

SUN

3^D

No. 197
November 15, 1963

**EVERY
MONDAY**

BILLY THE KID *and the THREE BAD MEN!*



SOON AFTER, MISS MARY MORRIS
PUT UP THIS NOTICE OUTSIDE HER
SMALL RANCH, THREE TOUGH-
LOOKING MEN CALLED AT
THE RANCH-HOUSE ~~

HOWDY, SISTER! WHERE'S THE OWNER? TELL
HIM THE COWHANDS HE WANTS ARE WAITIN'
TO SEE HIM!

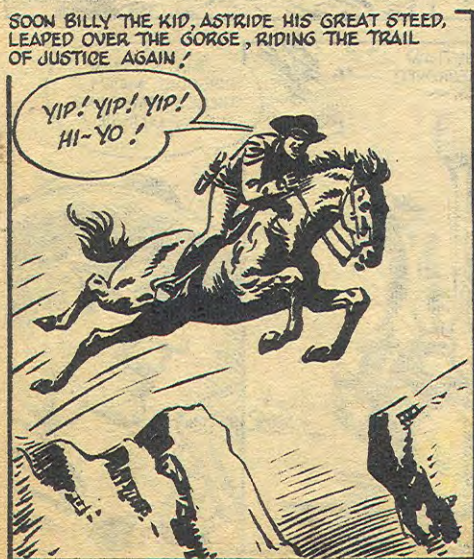
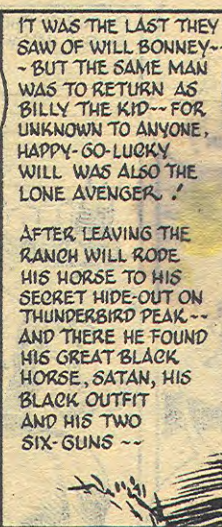
I AM THE
OWNER. IF YOU
WANT TO WORK
FOR ME YOU'D
BETTER WATCH
YOUR MANNERS!

**COWHANDS
WANTED**
• GOOD WAGES •
• FOOD AND BOARD •
APPLY AT RANCH-HOUSE

**COWHANDS
WANTED**







WHEN BUTCH AND HIS SOUNDRELS RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK, THEY FOUND THEMSELVES COVERED BY TWO SMOKING SIX-GUNS.



BILLY THE KID!

YOU FELLERS AREN'T FIT TO STAY IN A LADY'S HOUSE! ON YOUR FEET-- AND START WALKING!

DON'T TANGLE WITH HIM, BUTCH!

COME ON, GET LEAPING ON TO YOUR HOSSES, YOU TOADS, BEFORE I REALLY START SHOOTING!



THE THUGS DIDN'T NEED ANY SECOND BIDDING--

THANK YOU, MISTER-- WHOEVER YOU ARE!

THINK NOTHING OF IT, MA'AM! I'M HAPPY TO PROTECT DECENT FOLKS FROM ROUGHNECKS LIKE THOSE!



AS THE THREE OUTLAWS RODE UP THE BLUFF THEY TURNED TO SEE BILLY THE KID ENTERING THE RANCH-HOUSE.



THAT GUY'S GOT A NERVE-- KICKING ME OUT! I'M GOING TO GET EVEN WITH HIM!

HE'S FAST-- PLENTY FAST WITH THE GUN!

YOU'LL NEVER SHOOT HIM DOWN, BUTCH-- NOT EVEN FROM THE BACK!

ON TOP OF THE BLUFF WAS AN OLD HAY WAGON--



O.K. YOU GUYS! DISMOUNT AND HELP ME LOAD THAT WAGON FULL O' STRAW!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA BUTCH? YOU FIGURING ON SLEEPING OUT?

NOPE! I'M GOING TO PUT AN END TO BILLY THE KID! WE'LL LOAD THIS WAGON AND THEN SET IT ALIGHT AND ROLL IT DOWN ON THAT RANCH-HOUSE! IT'LL GO UP LIKE TINDER, WITH HIM INSIDE-- SO GET LOADING!

SURE, BUTCH!



AS SOON AS THE WAGON WAS LOADED THE THUGS LIT THE STRAW AND SET THE WAGON ROLLING TOWARDS THE RANCH-HOUSE--



GET IT ROLLING, BOYS!

THE FLAMES FROM THE BURNING WAGON LIT UP THE EVIL FACE OF BUTCH BRANNAGAN.



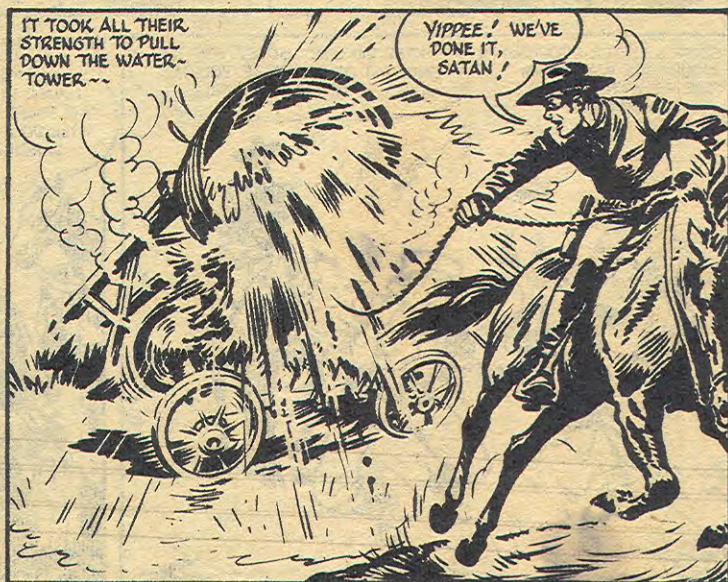
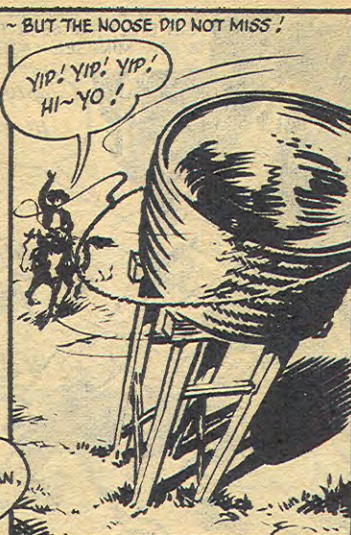
HAW! HAW! BY NOW HE'LL BE SITTING COMFY IN THE RANCH-HOUSE-- NOT KNOWING WHAT'S COMING TO HIM!

