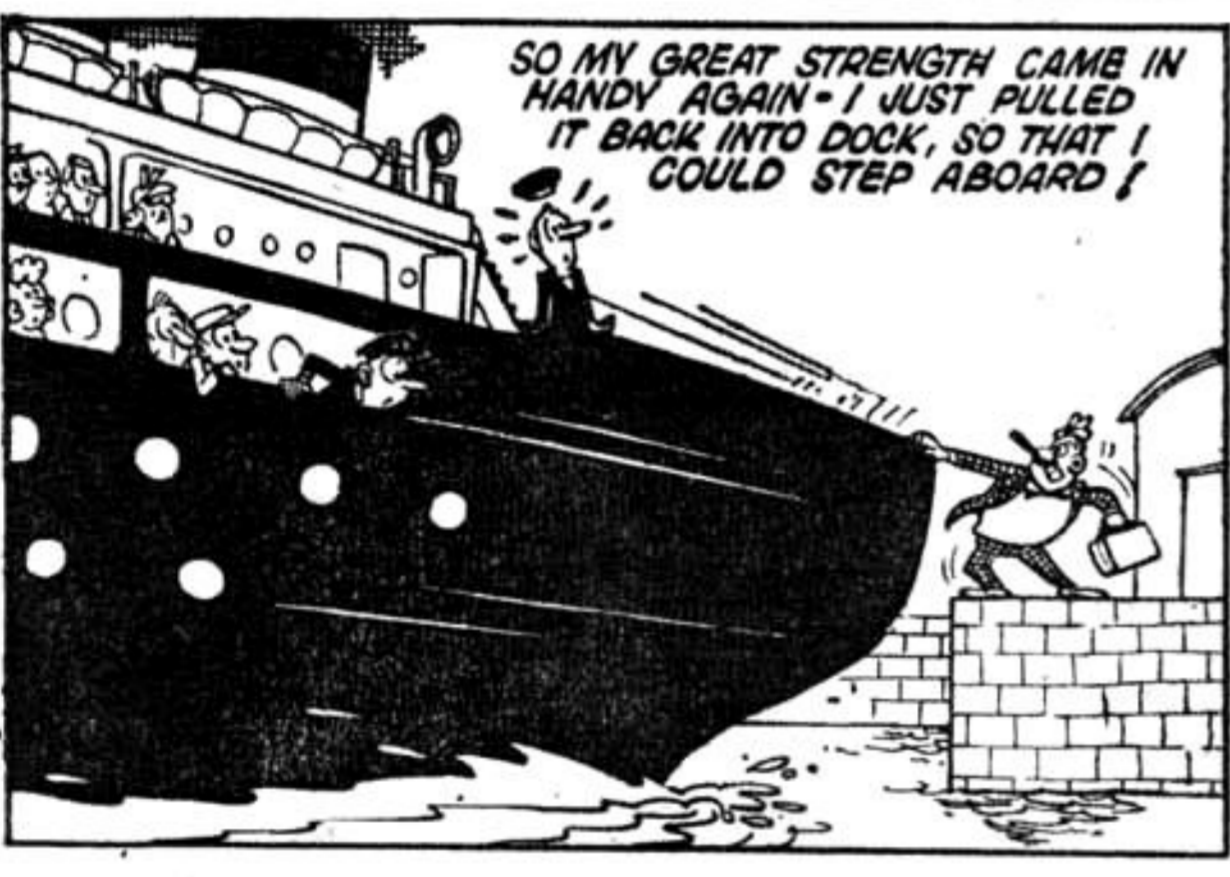
STRONG LADS WANTED TO EMIGRATE TO TIMBUCTO!

HERE'S YOUR FARE!

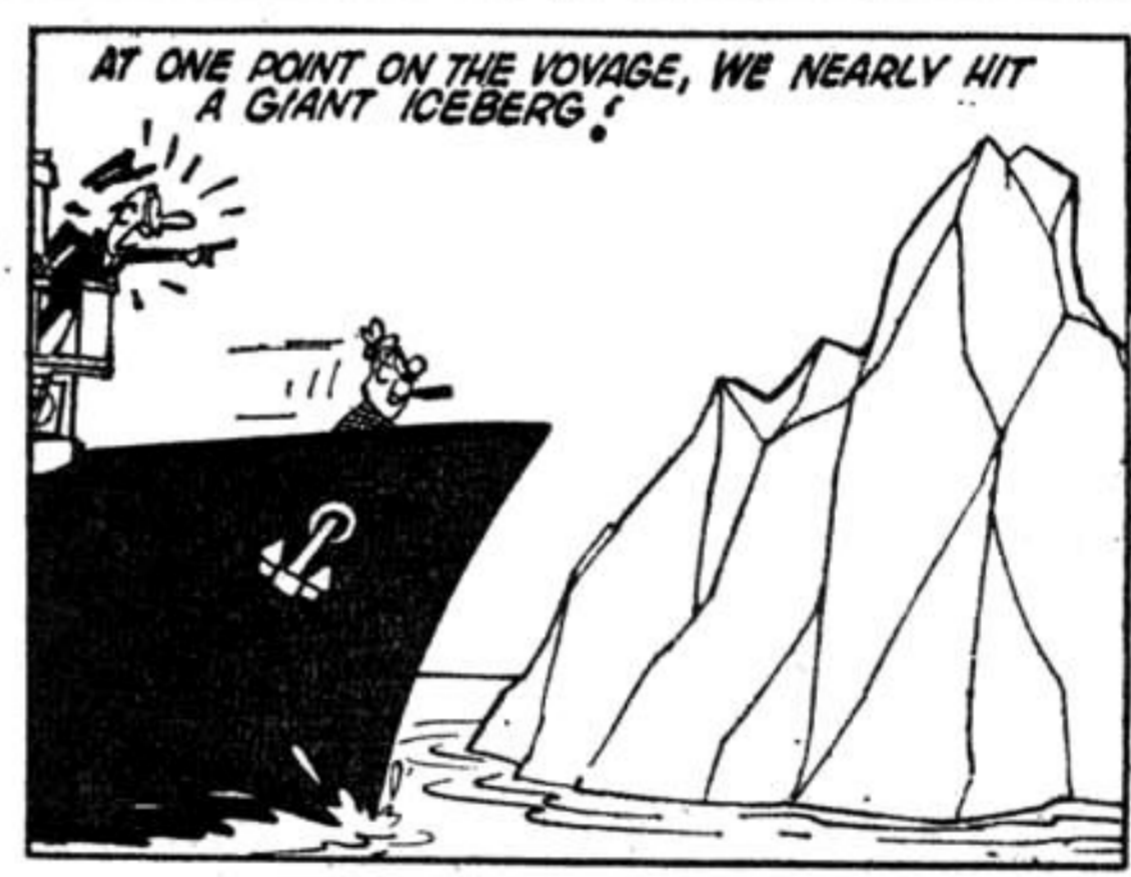


BUT WHEN I REACHED THE DOCKS THE LINER HAD ALREADY STARTED WITHOUT ME!

YOU'RE LATE, MATE!



SO MY GREAT STRENGTH CAME IN HANDY AGAIN - I JUST PULLED IT BACK INTO DOCK, SO THAT I COULD STEP ABOARD!



AT ONE POINT ON THE VOYAGE, WE NEARLY HIT A GIANT ICEBERG!



BUT I HIT IT FIRST, AND SO SAVED A SHIPWRECK!



LATER, ON LAND, I OVERHEARD A CONVERSATION THAT INTERESTED ME!

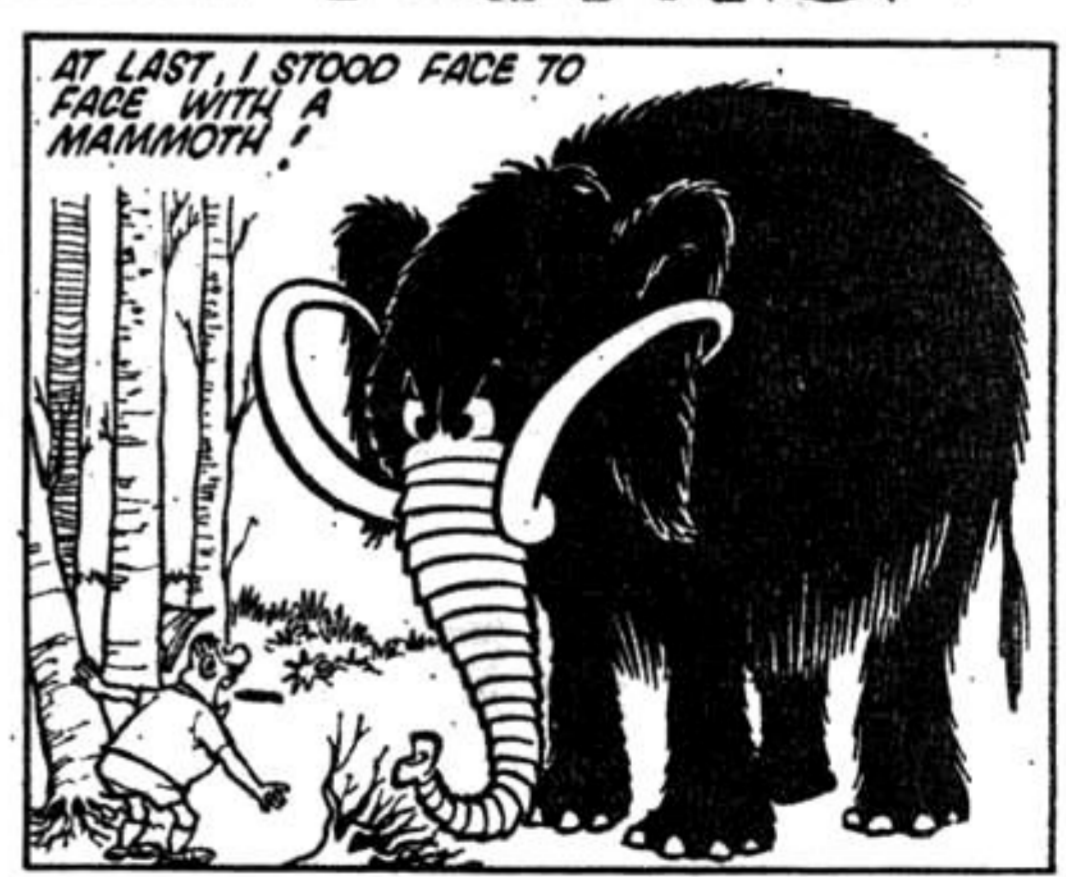
SOMEWHERE IN THE IMPENETRABLE JUNGLE ARE THE MAMMOTHS - BUT IT WOULD NEED AN ARMY OF STRONG MEN TO CAPTURE ONE!



I DECIDED I WOULD CAPTURE A MAMMOTH SINGLE HANDED, SO I ENTERED THE JUNGLE!



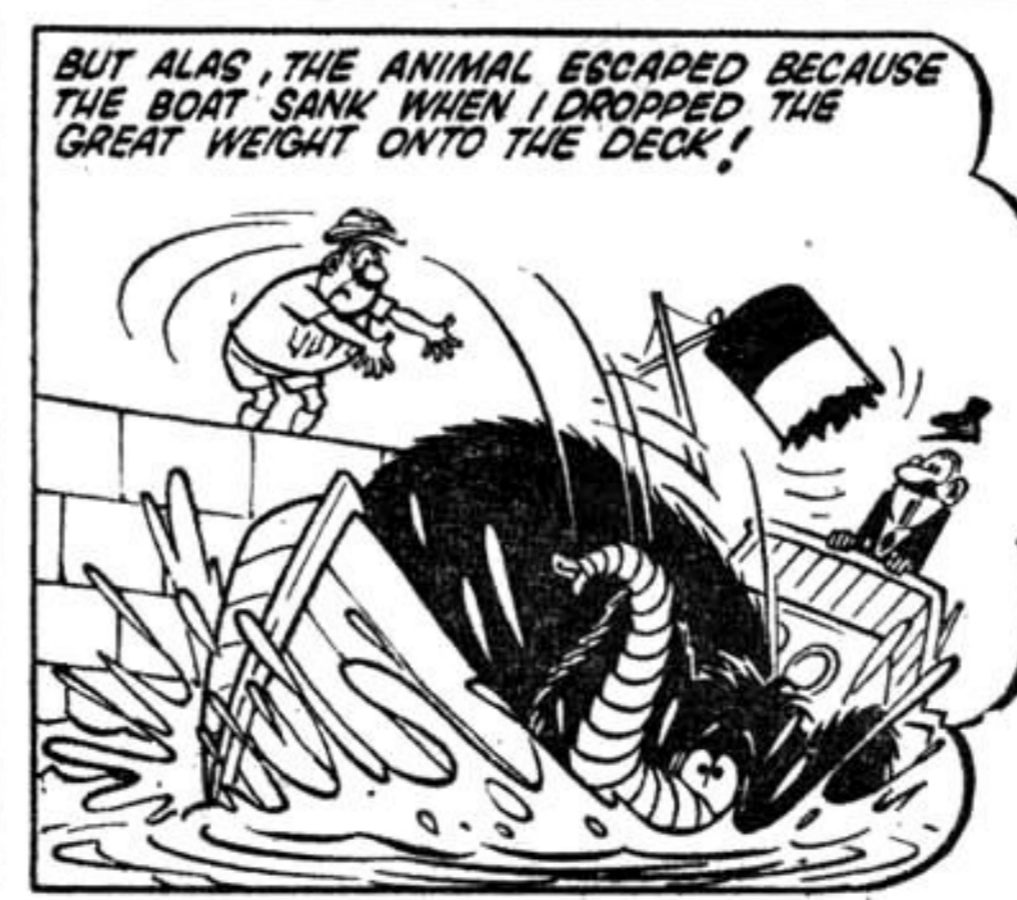
HERE, MY EARLY WEEDING TRAINING AND COLOSSAL STRENGTH STOOD ME IN GOOD STEAD!



