



Knockout

3rd JUNE, 1961

EVERY WEDNESDAY

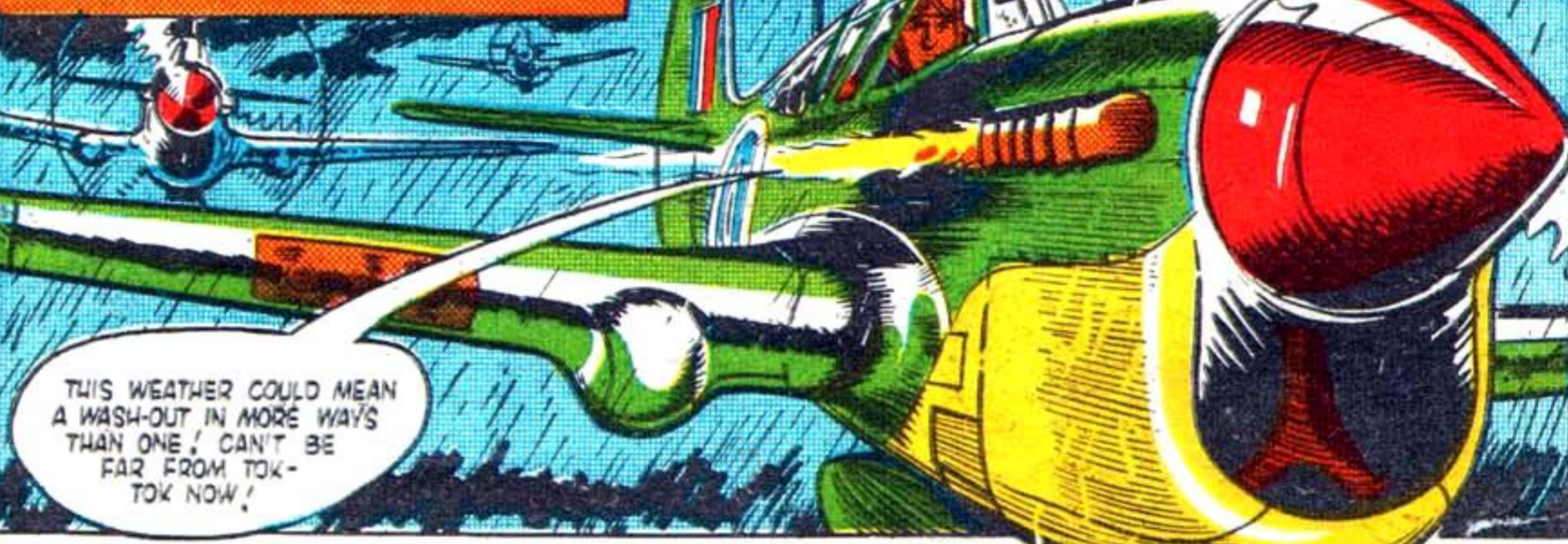
4½^D

Battler Britton

FIGHTING ACE

While flying an American, Colonel Coney, round the British airfields in Burma on a goodwill tour, Battler was forced to take command of the leaderless war-weary 454 squadron. After flying over Japanese territory to get fuel and ammunition from an Australian base, they prepared for a dawn attack on Tok-Tok, the squadron's old base which was now in enemy hands.

THROUGH BLINDING RAIN AT THE DARKEST HOUR BEFORE THE DAWN THE REMNANTS OF 454 SQUADRON FOLLOWED BATTLETTOWARDS THEIR JAP-HELD BASE AT TOK-TOK. CONDITIONS COULD NOT HAVE BEEN WORSE FOR THE ACE'S WILD GAMBLE TO RECAPTURE THE AIRFIELD...



THIS WEATHER COULD MEAN A WASH-OUT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE! CAN'T BE FAR FROM TOK-TOK NOW!

BATTLETT PUSHED BACK HIS CANOPY AND PEERED INTO THE MURK BELOW...



WE'LL NEVER FIND IT IN THIS! YET IT MUST BE DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE!

MEANWHILE DOWN BELOW DEAFENED BY THE RAIN POUNDING ON THE TIN ROOF A JAPANESE N.C.O. STILL HALF ASLEEP, STAGGERED OUT OF HIS BILLET...



HOW BAD IS THE WEATHER?

SHOULD WE WATCH THE RAIN STREAMING DOWN IN THE BEAM OF HIS FLASHLIGHT...



THERE WILL BE NO FLYING FOR US THIS DAWN! NO NEED TO ROUSE THE OTHERS!

FRANKS TO THE RAIN ON THE ROOF THE N.C.O. WENT BACK TO HIS BED NOT HEARING THE SOUND OF THE DIVING KITTY-HAWKS...



BATTLETT TO BOYS! DID YOU SEE THAT LIGHT? THIS COULD BE IT! FOLLOW ME DOWN!

AND A MINUTE OR SO LATER BATTLETT SAW THE SHAPES OF ZEROS IN THE GLOOM AHEAD...

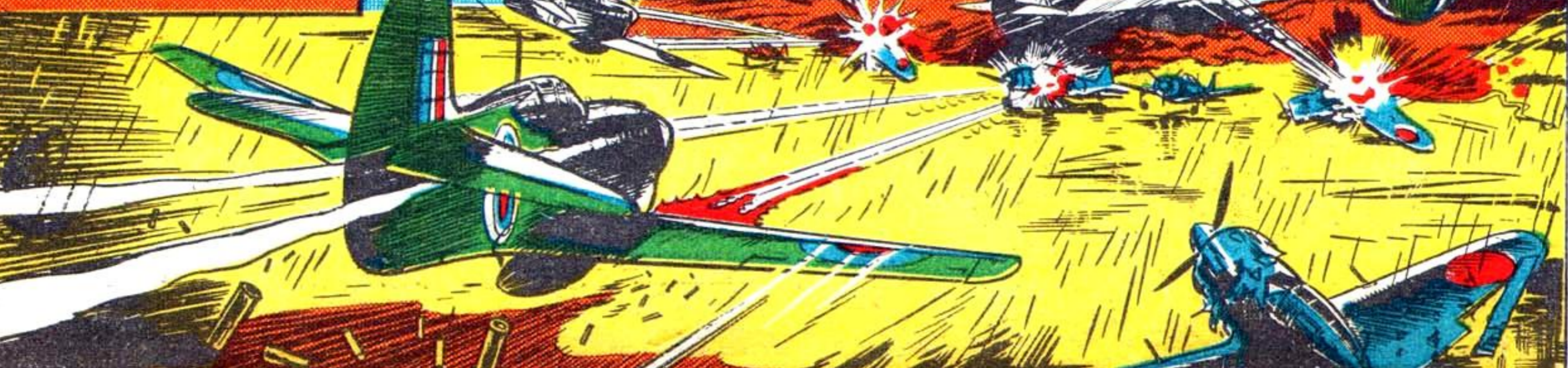


IT'S TOK-TOK, ALL RIGHT! THANKS TO SOME IDIOT, WE'VE FOUND IT!



BATTLETT TO BOYS! SAFETY CATCHES OFF! MAKE THE MOST OF IT, AND REMEMBER OUR BOYS ARE IN THE JUNGLE-LET'S GO!

A MOMENT LATER SPENT SHELL CASES BOWHERED DOWN WITH THE RAIN AS THE KITTYHAWKS THEIR GUNS BLAZING TOOK AT LOW LEVEL ACROSS THE AIRFIELD...



SOME OF THE SPENT CASES FELL AMONG THE R.A.F. MEN, AND THE HANDFUL OF TROOPS LED BY LT. "NUTTY" BARR...

SEEMS THE WINGCO MANAGED TO SCROUNGE SOME AMMO, SIR!

YES! AND NOW HE'S PUTTING IT TO GOOD USE! I'M GLAD I'M NOT THAT BASHA HE'S BELTING INTO NOW!

IN THE BASHA, THE JAPANESE COMMANDER WATCHED THE BULLET RIDDLED PORTRAIT OF WARLORD TOJO JOIN HIM ON THE FLOOR...



THESE MEN ALSO SUFFERED... THOSE THAT DARED TO ESCAPE HAD TO RUN THE GAUNTLET OF THE SCREAMING KITTYHAWKS...

AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY TORE THROUGH THE BLINDING RAIN BLASTING AWAY, THEN BATTLE, HIS LAST ROUNDS SPENT, FLEW IN LOW WITH HIS CANOPY OPEN, AND FIRED OFF A VERY LIGHT...



LET'S HOPE NUTTY AND HIS BOYS ARE HERE TO SEE IT!

THEY WERE, WITH ONE ACCORD THEY ROSE FROM THE DRIPPING JUNGLE...

AND AS THEY SWARMED OUT OF THE JUNGLE, BATTLE TOUCHED DOWN. THE FIRST KITTYHAWK OF 454 SQUADRON WAS BACK AT ITS RIGHTFUL BASE...

BATTLE TO BOYS! COME ON IN ONE AT A TIME! OVER AND OUT!

AS BATTLE SCRAMBLED OUT OF THE COCKPIT A FAMILIAR FIGURE RUSHED TO GREET HIM...



THIS IS IT, CHAPS! LET'S GET INTO THEM!

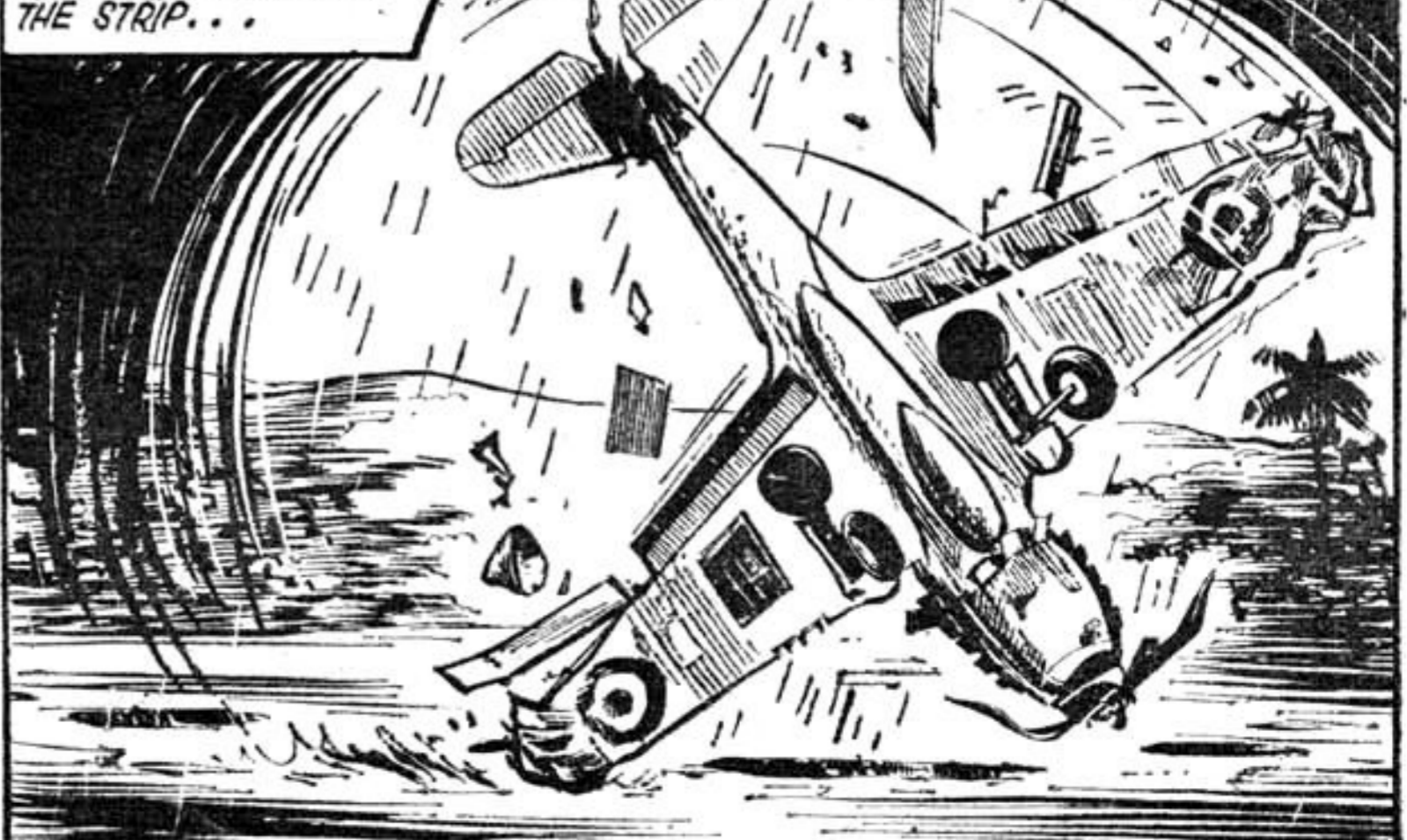


IT'S ME, SIR! GREGG! WE'VE GOT 'EM COLD, SIR! IT'S ALL OVER BAR THE SHOUTING!

BUT THE JAPANESE WERE NOT BEATEN BY FAR. A NEST OF HEAVY MACHINE GUNS SUDDENLY PUT PAID TO NUTTY'S ADVANCE...

AND AS SGT. CASEY FLYING THE THIRD KITTYHAWK CAME IN TO LAND...

SHEDDING PARTS AS IT WENT THE KITTYHAWK CART WHEELED DOWN THE STRIP...



IN AN INSTANT, BATTLER WAS RACING TOWARDS THE WRECK...