BUT THE OUTLAW HAD NOT RECKONED WITH SATAN--



THAT'S SATAN NEIGHING, MA'AM! THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG OUTSIDE!





BILLY THE KID HAD STOPPED THE BLAZING WAGON FROM HITTING THE HOUSE-- BUT HIS JOB DIDN'T END THERE--



HE KNEW THE OUTLAWS WOULD TAKE TO THE HILLS WHEN THEY SAW THAT THEIR PLAN HAD FAILED.



SOON BILLY WAS ON THE PEAK ABOVE RATTLESNAKE PASS, BUT BUTCH BRANNAGAN AND HIS RUFFIANS WHO WERE RUNNING AWAY HAD SPOTTED HIM!





BUT BILLY HAD SEEN THEM--AND A FEW MINUTES LATER--

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!



TWO OF THE CROOKS FELL BENEATH HIS WEIGHT--

YOU MIGHT HAVE GOT THEM-- BUT I'LL GET YOU!



DROP THOSE SHOOTING IRONS, BRANNAGAN, OR I'LL DROP YOU!



SOON A LITTLE PROCESSION WOUND ITS WAY DOWN THE HILLS TOWARDS MARY MORRIS'S RANCH--

KEEP DANCING, BOYS! IT'S THE ONLY BIT OF PLEASURE YOU'RE GOING TO GET FOR A WHILE!



BACK AT THE RANCH, THE OUTLAWS SOON REALISED WHAT BILLY MEANT.

GET THAT WATER TOWER UP, BOZOS! THE FIRST ONE TO SLACK WILL DO A SPOT MORE DANCING!

N-NOT THAT! WE'LL WORK!



AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES THEY DID AN HONEST DAY'S WORK--

WHEN THE RANCH WAS TIDIED UP, BILLY THE KID HANDED THE THUGS OVER TO THE SHERIFF--

YOU LOUYS HAVE EARNED YOURSELVES A REST AFTER THAT-- AND BOYS-- YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT IN JAIL! TAKE 'EM AWAY, SHERIFF!

SURE THING, BILLY!



WELL, MA'AM, MY WORK IS OVER, TOO! SO I'LL JUST BE GETTING ALONG!

THANK YOU, BILLY THE KID-- AND GOOD LUCK!



YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.

**This week—
NOBODY
WANTS TOM
MERRY!**

A HOT CHASE

IT was a sad day for Tom Merry and his chums when Clavering College was forced to close down. But Tom was to find plenty of excitement at his new school, the famous St. Jim's.

For a start he was forced to arrive at St. Jim's in an old-fashioned blue velvet suit, and was unmercifully ragged by Figgins and the chums of the Fourth. But Tom Merry saw a chance to get his own back when he found that a parcel addressed to Figgins contained a brand-new suit.

He put it on and went to supper—and when Figgins and Co. proceeded to rag him again and pour marmalade and milk and coffee over him, his tormentors were surprised when he only laughed.

"YOU'RE in our dormitory tonight Tom Merry," said Figgins of the New House at St. Jim's. "Monteith, our head prefect, has just told me so. But I fancy you won't be staying in New House for long. And a jolly good job, too."

"My feelings, too," said Tom. "Measly, rotten old place, this house, isn't it?"

Figgins looked inclined for war at this insult to his beloved New House, but the time was not a very good one for scrimmages. Monteith, the head prefect of New House, was there to herd the juniors up to the dormitory. Monteith stopped at the strange sight of Tom Merry, who was covered in marmalade, while his clothes dripped milk and coffee.

"Hallo, you new fellow! What's the matter with you?" "Nothing!" replied Tom cheerily.

"What have you been doing to your clothes?"

Tom looked down at the sticky, sopping garments.

"Some things got spilt over them," he replied. "Accidents will happen. I don't mind."

The prefect looked at him curiously.

"Are you the funny fellow who came here dressed up in an old-fashioned velvet suit?" he asked. "Yes, I see you are. You look a bit more sane now, but you have spoiled that suit of clothes."

"That doesn't matter. They're not mine."

Monteith laughed.

"I see, you've borrowed a



Figgins' chase after Tom Merry came to an abrupt end. As he landed on Fatty Wynn's bed there was a sudden crash. The bed collapsed—and Figgins went with it.

change of clothes."

"Yes."

"Well, I hope the owner will be pleased when he sees them again," grinned the prefect. "Whom do they belong to?"

"Figgins."

"Ha, ha, ha! Off to bed now, kids."