AT LAST, I STOOD FACE TO FACE WITH A MAMMOTH!



I JUST PICKED IT UP WITH ONE HAND, AND HEADED BACK TO THE DOCKS!



BUT ALAS, THE ANIMAL ESCAPED BECAUSE THE BOAT SANK WHEN I DROPPED THE GREAT WEIGHT ONTO THE DECK!



THERE'S ANOTHER GREAT WEIGHT BEING DROPPED! I'M ESCAPING, TOO - I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THAT STORY!

Blarney will be back with another powerful tale in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**

OLIVER BOLD

Oliver Bold had planned to sail into the Barbary pirates' port of Algiers and rescue the English slaves there. But his scheme failed and he was captured by the cruel Bey of Algiers. A mysterious girl helped him to escape—but as he swam out to his ship, the "White Bear," a pirate felucca pursued him. Then, at the last moment, as it was running him down, it turned away to flee...

THE MIGHTY CRASH OF A TWENTY GUN BROADSIDE THUNDERED ACROSS THE WAVES ~ AND TWENTY GREAT CANNON BALLS SCREAMED OVER OLIVER'S HEAD. HE TURNED IN THE WATER ~ AND GRINNED...



~ FOR THERE WAS THE "WHITE BEAR" WHICH HAD RACED UP TO DRIVE THE FELUCCA OFF!

A MINUTE LATER STRONG HANDS HAULED OLIVER OVER THE SIDE ~ AND HE SAW THE SMILING FACES OF THE CREW MEN...

YOU CAME IN THE NICK OF TIME, LADS ~ WELL DONE!



A YE, CAP'N ~ WHEN WE SAW YOU WE CRAMMED ON ALL SAIL AND RAN DOWN AT FULL SPEED, SO WE DID!

ONLY A FEW FLOATING SPARS REMAINED OF THE PIRATE SHIP AFTER THAT ROARING BROADSIDE. THRILLED TO BE ABOARD HIS OWN BELOVED SHIP AGAIN, OLIVER TURNED TO HIS MEN WITH FLASHING EYES...

WHAT NOW, CAP'N BOLD?

I'M TAKING THE SHIP BACK INTO ALGIERS, LADS ~ TO RESCUE THE MEN I TOOK WITH ME LAST TIME ~ AND THE GIRL PRISONER WHO HELPED ME ESCAPE. HELMSMAN, STEER FOR THE HARBOUR WALL!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HALL OF THE BEY'S PALACE, A TERRIFIED MAN WAS GROVELLING BEFORE THE EVIL PIRATE KING...

THIS IS ALI HASSAN, ALL HIGHEST ~ THE GUARD WHO LET THE ENGLISH SEA DOG ESCAPE!



AND TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM THE CITY IN DISGUISE, EH? BY THE BEARD OF MY FATHER, YOU WILL DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS FOR THIS!

THE WRETCHED ALI HASSAN CLUTCHED AT THE HEM OF HIS MASTER'S COAT...

MERCY, ALL HIGHEST ~ I WILL TELL EVERYTHING! THE GIRL PRISONER GAVE ME ALL HER JEWELS TO LEAVE THE ENGLISHMAN'S CELL DOOR OPEN!



AH, SO! THEN SHE, TOO, WILL SUFFER!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE MYSTERIOUS GIRL AND HER MAIDSERVANT ROSE TO THEIR FEET AS THE DOOR OF THEIR CHAMBER BURST OPEN. THERE STOOD THE BLAZING-EYED BEY.

YOU! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

I HAVE DISCOVERED THE TRICK YOU PLAYED, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS! NOW YOU MUST PAY ~ GUARDS, SEIZE HER!

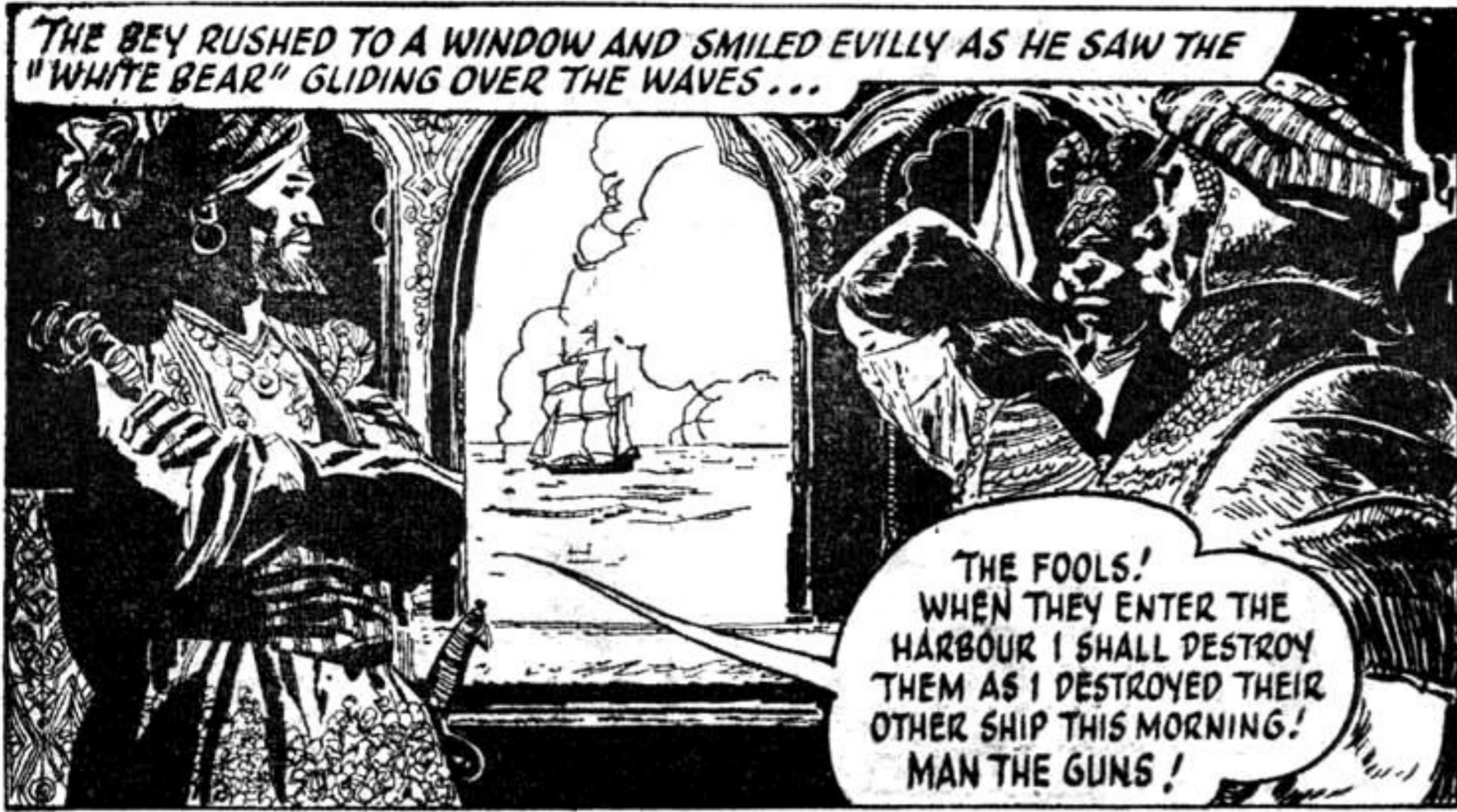


THEN, AS THE PIRATE KING'S GUARDS MOVED FORWARD, A FRANTIC SOLDIER SUDDENLY CAME RUNNING...

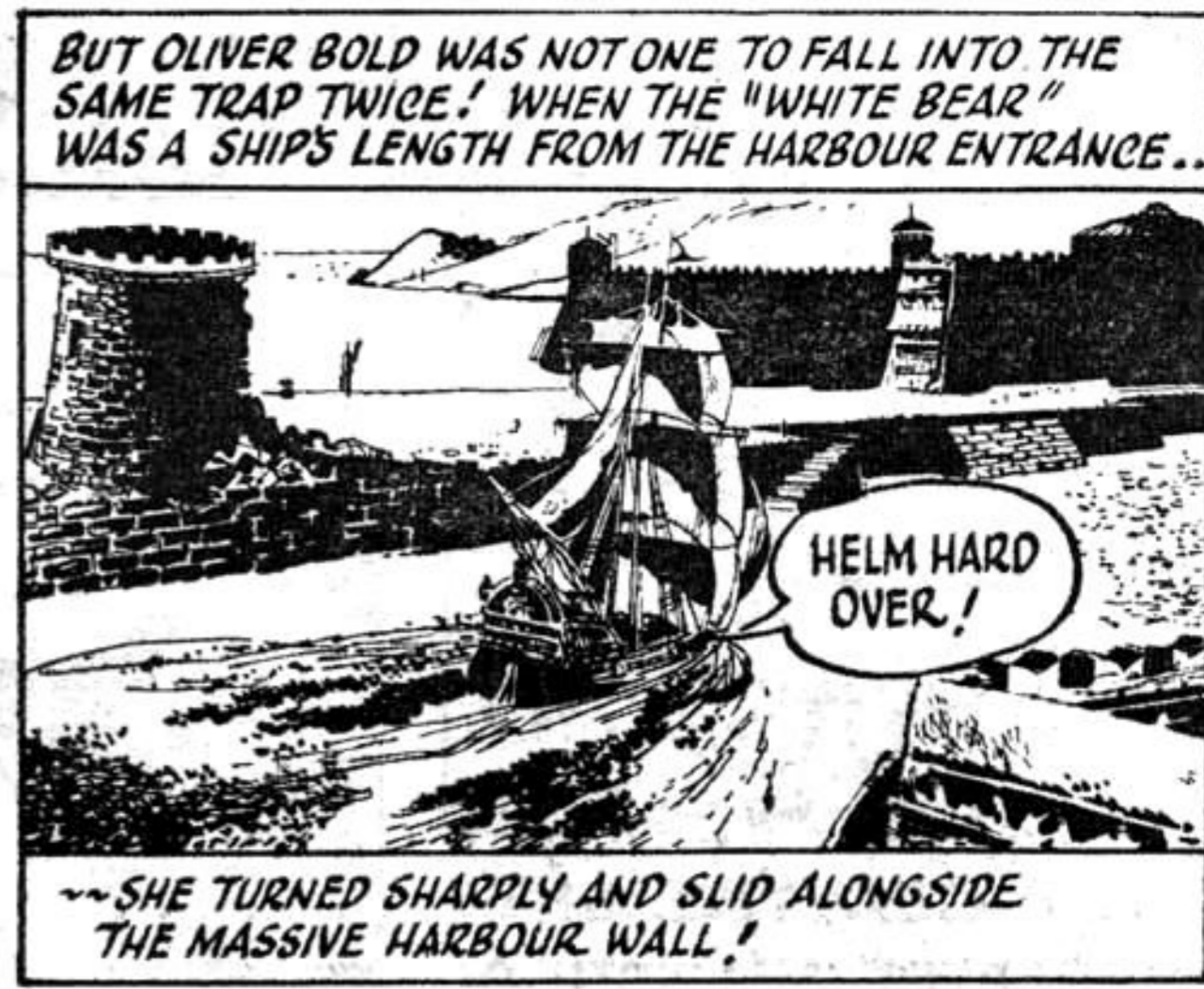
WHAT?

ALL HIGHEST! ALL HIGHEST, THE ENGLISH SHIP WHICH WAS LYING OUT TO SEA IS APPROACHING THE HARBOUR!





THE BEY RUSHED TO A WINDOW AND SMILED EVILLY AS HE SAW THE "WHITE BEAR" GLIDING OVER THE WAVES...