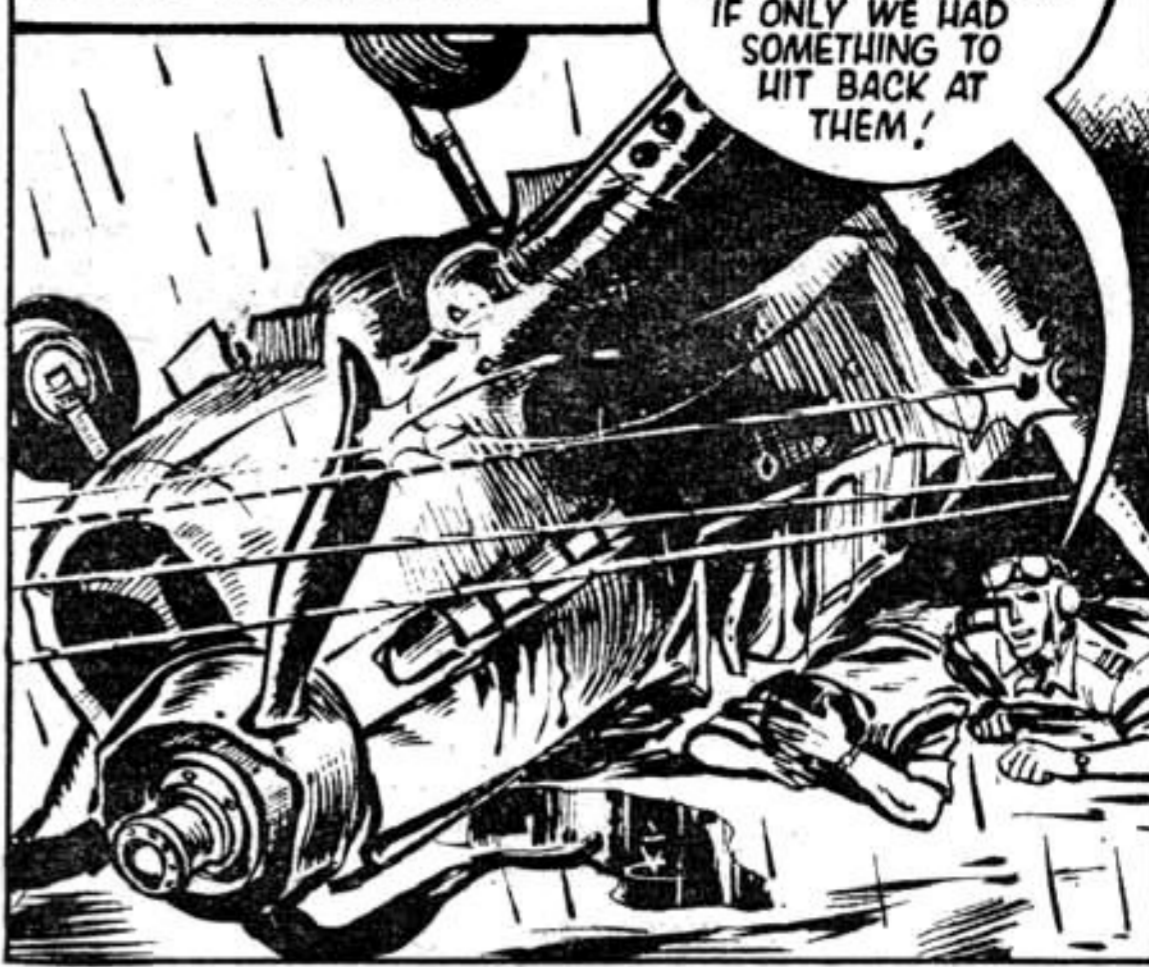
COME ON, GREGG! BEFORE THE NIPS GET HIM!

S-SORRY I MADE A WASH OF IT, SIR!



DON'T WORRY, CASEY! YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!

A SHOWER OF BULLETS RATTLED INTO THE WRECKAGE...

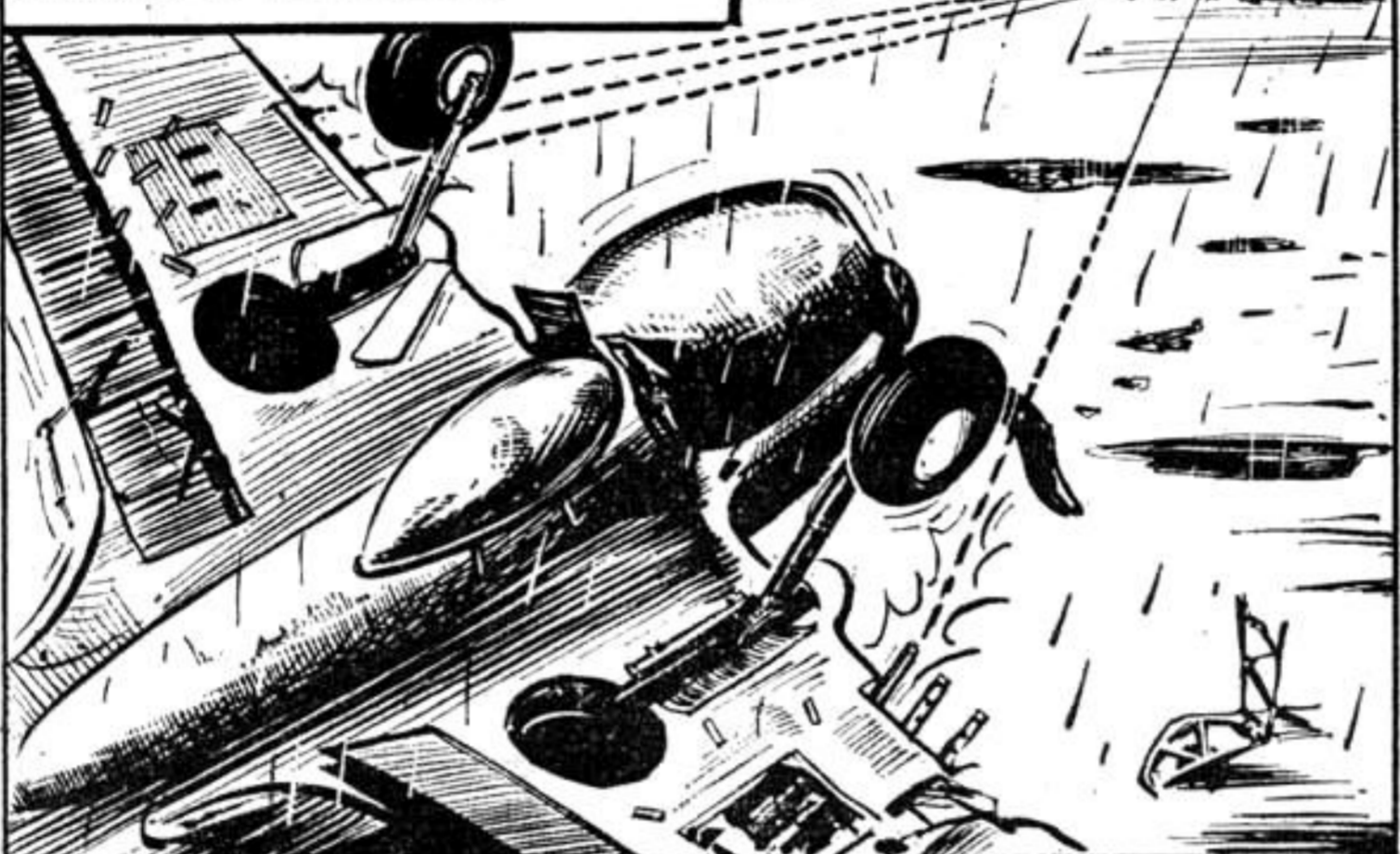


IT'S THOSE MACHINE GUNS DEAD AHEAD! IF ONLY WE HAD SOMETHING TO HIT BACK AT THEM!

SUDDENLY BATTLER REALISED HE MIGHT HAVE... CRAWLING UNDER THE WRECK HE REACHED UP FOR THE FIRING BUTTON ON THE CONTROL COLUMN...



THE WHOLE WRECK SHUDDERED AS A SPASM OF GUNFIRE BURST FROM WHAT REMAINED OF THE WINGS...



A MOMENT LATER, EXCEPT FOR THE CRACKLE OF RIFLE FIRE, ALL WAS QUIET...



CASEY! YOU COULDN'T HAVE LANDED HER IN A BETTER SPOT IF YOU TRIED!

FIVE MINUTES LATER, THE MACHINE GUNS BARKED INTO LIFE AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME, THEY WERE BRITISH EYES THAT SQUINTED DOWN THE SIGHTS...



COVERED BY THEIR FIRE, NUTTY AND HIS MEN MADE PROGRESS AGAIN AND REACHED THE BUILDINGS...



IN WE GO! BE PREPARED FOR HAND TO HAND STUFF, CHAPS!

BUT WHEN BATTLER ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES LATER...



ALL THOSE WHO COULD, SEEM TO HAVE SCARPARED; THEIR C.O. HAS GONE TOO! SO IT LOOKS AS IF THE DAY IS YOURS, OLD BEAN!

AND AS IF IN SALUTE TO THE VICTORS, THE SUN SHONE DOWN ON THEM AS THEY HOISTED THEIR FLAG TO ITS RIGHTFUL PLACE AGAIN...



LIKE THE TRUE LEADER HE WAS, BATTLER SET TO WORK TO CONSOLIDATE HIS POSITION. HE SEEMED TO BE EVERYWHERE THAT DAY, EVEN HELPING AT THE MAKE SHIFT HOSPITAL...



WE'VE MADE CONTACT WITH THE OUTSIDE WORLD SO WITH ANY LUCK WE'LL GET A DAKOTA IN TO FLY YOU OUT!

NOT UNTIL IT'S ALL OVER, I HOPE, SIR!

ONLY WHEN HE HAD SEEN TO ALL THAT HE HAD TO, DID HE WANDER, WEARY, BUT HAPPY INTO THE MESS...



SAY, BATTLER! A JAP RADIOGRAM! NOW WE CAN PLAY A FEW OF MY MORALE BOOSTING RECORDS!

GO AHEAD, COLONEL BUT NOT TOO LOUD! THE JAPS WON'T BE FAR AWAY! WE DON'T WANT THEIR MORALE BOOSTING FOR A BIT!

Will the small force be able to hold Tok-Tok? More thrills in next week's KNOCKOUT!

WRECKERS' ROOST

THE MAN WITH A LIMP!

CRASH!

A deafening thunderclap, following instantly upon a lightning flash that had come blindingly out of the darkness, made Jack Tredegar hold his breath. It was so like the crack of doom.

He did not wonder that the tired horse he was riding shied and whinnied. He gave a sharp, reassuring tug at the bridle.

"Steady, old girl!" he shouted. And he could feel the mare trembling beneath him like a horse near to panic. He climbed down stiffly out of the saddle, and a gust of wind and rain, salt with sea spray, hit him full in the face.

"Quiet, old lady!" he said, patting the animal's neck. "It's only a storm!"

Only a storm! The lonely moorland road had become almost a watercourse, and as another vivid flash came Jack saw a trail of blue light streak along the flooded track.

Jack had known many a wild night, but never one like this. He noticed the mare pawing tenderly with one of her forefeet, and he raised the hoof gently. Then with his knife he removed the sharp Cornish flint he found there.

Once again he stroked the mare's sweating flank. She had shown the heart of a lion to bring him all this way.

"Rest over here, old girl," he said. "You're nearly all in!"

A clump of wind-warped bushes lined the road, and they stood in the lee of it. Now and then in the lightning flashes Jack could see not far away a row of black, fantastic shapes. They looked like witches waiting to pounce, and for an instant he felt ashamed of the icy trickle that ran through him. It was the sea coast, of course, and the black shapes were merely boulders on the cliff. But they looked uncannily like witches!

For five minutes or so Jack waited, smoothing the mare down soothingly. There couldn't be far to go now, he told himself comfortingly, but somehow the reflection did not comfort him. The vague uneasiness that had haunted him all the way from Bodmin began to grow more and more acute. What would his mother say when he arrived, he wondered. Would he be welcome?

Jack hoisted himself back into the saddle and urged the horse on once more into the teeth of the gale. He was a poor sort of a boy, he thought, to be doubting the love of his own mother. All the same he began

An iron fist clamped down on the startled young lad and within seconds he was locked in fierce combat with the stranger!

to wonder if it hadn't been a madcap sort of thing to do, to set out from school on such a journey. The first part of it, from Sherbury to Bodmin, had been fine. But the last part—these last few hours!

Jack crouched low before another shattering gust—this was different!

For another half hour the mare struggled on, as a low moon rose over the moor. Not that it helped much. All it did was to reveal a fork in the road that left Jack looking in vain for a signpost.

There was none that he could see. Nor had he seen yet any sign of the beacon he had been told to look for. "If 'ee keeps the beacon on the right, m'dear," the inn-keeper at Pengellan had told him, "ye can't go far astray."

And now, here was a fork in the road without so much as a hint to show if it was the one he wanted. Did these half-wild Cornish expect strangers to find their way by instinct? "Like pigeons?" Jack muttered impatiently. And then he heard what sounded like a creak of wheels, and the light of a lantern lurched out of the darkness.

To his vast relief, a moment later Jack saw the dim shapes of a man and a horse, and vaguer still, a laden farm cart lumbering in their rear. The man, heavily muffled, carried a storm lamp and gripped his horse by the bridle.

"Hey!" Jack shouted, stepping out of the shadows. "Hello there!"

The man with the lantern stopped abruptly and stood like someone petrified. Then Jack saw him turn and stare, groping as he did so in the pocket of his coat. When he came limping forward he was holding something out before him, and Jack gasped. For the man had thrust a pistol into his face and a gnarled, bony finger quivered about the trigger.

"Put your hands up quick," the carter snarled at Jack, "avore I blow a hole in 'ee as big as a clay pit!"

Jack hesitated, his arms half raised. Then he lowered them defiantly. The man with the gun was sixty if he was a day, and as wizened as a sea apple.

"I'll do nothing of the sort!" Jack retorted. "I'm not a footpad. Put that pistol away, please, and don't be foolish."

Gilvenny is my stepfather. But I'm afraid he doesn't know I'm coming. Neither does mother. I—er—I—I'm giving them a surprise."

"A surprise, eh?" The old man pushed the lantern forward to get a closer look at him and he indicated with his gun the road Jack should take. He was not to worry his head about beacons, the carter said. On the left, a mile farther on, he would see some big iron gates. That would be Porth Hall.

Jack Tredegar climbed back into the saddle and urged his mare forward once again.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED!

HALF an hour had passed and the gates of the lonely Cornish mansion had not yet appeared. Jack and his tired horse had come, instead, to a part of the road where it turned very sharply as if to avoid plunging into the sea. Beyond the cliff, which seemed now only a few yards away, the great Atlantic rollers pounded thunderously upon the rocks.

Jack had never seen the sea in a mood like this. On an impulse, he tied the mare to a stump and plunged forward almost to the cliff edge, gazing in awe at the boiling cauldron of froth and water below.

The thunderstorm had drifted away now, out to sea, and as a flash of lightning swept the water, Jack almost held his breath. For there, white as a ghost ship in the flash of the light, he

which were lying nearby. Jack snatched them up, sighing with deep relief when the lamp began to burn again brightly, throwing a clear warning beam over the bay.

He turned and descended the iron ladder. And then:

"Got you!" a hoarse voice snarled, and the figure of a man came hurtling out of the darkness. He pounced on Jack.

They went over and over together, locked in a fierce embrace. Twice, three times, they lay struggling on the brink of the cliff at the foot of which the breakers roared a hundred feet below.

By sheer luck Jack's hand at last touched a piece of a spar lying on the grass. He managed to grip it, freeing his arm—managing by a huge effort in bringing the butt end down hard on the head of his maniac assailant.

To Jack's great relief, the man's grip on him weakened. He rolled away half stunned, panting like a dog. Jack Tredegar staggered unsteadily to his feet.



The old man raised his lantern and peered into his face. His little close-set eyes looked like beads of jet.

"What be you doing here at this time of night? Who are ye?"

"I'm a stranger and I want to know the way. That's all. If you can tell me where to find the Shags Beacon—"

"Why do you want the Shags Beacon?" The man's eyes glittered suspiciously.

"I was advised to look out for it," Jack said, "by the landlord of the Ram, at Pengellan. He told me that if it weren't for the beacon, ships rounding Shags Point would lose their course and run on the rocks. That's why the beacon is never supposed to go out from dusk till dawn."