Figgins nudged Tom Merry as the juniors went upstairs.

"What did you mean by telling Monteith that fib, Merry?"

"I didn't tell him any fib."

"You said the clothes belonged to me."

"So they do."

Figgins knitted his brows.

"Do you mean to say that you've collared a suit of my clothes without asking my permission, you outsider?"

"Yes, Figgy, that's exactly what I mean."

"You're fooling. You couldn't get at them without the key, and I've got it in my pocket. Lucky for you, too, you sissy!"

Tom Merry grinned. A surprise was waiting for Figgins in the dormitory.

"Hallo, Figgy! Here's your togs come!" said Fatty Wynn, nodding to the parcel lying on one of the beds. "Taggles has stuck it on my bed."

"Good!" said Figgins. "I was expecting them today." He cut the cord of the parcel.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Tom Merry.

Figgins looked at him quickly. Then he looked at the parcel again, and then again at Tom Merry.

"Merry, do you mean to say—"

"Too true! Ha, ha, ha!"

Figgins, with a terrible anxiety tugging at his heart, tore open the parcel with feverish fingers. Every eye in the dormitory was fixed upon him. The clothes came to light.

Figgins held up Tom Merry's beautiful velvet trousers, and gave a howl of rage.

"Hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Kerr. "Somebody been sending you a present, Figgy? Ha, ha! You'll look nice in those—as nice as Sissy himself."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from Tom Merry. "You're welcome to them, Figgy. I wonder if you are getting sorry now about slopping that marmalade over me?"

The full hideousness of the truth burst upon the unhappy Figgins. That was why Tom Merry had taken the joke in the study so cheerfully. Figgins had been spoiling his own brand-new suit of clothes.

"You—you rotter!" roared Figgins. "I'll makemincemeat of you!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You said the clothes were made for a skinny scarecrow, Figgins. About right, weren't you, Figgy?"

Figgins did not waste breath in words. His feelings were too deep for words, and the strongest words ever invented would not have done justice to them. He simply went for Tom Merry like a raging bull.

Tom dodged and eluded his tackle and went up the dormitory in full flight, with the furious Figgins behind. The boys stood round shrieking with laughter at the sight.

Away went Tom Merry, running well. But the angry Figgins's long legs seemed to move like lightning, and he rapidly gained ground.

"Look out, Sissy!" yelled Kerr. "He's got you! Dodge over the bed!"

Tom took the hint. He dodged Figgins round and over the last bed of the dormitory and started back the way he had come, leaping from bed to bed with the activity of a mountain goat.

Ominous creaks came from some of the beds as he alighted upon them, and after him came Figgins, still in a white heat of fury.

"Buck up, Figgy!"

"Dodge him, Tom Merry!"

"Go it!"

"Bravo!"

"Hurrah!"

The juniors were in ecstasies. Tom Merry was fully enjoying the joke, though Figgins was in deadly earnest. They reached the end of the dormitory, and Tom Merry wriggled under a bed with the quickness of an eel and started off again before the slower Figgins could get hold of him.

There was a fresh burst of cheers as the chase went up the length of the great dormitory for the third lap. In the midst of the excitement the chase was ended by a sudden calamity. Tom Merry had jumped on Fatty Wynn's bed, and thence to the next. A second later Figgins alighted on Wynn's bed, close on the track. But the bed, though it had stood the weight

(Continued overleaf)

of Fatty for a long time, was not built to stand this sort of usage.

There was a fearful crash, and the bed went through, and Figgins plumped down in the midst of the ruins.

Figgins gave a yell, and the rest of the juniors gasped. And as Kerr and Fatty Wynn rushed to help their chief from his uncomfortable position, the door opened and Monteith looked in.

"What's all this confounded noise about?" demanded the prefect sourly. "Figgins, why have you smashed up that bed? I don't know whose it is, but you'll sleep in that bed this time. Do you hear? Now, three minutes before lights out!"

And the prefect withdrew and closed the door. Figgins was dragged out. The affair had to end where it was. Monteith was not the kind of prefect to be trifled with. Figgins gave Tom Merry a glare of wrath.

"Oh, won't I make you sit up tomorrow," he growled.

And he began to put the wrecked bed to rights as well as he could.

Tom Merry, panting, exhausted, more with laughter than the running, began to undress.

"Don't lose your sense of humour, Figg!" he exclaimed. "You can't deny that it's a super joke, now can you? Next time you want to stick marmalade on a chap's togs, make sure he hasn't borrowed your best Sunday suit! Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" roared the juniors, who could see the joke if Figg could not.

And Figg's face gradually relaxed into a grin.

When Monteith looked into the dormitory three minutes later the juniors were all in

bed. But Figg's bed was extremely uncomfortable, threatening to give way every moment beneath his weight. He had to lie along the edge of it to secure himself from falling through.

The prefect grinned as he turned out the light.

From the darkness came the cheerful voice of Tom Merry: "Hallo, Figg! Can you see the joke yet?"

Figgins snored.

AFTER THE FEAST, THE RECKONING!

MR. RAILTON, the new master of the School House at St. Jim's, sniffed suspiciously. He had entered the study in the new wing of the School House, which had been assigned to Tom Merry. He sniffed again in a very suspicious way. There was certainly a very strange and unpleasant odour in the room, one suggestive of dead rats under the floor, or rotten vegetation in a cupboard.

What could it be? There seemed to be nothing wrong with the room, and that it was not due to the drains was certain from the fact that the smell was confined to the one room. The housemaster noticed that it was strongest when he stood in the centre of the room and, a thought striking him, he jerked up the corner of the square of carpet. Then he sniffed again, and a smile broke over his face.