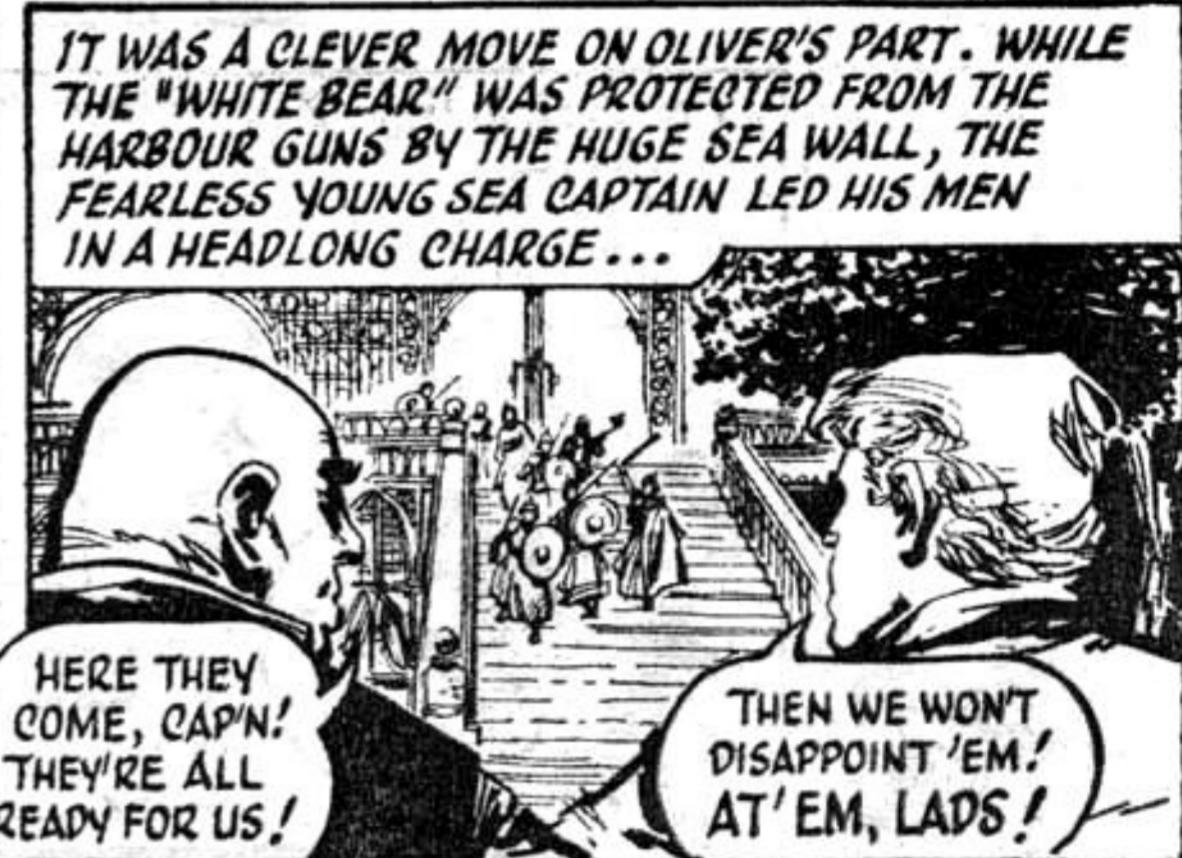


BUT OLIVER BOLD WAS NOT ONE TO FALL INTO THE SAME TRAP TWICE! WHEN THE "WHITE BEAR" WAS A SHIP'S LENGTH FROM THE HARBOUR ENTRANCE...

SHE TURNED SHARPLY AND SLID ALONGSIDE THE MASSIVE HARBOUR WALL!



THE MAGNIFICENT GALLEON CAME TO REST NEAR THE RUINED FORT WHERE BIG LUKE, THE MASTER GUNNER, AND THE MEN OF THE PREVIOUS RAIDING PARTY HAD BEEN BESIEGED ALL DAY...



IT WAS A CLEVER MOVE ON OLIVER'S PART. WHILE THE "WHITE BEAR" WAS PROTECTED FROM THE HARBOUR GUNS BY THE HUGE SEA WALL, THE FEARLESS YOUNG SEA CAPTAIN LED HIS MEN IN A HEADLONG CHARGE...



THE ENGLISHMEN FOUND THEIR WAY BARRED BY A MASS OF YELLING BARBARY PIRATES. BUT SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, OLIVER AND BIG LUKE PLOUGHED THEIR WAY THROUGH...



WITH A GREAT ROAR OF TRIUMPH, BIG LUKE SENT PIRATES REELING IN ALL DIRECTIONS-- AND THEN HIS HUGE FIST HAMMERED OUT AT THE JAW OF THE PALACE GUARD'S CAPTAIN.

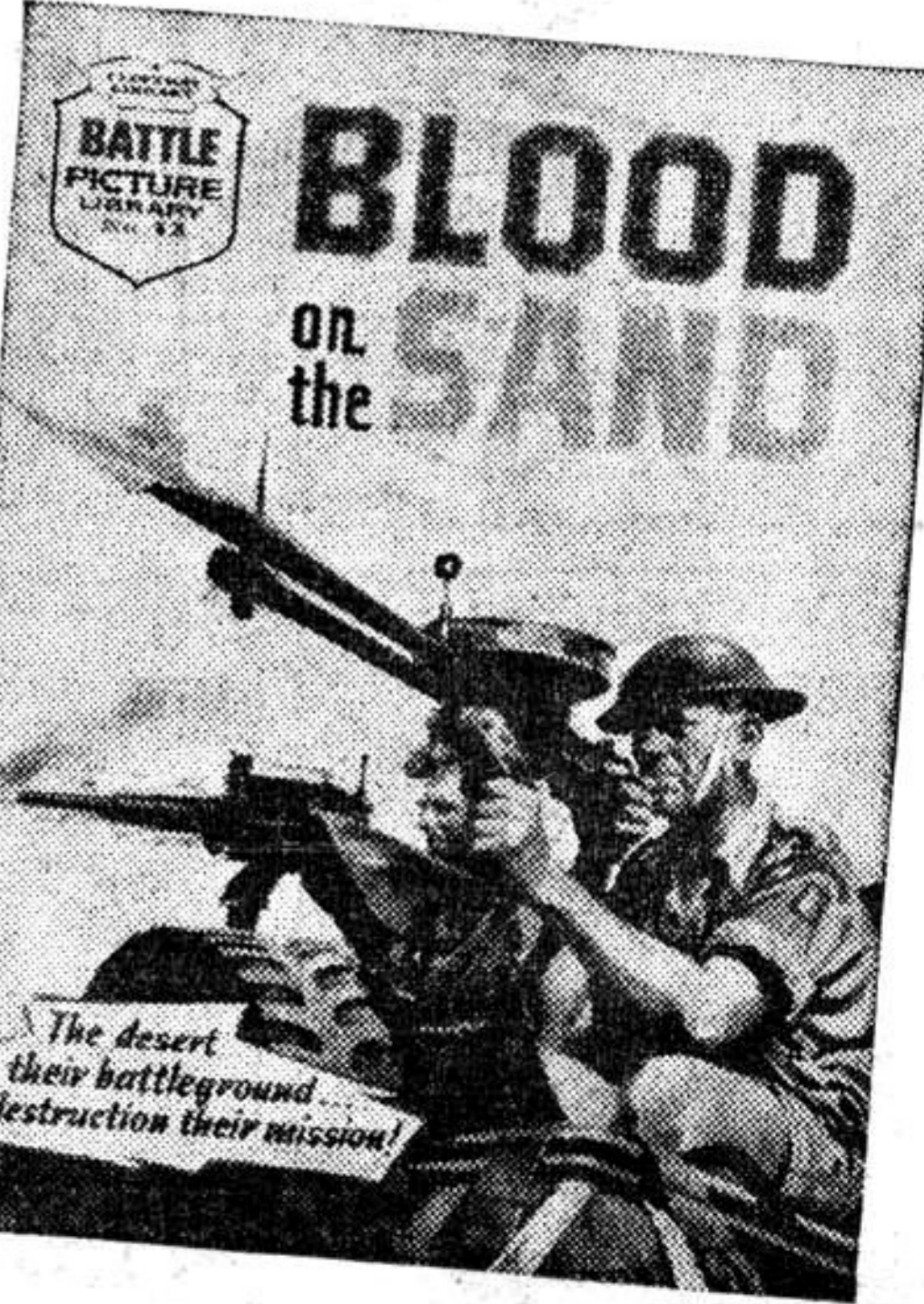
Can Oliver Bold rescue the girl prisoner? Don't miss next week's thrilling episode in **KNOCKOUT!**

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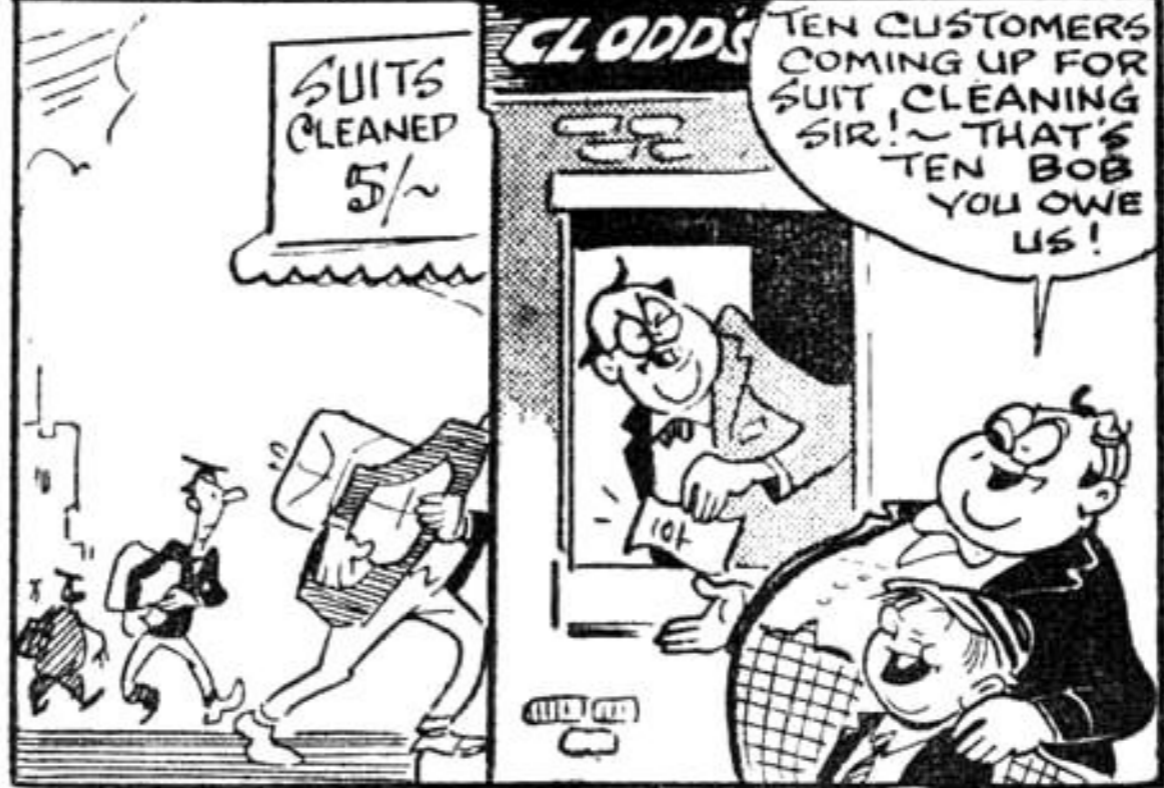
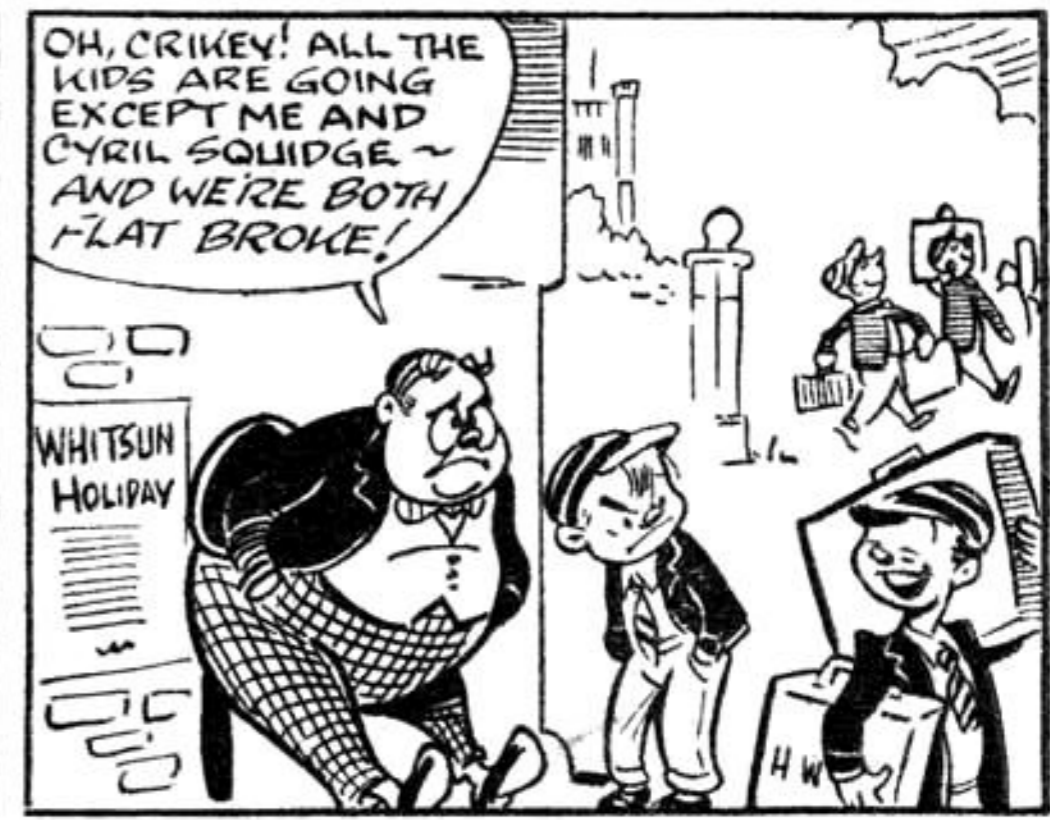
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BILLY BUNTER



THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHUMP OF HIS SCHOOL

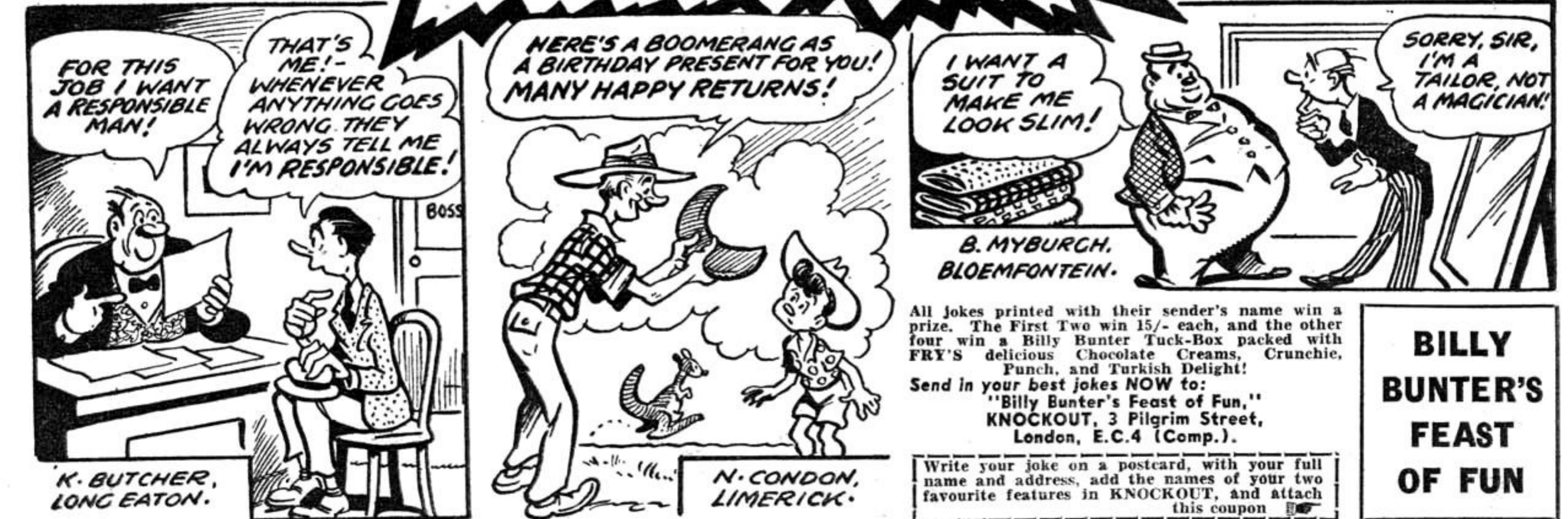
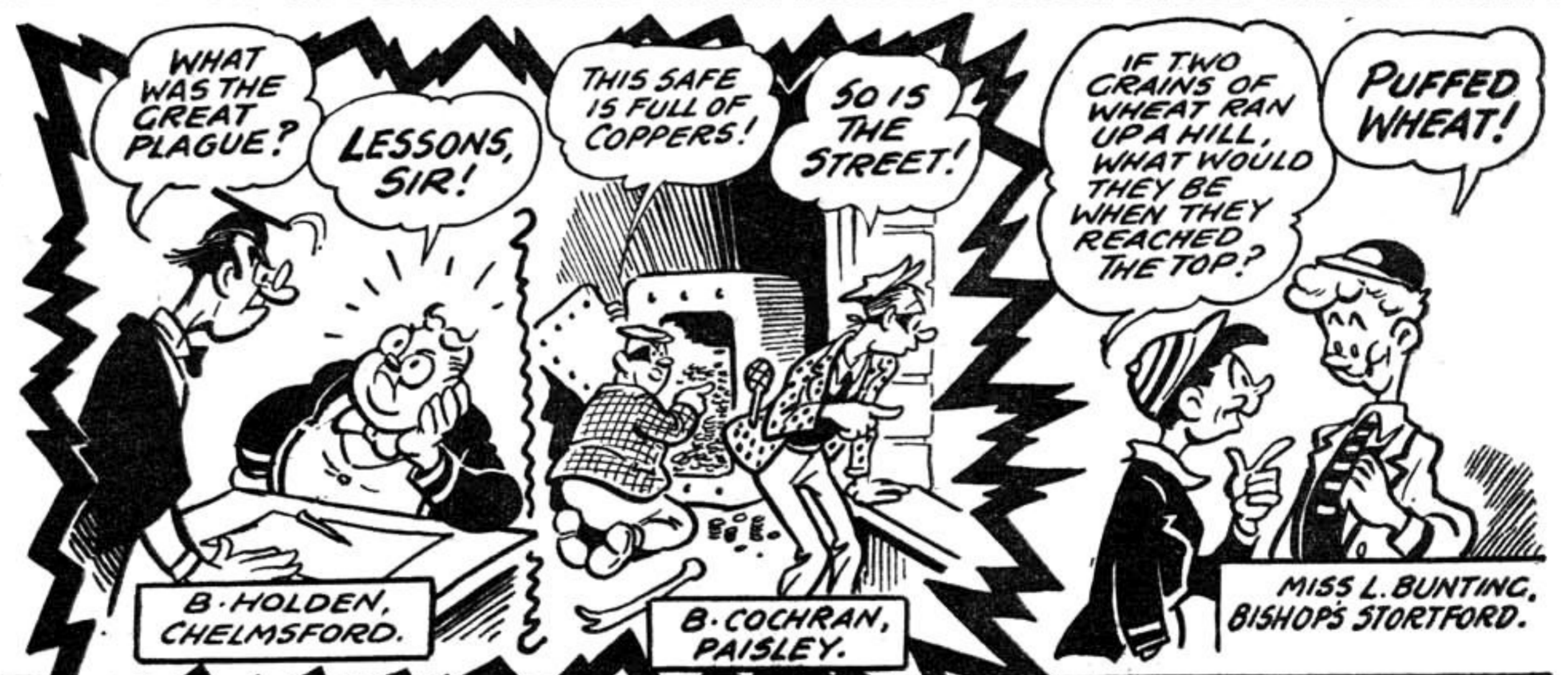




Enjoy another large whack of mirth with Billy Bunter in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**

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ALTHOUGH THEY WERE STILL VASTLY OUTNUMBERED, THE VETERAN BRITISH SOLDIERS PREPARED TO ATTACK THE REBEL-HELD CITY OF SANTA FAGASTA!

THE SPEED KINGS

walls of Santa Fagasta. "We've got tanks, but they won't stand against the rebels' field-guns. Besides that, we're ranged against nearly five thousand rebels, and our only chance is to take them by surprise—somehow."

"I reckon the tanks'll give them a surprise, sir!" Sergeant Bud said. "Those rebels can't shoot well enough to hit 'em, and—"

"We can't take chances," the brigadier replied. "If—"

He paused as Gerry stepped forward, and exclaimed:

"I've got an idea, sir! Keep the tanks on the railway trucks, just as they are now—and then drive them straight into the city! The railway line goes through the walls."

"Bomb the city," Gerry went on, "as the tanks approach it, sir. If we take the tanks right in while the men begin an assault upon the walls we'll scare the rebels stiff!"

Silence followed Gerry's words. The brigadier exchanged a quick glance with Jud Baker, then looked at Sergeant Bud.

"That's an idea!" he said quietly. "If we can get the tanks into the city it'll be like taking the rebels in the rear!"

"Our only chance is to take the rebels by surprise!"

"They won't like the look of tanks, sir!" Sergeant Bud said. "They'll bolt as soon as they see 'em!"

"Well, we'll try it—and thanks for the suggestion, Gerry!" Brigadier A'Dare replied. "Signaller!"

A signaller came running up and the brigadier gave him orders to send a message to where Major Waller's men were visible on the edge of the plateau, instructing them to come down and get into position on the plain.

When the message had been despatched, the brigadier ordered the engines of the two tanks to be warmed up, while the boys made a run for the locomotive and climbed into the cab.

"We're going to be right in the middle of this," Gerry chuckled to Bob. "It was my idea, and we're entitled to travel with the tanks!"

The driver of the locomotive was an old soldier. They told him of the plan, and of the part the engine was to play, then helped him get up steam. While they stoked the fire-box, he told them how the brigadier had suddenly turned up when he was taking the two tanks towards the Molivian border, for use in their army.

"The brigadier just told me to put the loco in reverse," the driver said, "and back we came. He'd got men farther down the line, waiting with his plane and Jud Baker. These men knew how to handle tanks, and they are aboard them now."

"D'you mean to say he's pinched these tanks?" Bob gasped.

"Well, I wouldn't call it 'pinching,'" the engine-driver chuckled. "We call it 'commandeering' in war-time."

Major Waller's men were now spreading out across the plain. The men from the fortified barge were moving to meet them, so that a semi-circle of khaki was gradually being drawn around the front of the city—every member of it a grim-featured old soldier, ready to fight to the last.

Jud Baker looked over his plane, making certain that the bombs were easy in their racks, while the brigadier gave instructions to the crews of the tanks.

The boys saw Jud Baker climbing into the cockpit, and the plane engine was started as Sergeant Bud ran towards the boys.

"Hello, you're here, are you?" he exclaimed. "I was wondering where you'd got to!"

"We're coming to the city on the engine—and we don't care what anybody says!" Bob replied.

"All right," Sergeant Bud retorted. "Here's the brigadier—and if he says you can stay aboard, I've no objection!"

Brigadier A'Dare was running towards the locomotive, the safety-valve of which was now starting to whistle under a tremendous head of steam. As he jumped to the footplate, Jud Baker took off into the air.

As he went, a dozen old soldiers clambered into the tender behind the

engine, cramming clips of bullets into the magazines of their rifles.

"Sergeant, are you sure you understand everything?" the brigadier asked, as he swung aboard. "We can follow the line almost to the Plaza Fagasta—and I believe that El Cuchillo Cordova has his headquarters there."

"When we stop, the men in the tender will lower flaps from the sides of the trucks, and the tanks will trundle out into action. One tank will cover the men in the tender as we attack the rebel leader's headquarters. Once we've made El Cuchillo prisoner, the revolution will collapse!"

The sergeant signified that he understood, and the brigadier signed to the engine-driver, who eased open the throttle, and the powerful locomotive started forward. The boys edged their way towards the driver, and Bob touched his arm.

"Would you care to let me drive?" he asked. "We've driven an engine before!"

"Drive? Of course you can drive!" the ex-soldier answered. His glance went to where a rifle was standing in a corner of the cab. "You take her into the city, and I'll join the raiders!"

He moved away, and Bob grabbed the lever of the throttle. Gerry peered ahead and suddenly yelled above the thunder of the engine and the roar of the tanks' motors behind:

"Look, they're putting up a barricade!"

They could clearly see the break in the city wall, where the steel rails ran through. Men were moving there as they piled timber and sandbags, furniture from adjacent houses—everything upon which

Bob King and his brother, Gerry, were in South America with their uncle, Baddely Lincoln, who had brought them out to work on his oil-field because he thought that their ambition to become racing motor-cyclists was too dangerous.

But now they found themselves in even greater danger, fighting for their lives against El Cuchillo Cordova, a rebel leader with five thousand men under his command, who had captured the capital city of Santa Fagasta.

Because the boys, along with Brigadier A'Dare and a small band of British war veterans, had offered so much resistance to El Cuchillo at the start of his revolution, they can expect no mercy if he gains control of the country and declares himself president.

When all seems lost the brigadier manages to acquire a plane, two tanks and two hundred reinforcements, and is preparing to make one final attack on El Cuchillo's forces. (Now read on.)

BREAK IN THE WALL!

BRIGADIER A'DARE'S eyes were glittering as he heard the two motor-bikes race up, and a few moments later the boys were reporting to him that Major Waller's men had captured the plateau.

"Excellent!" the brigadier replied, and waved a hand towards the pilot of the plane. "I think you've met Jud Baker already!"

Bob and Gerry King blinked as they recognised the American airman to whom they'd once carried a dispatch from the brigadier, asking him to join their force. The American had informed them that he had already signed up with El Cuchillo Cordova, the rebel leader—and the boys had promptly flown off with one of his planes! They regarded him a little uneasily, but he was grinning.

"I've made things all right with Mr. Baker," the brigadier explained. "He's on our side now, and this is another of his machines. I didn't know what had actually happened until I met him, but—"

"Anything the boys did is okay with me!" the pilot said, as he nodded to the brothers. "They're a couple of game kids—and I'm glad I didn't smash up their motor-cycles, which was the way I was feeling when I saw them fly off!"

"But we can't talk about that now," the brigadier said quickly. "We've got to get busy!" He turned to where Sergeant Bud stood, a broad grin on his face. "Well, we've got two hundred men as reinforcements, and two tanks—and we shan't get any help from General Cruz, although he's making a demonstration with his army!"

The brigadier waved a hand across the river, and a far-off dust cloud indicated the fact that General Cruz was bringing his men towards the city.

"We can't hope to gain success by a straight frontal attack on the city," the brigadier said, and nodded towards the

they could lay their hands, heaping barriers across the rails.

"They'll be trying to tear up the lines behind!" the brigadier shouted. "Keep moving—full speed ahead!"

Then he swung out of the cab, scrambling along the side of the tender and leaping to the truck which carried the first tank.

Gerry saw him shouting to a face which appeared in a slot-like opening at the front of the tank, yelling orders to the crew. As the brigadier turned and came back a machine-gun in the top turret suddenly let rip, and a stream of bullets went the length of rails, plunging into the barricade against the city wall.

"One of the tanks is in action!" Gerry yelled in Bob's ear. "Machine-gunning the blighters on that barricade!"

PEELING SPUDS!

BOB made no answer. He had the engine throttle slammed full open, and with every turn of the locomotive's wheels their speed increased. The engine was rocking on the rough, rusted lines, the tanks were swaying on the

and into this the locomotive charged at full speed.

Gerry held on to the side of the cab, and knew that they had hit the barricade, by the colossal roar which followed. He saw debris flying through a cloud of dust, and one of the old motor-cars poised in mid-air before it dropped and vanished behind.

The tanks got into action, their 17-pounders slugging shells at the rebels on the inside of the walls, their machine-guns firing furiously through a cloud of dust, while Bob snapped the throttle shut, fearing that they might run into a gap beyond the barricade, where a rail might have been removed.