"An' it don't go out, neither. Squire Gilvenny sees to that," the old man said in his cracked voice. "But ye won't see the beacon from the road, anyways. She lies a bit too far over. Who are ye, master? Where are ye going?"

"My name is Tredegar, and I've come from Sherbury School, near Plymouth. I'm on my way to Porth Hall for my holidays!"

"Porth Hall?" The carter started strangely. "Who might ye be going to see at Porth Hall?"

"My mother," Jack said simply. "Squire

saw a big sailing ship running before the gale.

"But she's off her course. She must be!" he gasped. "She's heading straight for the rocks!"

He pictured the crew aboard, heading unwittingly for disaster, and stared about him in despair. But there was nothing he could do. Then his eyes fell upon a huge black shape nearby. He had taken it for a rock, as indeed it was. But on its flattened summit stood a squat stone tower with thick windows fronting the sea. And at the foot of an iron ladder that ran up to the queer, eerie-like tower, Jack made out the words: "SHAGS BEACON. STRICTLY PRIVATE."

In a moment Jack was scaling the ladder feverishly, hurling open the door of the solitary tower above. Nobody was there—nothing except the red glimmer from a lamp and a sickly smell of burned oil.

Another flash revealed a box of matches

"Who are you?" he panted. "You—you put—put that lamp on!" the man panted heavily. So far as Jack could see in the darkness, he was an ugly specimen clad in a seaman's attire. "Who told you to, eh? You—you gotta tell me quick—otherwise you're going over that edge!"

"I know I put it on. It had blown out in the storm," Jack said defiantly. "Is—is there anything wrong in that?"

The man lurched forward, peering at him strangely.

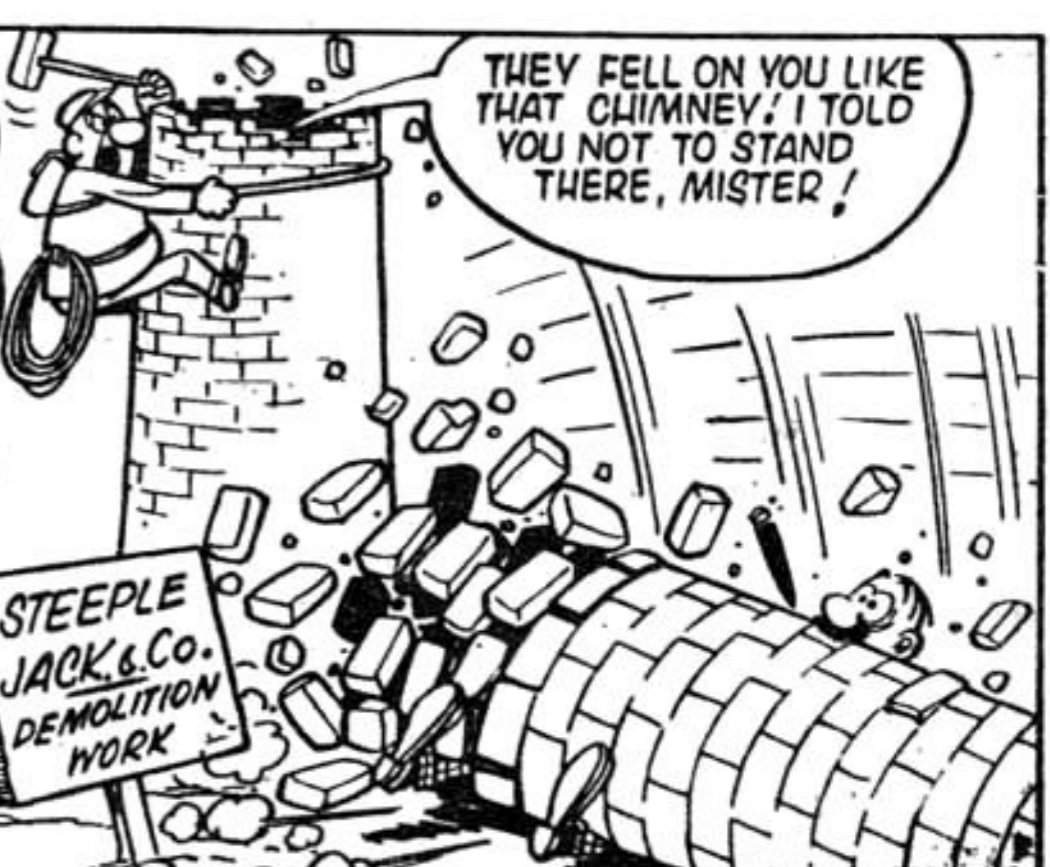
"Who—who are you?" he asked. Jack told him frankly.

"Squire Gilvenny's stepson?" the man repeated slowly. "You? It's a lie! He never had no stepson. It's a lie, I say, and you know it!"

(Who is this mysterious seaman? Read on in the second gripping instalment of this terrific new serial in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**)

BLARNEY BLUFFER

HE'S BRITAIN'S
BIGGEST BRAGGER!
And here he tells another
mountainous tale!



Blarney will be climbing to the heights of bragging again in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**

PROFESSOR

KNOCKOUT



THE SACK FOR YOU IF YOU'RE HERE LATER THAN ONE SECOND AFTER NINE O'CLOCK TOMORROW, TOMKINS!

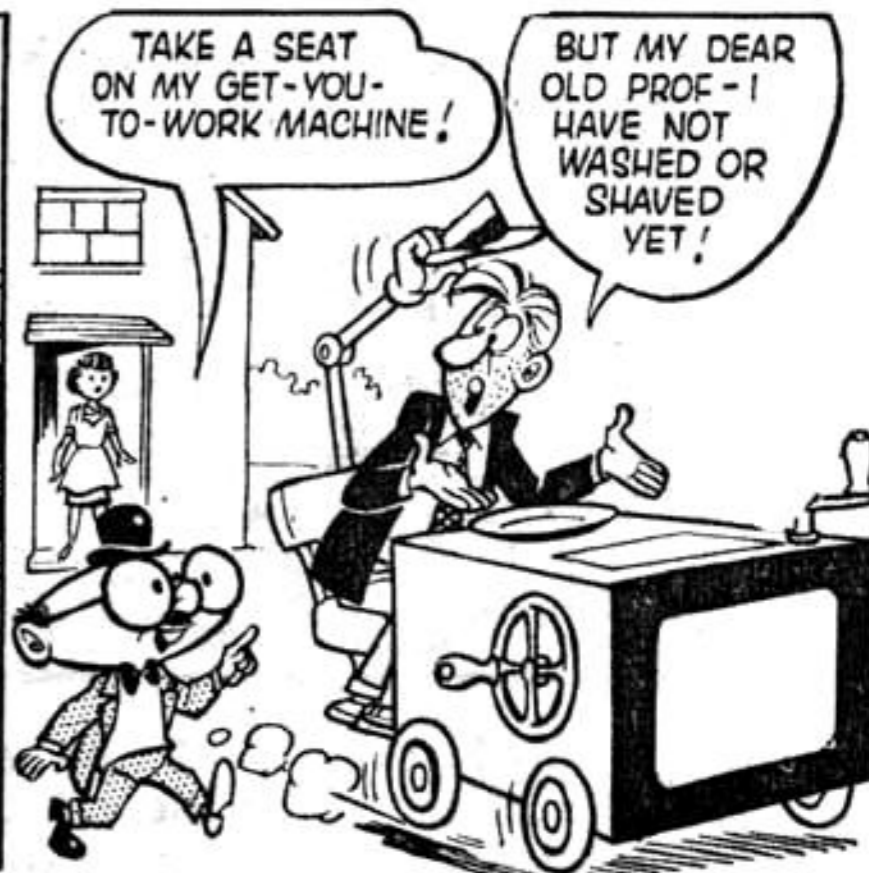
TUT! TUT! THIS CALLS FOR ONE OF MY INGENUOUS INVENTIONS!



BUT NEXT MORNING...

OH, CRUMBS! TEN TO NINE AND I'M NOT EVEN UP YET!

DON'T PANIC! I'VE GOT IT ALL FIXED!



TAKE A SEAT ON MY GET-YOU-TO-WORK MACHINE!

BUT MY DEAR OLD PROF - I HAVE NOT WASHED OR SHAVED YET!



PATIENCE, MY FRIEND! THE WASHER AND SHAVES IS ALL PART OF THE MACHINE!

SNIP ZZ



OW! THAT RAZOR WAS SLIGHTLY OFF TARGET! IT'S GIVEN ME A YUL BRYNNER HAIRCUT!

A MERE DETAIL! YOU'LL FEEL BETTER AFTER BREAKFAST!



ONLY TEA? BUT I USUALLY HAVE PORRIDGE FOR BREAKFAST!

OF COURSE!

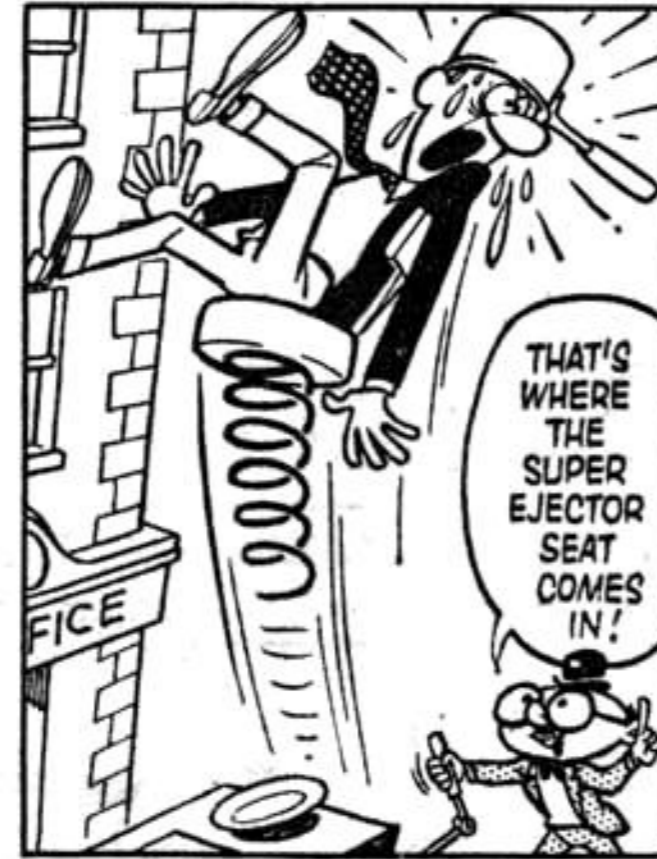


SPLAT

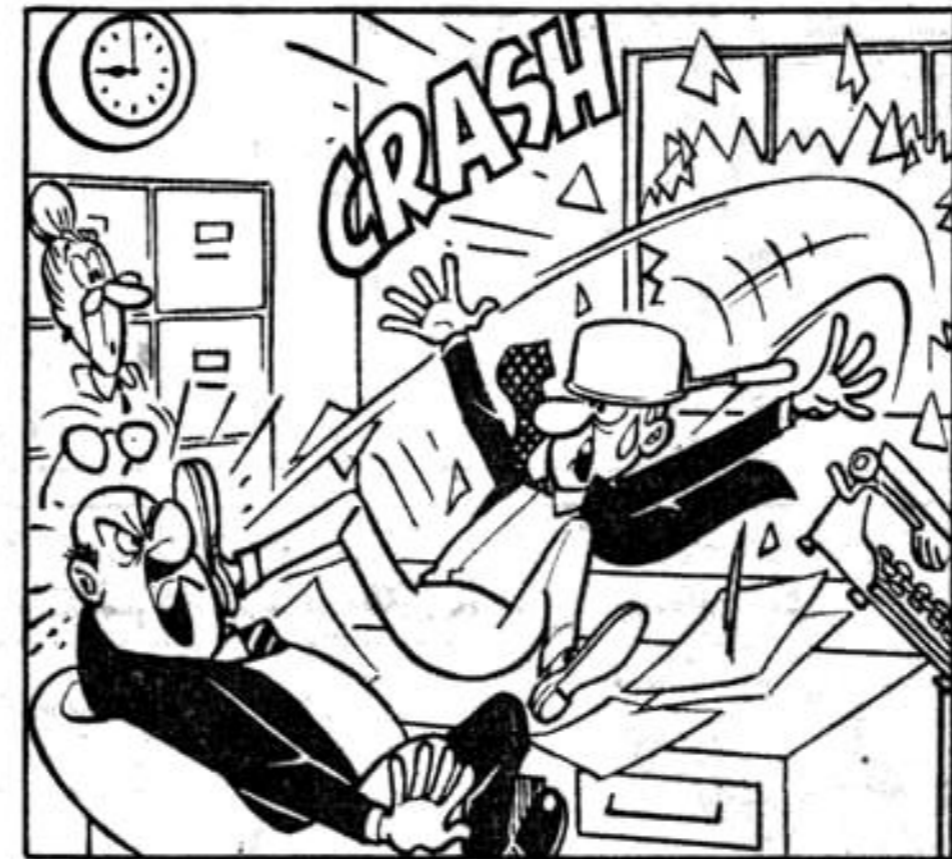
DEARIE ME! PITY YOU HAD YOUR HEAD RIGHT OVER YOUR PORRIDGE PLATE!



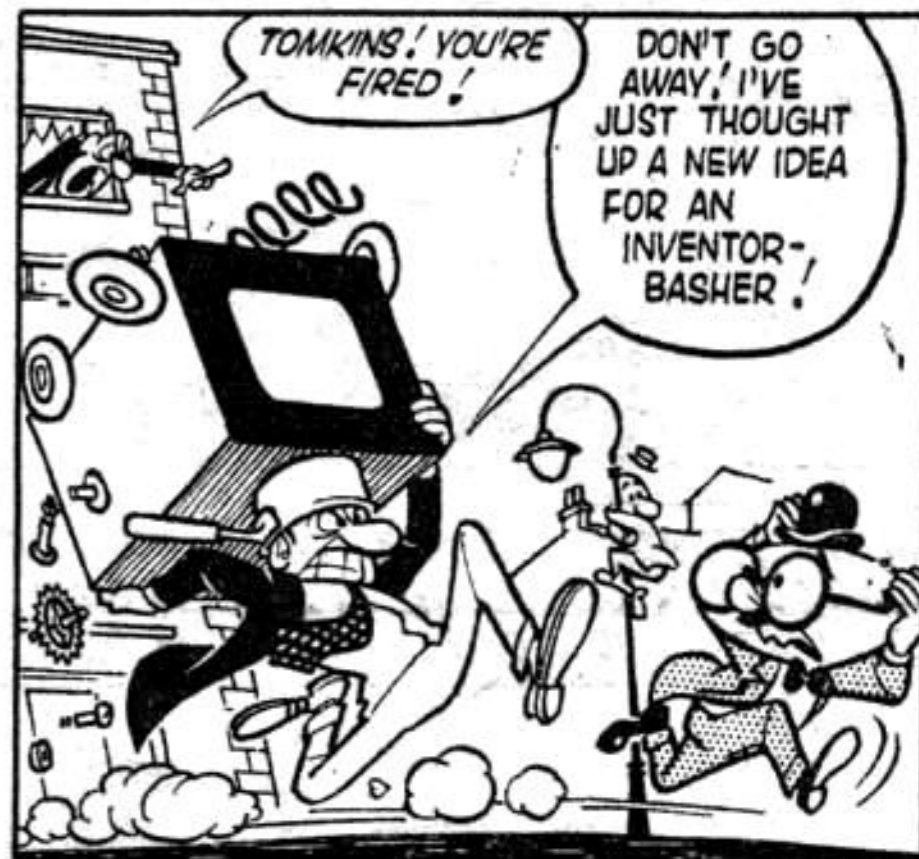
OW! THREE SECONDS TO ZERO! I WORK ON THE TOP FLOOR! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT BEFORE NINE O'CLOCK NOW!