"A trick. I thought as much." He could see the mouldy kippers and bad cheese which Jack Blake had distributed so carefully now. He let the carpet fall with a laugh. The smell was certainly bad.

"Ha! ha! Evidently the juniors

did not want Merry in the School House. This smacks of Study No. 6. I must speak to young Blake."

Mr. Railton left the room and went his way to Study No. 6. The door was ajar, and the cheerful voices of the four chums could be heard.

"I saw the boulder today!"—it was D'Arcy's voice, and D'Arcy could never sound an R properly—"and he weally looked quite decent. He had changed his clothes."

"Time he did," said Blake. "Still, we don't want him in the School House. He's too queer a fish for us."

"Right!" chimed in Herries. "The New House is nearer his mark. He's a funny merchant, though I admit he looks all right today. I saw him in the quad. But there's a look in his eye that shows there would be trouble if he came into the School House. My opinion is that he'd want to boss."

"I'd like to see him doing it," said Blake. "Things are looking like war already. Some of the chaps in the Shell think they ought to take the lead in the tussles with the New House, and think the Fourth Form ought to be glad to follow their lead. Which, of course, is all rot!"

"Rather! We know the Shell is a step above the Fourth. But they haven't got our brains! And how many are there of them?"

"My idea exactly! We're not going to take a back seat for anybody, if I know it! So, if that's the kind of kipper the new kid is, it'll save trouble for him to be stuck in the New House. He—hallo! I didn't see you, sir!"

A cough had interrupted

Blake. Mr. Railton was standing in the doorway, looking into the study with a smile upon his face. The four juniors jumped up quickly.

"You mentioned something about kippers, Blake," said Mr. Railton, as if he had heard nothing of the discussion, though the juniors knew he must have heard most of it.

"Yes, sir," said Blake wonderingly.

"Have you lost any kippers lately?"

Blake understood at once.

"No, sir."

"Perhaps you have mislaid some?"

"No, I don't think so, sir."

"Then I suppose it is your usual custom to keep your kippers under the carpet in a new boy's study?" asked Mr. Railton blandly.

Blake coloured under the housemaster's keen eye.

"No—yes, sir!" he gasped. "I—that is—"

"I have just found some there," said Mr. Railton. "It conveyed quite a wrong impression to a lady who was looking over the School House, leading her to suppose that the sanitary conditions of the building were not exactly as they should be. Of course, when you placed your kippers and cheese in that safe and handy place, you didn't foresee anything of that kind."

Blake's blushes deepened under the housemaster's banter. For once in his life he did not quite know what to say.

"The study is about to be occupied, as the new scholars are coming over from Clavering School tomorrow," went on Mr. Railton, still quite blandly. "It is therefore necessary for you to find some other place to keep your food in, Blake."

"Yes, sir," stammered Blake.

"So you will please remove it, Blake! Every bit, mind, so that there is not even a smell left behind. Have you noticed that it smells somewhat strongly?"

"I—I believe I have, sir."

"Good! I have noticed it, too. The kippers appear to be very ancient and maggots are playing leap-frog in the cheese. The room will probably want scrubbing out to remove the smell, and Mrs. Clyne, the matron, will give you some special soap for the purpose."

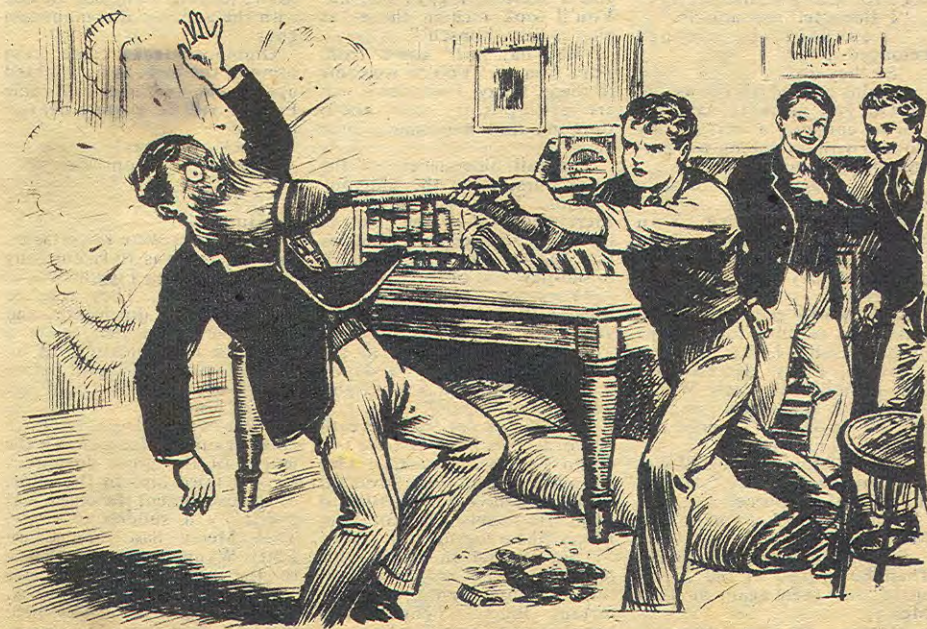
"I—I—"

"I am sorry if you do not like the task, Blake, but you must admit that it is due to your carelessness in selecting such a strange place to keep your cheese and kippers. You won't forget to see to that today, will you?"

"No, sir," said Blake.