The boy driver had a glimpse of rebels running away from the line where, apparently, they had been unbolting fish-plates. The locomotive rocked wildly on a loosened rail as it charged across the spot; then the rebels were left behind and the engine was grinding on down the track that led towards the Plaza Fagasta.

Rebels were retreating in all directions. Men were shooting from the windows of

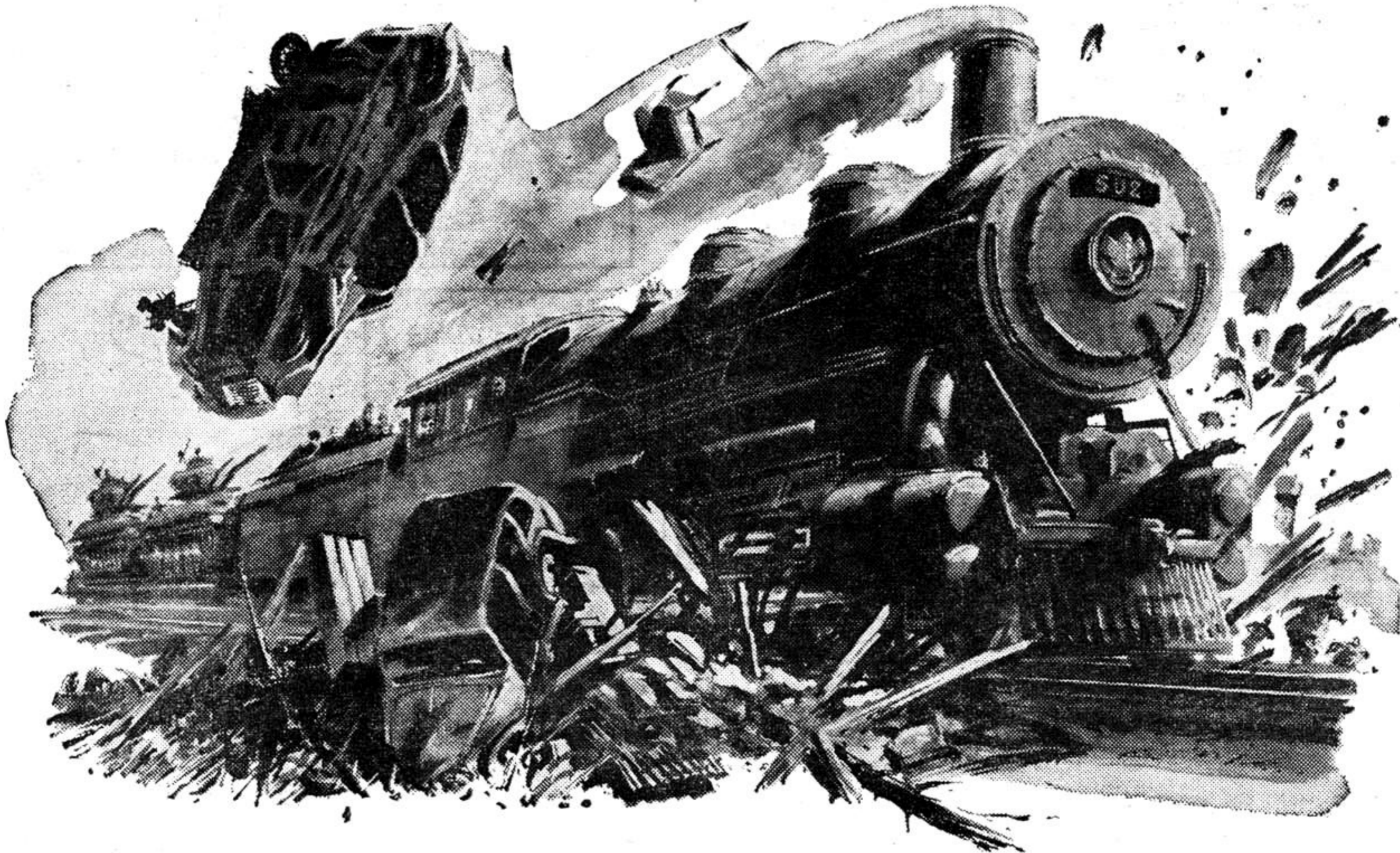
their noses poking out from the trucks, tractors grating and grinding, engines roaring as they slid down to the ground. One of them immediately swung between the locomotive and the square.

"Come on, sir!" Sergeant Bud roared, and went off the footplate in a wild jump, followed by the brigadier and the revolver-armed boys.

They saw the raiding party, which had helped to get the tanks off, taking cover behind one of them as it lumbered into the square, its companion vehicle turning in the other direction. Every weapon aboard the tank was streaking flame and lead.

The Plaza cleared like magic, and they had to run to keep up with the tank, its machine-guns plugging ceaselessly at the rebels so that hardly an enemy shot was fired at them as the tank rolled towards the white house, its tractors almost grating against the steps. Then the brigadier ran up them, leading the raiding party.

The boys saw the broad hall full of scuttling figures as they charged in with the soldiers—and at the foot of a flight of stairs to one side the boys recognised the



A thundering roar, a shower of hurtling debris, and the train was through the barricade!

trucks behind, and the city appeared almost to swoop along the ground to meet them—and, out of the blue sky, Jud Baker brought his fighter-bomber.

The boys saw it dive steeply, flatten out, and then zoom upwards in a terrific rush, leaving behind two eruptions of flame which shot from the centre of the city and dissolved in smoke created by two bombs that he had dropped.

As the loco thundered on Gerry saw the American airman loop and dive again, dropping two more bombs and seeming to spin his plane in the air before he dived a third time.

Gerry heard the roar of the last pair of bombs. He heard the brigadier yelling for Bob to keep the throttle wide open—then Gerry saw that they were almost on the barricade!

The wall on either side was lined with rebels who were plastering bullets at them—until the leading tank's machine-guns sent the defenders diving for cover.

The barricade was made of broken furniture, planks, sandbags, and a couple of old motor-cars. The rebels had slung across the line anything and everything upon which they could lay their hands—

houses, and there was the crash of bombs as Jud Baker continued his bombardment of the city, laying his "iron eggs" well away from the railway line.

The raiding party in the tender was already scrambling out, ducking about the tanks, ready to fling out the massive wooden flaps by which the machines might descend to the ground. Everything was a riot of noise and fury, through which the 17-pounders thudded with relentless steadiness.

All the time Bob was slowing the locomotive. When he saw where the line bent, almost at the edge of the Plaza Fagasta, he shouted for Gerry to ram on the hand-brake.

The locomotive halted. The boys heard the roar of the tanks' engines as they were accelerated, crews still letting fly with their machine-guns, sending bullets across the square, scattering the rebels. There came a thudding roar as the massive wooden flaps were flung out from the low-hung trucks, and engines boomed when the tanks swung about.

Bob and Gerry took cover against the iron tender, sheltering from rebel bullets. They saw the two tanks lurch sideways,

leader of the rebels himself!

He was brandishing a sabre, shouting to his men as he tried to rally them. But the raiders were coming in with fixed bayonets and the rebels were bolting. El Cuchillo saw that it was hopeless, and he leaped from the stairs, darting across the hall.

"Get him!" the boys heard the brigadier shout, and the two darted sideways, sliding along the wall, outstripping by their fleetness the soldiers who accompanied them, and hurling themselves at the rebel leader.

His sword flashed high as they plunged at him. Together they dived for his legs, knocking his feet from under him so that he came down with a rush, the sword flying from his hand.

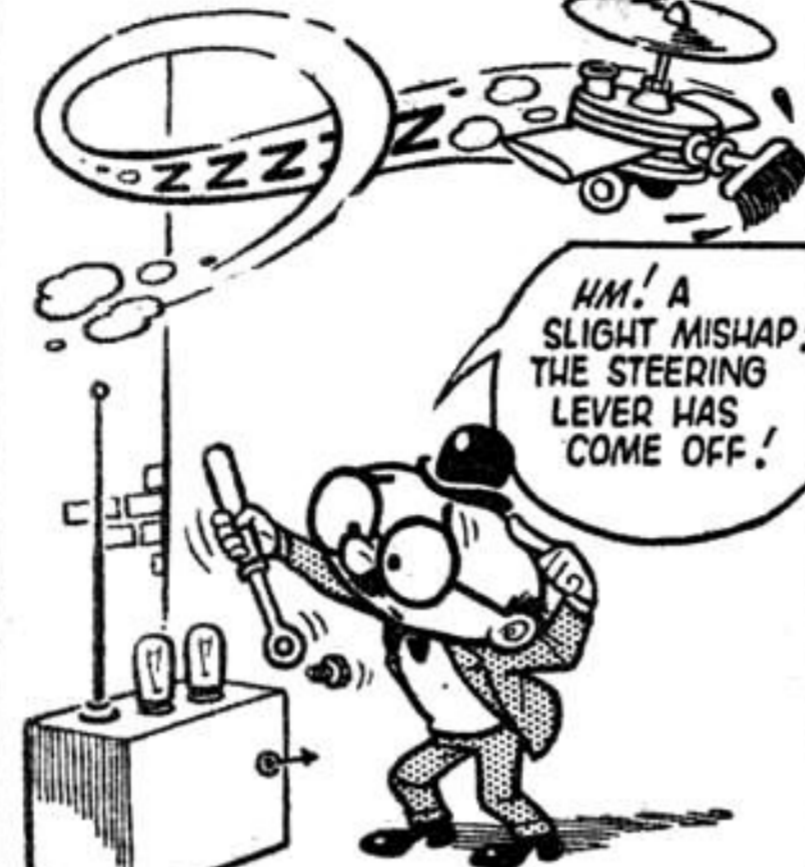
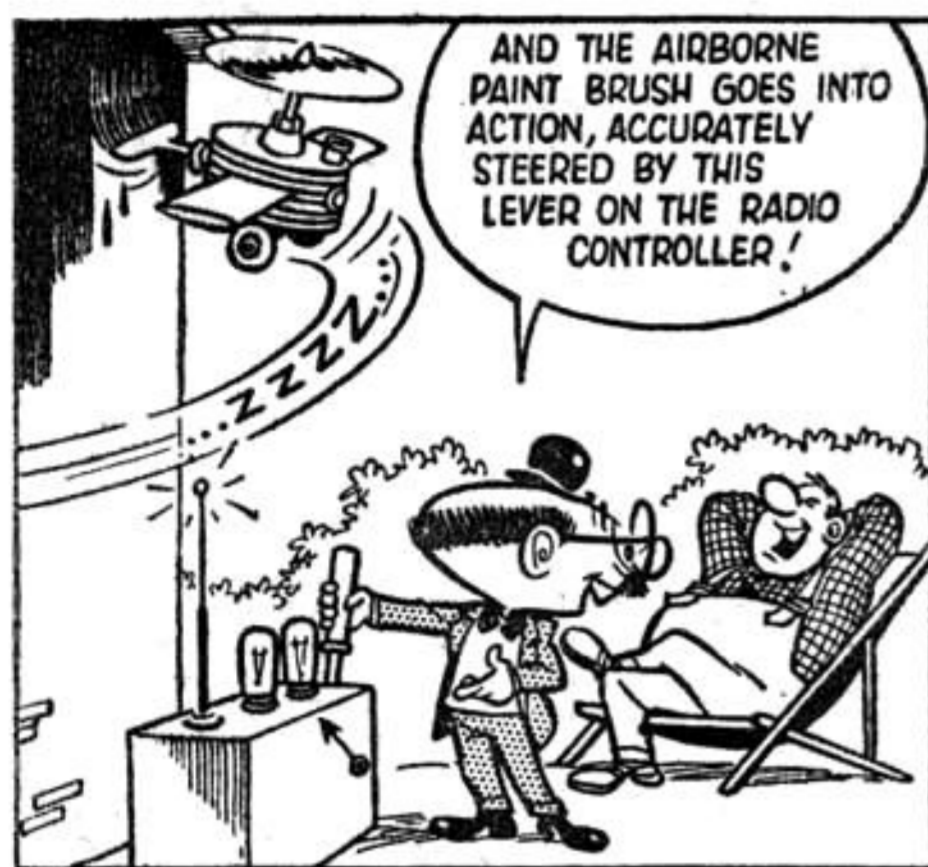
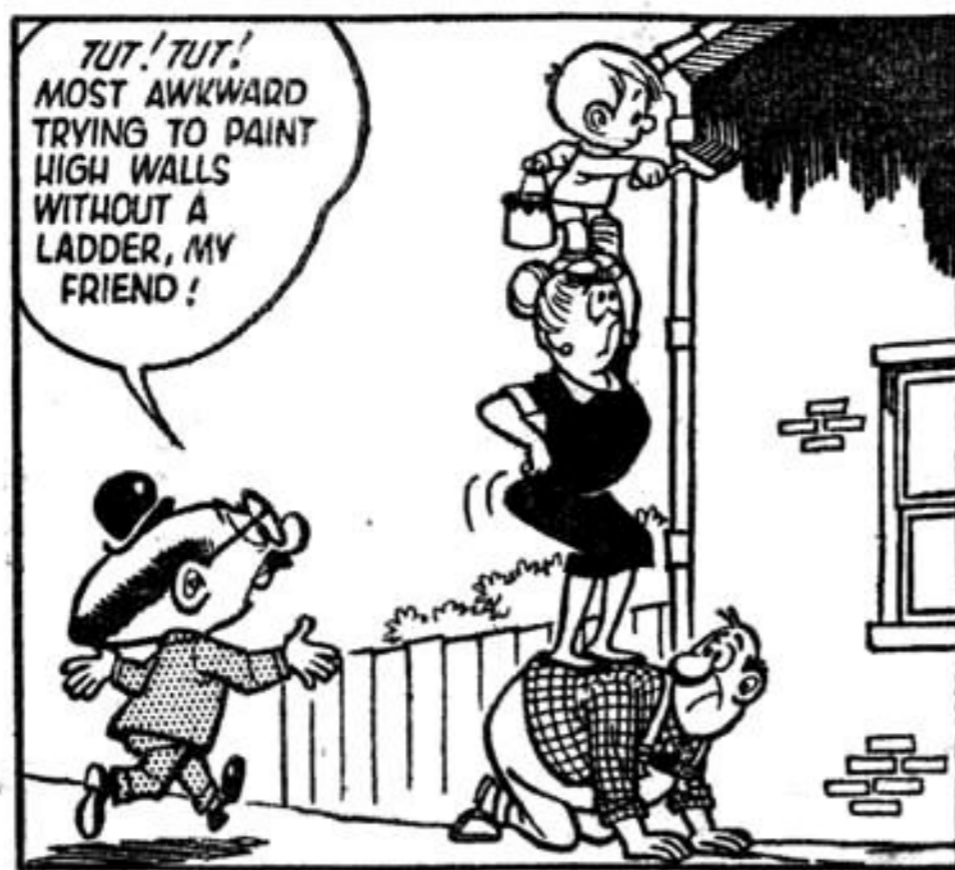
He kicked madly, shaking the brothers off, struggling to his feet—and finding himself face to face with the grim-eyed brigadier. The boys, sprawling on the floor, saw the two confronting one another.