THAT'S WHERE THE SUPER EJECTOR SEAT COMES IN!



CRASH!



TOMKINS! YOU'RE FIRED!

DON'T GO AWAY! I'VE JUST THOUGHT UP A NEW IDEA FOR AN INVENTOR-BASHER!

BILLY BUNTER'S

FEAST OF FUN



HANDS UP AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND!

A. CLAVE of LUSGARNE.

LATE AGAIN!

OH, BAD LUCK, SIR - SO AM I!



S. GILBEY of BISHOP'S STORTFORD.

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Write your joke on a postcard, with your full name and address, add the names of your two favourite features in *KNOCKOUT* and attach the coupon on the right.

BILLY BUNTER'S FEAST OF FUN

OLIVER BOLD

Oliver Bold, captain of the English privateer the "White Bear," led his men to attack the Barbary pirates' port of Algiers. After a fierce fight, the cruel Bey of Algiers was killed, and a mysterious princess who had been his prisoner was rescued by Oliver...

AFTER THE FALL OF THEIR EVIL LEADER, THE PALACE GUARDS THREW DOWN THEIR WEAPONS IN SURRENDER.

THE PALACE IS OURS, CAP'N -- BUT THERE'S A GREAT CROWD OF PIRATES FIGHTING THEIR WAY ALONG THE QUAY, AND WE CAN'T HOLD 'EM MUCH LONGER!

RIGHT! TELL OUR LADS TO KEEP THEM BACK FOR TEN MINUTES MORE -- THEN WE'LL PUT TO SEA!

WHILE HALF OF THE "WHITE BEAR'S" CREW BATTLED ON AGAINST THE MILLING MOB OF PIRATES, THE REST FREED THE BEY'S ENGLISH SLAVES -- THEN, CARRYING ALL THE TREASURE THEY COULD, THEY HEADED FOR THE "WHITE BEAR!"

BLESS YOU, SIR, FOR SAVING US!

WE'RE NOT OUT OF TROUBLE YET, LADS, SO STEP LIVELY THERE!

MEANWHILE BIG LUKE, THE MASTER GUNNER, HAD BROKEN OPEN THE PALACE ARMOURY -- AND WAS STACKING HUGE BARRELS OF GUNPOWDER ALONG THE HARBOUR WALL...

MORE GUNPOWDER HERE THAN I'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE -- BUT IT WON'T BE FOR LONG!

WITH SECONDS TO SPARE THE LOADING OF THE ENGLISH SHIP WAS DONE -- AND AS THE LAST CREW MAN SCRAMBLED ABOARD, BIG LUKE FIRED A CANNON INTO THE PURSUING PIRATES...

THEN, WITH GUN SMOKE SWIRLING AROUND HER, THE PROUD GALLEON SWUNG AWAY FROM THE HARBOUR WALL.

LET GO, FOR'ARD! LET GO AFT! STEER FOR THE OPEN SEA!

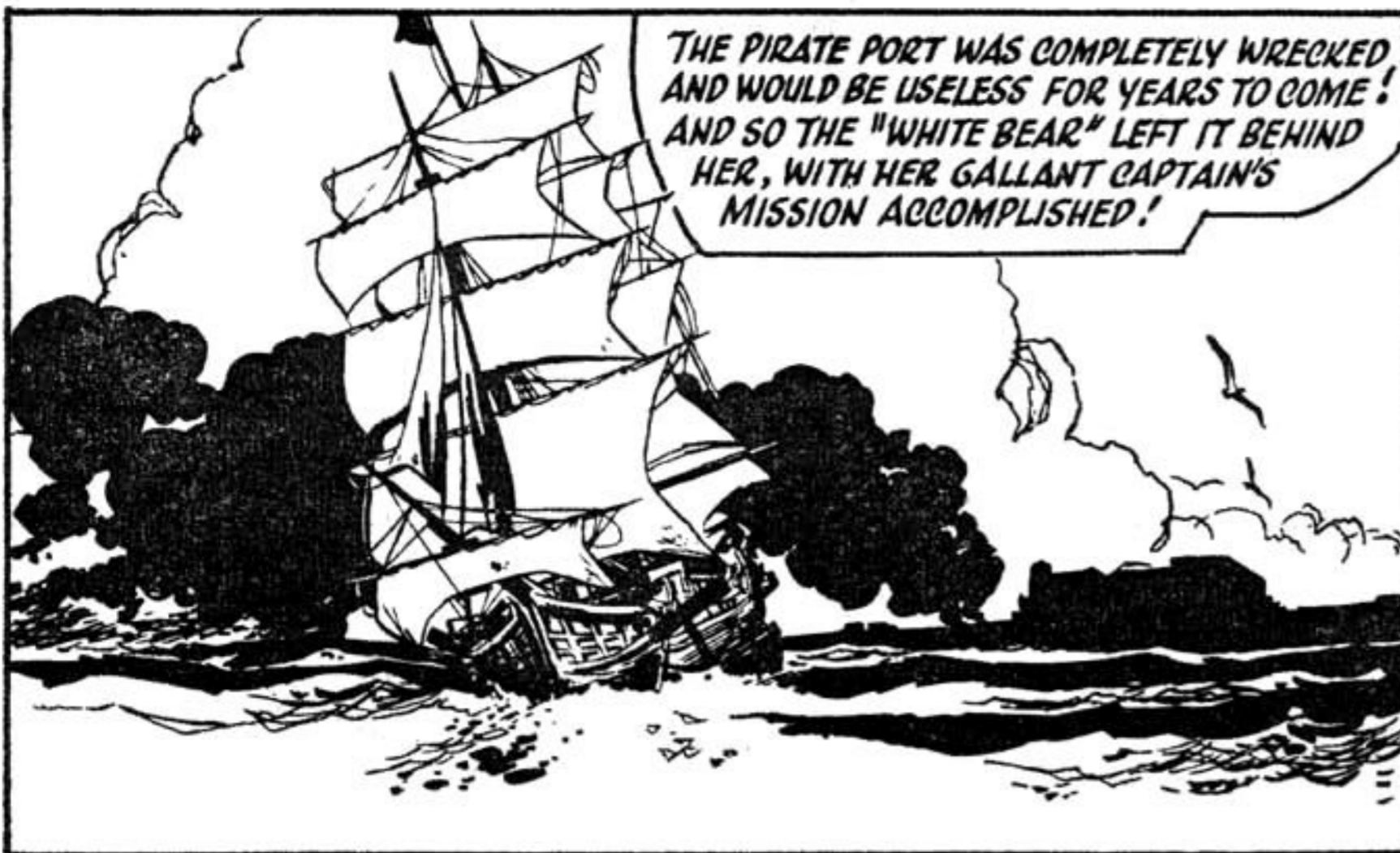
SOON A THOUSAND YARDS OF BLUE WATER WAS BETWEEN THE SHIP AND THE HARBOUR.

I'LL GET 'EM, CAP'N -- JUST YOU WATCH!

BIG LUKE -- I HOPE YOU CAN STILL SEE YOUR GUNPOWDER BARRELS, YOU'LL ONLY GET ONE SHOT AT 'EM!

BIG LUKE CHECKED HIS AIM -- THEN THE CANNON THUNDERED -- AND A WHISTLING IRON SHOT HIT THE LINE OF GUNPOWDER BARRELS!

THERE WAS A SKY-SPLITTING EXPLOSION AS THE MASSIVE WALL ERUPTED IN A SHEET OF FLAME!



THE PIRATE PORT WAS COMPLETELY WRECKED AND WOULD BE USELESS FOR YEARS TO COME! AND SO THE "WHITE BEAR" LEFT IT BEHIND HER, WITH HER GALLANT CAPTAIN'S MISSION ACCOMPLISHED!



AS THE ENGLISH SHIP SAILED WESTWARDS, OLIVER BOLD FACED THE MYSTERIOUS PRINCESS IN THE REAR CABIN...

YOUR HIGHNESS, I AM CURIOUS TO HEAR YOUR STORY!

I AM THE PRINCESS DOLORES DE LOS PALMAS, AND MY FATHER IS HIS HIGHNESS THE DUKE DE LOS PALMAS -- THE BROTHER TO THE KING OF SPAIN!



"SIX MONTHS AGO WE WERE VOYAGING TO PANAMA, WHEN WE WERE SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A HUGE BLACK GALLEON FLYING THE SKULL AND CROSS BONES FLAG..."



"AFTER A DREADFUL FIGHT, THE PIRATES BOARDED US. WITH THEM WAS THE BEY OF ALGIERS AND THE PIRATES' CAPTAIN -- A HUGE BLACK-BEARDED MAN. THEY DIVIDED THEIR LOOT..."

IT IS AGREED THEN, MY FRIEND. I TAKE HALF THE TREASURE, AND THE PRINCESS FOR RANSOM!

AS YOU WISH -- I'LL TAKE THE OTHER HALF AND THE DUKE! AND BY THUNDER, THE SPANISH KING WILL PAY DEARLY TO GET HIM BACK!



SO THE BEY BROUGHT ME HERE -- AND ALTHOUGH HE PRETENDED TO BE FRIENDLY TO SPAIN, HE WOULDN'T FREE ME UNTIL MY UNCLE, THE KING, PAID THE RANSOM! BUT MY PROUD UNCLE WOULDN'T GIVE IN -- SO I'VE BEEN KEPT A PRISONER -- AND I HAVEN'T SEEN MY FATHER SINCE THAT AWFUL DAY!



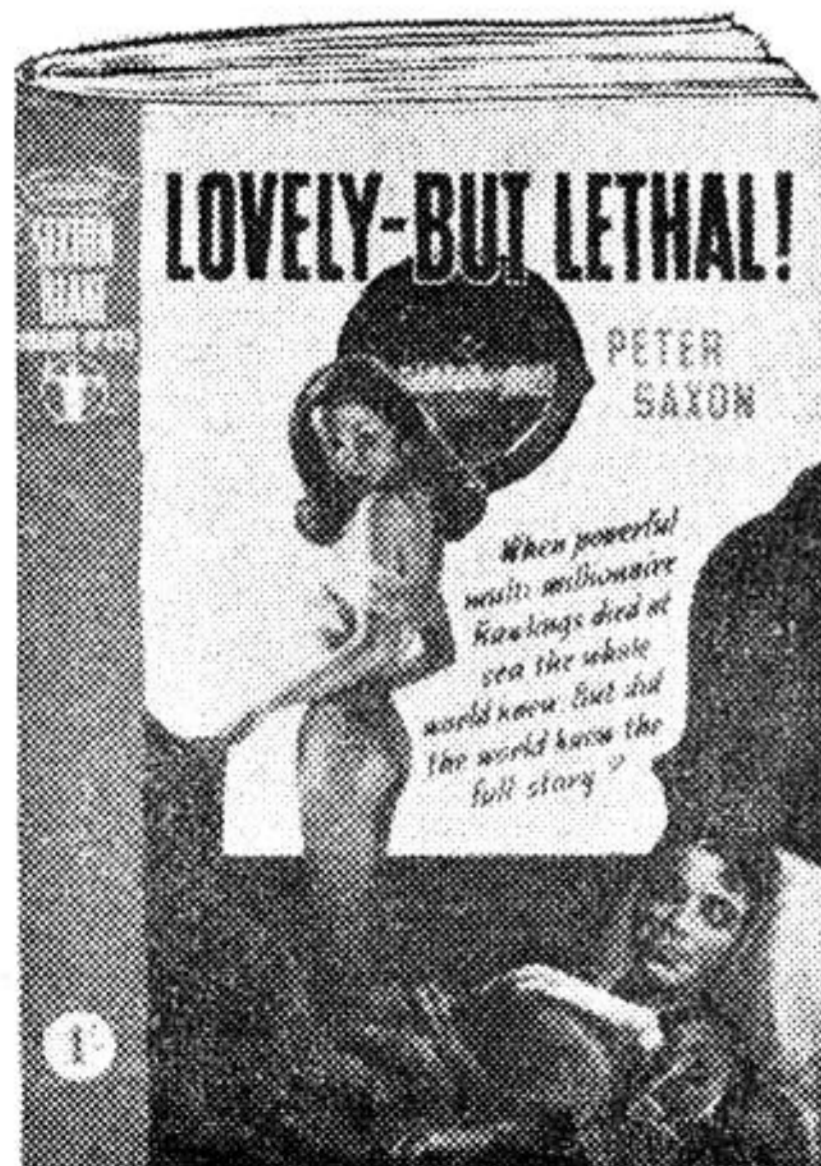
OLIVER BOLD'S JAW HARDENED AND THE GRIM LIGHT OF DETERMINATION GLEAMED IN HIS BLUE EYES...

PRINCESS DOLORES! I SWEAR BY ALL THAT I HOLD DEAR, THAT IF YOUR FATHER IS STILL ALIVE I WILL FIND HIM AND FREE HIM -- THAT IS MY SOLEMN PROMISE!