And the housemaster left the study. The chums heard him chuckle as he went down the passage. Blake looked the picture of dismay.

"This," he said, looking round, "is the last straw! Fancy scrubbing out a rotten study! What the dickens are you laughing at?"



Blake swung the broom so that it caught Arthur Augustus D'Arcy full on the face. "Ow-oh-ow-oh!" gasped Gussy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the three.

"You silly cackling geese—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you make me tired!" said Blake crossly. "Who's going to help me get that beastly study cleaned out?"

"You must really excuse me," said Herries. "I'm afraid I should get housemaid's knee."

"I'd do it like a shot," said Digby, "but I've promised to go for a stroll with D'Arcy directly after school."

"And I'd jump to do it, weally," said D'Arcy, "but I've promised to go for a stroll with Dig immediately after school, dear boy."

Blake grunted.

"Nice lot of chums you are for a chap to have. There's nothing nasty in just scrubbing a floor. It's good exercise, really."

"Right-ho! It's a good exercise, and good exercise is just what you want," said Herries.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Blake.

Some time later Herries, Digby and D'Arcy looked in at the door of Tom Merry's study. Blake had turned back the carpet and was sweeping up the scattered cheese and kippers.

"Getting on all right?" asked Herries, grinning.

"Rats!" said Blake.

The chums laughed. Under ordinary circumstances they would have taken a hand and helped Blake, but they made it a rule to let their leader bear the whole weight of his own failures. The idea had been his, and he had carried it out, and it was fair play to let him pay the piper. That was one of the responsibilities of a leader.

"Glad to see you're getting on, Blake!" said Digby. "I'd help you, really, only I want it to be a lesson to you. A giddy chief has no right to have silly ideas that get people into fixes. Better luck next time!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Good-bye, dear boy!" said D'Arcy. "Join us later, as soon as you can. But don't come with any of that howlid smell about you, dear boy. I don't like it."

"See if you can get used to it, Adolphus," said Blake, and he lifted the broom and jerked cheese and kippers into the face of the swell of the School House.

D'Arcy jumped.

"Oh, you wotter! Ow—oh—ow—oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" giggled Herries. "That's funny! Yah, you beast!"

The broom had whisked into his own countenance, and the joke did not seem half so funny as before.

Blake turned towards Digby, bent upon fair play all round, but Digby had taken warning and was going down the corridor at full speed.

Herries and D'Arcy, growling and snorting, followed him, and Blake returned with a chuckle to his work.

He swept up the mess and took it out of the room, and then rolled up his sleeves for the scrubbing.

The task which the housemaster had so genially imposed upon the offender was about the best punishment he could have devised. Blake was not likely to sprinkle cheese and kippers about for a long time.

Down went Blake on his knees, and he slopped a splash of water on the floor and began to soap and scrub. He was not used to that sort of work, naturally, and it was surprising how easy it was to slop water accidentally over his knees and up his sleeves.

"Oh, gosh!" gasped Blake. "This is rotten! Won't I make that brute Merry sit up for this some time!"

"Hallo!" said a voice at the door.

Blake looked up grumpily. Tom Merry, cheerful and smiling, as usual, was looking in at him. Blake took a tighter grip on the brush. Tom Merry looked at Blake in amazement for a moment or two, and then burst into a ringing laugh.

"Hallo, Blake! Didn't know you had turned housemaid!"

"Oh, buzz off!"

"What's the game, anyway? Don't chuck any of that water at me or I'll kick all these stinking kippers and mouldy cheese into the room again, and give you the job all over again!"

"Oh, clear out!" snorted Blake.

"But what does all this mean? My hat!" exclaimed Tom. "Miss Priscilla made me go into the New House because of the smells here. Was it you playing a little game with that niffy stuff?"

Blake grinned.

"Yes, it was!"

"And now you've got to clean the smelly mess up! Ha, ha! Well, it serves you right!"

"Oh, go and cackle over in the New House!" said Blake crossly. "Anyway, it's a cheap price to pay for getting rid of you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're fixed in the New House now, anyway, and the School House is rid of you," snorted Blake, "so it ain't so bad, after all."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What on earth are you cackling about now?"

"Nothing," grinned Tom. "Only I've come back."

"What?" howled Blake.

"I was only put in the New House temporarily. I've just been told to come back here. I'm School House now, old son."

Blake sat down on the half-washed floor and groaned.

"Well, of all the rotten sells!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, shut up! So you're coming into the School House. Rotten—beastly! Hang—blow—bah! If you put on those sissy clothes I shall take you into the garden and kill you!"

START NEXT WEEK



"LORD OF SHERWOOD"

Our popular picture story of "IVANHOE" ends this week, but for Robin Hood, now Earl of Locksley, and for Ivanhoe, this is by no means the last adventure. Indeed, it is the beginning of a new and even more thrilling yarn. Make sure of beginning next week in SUN the first instalment of a grand new picture story in full colour of the vengeance of Prince John and how the new Earl of Locksley becomes once more "LORD OF SHERWOOD"!

"Oh, that's all right. They're gone for ever. I've given 'em to Figgins."

"Eh—what's that?"

Tom Merry explained. Blake chuckled over the story of the joke on Figgins, and he began to look upon the newcomer with a more kindly eye.

"Well, I suppose we shall have to put up with you in this house," he said. "You don't seem such a silly cuckoo as you did at first, I admit. But mind, you'll have to learn your place, and keep it."

"Good! I've learned it already, and I mean to keep it."

"What's that?"