The brigadier could have shot the rebel leader down—but he did not. His revolver was gripped in his left hand, and his right fist swung back, coming forward with the strength of every muscle of his body.

(Continued on next page.)

PROFESSOR

KNOCKOUT



THE SPEED KINGS

(Continued from previous page.)

They heard the crack of that fist when it connected with the rebel leader's jaw, and the huge man in the red jacket tilted backwards, tottered on his heels, and slammed down beside the boys—knocked out.

"Stand guard over him!" the brigadier roared to a couple of his men. And as the boys came to their feet they saw the old soldiers routing rebels out of their hiding-places, taking away their guns and making them prisoner.

Armed with the revolvers, the boys followed the brigadier when he turned back to the square, after making quite certain that there was no chance of El Cuchillo Cordova escaping. The tank had moved away from the entrance, and it was now at the far side of the square, machine-guns rattling furiously.

"Follow it up!" the brigadier panted.

The three raced out, Sergeant Bud joining them. When they reached the street down which the tank was turning, they saw that the second tank had appeared at its far end—and a whole mass of rebels was trapped between them, flinging down their arms and lifting empty hands to the sky, surrendering.

Then, from the other side of the river, the boys heard the sound of cheering, and there came the thunder of hoofs on the bridge which led to the city.

"Cavalry!" Bob exclaimed. "The advance

guard of General Cruz's army—coming to fight, now it's all over!"

The cavalry clattered into the city, and behind came a rushing horde of Zamorran soldiers.

Jud Baker's plane swept out of the sky, came to halt on the plain beyond the wall, and a queer silence settled down. The boys saw the brigadier surveying the city, and looking at the mass of prisoners. He had fought—and he had won!

"Well, that's that!" Sergeant Bud Fisher said, as he met the brigadier's gaze. "The war's all over, sir. All we've got to do now is get back on the plateau and raise some more oil!"

* * *

The plateau was a hive of activity. Huts had been re-erected, and now the derricks of four new oil-wells were being raised towards the sky. Gangs were working everywhere, clearing the ground and laying fresh pipe-lines—and all were labouring under armed guards.

Sergeant Bud Fisher stood with a rifle slung over his shoulder, leaning against the wall of a hut which had been given over to the boys' uncle, the real owner of the oil-field, and who had been saved from ruin by the old soldiers.

The revolution was completely smashed, and the future looked very bright.

The brothers were with Sergeant Bud, smiling as they surveyed the scene. The

rebels were prisoners of war, sentenced to labour on this plateau for just as long as Brigadier A'Dare and Baddely Lincoln required them.

"It's the first time some o' these men have done a day's work in their lives!" Sergeant Bud chuckled.

"Uncle says that when the oil's flowing properly, and he's making money," Bob told him, "he'll pay them proper wages, and make honest men of them."

"What about El Cuchillo?" Gerry asked.

"There he goes!" Sergeant Bud answered.

They saw the rebel leader passing near, carrying a bucket in either hand, and with a hard-bitten veteran guarding him.

"He's working in the cookhouse—peeling spuds!" the sergeant said.

THE END

Swiftly, silently, they struck at dead of night—and only ace-detective Pete Madden and his assistant, Steve, dared to challenge the ruthless

RIVER RAIDERS!

Follow their adventures in a thrilling new picture-story starting next week!

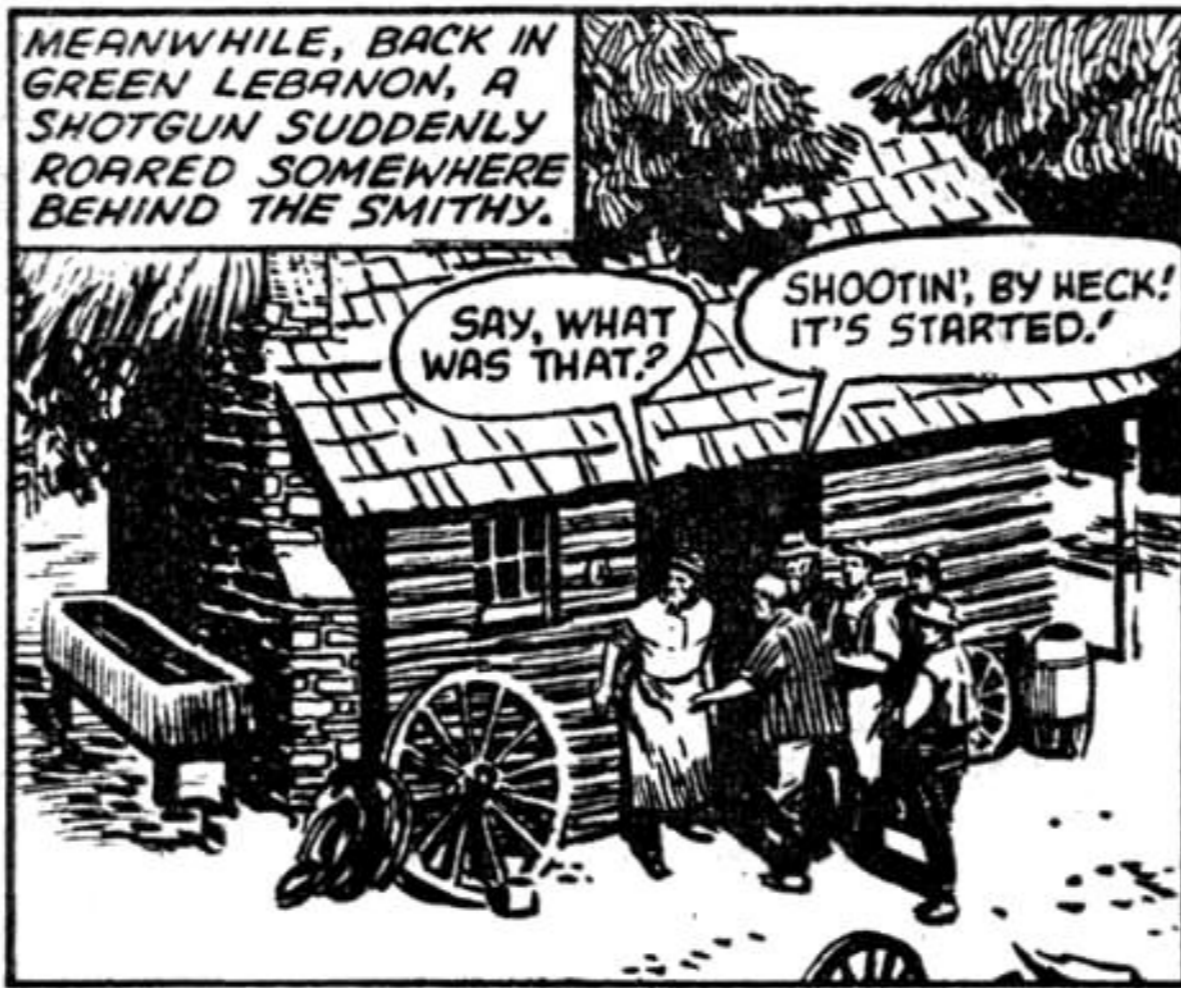
THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS

The peaceful little town of Green Lebanon was being hounded by a gunman named Catlin, and his gang, who wanted two thousand dollars, otherwise they would burn down the town. Wesley Greer, the blacksmith, refused to part with the money he had saved to build a church, so Matt Marriott urged the men to fight. When they declined, Matt rode away with his partner, Powder Horn . . .



OKAY, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

NOWHERE—YET. WE'LL STAY AROUND. I GOT SOME THINKIN' TO DO!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN GREEN LEBANON, A SHOTGUN SUDDENLY ROARED SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE SMITHY.

SAY, WHAT WAS THAT?

SHOOTIN', BY HECK! IT'S STARTED!



WESLEY GREER FOUND THE GUNMAN.

WHAT'S GOIN' ON, SAM?

PACK O' THEM PESKY COYOTES JUST GOT IN AMONG THE BARN FOWL. I GOT THE LEADER, THOUGH!



IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME WITH THESE THIEVIN' VARMINTS! GET THE KINGPIN AN' THE REST JUST MELTS AWAY!

BY GLORY!! THAT'S THE ANSWER! CATLIN'S THE KINGPIN. GET HIM AND....!



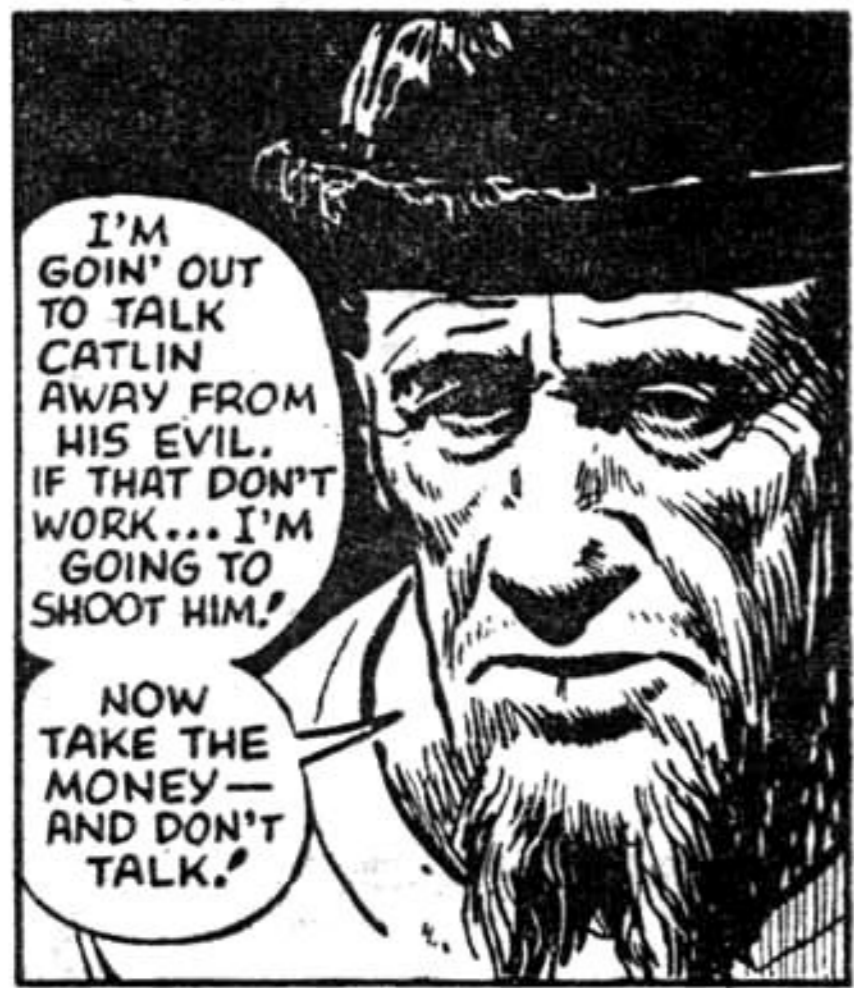
COME WITH ME, CARLSEN. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.

SURE, WES—BUT WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?



I GOT A JOB TO DO. IF I AIN'T BACK BY THREE, TAKE WHAT YOU NEED FROM THIS AND PAY CATLIN.

HOLD ON, WES! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?



I'M GOIN' OUT TO TALK CATLIN AWAY FROM HIS EVIL. IF THAT DON'T WORK... I'M GOING TO SHOOT HIM!

NOW TAKE THE MONEY—AND DON'T TALK!



AND SO, HALF AN HOUR LATER. HOLD IT, BUGSIE, WE GOT A VISITOR!

RIDIN' IN FROM LEBANON, TOO. MAYBE HE'S GOT THE MONEY.



I'M ASKIN' YOU TO GIVE ME A HEARING, CATLIN.

THE TALKIN'S DONE, MISTER! IF YOU AIN'T GOT THE MONEY THEN GO BACK TO YOUR FOLKS AND TELL 'EM—WE COLLECT THIS AFTERNOON, OR ELSE...



YOU GOT MY PROPOSITION. TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH OR WE MOVE IN AN' COLLECT... IN LOOT! THAT STILL GOES!