Can Oliver Bold fulfil his promise? More exciting thrills in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**

Read these two great

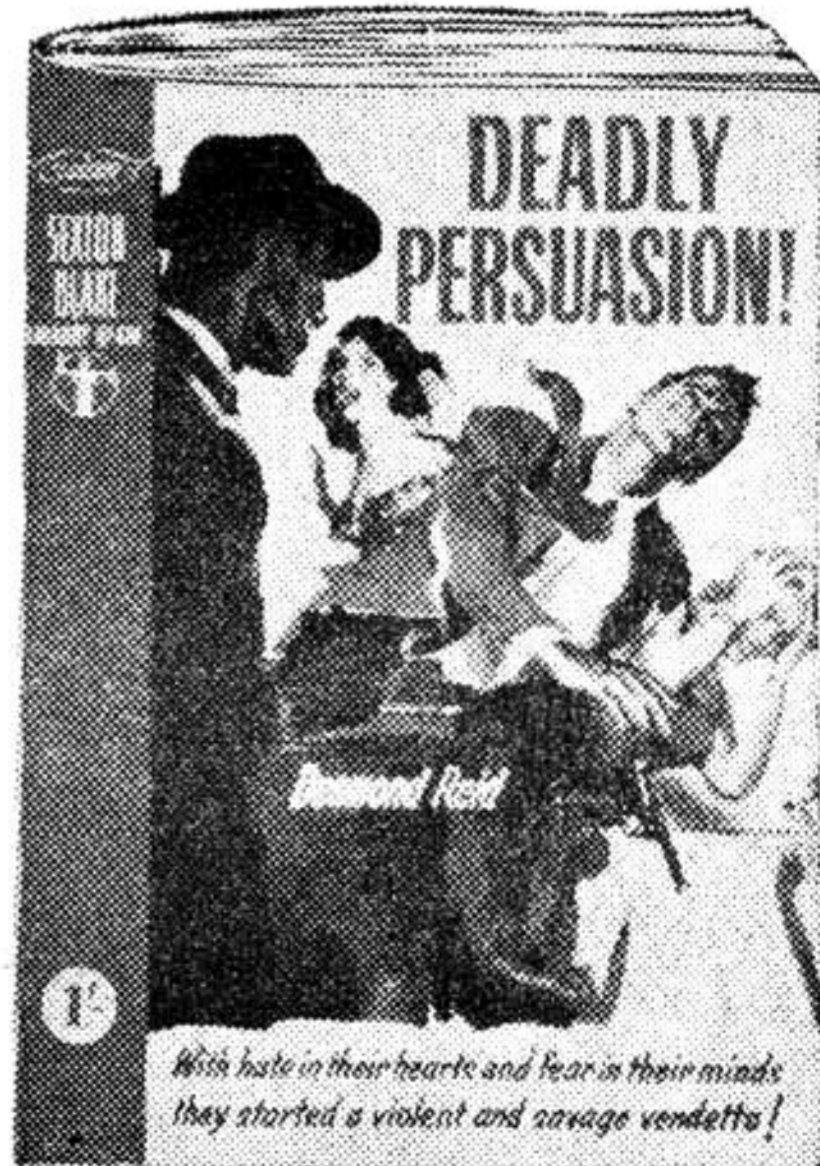
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BILLY BUNTER

THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHUMP OF GREYFRIARS

SCHOOL NOTICES

PICNIC OUTING TODAY FOR ALL PUPILS - EXCEPTING W. BUNTER

SIGNED DR. LOCKE HEADMASTER

ALL MASTERS TO REPORT TO HEAD MASTER AT ONCE!

IMPORTANT

GENTLEMEN, I AM GIVING THE OTHER PUPILS A HALF-HOLIDAY SO THAT YOU MASTERS CAN CONCENTRATE ALL YOUR EFFORTS ON THIS IDLE, IGNORANT, GREEDY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING BOY, BUNTER!

ME, SIR?

BUNTER'S PROGRESS REPORT

ENGLISH: AWFUL! CHEMISTRY: HORRIBLE!

BEASTS! FOUR MASTERS ON TO ONE POOR LITTLE HALF-STARVED PUPIL LIKE ME ISN'T FAIR!

BUNTER! PHYSICAL JERKS FOR YOU! TWO HOURS SWEDISH DRILL AND INDIAN CLUBS THE GYM.

SWEDISH CLUBS AND INJUN JERKS, SIR? I'M NO GOOD AT THOSE FOREIGN SPORTS, SIR!

BANANA

BUNTER! YOUR COMPOSITION IS QUITE HOPELESS! DON'T YOU EVEN KNOW WHAT A FULL STOP IS?

A KOW IS AN ANIMLE IT HAS FOUR LEGS AND ONE HEAD IT

WELL, MR. QUELCH - A FULL STOP IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SOME FATHEAD IS RUNNING AFTER YOU

W. BUNTER ENGLISH

A KOW IS AN ANIMLE IT HAS FOUR LEGS AND ONE HEAD IT

AND THEY STEP ON A BANANA SKIN, SIR - THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL A FULL STOP!

WHO THREW THAT BANANA SKIN, O BUNTER?

IT WAS ME WHAT THREW THE BANANA SKIN, SIR!

TUT! TUT! WHAT FRIGHTFUL ENGLISH! "IT WAS ME WHAT THREW THE BANANA SKIN" IS NOT CORRECT GRAMMAR, BOY!

HOW DO YOU SAY IT, THEN?

IT WAS I WHO THREW THE BANANA SKIN, BUNTER!

WHAM!

AND I SPOSE THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL PUNCHUATION, EH, SIR? HEE! HEE!

TIME FOR YOUR WOODWORK LESSON, BUNTER!

PHEW! THIS SOPPY SAW OUGHT TO SEE A DENTIST ABOUT SOME NEW TEETH, MR. CHIZZEL!

OW! MY TOE! ALSO MY NOSE!

I'M MAKING A TOOL BOX TO KEEP ALL MY WOODWORK TOOLS IN, SIR!

SPLENDID IDEA! THAT WILL STOP 'EM FALLING ON MY POOR TENDER, BIG TOE, ANYHOW!

ALL DONE! NOW HOLD IT UP WHILE I DROP THE TOOLS IN, SIR!

A VERY NEAT JOB, BUNTER! DON'T DROP ANY MORE ON MY TOE!

OH, CRIKEY! I FORGOT TO PUT A BOTTOM ON THE BOX, SIR!

SO I'VE NOTICED! OWLS!

I THINK THAT CONCLUDES THE WOODWORK LESSON! MAY I POP OFF TO MY CHEMISTRY CLASS NOW, SIR?

PLEASE DO!

REPORTING FOR CHEMISTRY, MR OXIDE, SIR!

AH, YES, BUNTER! I AM ABOUT TO SHOW YOU AN EXPERIMENT WITH THIS HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE PLUTONIUM NITRATE! I PLACE A LITTLE IN THIS DISH, SO~

WE MUST ONLY USE A TINY PORTION OF THE POWDER AT A TIME! NOW APPLY A LIGHT TO THE DISH CAREFULLY!

THERE IS ENOUGH IN THIS LARGE TIN TO BLOW THE WHOLE LABORATORY SKY-HIGH, YOU KNOW!

PLUTONIUM NITRATE DANGEROUS

BUNTER HAD BEEN A TRIFLE CARELESS WITH THE LIGHTED TAPER!

PHUT!

HO! HO! NOW YOU CAN JUST IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF A SINGLE SPARK GOT TO THIS WHOLE TIN OF THE STUFF!

GLUP!

FIZZ!

PLUTONIUM NITRATE DANGEROUS

BAM!

WELL! DID BUNTER LEARN ANYTHING, QUELCH?

NO, SIR! BUT WE DID! WE INSIST THAT BUNTER GOES ON THE PICNIC WITH THE OTHER BOYS!

YES! EITHER THAT OR YOU PAY US DANGER MONEY!

I SAY YOU FELLOWS! LOOK WHOS HERE!

HE'S FOUND OUR GRUB, TOO!

MUNCH! MUNCH!

SAUSAGE ROLLS

BUNS

Have another lesson of laughter with Billy Bunter at Greyfriars in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**

RIVER RAIDERS

Ships on the River Thames were being looted by a gang of river raiders who were led by a masked man calling himself "The Otter." Sir James Verner, a shipowner, called in ace detective Pete Madden, and his assistant, Steve, to investigate the thefts. But as they talked the Otter watched through a secret spy-hole.



SO THEY THINK THEY CAN TRAP SIMON WADE, THE OTTER!

THE OTTER TURNED AWAY FROM HIS SPY-HOLE WITH A SMILE...

MEANWHILE, IN SIR JAMES' OFFICE...



I'LL LET THE WORD GET AROUND DOCKLAND THAT ONE OF YOUR SHIPS IS DUE TO DOCK IN A DAY OR SO WITH A VERY RICH CARGO—JUST THE SORT OF THING TO TRAP THE OTTER AND HIS GANG!



THE SHIP WILL DOCK ON TIME—BUT INSTEAD OF THE RICH CARGO WE WILL ARRANGE FOR A STRONG FORCE OF POLICE TO BE HIDDEN ABOARD! STEVE AND I WILL BE THERE, TOO!

SPLENDID! I'LL CALL IN MY CHIEF CLERK AND MAKE ARRANGEMENTS!

SIR JAMES PRESSED A BELL AND PRESENTLY HIS CHIEF CLERK CAME IN...

AH, MR. MADDEN, I WANT YOU TO MEET SIMON WADE, MY CHIEF CLERK. WADE WILL SEE EVERYTHING GOES SMOOTHLY!



THAT EVENING, AS DUSK FELL OVER THE RIVER THAMES—SIMON WADE, HIS TREACHEROUS PLANS MADE, CROUCHED IN THE STERN OF A FAST MOTOR LAUNCH...

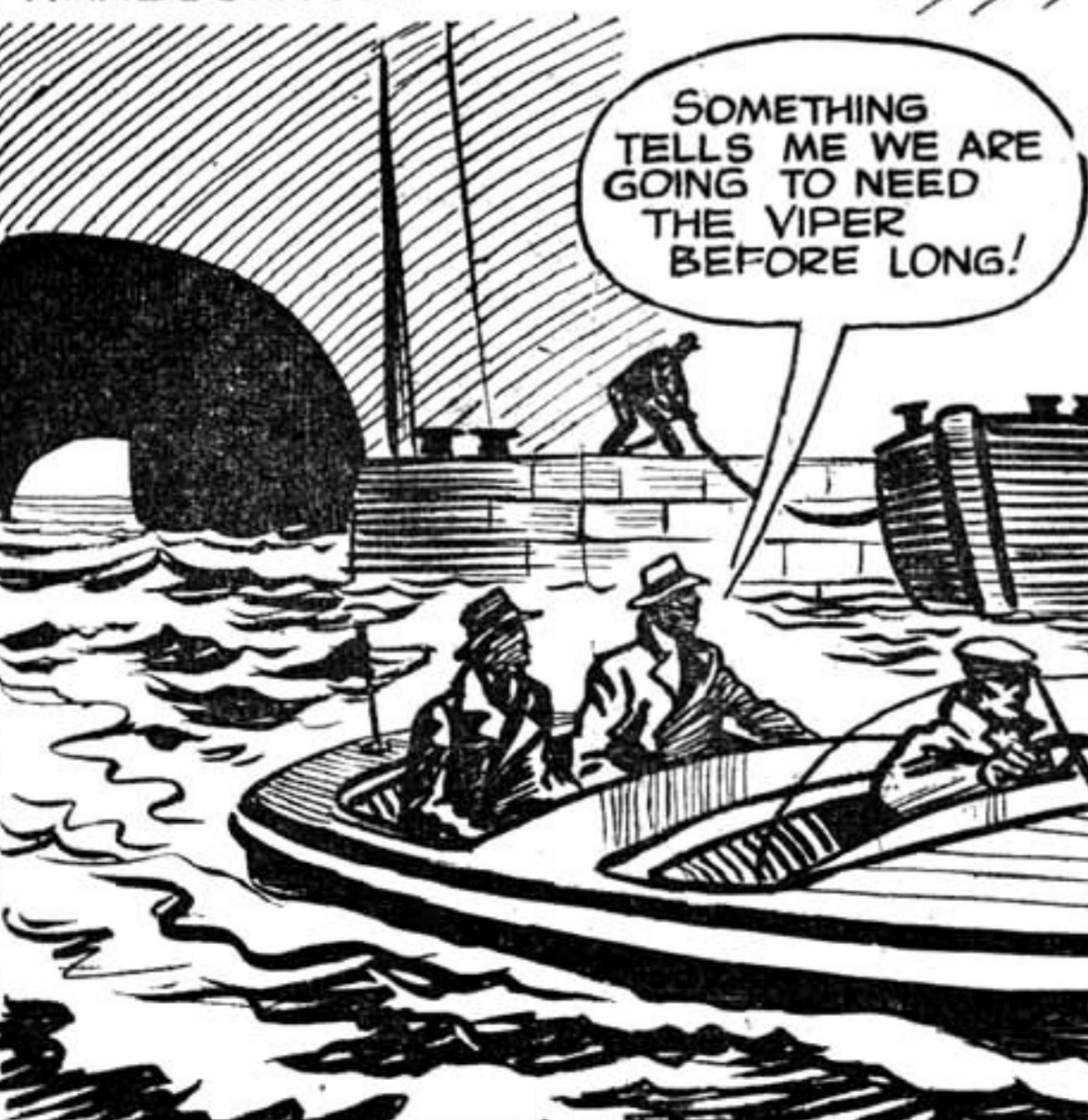


IT'S ALL CLEAR, SHORTY—TAKE HER IN NOW!

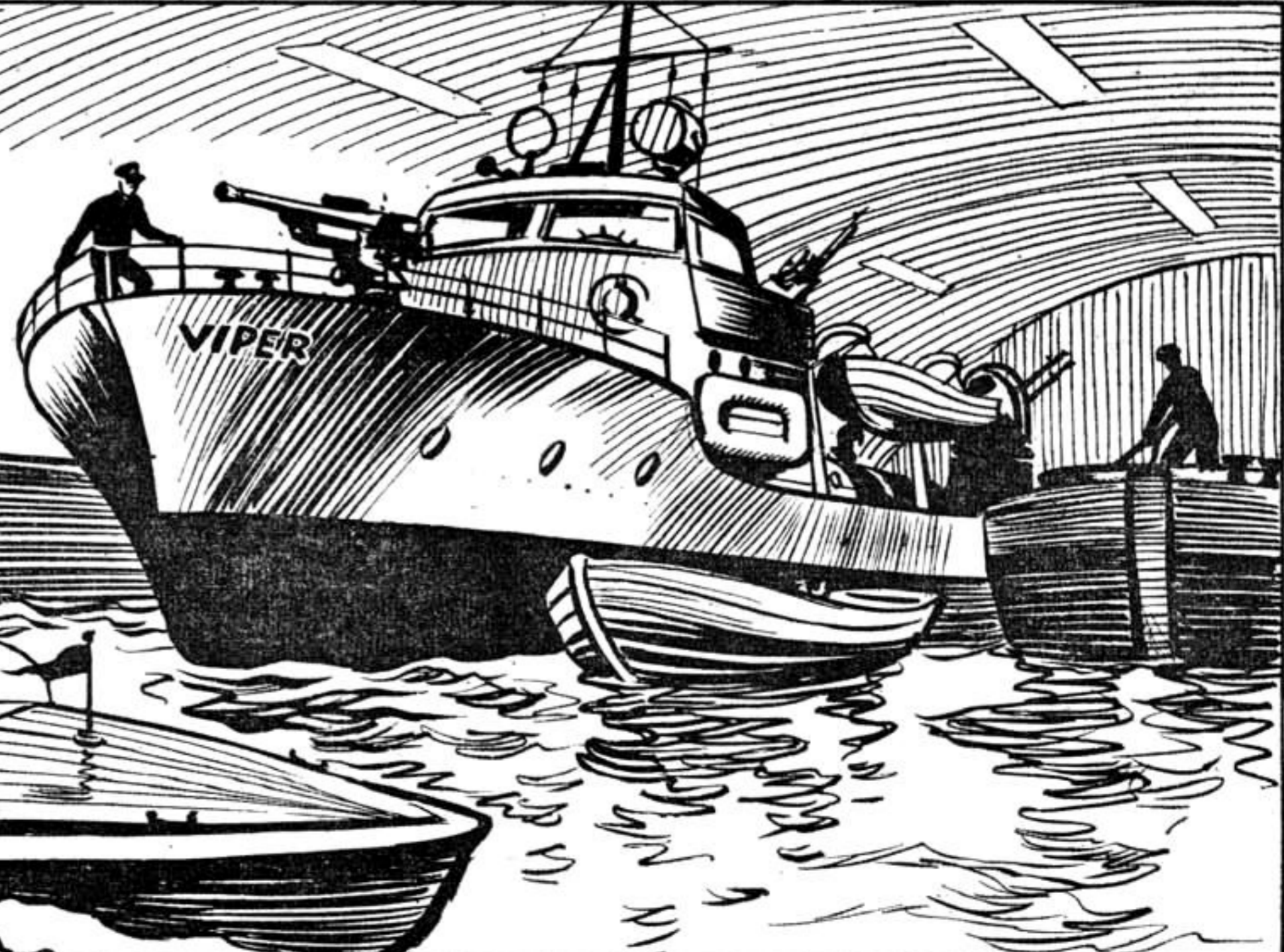
PART OF THE WHARF SLID SIDeways...