"My place is leader of the School House juniors against the New House," said Tom Merry innocently. "Of course, you youngsters will be glad to follow the lead of a chap in the Shell."

Blake fairly bristled all over with wrath.

"Ah, yes, I don't suppose!" he said witheringly. "If that's your idea in coming into the School House, Merry, I can warn you to look out for trouble."

Tom Merry smiled blandly.

"That's what I thrive on," he replied. "Anything to make things lively. But we needn't start rowing each other now. We're rivals in private, but shoulder to shoulder against the New House. And now let

me lend you a hand with that scrubbing."

His jacket was off and his sleeves rolled up in a moment. Blake, who was tired, willingly took a rest while Tom Merry slopped and scrubbed.

"Well, you're not a bad sort," said Blake cordially. "I daresay we shall get on all right. And—and you're welcome to the School House."

The next day Monty Lowther and Harry Manners, and a good many of the Clavering boys arrived. Tom Merry was glad to see his chums again, and they fell quickly into the new state of affairs.

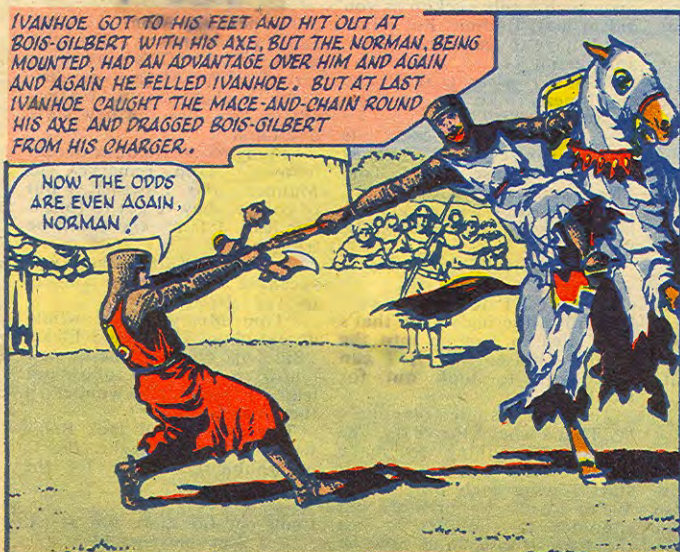
"Study No. 6 are quite decent fellows," Tom remarked to Manners and Lowther. "But of course, they've got to follow our lead. I fancy there will be trouble."

At the same time Blake was speaking on the same subject in Study No. 6.

"Tom Merry is an awfully decent chap, kids," said Blake. "But of course, these new fellows will have to follow our lead. I shouldn't wonder if there was trouble."

Tom Merry and Jack Blake were both quite right. Plenty of trouble lay ahead for the chums of St. Jim's.

Look out for more fun at St. Jim's next week!



AT THAT MOMENT KING RICHARD AND HIS CRUSADERS ARRIVED ON THE SCENE. AND WITH RICHARD WERE ROBIN HOOD AND THE BOWMEN OF SHERWOOD.



AFTER GREETING HIS KING, IVANHOE WAS JOINED BY ISAAC OF YORK AND HIS DAUGHTER, REBECCA, WHO HAD ANXIOUSLY WATCHED THE TOURNAMENT. DE BOIS-GILBERT WAS NOW SINKING FAST--



AND SO REBECCA, HER LIFE SPARED AND FREE TO RETURN TO HER HOME, PREPARED TO LEAVE.



AND OVER THE SUNLIT TOURNAMENT GROUND THE CROWD ROSE AND GAVE A DEEP-THROATED CHEER FOR KING RICHARD AND ENGLAND.

So ends the story of "IVANHOE"--but for Robin Hood and Ivanhoe there are fresh and thrilling adventures ahead. Make sure of beginning next week Instalment One of a fine new story, told in these splendid full-colour pictures, "LORD OF SHERWOOD"!

The KING'S MUSKETEERS

IN THE REIGN OF GOOD KING LOUIS XIII, THE PICK OF THE FRENCH ARMY AND THE PRIDE OF FRANCE WAS THE KING'S BODYGUARD, THE GALLANT REGIMENT OF MUSKETEERS.

TWO DAUNTLESS SQUADRONS THERE WERE—THE GREY MUSKETEERS, AS THEY WERE CALLED, MOUNTED ON GREY HORSES AND THE BLACK MUSKETEERS ON BLACKS—COMMANDED BY THAT FIGHTING SWORDSMAN, CAPTAIN D'ARTAGNAN—



AND ONCE UPON A TIME—A TIME OF DEADLY PERIL, THE FATE OF THEIR COUNTRY RESTED ON THEIR COURAGE AND THEIR WILLINGNESS TO LAY DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR THE GLORY OF FRANCE.

OUR STORY STARTS IN THE FAR SOUTH OF FRANCE, CLOSE TO THE SPANISH FRONTIER, WHEN ONE DAY, A CLOAKED HORSEMAN GALLOPPED UP TO THE CASTLE OF THE PRINCE OF GASCONY, A TWO-FACED TRAITOR WHO WAS ALWAYS SCHEMING TO BRING ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF KING LOUIS.



I WISH TO SEE HIS HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF GASCONY LEAD ME TO HIM AT ONCE! HE IS EXPECTING ME!

DON MIGUEL GONZALEZ, GENERAL OF HIS SPANISH MAJESTY'S FORCES, WISHES TO SEE YOU, YOUR HIGHNESS!



PRAY BE SEATED, DON MIGUEL. GO, FELLOW, AND SEE TO IT THAT WE ARE NOT DISTURBED!