NO, CATLIN, IT DON'T GO! YOU'RE BAD! ROTTEN-BAD! TOO BAD TO BE LET LIVE!



GREER WAS NO GUNFIGHTER. HE MADE A CLUMSY DRAW AND CATLIN BEAT HIM TO IT...



AT THAT MOMENT MARRIOTT MADE HIS DECISION.

HOLY JACKSON! WHERE YOU HEADED NOW?

BACK TO LEBANON! I GOT TO MAKE ONE MORE PLAY AT THEM PIGEON-HEARTED, BOOT-LICKERS—JUST ONE MORE PLAY!

Will Matt succeed in persuading the townsfolk to fight Catlin? Don't miss next week's big thrills!

AS THE OFFICERS OF THE LAW CREPT THROUGH THE MARSHES TOWARDS TURPIN'S HOUSE, MOONLIGHT NELL HAD A PREMONITION OF DANGER!

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD



Dick Turpin was supporting the cause of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Pretender to the throne, and when Sir Pawson Garthorne, a young Jacobite, was captured by Jonathan Ridgeway, the thief-taker, the famous highwayman helped him to escape. He took the freed prisoner to a house he had acquired and where Mistress Helen Leslie, otherwise known as Moonlight Nell, acted as hostess. (Now read on.)

THE LAW SEEKS REVENGE!

NELL left the gentlemen soon after dinner, but they remained talking of the events that had taken place until day began to close in. Then Dick rose, saying that he must go to visit his faithful mare, Black Bess, who became fretful and uneasy unless she saw her beloved master before she stretched her glossy limbs on a bed of clean straw. Five other horses were there in the stables, and over their heads hung collars, bridles, and saddles all in readiness. The stable-yard was protected by a high-spiked wall. Through the spikes ran a wire to which a number of bells were attached in such a manner that they would ring the moment a man's hands touched the wire.

No one climbing the wall could fail to touch the wire, so Dick Turpin did not fear a stealthy attack. The visit to the stables over, Dick Turpin invited Sir Pawson into a small room and sat talking earnestly with him a long time. Then they went to the large room in which Moonlight Nell had rejoined the others. Tom King and Flick sat conversing in low tones; Peters and Beetles dozed in the deep window seats, but ready to spring up at any moment. Moonlight Nell was restless and excited. Half a dozen times she went to a small window, and, drawing aside the heavy curtains, peeped out. "What ails you, Nell?" asked Dick. "Your cheeks are pale." "Dick," she replied, "I am afraid, and yet I know not what I fear. As I sat alone in my boudoir, I thought I heard the murmur of voices, and gleams of light seemed to flash across my eyes.

Of course, it was fancy—a dream, perhaps, and yet there is something about this place tonight that sends a chill through my heart and leaves me shuddering." "Why, Nell," said Dick, "of all the nonsense I have ever heard, this is the most nonsensical. No one dreams of us being here, and even if some spy should have followed me, we are strong enough to keep ten times our number at bay." "Here, Pat O'Flynn," he added, laughing, "you know all about signs and omens. Look in the fire and tell me what you see." It was a cold night for the time of the year, and a large coal fire gleamed in the grate. Pat O'Flynn started as Dick spoke and turned a pair of frightened eyes upon him. "Why, what is all this?" Dick asked. "You are all silent and gloomy. Come rouse up all! Now, Pat, tell us the meaning of the pictures in the fire." Pat O'Flynn went rather reluctantly down on his knees and thrust his face so close to the bars that Beetles said: "Golly! Him make his nose as red as Peters' whiskers." "I'll draw somethin' redder from your nose if you ain't quiet!" Peters growled. "Hold your tongue, you black swab!" "I see," said Pat O'Flynn, amid deep silence, "a crowd of men, some on foot, and some on horseback. They are fighting by torchlight, and begorra, it's as pretty a fight as a man would wish to see anywhere outside Donnybrook Fair. Here they come, and there they go. Flash and thrust! Up and down! Why, bejabbers, captain, it's yerself I see in the midst of it all—" A scream from Moonlight Nell startled him. "Listen!" she said. "Do you not hear that? A warning was sent to me. We are discovered—"

"Hush!" Dick Turpin whispered, placing his hand over her mouth. "Peters, to the stables and harness the horses. The rest of you get ready." He gave these commands quickly and sharply, although he had heard nothing. Nor had the others, but Moonlight Nell stood still and white with her hand to her ear. "You are mistaken! You are ill," Dick Turpin said, alarmed at Nell's strange behaviour. "No, no! They are coming," Nell replied. "Let us away. There! Do you not hear now?" Dick Turpin turned cold from head to foot. He believed that Moonlight Nell had lost her senses. Had Sir Pawson Garthorne told her any bad news from France? He turned to the young baronet and put the question sternly. "Not a word," Sir Pawson replied. "As far as I know, all is well." A sudden thought flashed into Dick Turpin's head. He rushed from the room, and flying upstairs, reached a kind of tower with four windows. From one to the other he ran until he came to the one looking eastward. It was a fine night. Over London hung a dull glow, changing fitfully every moment. Dick Turpin knew what it meant. The red upon the sky was the reflection of torches carried by linkmen employed to escort rich people to theatres or other places of amusement. Turpin opened the window noiselessly and leaned out. In front of the house was a marshy piece of ground interspersed with stunted trees and irregular clumps of hawthorn and bramble. Among these, shadowy figures were moving about and stealing slowly but surely nearer and nearer to the house. "So," Dick Turpin muttered, "I was followed after all. The law seeks revenge for this day's work. Yonder men are officers, and I know not how many may be following. Let them come! They shall find us ready."

KNOCKOUT'S CROSSWORD

1			2		3			4
5					6			
			7					
8							9	
			10		11			
12								
13								

- | Clues Across | Down |
|----------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Pirate. | 2. Thrash. |
| 6. They're slippery. | 3. Want. |
| 7. Finish. | 4. Platform. |
| 8. Boy. | 5. Weighing apparatus. |
| 9. Vehicle. | 10. Net. |
| 10. Chart. | 11. Game on horseback. |
| 12. Part of neck. | |
| 13. Invested with regal dignity. | |

(For solution see page 18.)

In less than half a minute he was back again with his friends.

"Barricade the doors, close the shutters and loophole them," he said quietly. "Nell is right. The bloodhounds have scented us out, and we must either drive them away or fight them in the open. We'll see what lead will do first. Nell—"

"I stay with you," she interrupted, reading his thoughts.

BESIEGED!

"**F**LICK," Turpin said, "serve out all the spare pistols. Give Sir Pawson a brace and a sword. The gate leading to the stable-yard must be guarded. Peters and Beetles, that shall be your work. Remember that you have men's work to do. Forget for once that you ever played the fool. O'Flynn! Where's Pat O'Flynn?"

"Bejabbers, it's meself that's making holes through the front door with an auger," Pat sang out. "I can hear the blackguards—and see them, too! Shure, they're as thick as bees!"

"Then further disguise is useless," said Dick Turpin. "We'll fight while the walls hold together."

Beetles and Peters, eager for the fray, ran out the back way, and rolling some empty barrels to the gate, mounted them, and stood ready.

Turpin, Nell, and Sir Pawson Garthorne went to a room on the first floor, leaving Tom King, Flick, and O'Flynn to guard the front door.

They refrained from barricading it, for two reasons—one being that the oaken door, locked, bolted, and barred, would never give way unless a battering-ram was used against it; and the other that any obstacle would prevent them using their pistols with effect.

"Faith!" cried O'Flynn. "Here they come. They scent blood like carrion crows! They mean to have our lives if they can take them!"

"The 'if' comes in well there," Flick remarked, removing his eye from one of the loopholes. "They will call upon us to surrender first. Listen!"

A tall officer threw back his head, and bellowed, with all the strength of his lungs:

"Richard Turpin, I call upon you all within your house to surrender in the name of the law!"

"You don't say so! How kind!" Flick whispered, to O'Flynn's unbounded delight.

"Shure," said the Irishman, "the captain's reply will be worth listening to."

Turpin, keeping out of the line of fire, retorted:

"You've come too late. We dined early today."

"Trifle not with me," the officer replied. "I am acting for that brutally-used man, Jonathan Ridgeway—"

A burst of ironical laughter drowned the rest of his words.

"Turpin," the officer cried out, when he could get a hearing, "we've tracked you to your haunt, and we mean to have the irons on you tonight at any cost."

"You will find it a rather expensive job," Dick Turpin retorted. "The truce is ended. Do your best or worst; we are ready for you."

The officer in command took observations. The stable-yard gate seemed to be the most likely place to attack, for once that was down, the rest of the house would be at the mercy of the besiegers.

He waved his hand, and four men, ducking their heads, advanced at a run.

Bang! went as many pistols, down went two officers, and the others, scampering back like scared rabbits, took cover amid the trees and bushes.

"Dem's de finest two shots dat eber a man fire, and me pat myself on de back," Beetles said.

"Why, I dropped the varmint," Peters declared. "You fired one pistol in the air, and the other so close to me that I thought you had blown my left ear off."

"Man what awful lies you do tell," Beetles said, reloading his pistols and ramming home the charges with tremendous force. "You no fire at all next time, and see what happen."

Peters made no reply. He was thirsting for glory; he yearned for praise from Dick Turpin, and was jealous that Beetles should be even "honourably mentioned."

The commanding officer was baffled. It was impossible for him to tell how many men were behind the gate, or, indeed, how many there were in the house.

For from the door, shutters, and upper windows there came intermittent spurts of fire and the hissing of bullets.

He and his men lay low, not even venturing out to attend to their two wounded comrades.

"Cowards!" Dick Turpin shouted. "Why don't you look after those men?"

"Advance! Fire a volley!" roared the officer.

Twenty and more reports rang out, and as aim was taken for the middle of the door, a mass of lead flew through it and flattened against the wall beyond.

"Bejabbers, they've let the moonlight in with a vengeance!" Pat O'Flynn cried.



As Dick Turpin and the nightriders prepared to fight for their lives, an officer stepped out of the shadows and called for them to surrender!

"Up and give 'em the contents av your pistols. One! Two! That's the style! Three! Four! Better and better! Five! Six! Hooroo! There go four legs that won't stand up again in a hurry. Now the captain's talking, and Nell and the gallant baronet are chiming in. Shure, it's a grand time we are having."

The roar of firearms was now almost incessant, and volumes of smoke rolled across the meadows.

The din reached the ears of people on the Middlesex side of the river. What had happened?

Those who did not guess the truth were soon told it.

Dick Turpin's new hiding-place had been discovered, and the best officers were besieging him.

The officers, having lost four men, and done no more damage than blow a hole through the door, retired to hold a council of war.

What would they do next? Would they set fire to the house?

These were anxious questions that all within the walls asked inwardly, but the words were not spoken.

The movements of the officers were certainly rather peculiar.

Keeping well out of range, they walked round in a circle, stopping and grovelling in the grass.

Then their leader stepped forward again. "Turpin," he said, "if I mistake not, I caught sight of a woman just now."

BREAKOUT!

"**T**HAT'S right. What, are you anxious that she should stand in the pillory, like Jonathan Ridgeway?"

"You jest, but you will find nothing to laugh at presently," the officer replied. "We have been sent here to revenge the outrage committed today by you and others at your instigation."

"I glory in it," said Dick. "Go on! Does the scoundrel live?"

"It matters little to you whether he is alive or dead. My instructions are to take you dead or alive, and by Hades I will, if I roast you out! So send the woman away. We fight men, and not women."

"Tell him that I will not leave your side," Nell said.

"Look!" Dick interrupted. "They have come provided with resin and tow. They light a torch, and some follow with wood

(Continued on next page.)

KNIGHTS OF THE ROAD

(Continued from previous page.)

and rubbish. Fire! Keep them back, or we perish!"

The besieged fired another volley and then proceeded to reload their pistols. In this they were at a serious disadvantage, for the constables were of sufficient number to fire in detachment.

Three succeeded in hurling a quantity of wood and straw against the door, while another, lighting a torch, stood ready to throw it.

"I will give you another chance," cried the leading officer from the safe shelter of

Dick took her hand and led her to the back of the house, shouting to the others to lock the doors as they followed.

"They are coming down," shouted the officer in command. "They will surrender. Torch-bearer, hold your hand for a moment."

The word of command came too late. The flaming torch was already whizzing in the air. It fell among the inflammable stuff, and in an instant a great volume of smoke, intermingled with tongues of fire, shot into the air.

Beetles, unable to restrain himself, fired at the leader of the constables, who had left his hiding-place, and the man, twisting round on his heels, fell upon his face.

The constables stood dismayed and inactive for some moments. Their leader was dead, and the question was now, who was to take command?

They conferred together, and some squabbling took place.

Beyond a doubt, that arch-traitor Garthorne is with him. He'll not get another chance of escaping from the pillory, but he'll go to the gallows under the cover of night. Hark! What is that?"

Even as he spoke the gate swung open, and Turpin, with Moonlight Nell on one side and Sir Pawson Garthorne on the other, galloped out.

Straight at the officers Dick and the baronet rode, sword in hand, while Moonlight Nell held a brace of pistols to discharge at them.

Then came Tom King and Flick, with their eyes flashing as brightly as the steel they wielded.

They were followed by Peters and Beetles, shouting and yelling like demons; and last, but not least, O'Flynn appeared on the scene, disdaining a sword, and trusting to his beloved blackthorn club.

The surprise was as complete as it was unexpected.

Suddenly the gate flew open and Dick Turpin and his gallant nightriders galloped out to meet their foes face to face!



a tree. "Surrender, or take your chance. I am empowered to do anything that will lead to your capture, dead or alive."