PRESENTLY THE BOAT CAME OUT INTO A GREAT CAVE-LIKE BASIN WHICH WAS THE OTTER'S SECRET HARBOUR....



SOMETHING TELLS ME WE ARE GOING TO NEED THE VIPER BEFORE LONG!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE OTTER WAS ADDRESSING HIS GANG...

PETE MADDEN HAS BEEN CALLED IN TO CATCH US. HE IS ALREADY PREPARING A PLAN TO TRAP US, BUT I MEAN TO TURN THE TABLES ON HIM — AND IT IS HE AND THE POLICE WHO WILL BE TRAPPED!

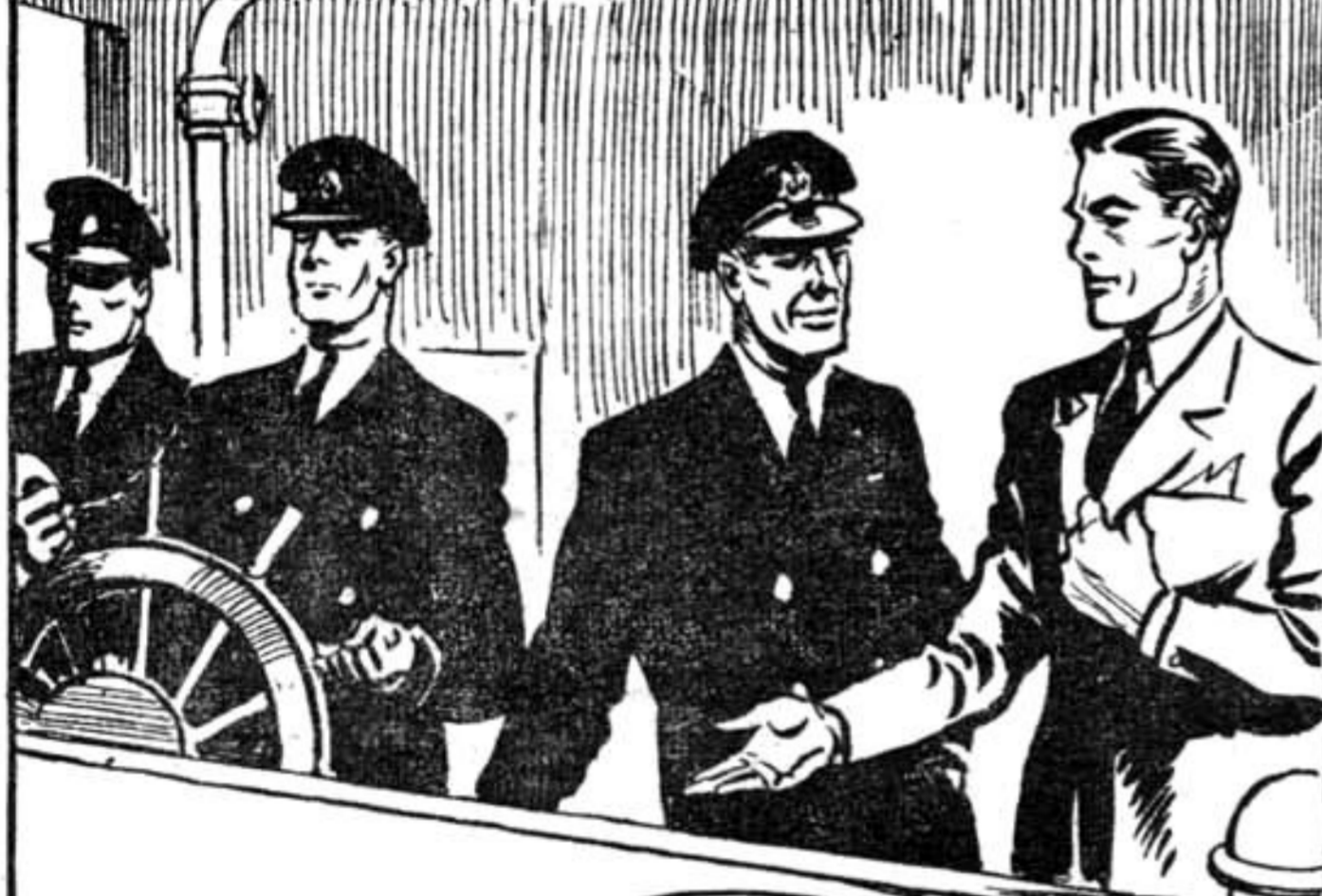


SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE S.S. FAIRWAY CAME UP THE RIVER TO HER BERTH JUST BELOW THE POOL OF LONDON...



RUMOUR HAD ALREADY GONE ROUND DOCKLAND THAT SHE CARRIED A CARGO OF GOLD BULLION...

ON BOARD, PETE MADDEN MADE HIS FINAL PREPARATIONS WITH THE CAPTAIN...



AS SOON AS YOU'RE BERTHED, CAPTAIN, GIVE THE MEN THEIR SHORE LEAVE UNTIL THE MORNING — AND LET US HOPE THE OTTER DECIDES TO CALL TONIGHT!

NOT LONG AFTER, THE CREW, EXCEPT FOR A FEW DUTY MEN, LEFT THE SHIP, AND ABOARD THE FAIRWAY PETE MADDEN WATCHED A SQUAD OF ARMED POLICE TAKE UP THEIR HIDDEN POSTS...



MEANWHILE, ON THE OPPOSITE BANK — THE OTTER ALSO MADE HIS PLANS...



YOU'LL FIX YOUR LIMPET BOMBS FORE, AFT AND AMIDSHIPS ON THE HULL OF THE FAIRWAY, AND GET AWAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

SILENTLY THE OTTER'S FROGMEN LOWERED THEMSELVES INTO THE WATER...



NOW, MADDEN — IN A VERY SHORT TIME YOU WILL MEDIATE IN MY PLANS NO LONGER — YOU WILL BE BLOWN OUT OF THE WATER!



Can Pete Madden escape from the Otter's deadly trap? Don't miss next week's thrilling episode!

THERE WAS NO PEACE FOR JIMMY SILVER AS HE TRIED TO PUZZLE OUT THE FATE OF HIS TWO CHUMS!

THE FIGHTING FOUR

Jimmy Silver, Newcome and Raby were worried about the mysterious disappearance of their chum, Arthur Lovell, the fourth member of the Fighting Four of Rookwood School.

Lovell had gone down from the dormitory one night to play a trick on Captain Lagden, the new sports master and a distant relation of Lovell's, who had treated the junior very badly. Lovell was never seen again.

However, the captain, who was an Old Boy at Rookwood and who distinguished himself in the Second World War, in which he lost his right arm and received facial scars, had been very helpful in trying to find Lovell and had won the complete confidence of Jimmy Silver and his pals.

When the boys went down to see him one evening and found his door locked on the inside and no lights on, they were worried about him and while Jimmy Silver and Newcome went for Mr. Bootles, their Form-master, Raby stayed guard at the door. However, when they returned Raby was missing. (Now read on.)

MISSING!

"YOU thought I was ill?" asked Captain Lagden with a good-natured smile. "What put that idea into your heads may I ask?"

"We—we thought——" stammered Jimmy. "We—we came here to speak to you, sir, but we couldn't make you hear and there was no light in either room."

"You must be mistaken about that!" snapped Mr. Bootles.

it. And they were conscious, too, that Mr. Bootles was very irritated.

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy.

"I suppose that is why Raby was standing outside my door!" said the captain, laughing. "I came back into this room when I woke up, and lighted the gas. I heard someone knocking, and when I opened the door, your young friend was standing staring at me."

"How absurd!" exclaimed Mr. Bootles.

"I fear that I spoke rather sharply to the boy," said the captain. "Finding him there with apparently nothing to say, I could not help suspecting that he had come here to play some trick, such as Lovell intended to play on me last night."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Nothing of the sort, sir! We only thought you were ill and we were a bit alarmed."

"I am very much obliged to you then," said Captain Lagden smiling. "If ever I feel ill, I shall know my young friends will feel concerned about me. Come, come, don't look so troubled, lads! I understand. You found the door locked, and you could not make me hear. That is it, I suppose! Locking my door is an old habit learned in billets during the war, where you never knew what might happen in the night."

"We—we're sorry, sir," stammered Newcome.

"Not at all, my boy. I am much obliged to you. Will you tell Raby that I am sorry

By Owen Conquest

I spoke to him sharply and sent him away. I did not understand."

"Certainly, sir!"

"You will excuse these boys, Mr. Bootles, I am sure. They meant well, as you see," said the captain.

"They have acted very absurdly and disturbed you," said Mr. Bootles. "However, nothing more shall be said about the matter. Goodnight, Captain Lagden!"

"Goodnight, Mr. Bootles. And goodnight to you, lads!" said the captain kindly. "Don't forget to tell Raby I'm sorry I was a little abrupt with him when I found him at my door."

"Yes, sir! Goodnight," said the juniors.

"Go to your dormitory!" said Mr. Bootles, as they left the Oak Room. "It is your bed-time, and kindly do not act in such a ridiculous manner again."

Mr. Bootles went downstairs, and Jimmy Silver and Newcome hurried away down the little staircase to the dormitory passage, where they met the Classical Fourth coming up to bed.

There was no opportunity that night to explain to the captain that they had wanted to speak to him about the inky fingerprints that had led to his room.

That could be done in the morning.

"Hello! Here you chaps are!" said Mornington. "Where did you vanish to? Bulkeley was asking where you were. It's bed-time!"

"Well, here we are!" said Jimmy.

The chums went into the Fourth Form dormitory with the rest, looking about for Raby.

Raby was not in the dormitory, however. Neither was he with a crowd of juniors that poured in.

"Seen Raby, anybody?" called out Jimmy Silver.

"Not since I was in your study," said Mornington.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came in.

"Now then, turn in!" he said. "Everybody here?"

He glanced at the crowd of juniors.

"Hello! Raby's not here."

"He hasn't come up yet," said Oswald.

"He'd better come up before I come and turn off the light!" said Bulkeley, frowning. "Five minutes!"



Bulkeley left the dormitory, and the juniors turned in, rather puzzled by George Raby's failure to put in an appearance.

There were two empty beds in the room when the captain of Rookwood came back to turn out the light. One was the missing Lovell's, the other was Raby's.

Bulkeley's eyes rested on the latter at once.

"Hasn't Raby come up?" he demanded.

"No," said Jimmy with a faint apprehension for which he could hardly account.

"He'll cop it when I find him!"

Leaving the light still burning, Bulkeley hurried out, frowning.

The juniors waited, discussing the absence of Raby in great wonder.

The dormitory door opened at last, but it was not Raby who came in with a troubled and perplexed face—it was Mr. Bootles.

"Silver," he said quietly, "do you know where Raby is?"

"No, sir."

"Or you, Newcome?"

"No, sir," said Newcome, his face paling.

"You have not seen him since Captain Lagden sent him away from his room?"

"No, sir," said the two juniors together, and their voices were husky now. A nameless dread was tugging at their hearts.

"I will put your light out!" said Mr. Bootles, in a low voice. "Go to sleep, boys."

"But Raby, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"It is very strange, Silver, but there can be nothing to be alarmed about," said Mr. Bootles. "You are forbidden to leave this room. Any of you."

"But, sir——"

"That is enough!" said the Form-master, turning out the light. "Go to sleep."

Mr. Bootles retired, leaving the dormitory in darkness and Jimmy Silver with a chill at his heart.



"No, no; the boy is quite right," said the captain smiling. "I felt very tired and decided to have a nap. So I turned out the gas and lay on the bed for a time. I must have slept very soundly if the boys tried to make me hear, for I certainly did not hear them."

Jimmy and Newcome looked—and felt—very sheepish.

That simple explanation which accounted for everything made them realise that they had put their foot in

STRANGER AT ROOKWOOD!

"SILVER!" Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, spoke in a gentle tone. Jimmy Silver did not reply. The Classical Fourth were in the Form-room, but Jimmy was thinking of anything but lessons just then. His usually sunny face was deeply overcast. His chum Newcome looked glum, too. The two juniors were giving no attention to Latin; they couldn't! They were thinking of their chums, Lovell and Raby, whose mysterious disappearance from Rookwood had caused a sensation in the school.

"Silver!" Mornington nudged the captain of the Fourth, and Jimmy looked up, his face reddening.

"Yes, sir?" he stammered. Mr. Bootles blinked at him very kindly over his spectacles.

The Form-master was aware of the loyal friendship that united the Fighting Four, and he sympathised with Jimmy Silver's evident distress.

"I am afraid your attention is wandering, Silver," said Mr. Bootles.

"I—I can't help it, sir!" stammered Jimmy. "I—I can't help thinking about—about—" His voice faltered.

"I understand," said Mr. Bootles gently. "If you choose, Silver, you and Newcome may leave the Form-room for the morning."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" said Jimmy, in great relief. And Arthur Newcome echoed his words.

Form-work just then seemed a horror to the two juniors in their distressed state.

Gladly enough they quitted the Form-room, leaving the rest of the Classical Fourth to struggle with Latin.

There was a cheery Summer sunshine in the old quadrangle of Rookwood, and the chums were glad to get into the open air.

Save for themselves and one other, the quadrangle was deserted.

"There's Captain Lagden, Jimmy," said Newcome. "May as well speak to him now. I don't know whether he knows what's happened to Raby—whether he knows he's missing as well as Lovell, I mean. He was very friendly in helping us to look for poor old Lovell."

Jimmy Silver nodded. The two juniors moved towards where the captain was pacing to and fro near the school gates.

The captain had his back towards them, and did not see them.

The two Fourth-Formers had nearly reached the beeches, when, looking past the trees towards the gates they observed a stranger who had just entered, and was speaking to Mack, the porter.

Captain Lagden observed the man at the same moment, and stopped in his pacing and stared.