YES, YOUR HIGHNESS!



I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. I UNDERSTAND YOUR MASTER, THE KING OF SPAIN, PLANS TO INVADE FRANCE AT AN EARLY DATE. HOW CAN I HELP MY SPANISH FRIENDS?



COME TO YONDER MAP, YOUR HIGHNESS, AND I WILL EXPLAIN.





SEE! THE MAIN ROAD INTO FRANCE FROM SPAIN IS THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN PASS. BUT THERE STANDS THE FRENCH FORTRESS OF NAVARRE. WE WANT YOU TO STRIKE FROM BEHIND AT THE FORT, AND OPEN THE WAY FOR OUR ARMIES! AND FOR THAT HALF FRANCE WILL BE YOURS!

HERE IS FORT NAVARRE, WHICH COMMANDS THE ENTRANCE TO THE PASS--



AND CLOSE BEHIND IT LIES MY PRINCEDOM OF GASCONY! HOW CONVENIENT, MY DEAR, DON!



I HAVE WAITED LONG FOR A CHANCE TO CRUSH THAT DOG, KING LOUIS. IT IS A BARGAIN! LEAVE THE FORT TO ME, DON MIGUEL! AND THE REST TO ME, YOUR HIGHNESS. WITH YOUR HELP, THE SPANISH ARMIES WILL SWEEP THROUGH FRANCE LIKE AN AVALANCHE.



SOME DAYS LATER IN A TAVERN IN FAR-OFF PARIS, CAPTAIN D'ARTAGNAN AND HIS ROLLING THREE MUSKETEERS--PORTHOS, THE MIGHTY GIANT--ATHOS, THE NOBLEMAN, AND ARAMIS, THE ELEGANT DANDY--WERE IN A TAVERN ENJOYING THEMSELVES IN A MANNER THEY LIKED BEST--DUELLING WITH THEIR RIVALS, THE CARDINAL'S GUARDS

HOLA, HOLA, COMRADES! LET'S SHOW THE CARDINAL'S CANARIES THE FOLLY OF MEASURING SWORDS WITH THE KING'S MUSKETEERS!



BUT SUDDENLY A KING'S COURIER BURST INTO THE ROOM.



HOLD, GENTLEMEN! SHEATH YOUR SWORDS! I AM HERE ON THE KING'S BUSINESS!



AN URGENT SUMMONS FROM HIS MAJESTY, CAPTAIN D'ARTAGNAN! YOU ARE TO REPORT TO HIM AT THE PALACE IMMEDIATELY.

I SHALL GO AT ONCE!

WILD BILL HICKOK

and the BATTLE of
the EAGLES



Wild Bill waved his hat furiously in a desperate attempt to scare off the great eagle. From this gripping complete story by BARRY FORD.

THE MISSING BABY

WILD BILL HICKOK, the famous two-gun marshal of the Golden West, rode at a leisurely pace through a peaceful mountain pass. He rode with all the casual ease of a man who spends more time in the saddle than out of it. With his long fair hair flowing over his broad velvet-clad shoulders, he looked every inch

a border cavalier. And his neatly-trimmed moustache and chin beard added a quiet dignity to his handsome face.

Coming into a secluded valley, he raised a gauntleted hand to his eyes to shade them from the glare of the morning sun as he looked across the gently rolling grassland. On the far side of the valley he saw the white canvas top of a lone

prairie schooner as it billowed out in the steady breeze.

"H'm, what's a lone wagon doing out here?" Wild Bill wondered as he urged Gypsy, his sorrel mare, into her swift gallop. "Must be in some kind of trouble. Well, we'll soon find out."

The owners of the covered wagon looked up in surprise as the beautifully-dressed marshal galloped up on his magnificent steed.

As he pulled up, Hickok saw that they were a young couple, and he noticed that the woman had been crying. Her eyes were red and swollen and tears still glistened in them. She was sitting on the ground, resting against one of the wagon wheels, and the young man with her had his arm about her shoulders as though trying to comfort her.

They gazed at the marshal with uncertainty, waiting for him to speak.

"Howdy folks," he smiled in a friendly fashion. "Anything wrong?"

"There sure is," said the young man.

"Then maybe I can help. I'm a United States marshal. Name's Hickok. It's unusual to find a lone wagon out in this territory, so I figured you must be in some kind of trouble."

"We are, sir," cried the woman, bursting into a flood of tears. "Our little baby is missing!"

"Missing?" repeated Hickok in surprise. "You mean your child has wandered off?"

"No, she wasn't old enough to walk. She's jest gone," sobbed the woman.

"Let me explain, Marshal," said the young man quietly, getting to his feet. "My wife is too upset to tell you the whole story."

"We were with a wagon train, but this morning one of my wheels worked loose. I told the other wagoners not to hang about waitin' for me, I would fix the wheel and catch up with them. Well, while my wife cooked breakfast I fixed the wheel. The baby was in her crib—there."

The marshal followed the man's glance and saw a small wooden cradle a few feet away from where the wife was sitting.

"Well," continued the man, his boyish face grey with worry. "When my wife turned to give our little daughter some milk she had gone!"

"We've searched and searched," cried the woman, wringing her hands. "What could have happened to Kitty?"

"How old was she?" enquired the marshal as he lightly dismounted and walked across to the cradle.

"Ten months," replied the man. "All I can think of is that a pesky redskin's got her. But

how he could have crept up and taken her with me fixin' the wheel and my wife cookin', I jest can't imagine!"