"Cease firing!" Dick Turpin said. "These fellows are too many for us. We will fight our way out if we can, but we are in desperate straits. Nell!"

"Think not of me, Dick," she said. "I will live or die at your side!"

"Brave woman! What other answer could I expect from you?"

The word was passed to cease firing, and then Dick Turpin ordered a barricade to be thrown up against the front door.

All save Peters and Beetles, who still kept guard over the gate, lent a hand in piling up the furniture.

It seemed strange that the constables did not attack the gate more vigorously, but for some reason their combined efforts were made on the house.

Suddenly all the lights in the house were put out, and Dick whispered to Nell: "Fetch a cloak for yourself and make ready to depart. We must give them battle at the sword's point."

This was but the work of a few moments. Moonlight Nell put on a long dark cloak and drew the hood over her head.

The man selected declined, vowing that he would not take the responsibility of burning other people's property.

"Turpin and his gang will not die in the flames," he said. "There is a yard at the back of the house."

"They cannot escape in that direction," another replied. "Some of our men are there to prevent them. Two have gone to fetch a ladder."

"I pity them when they show their heads over the top of the wall," said a third. "I vote for clearing away the fire before it does any more damage."

"You go first, then," said he who had spoken first.

"Well, something must be done, or Turpin will slip through our fingers.

The officers rallied for a moment, but the onslaught proved too terrific for them to stand against.

Cursing in their dismay, they wavered, broke, and fled.

In the meantime, the flames were leaping higher and higher. The house was doomed unless help came; and it came in the nick of time, for as the officers fled in all directions and Dick Turpin and his friends galloped at headlong speed into the open country, the people living in the district ran to the scene to extinguish the blaze.

(Will Dick Turpin escape the vengeance of the law? Read on in the next gripping instalment of this terrific serial in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**)

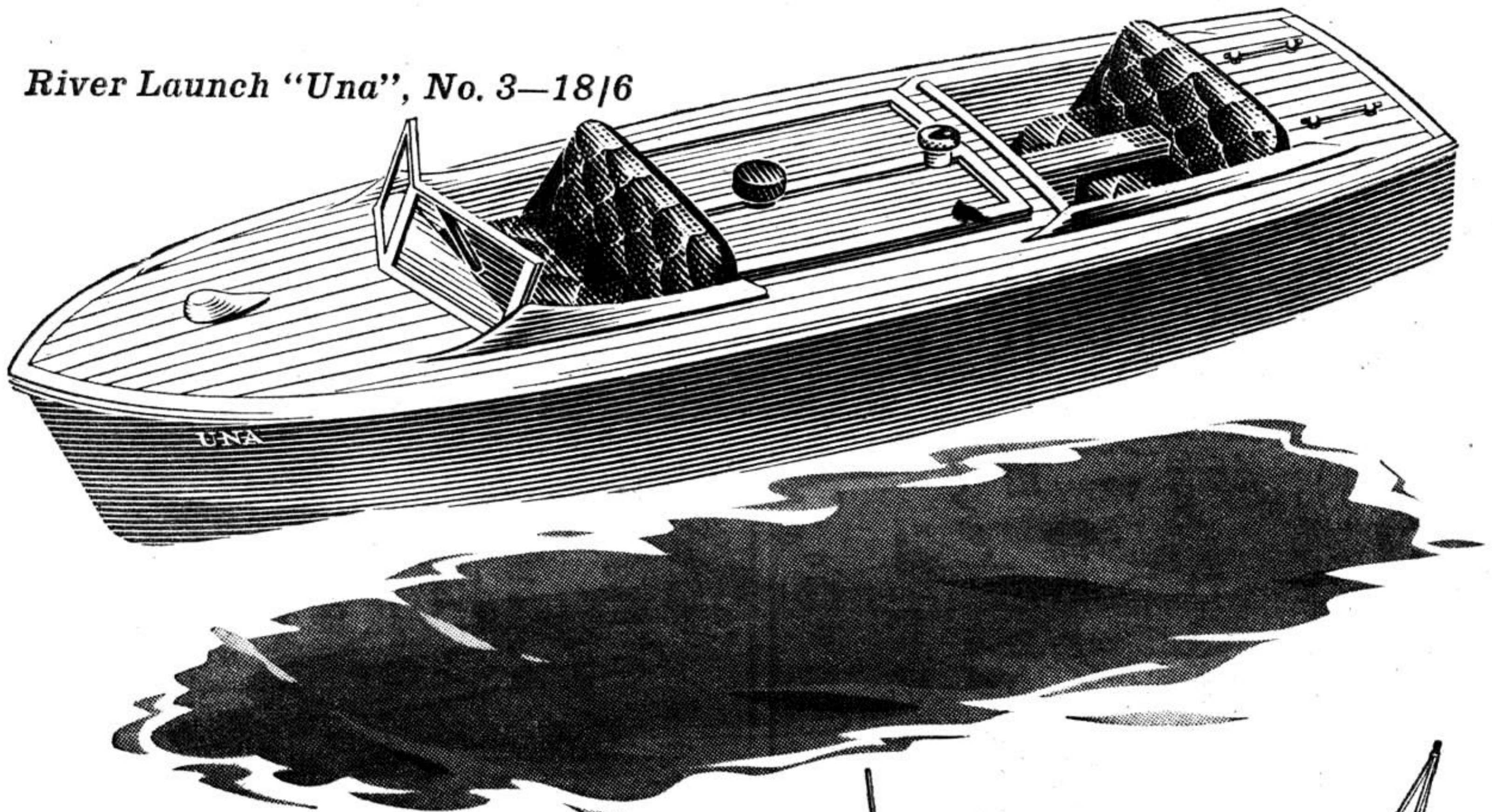
SOLUTION TO KNOCKOUT'S CROSSWORD

- Across: 1. Buccaneer. 6. Eels. 7. End. 8. Lad. 9. Car. 10. Map. 12. Nape. 13. Enthroned.
Down: 2. Cane. 3. Need. 4. Rostrum. 5. Balance. 10. Mesh. 11. Polo.

Your HORNBY SPEED BOAT

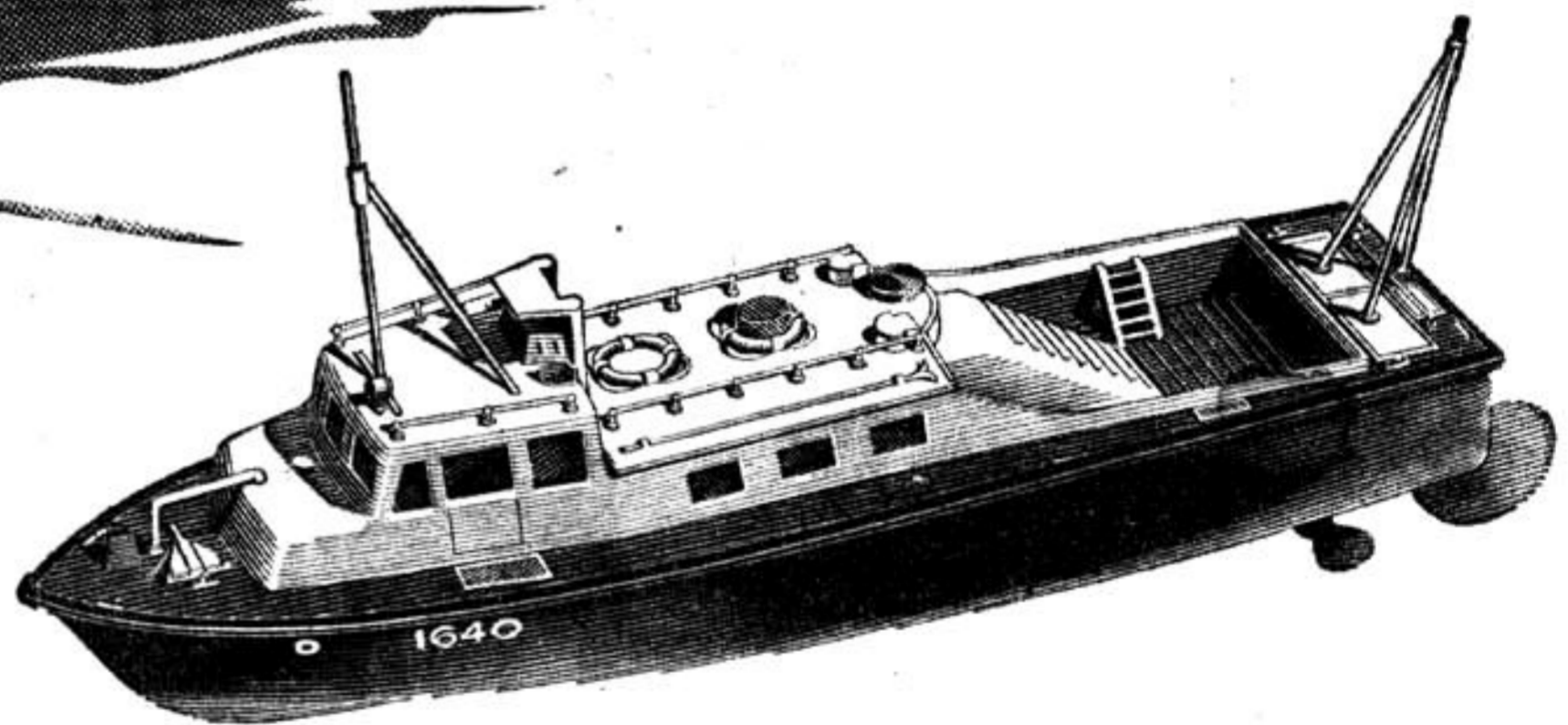
goes fastest and farthest!

River Launch "Una", No. 3-18/6



The new Hornby Clockwork River Launch is the smartest craft on the water this summer at the seaside, in the boating-pool, even in the bath! There are two other Hornby Speed Boats: the sleek RAF Range Safety Launch and the fast Patrol Launch. All are styled with realistic detail, made of tough plastic with rustproofed clockwork motor and rudder; and they have the record range, for speed boats in this class, of over 120 feet on one winding!

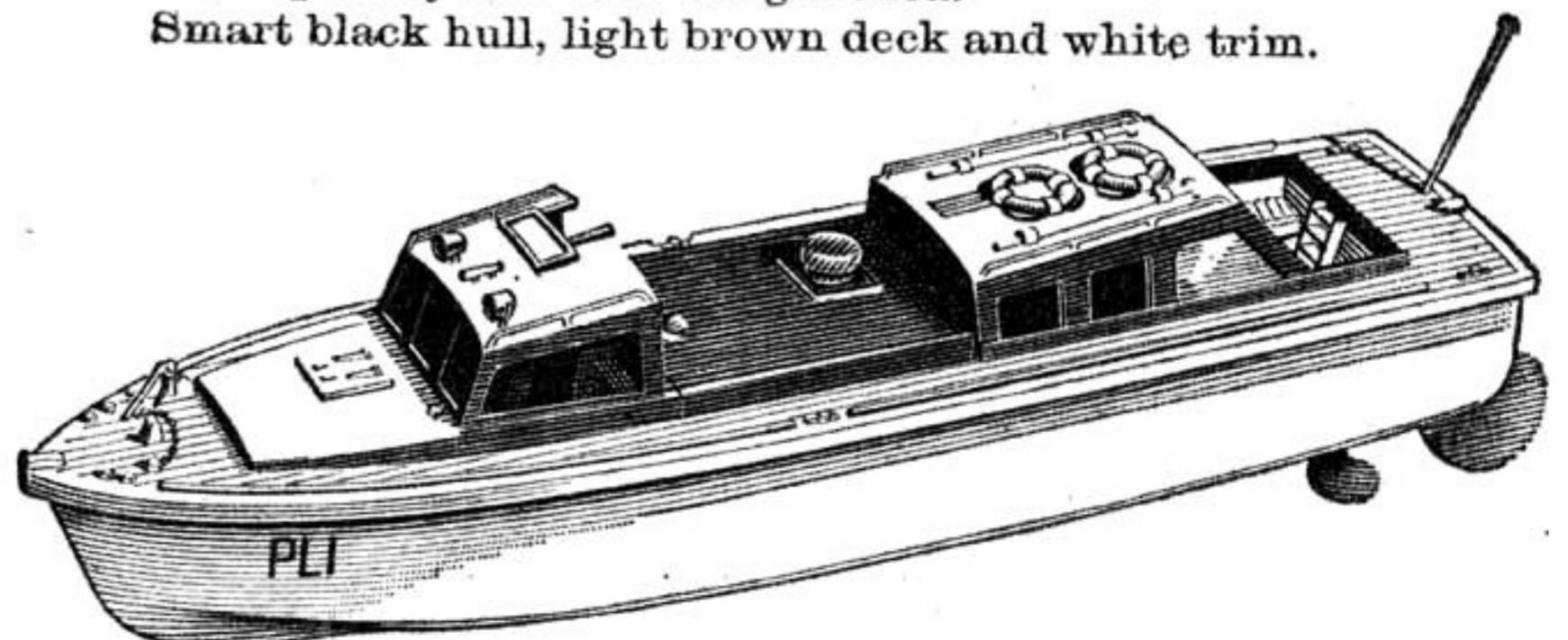
Precision-made by
MECCANO LIMITED



RAF Range Safety Launch, No. 5-19/9

This is used on firing ranges to warn vessels to keep away from the danger area.

Smart black hull, light brown deck and white trim.



Fast Patrol Launch, No. 4-19/9

Both this and the RAF Launch come with a complete set of fittings—handrails, ladders, life-belts, etc. Clip them into place and you've fitted out your own launch.

SPORTY

by Reg Wootton