The juniors could not see his face very clearly, but his attitude showed that he was keenly interested in the man who had just come in from the road.

The stranger was dressed in tweeds, with a bowler-hat and held a walking-stick.

He had a rather dignified face, a straggling moustache, and shifty eyes of an uncertain colour.

"I wonder who that is?" remarked Newcome. "Captain Lagden seems to know him from the way he's staring at him."

"Looks like it," said Jimmy indifferently. "Never mind him. We want to speak to Lagden."

But Jimmy Silver did not have an opportunity of speaking to Captain Lagden just then.

The captain, after a long, hard stare at the stranger at the gates, turned sharply, and strode towards the School House.

"There's a man he doesn't want to meet," said Jimmy with a slight smile. "The chap looks as if he might be a collector of bills. Perhaps he's got a little account for the captain."

The man had left the porter at the gates now, and was starting across the quadrangle.

Jimmy Silver and Newcome had halted on the path, and the stranger eyed them as he came up, and stopped.

"Good-morning!" he said pleasantly.

"Good-morning, sir!" said the two juniors politely.

"Not at lessons this morning, eh?" asked the gentleman, his shifty eyes twinkling at the juniors.

"No," answered Jimmy, without adding any explanation of the circumstances. He did not see that it concerned the portly stranger in any way.

"And so this is Rookwood?" the man went on, in a chatty way.

"Yes, this is Rookwood," answered Jimmy.

"Fine place!" said the stranger, with a glance of his shifty eyes over the green quadrangle and the grey old buildings. "Very interesting, these old places, to a man from the city—very! And you young gentlemen are going to play football, I suppose?"

Boys, coming down for one thing or another."

"Sometimes."

"Yes, yes; of course! In fact, I dare say you'd see any Old Boy who happened to drop in around the place?"

"Very likely."

"Friend of mine was here before the war," said the portly gentleman genially. "Name of Baumann. I dare say you've seen him here at times?"

"Baumann!" repeated Jimmy Silver. "There was a fellow of that name here, once. He was the chap who shut up Lagden in the abbey vaults, when they were juniors here. Years before our time."

"Oh, yes! But no doubt he comes down sometimes with the other Old Boys—eh?"

"Never seen him!" said Jimmy.

"He's never been to Rookwood in our



★ **"There's a man he doesn't want to meet," said Jimmy Silver as Captain Lagden hurried towards the School House, desperately trying to avoid the visitor.** ★

The young gentlemen grinned. "Next Autumn—certainly!" said Jimmy Silver. "Cricket happens to be on just now."

"Quite so—quite so! My mistake! Many a long day since I was at school. I never was at Rookwood—never. Hadn't the advantage of attending a public school myself. Great advantage that! Lucky young fellows—what? Once a Rookwooder, always a Rookwooder! Never quite lose sight of the old school—eh?"

Jimmy Silver nodded. Out of politeness the two juniors remained where they were, as the stranger seemed disposed to be chatty.

"Lots of the Old Boys come down at times, I suppose? Old Boys' matches, and all that—eh?"

"Oh, yes!" said Jimmy.

"And you play the Old Boys at cricket—eh?"

"The seniors do," said Jimmy, with a smile. "Juniors don't figure in the Old Boys' matches. We're in the Fourth."

"I see—I see! Quite so! But you watch the games—eh? And cheer the boundary-hits, and all that?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Very interesting—very! Charming old place! I dare say you young gentlemen come in contact with quite a crowd of Old

time, so far as I know," added Newcome.

"Perhaps you might have seen him and didn't recognise him," remarked the stranger. "Here's what he looks like."

To the astonishment of the juniors, the man whipped a photograph from his pocket and held it up for them to see, his shifty eyes watching their faces keenly.

They looked at the photograph.

"You know that face—eh?"

"No," said Jimmy, looking at it more closely. "There seems something about it a bit familiar—about the eyes, I think. But I've never seen that man that I know of."

"Is that Baumann?" asked Newcome.

"That's him; that's my friend Baumann! The fact is, I've lost trace of him, and thought I might get news of him here!" exclaimed the portly gentleman. "I'm calling on the Head for that reason—that very reason. You young gentlemen don't think you've seen a man like that about the place?"

"Sorry! No."

"It's a pity—very. Never mind. Good-morning to you, young gentlemen!"

The visitor slipped the photograph back into his pocket and started for the House with his quick, jerky walk.

"Well, my hat!" said Newcome. "That's a queer fish! Blessed if I know what to

(Continued on next page.)

THE FIGHTING FOUR

(Continued from previous page.)

make of him! What are you thinking about, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver's face was deeply thoughtful.

"It's jolly queer," he said, "jolly queer! That man's after Baumann, who used to be here; and he's not a friend of his, either. Looks to me like a plain-clothes detective, Newcome. There was one came here about that affair of Bulkeley last term; and they all have the same look, I believe. He was pumping us, as plain as anything. He sprung that photo on us suddenly, to see on our faces whether we recognised it."

"A detective after an old Rookwood chap!" said Newcome, with a stare.

"Well, Baumann was a Rookwooder; but it's a German name, and I dare say he was no class," said Jimmy. "Sergeant Kettle remembers him, and doesn't think much of him. And that trick we've heard he played on Lagden—shutting him up in the abbey vaults—was a dirty trick. Anyway, that fellow was pumping us, though he was ass enough to think we didn't see it. Let's go and see Lagden now."

And Jimmy Silver and Newcome went into the House and made their way to the captain's quarters.

TWINGE OF REMORSE!

"COME in!" Captain Lagden's voice called out cheerily as Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of the Oak Room.

The captain was stretched upon a sofa under the window, and he gave the juniors a friendly nod as they entered.

"Not at lessons?" he smiled. "Mr. Bootles has let us off for this morning, sir," answered Jimmy Silver.

"We—we're a bit worried." "I understand. Sit down! Very kind of you to give me a look-in!"

"We were going to speak to you in the quad, but—"

"I had a sudden twinge," said the captain, with a nod towards his empty sleeve. "I sometimes get them. I shall have to lay up for a bit, I'm afraid."

The juniors were sympathetic at once. They understood now why the captain had come indoors so suddenly.

Jimmy felt a twinge of remorse as he remembered his idea that the captain had been avoiding the stranger.

"Nothing to speak of, of course," said Captain Lagden, making light of the matter. "But the loss of a limb makes itself felt, you know. But never mind that. You have something to say to me?"

"You were kind enough to help us in looking for poor old Lovell, sir—"

"Yes; you had an idea that the poor lad might still be about Rookwood somewhere," said the captain, with a smile. "I think we made a pretty thorough search of the place."

"Yes; I've had to give up that idea," said Jimmy. "But—now Raby—"

The captain became very grave. "I heard this morning that Raby has

gone away suddenly," he said. "It is extraordinary!"

"I—I suppose he's gone away!" admitted Jimmy Silver. "But I can't understand it."

"Have his people heard?"

"The Head's telephoned, but his people have heard nothing of him—same as Lovell's," said Newcome.

"It's very odd! Why should the boy go?" said the captain. "From what I saw of him, I should have thought he was happy here."

"He never went off on his own accord, sir," said Jimmy. "I can't even guess what may have happened, but there's been foul play of some sort."

The stranger's eyes glinted with cunning as he thrust the photograph in front of the juniors and watched for their reaction!



Newcome nodded assent.

"That's rather a queer idea," said Captain Lagden thoughtfully. "What could have happened to Raby within the walls of the School House?"

"The same that happened to Lovell," said Jimmy.

"And that?"

"I don't know," confessed Jimmy. "It beats me—beats me hollow! It makes me feel that my head's turning round. But there's been foul play of some sort, and we're going to get to the bottom of it somehow."

"I wish you luck, my boy! Have you found anything out yet?"

"That's what we wanted to tell you, sir. Last night we were making a sort of investigation. You remember poor Lovell, when he disappeared, had left the dormitory to come down here and play a trick on you," Jimmy coloured. "I'm sure you've forgiven him for that, sir."

"With all my heart!" said the captain. "It was simply a misunderstanding, but Lovell had taken a dislike to me. Never mind that."

"Well, he had a can of ink that he was going to—to play that trick with," said Jimmy. "We thought that getting about in the dark he might have spilt some, and we might find the traces. He came down by the little oak staircase that's hardly ever used."

We traced it out, and found that he had spilt some of the ink, as we had supposed. He left inky marks here and there all the way to this room."

Captain Lagden started. "To this room?"

"Yes. It's clear that he got as far as this door," said Jimmy. "There is a smear of ink close to the door-handle, and Lovell must have got to the very door and taken hold of the handle. We'd found that much out last night, when, finding the door was locked, and not being able to make you hear, we thought you must be ill, and went down to call Mr. Bootles. Raby stayed outside your door, and when we came up you told us he had been gone some minutes. Well, he never came to the dormitory last

night. He's never been seen since. After leaving you he simply vanished."

"Extraordinary!"

"We were going to tell you what we'd found out about Lovell, you see," went on Jimmy Silver. "It's extraordinary that he had reached the door of this room, and then disappeared; and it simply knocked us over when we found that Raby had done exactly the same thing."

The captain looked very thoughtful.

"I am afraid it will turn out that there was some scheme between them for running away from school together—some romantic idea—and they will probably be found together in a few days," he said seriously.

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"They wouldn't run away, sir; and if they'd had any idea of that kind, they wouldn't have kept it secret from us," he said.

"But what is the explanation, then?" asked the captain.

"I can't guess what has happened, sir, except that there's been foul play," said Jimmy. "But we shan't rest till we've found out everything!"

(Will Jimmy Silver and Newcome be able to solve the mystery surrounding their two chums? Don't miss next week's exciting instalment of this thrilling serial in **KNOCKOUT!**)



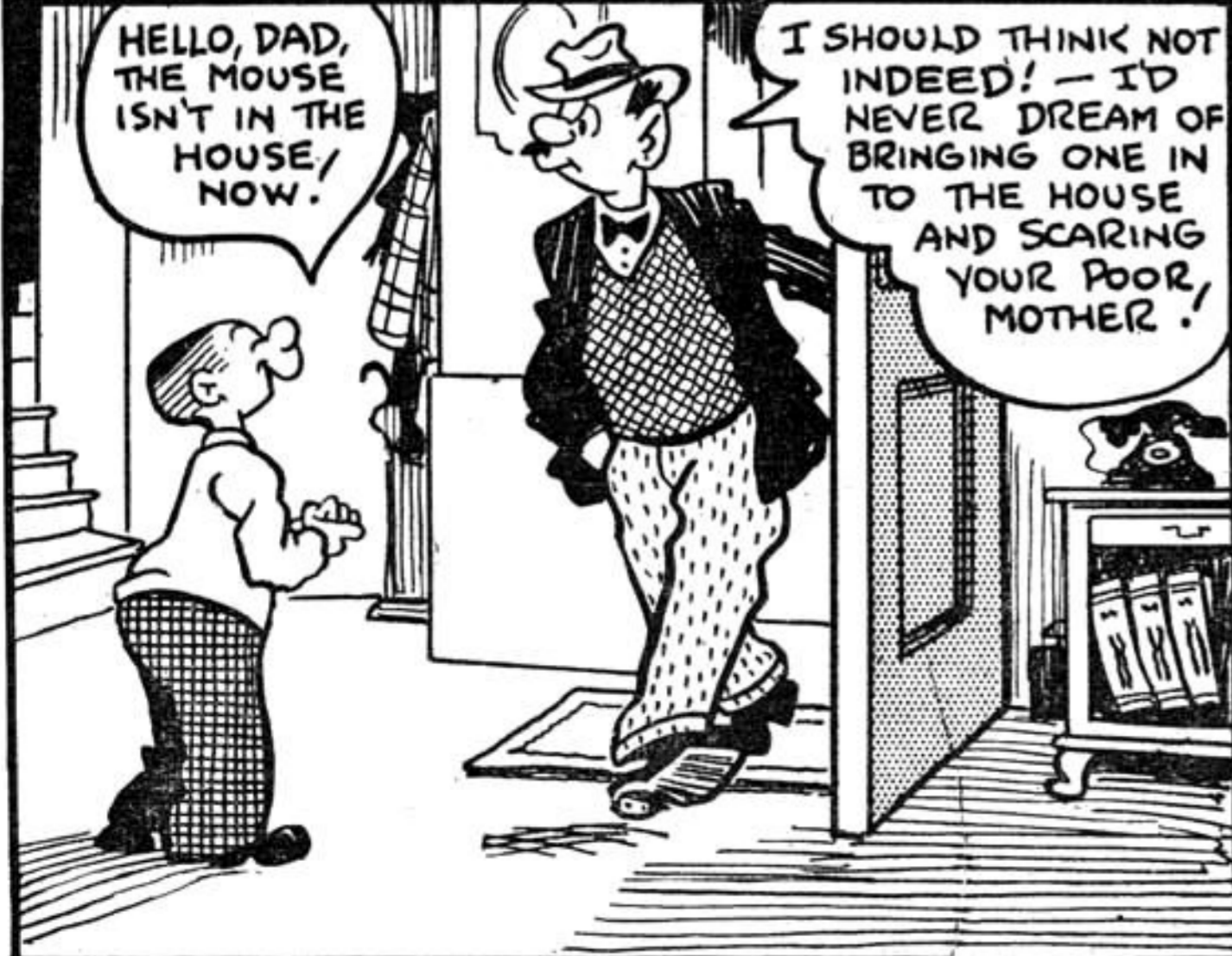
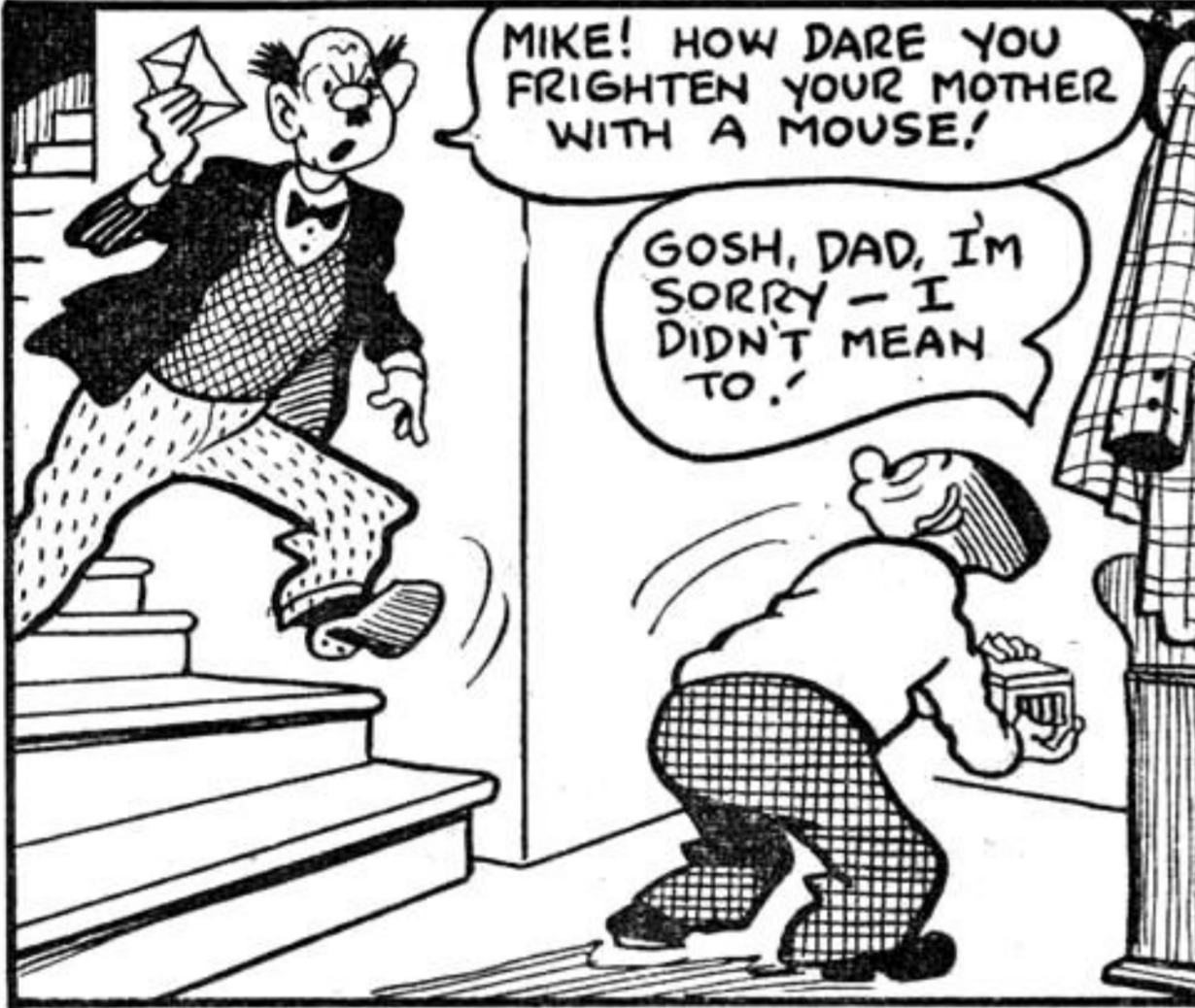
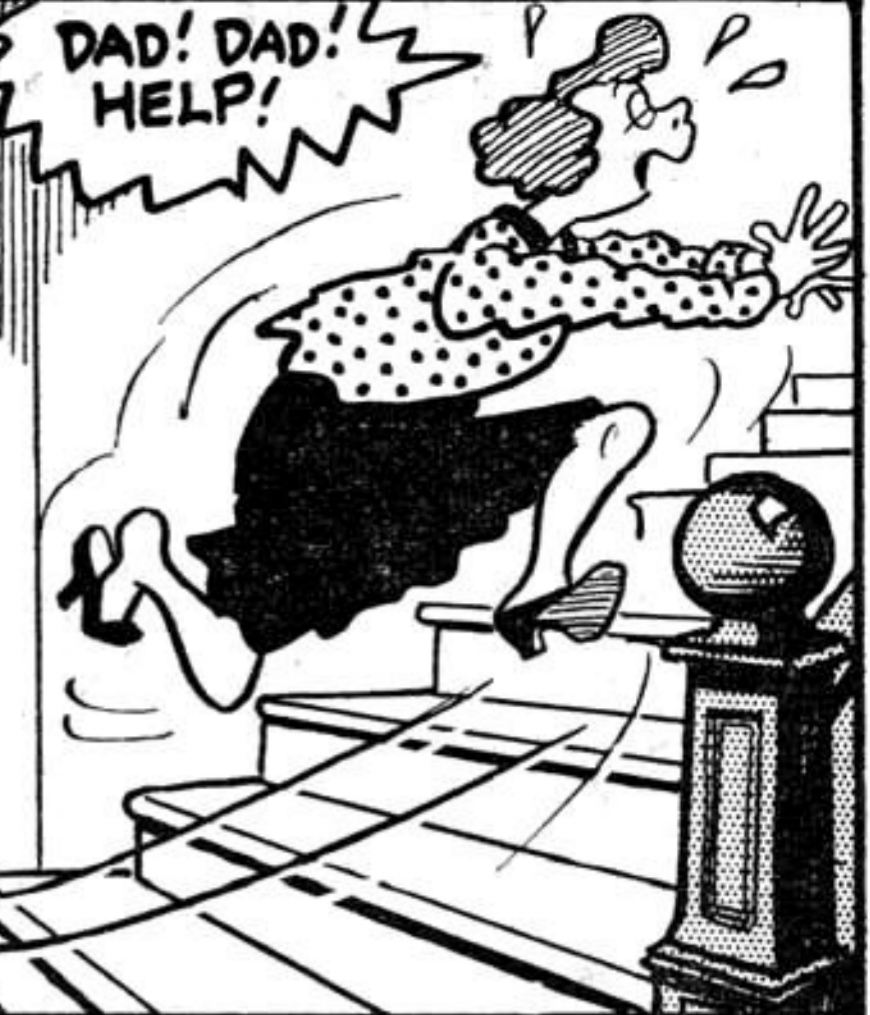
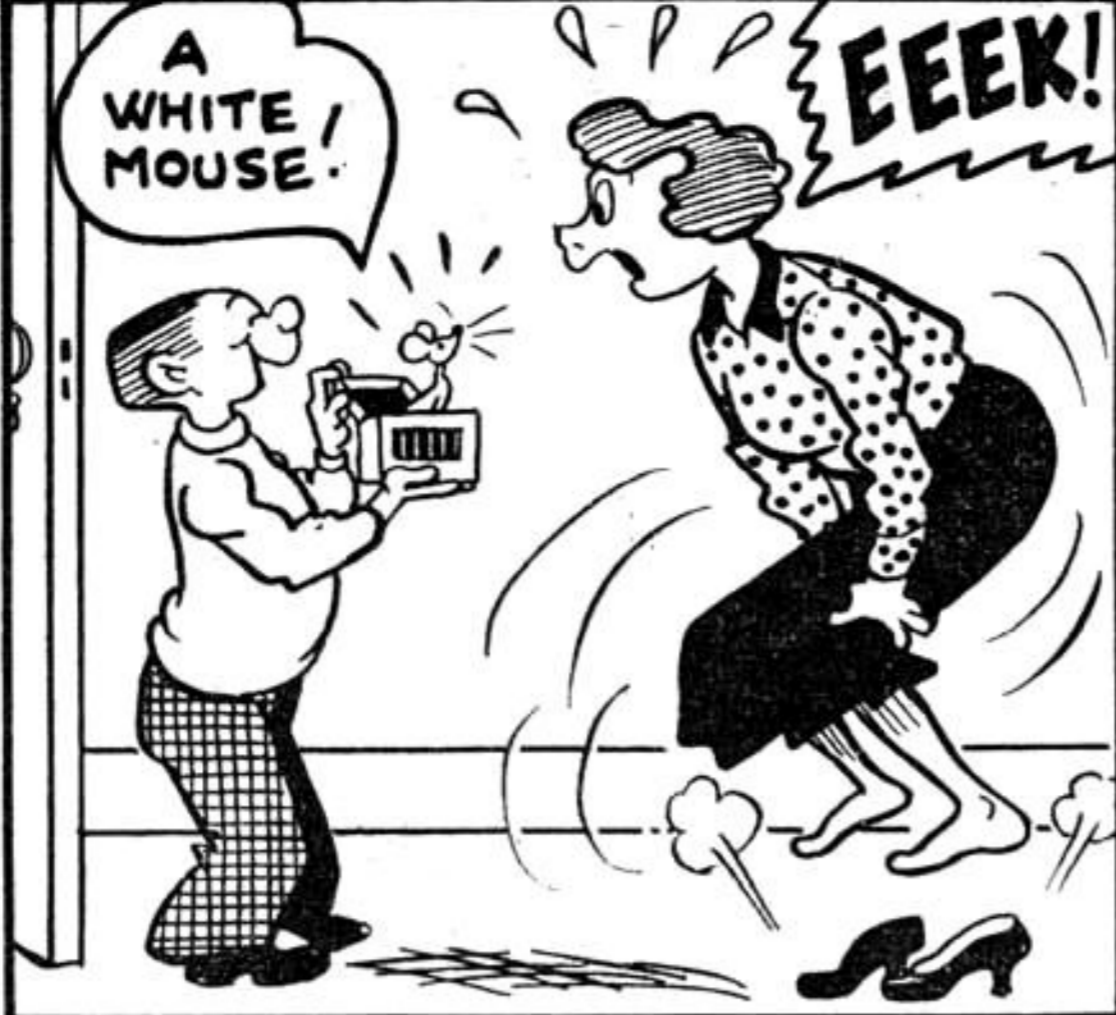
HOW SHALL I PUNISH YOU FOR YOUR BAD BEHAVIOUR?

THROW ME IN THE LARDER AND LOCK THE DOOR!

Peter Pritchard, of Jarvis Brook, is the winner of a Tuck-Box for this joke.

MIKE

HEY, MUM, LOOK WHAT CURLY BROWN SOLD ME FOR SIXPENCE!



Meet Mike again in another rib-tickling romp in next week's **KNOCKOUT!**

KNOCKOUT'S CORNER



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA IS THE LONGEST WALL IN THE WORLD. IT IS OVER 1,200 MILES LONG, AND WAS BEGUN ABOUT 326 B.C.



HERE IS A JUG CONTAINING OXIDE OF HYDROGEN. WHAT IS THE COMMON NAME FOR THIS LIQUID?



FRANCIS DRAKE WAS THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN TO SAIL ROUND THE WORLD.



WHEN WATER FREEZES IT EXPANDS WITH GREAT FORCE. THAT IS WHY LEAD WATER-PIPES SOMETIMES BURST IN WINTER.

ANSWER BELOW
THE FIRST BICYCLES HAD NO PEDALS. RIDERS PUSHED THEMSELVES ALONG WITH THEIR FEET.



TO READ THIS, TILT THE PAPER BACK UNTIL IT IS ALMOST FLAT AND LEVEL WITH THE EYES. THEN SHUT ONE EYE.



RABBITS USUALLY FEED AT NIGHT. WHEN THEY FEED IN THE DAYTIME IT IS SAID THAT IT WILL SOON RAIN.



COTTON COMES FROM THE POD OF THE COTTON PLANT. THE SEEDS ARE EMBEDDED IN THIS FLEECY SUBSTANCE.



SOUTH POLE

ANTARCTICA, THE LAND AROUND THE SOUTH POLE, IS THE LARGEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD.



THE TINY NATIVES OF THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS (BAY OF BENGAL, INDIA) PART THEIR HAIR BY SHAVING IT IN THE MIDDLE WITH A PIECE OF GLASS OR SHELL (THE SIDES AND BACK, TOO).

IN THE WILDER PARTS OF THE PHILIPPINES (PACIFIC), THE BEAK OF A HORNBILL IS USED AS THE PEAK OF A HAT (MEN ONLY).



ANSWER TO ABOVE QUESTION—WATER

Special to 'wings across the world' teacard collectors

'Wings across the world' Air travel game



Visit exotic India, fly to Europe's historic cities, plan flights across the hemispheres. That's what you do with this exciting and realistic game—specially designed for Lyons by Geographia Ltd.

Worth 8/-. Lyons Teacard collectors can get their 'WINGS ACROSS THE WORLD' travel game at the privilege price of . . . 4/11d.

GET YOUR 'WINGS ACROSS THE WORLD' TEACARD COLLECTORS ALBUM NOW—price 6d. from your grocer.

In it you will find a full description of the 'WINGS ACROSS THE WORLD' air travel game, and details of how to get your game.



'Wings across the world' teacards are only in **LYONS TEAS**



THE TROUBLE-SHOOTERS

A gunman called Catlin was bounding the people of Green Lebanon for money otherwise he would burn down the town. The amount was originally two thousand dollars but Catlin added another thousand after Wesley Greer, the leader of the community, had tried to shoot him. Catlin killed Greer and sent two of his men into town with the dead man's coat. Matt Marriott and Powder Horn fought Catlin's men and sent back word that they would be waiting for the whole gang.

YOU ALL STANDING TOGETHER AGAINST CATLIN?

SURE! WE'RE ALL IN!

WE WANT TO SETTLE THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL SO CATLIN CAN'T COME BACK AT US AFTER YOU'VE GONE!

THEIR MINDS MADE UP, THE MEN WERE IMPATIENT...

YOU'VE GOT TO LEAD US, MARRIOTT!

WE'VE NEVER DONE ANY OF THIS KIND OF FIGHTING BEFORE!

MARRIOTT MADE HIS PREPARATIONS FOR THE SHOWDOWN WITH THE CATLIN GANG.

TWELVE GUNS, HUH? THEY'LL BE PLENTY. POWDER HERE WON THE CIVIL WAR ON LESS.

HE'S FOOLING YOU FELLERS. I HAD SOME GOOD GENERALS TO HELP ME OUT!

MEANWHILE CATLIN AND THE GANG HAD MET THE MESSENGER MATT HAD SENT RUNNING.

A BIG GUY DID IT! THEY GOT GROVER, TOO! YOU'LL FIND HIM LYIN' BACK THERE ALONG THE TRAIL.

THIS BIG GUY—WHO IS HE?

I DUNNO, GIL—BUT HE SAYS THEY'LL BE WAITIN' FOR YOU!

OKAY! IF THAT'S THE WAY THEY WANT IT, LET'S GO!

THEY SHOULD SHOW UP AT THREE. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, BEN?

SURE, MATT.

I JEST SEEN 'EM—HALF A MILE OFF! THEY'RE COMIN' IN!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO EVEN UP THE SCORE FOR GOOD. NOW GIT TO YOUR POSITIONS.

LET'S TAKE A WALK, POWDER.

HOPE THEM LEBANON MEN DON'T GIT ANOTHER ATTACK O'PRINCIPLES WHEN THE SHOOTIN' STARTS. PRINCIPLES IS AWFUL WEAKENIN'!

THE CATLIN GANG ENTERED GREEN LEBANON. HE COULD'VE BEEN BLUFFIN'!

I KNOW WHEN A MAN'S BLUFFIN' AN' WHEN HE AIN'T!

WE'RE TAKIN' NO CHANCES. TWO OF YOU BUST IN THERE AN' BRING OUT THE WOMEN. WE'LL USE 'EM FOR A FRONT.

OKAY, GIL. KEEP US COVERED.

I FIGGER YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR ME, CATLIN.

THAT'S HIM—THE BIG FELLER! THE OTHER, ONE SHOT GROVER!

ARE THEY ALL IN THIS, STRANGER—OR IS IT A TWO-MAN FIGHT?

STRICTLY TWO-MAN-ME AND YOU! I'M CALLIN' YOU, CATLIN. IF YOU'RE A MAN YOU'LL SLIDE DOWN AN' START WALKIN'. I'M COMING OUT TO MEET YOU!

Will the defenders beat the evil gunmen? Don't miss next week's thrills in **KNOCKOUT!**