"It wasn't any Indian," said Wild Bill as his steely blue eyes examined the ground round the crib. "There aren't any moccasin prints, or any prints of any description anywhere near the cradle, except those of your wife and yourself. And anyway, this isn't Indian territory."

"But—but what's become of her?" moaned the woman.

"Can't rightly say, ma'am," replied the marshal quietly. "It's a mystery. I'm terribly sorry, but I'm afraid I can't help you. There are no prints, or clues for me to work on."

"Come, Hetty," said the pioneer dully. "This is a wild country. We'd best get movin' and join the train." Turning to Wild Bill, he added, "The boss of the wagon train said they'd be campin' by the Yellow Falls River tonight. We'll go ahead and catch up with them. If—if you should hear any news about—about our baby—would it be askin' too much of you to let us know?" The young man's voice became choked with emotion and hot tears sprang into his eyes.

"I'll make a thorough search round the valley, and if I have any news, you can depend upon my letting you know right away," returned Hickok, putting his arm across the man's shoulders. "What's your name, friend, and where are you heading?"

"Jake Thompson, and we're bound for San Francisco."

"I'll not forget," said Hickok. "Only wish I could help you. Goodbye, Thompson. Goodbye, ma'am. And I'm so very sorry."

"What a terrible thing to have happened," thought Wild Bill as he swung into the saddle. "I must try to solve this strange mystery."

A PERILOUS CLIMB

WHILE the wagon rolled on its way the marshal searched the valley in vain. Realising there was nothing more he could do, he rode on his way with a heavy heart. Hickok was infinitely kind and understanding, and it distressed him to think that such a tragedy had befallen the Thompsons.

Wild Bill reached the end of the valley, passed through a canyon and started up a mountain trail. The trees thinned out as the path wound upwards, and suddenly Wild Bill thought he heard a faint cry. He jerked Gypsy to a halt and listened intently. But all was silent. And then as he was about to move on he heard the cry again. It was very faint and seemed to come from a great height.

The marshal urged Gypsy on. Boulders began to replace the trees, and bright patches of blue sky appeared as the trail wound its way up the now barren and open mountain side.

As Wild Bill scanned the mountain top looming above him, a great golden eagle winged its way across the cloudless sky, screeching as it flew.

"It must have been the eagle I heard," mused Hickok, his eyes following the majestic bird in its flight. "Well, there's no point in going any further. I'd better go back and pick up the main trail."

But at that moment he heard the cry again. Nearer this time, "By glory, that was no eagle!" he exclaimed aloud. "That was the whimper of a young child!"

And then the golden eagle circled high above Wild Bill and suddenly dropped out of sight. A second later another feeble cry echoed down the mountain.

"Of course! Why didn't I think of it before!" muttered the marshal, slapping his thigh. "Thompsons' baby was snatched out of her cradle by an eagle for its dinner. That's the only possible explanation. And the poor kid's up there now in the bird's nest! She's still alive but any moment that eagle may kill her."

Determined to rescue the little child, Wild Bill rode as far and as fast as he could, and when the track dwindled away to a steep rocky wall, he dismounted. Tethering Gypsy, the marshal took his lariat from his saddle and started to climb up on foot. The going grew increasingly difficult as the rocky wall became almost perpendicular.

"Whew!" gasped Hickok, pushing back his sombrero and brushing his sleeve across his wet forehead. "This is some climb!"

A large boulder jutted out at the top of the rocky ledge, and making a noose in his lariat, Hickok whirled it expertly, slinging it up over the rock. By hanging on to the rope he was able to work his way upwards, a foot at a time.

His cavalry boots were not made for mountain climbing, and they slipped and slid on the smooth rocky surface, making the climb all the more difficult.

Gradually he neared the top of the rock, and as he did so he saw that he had a second rocky wall to scale before he reached the eagle's nest.

Just as he was nearing the top of the jutting rock the great eagle suddenly swooped down on him.

Bill's heart seemed to turn over as he came face to face with the huge bird. Its enormous golden wings were spread out to their full length, and a blow from one of them could have easily sent the marshal hurtling down the mountain side. It screamed in fury as it struck out at Wild Bill with its great

claws. The marshal dodged sideways and just missed the knife-sharp talons which would have torn his face to shreds. He tried to grab the bird's foot, but it was too swift for him, so hanging on to the rope with his left hand, he hastily whipped off his hat and began waving it in front of the eagle in the hope that he could scare it away.

But it took more than a waving hat to frighten the ferocious American eagle. The bird rose off the rock and hovered over the marshal's head. If its claws touched his head it would be the end of Wild Bill. Rapidly he replaced his hat and drew his gun.

"I sure hate to do this, old feller," he muttered. "But it's your life or mine!" And as the eagle swept down for the kill, Wild Bill squeezed his trigger. The bird gave a surprised squawk and remained motionless in the air for a second. Taking no chances, the marshal fired again, and the bird dropped like a stone.

"That was an experience I could very well have done without," he muttered as he heaved himself over the rock.

Looking up, he spied the eagle's nest on top of the next layer of rock a couple of hundred feet higher up.

"Must be nearly a thousand feet up, all told," he thought as he swung his lasso a second time. It caught round a boulder and he started to climb again.

The child's cries were getting louder and more persistent.

After a lot of slipping and sliding the marshal drew level with the boulder on the rocky ledge, and there, to his horror, another eagle awaited him—the mate of the bird he had killed.

"Here we go again," Wild Bill muttered grimly, and reached for his Colt.

But instead of attacking the marshal, the eagle soared upwards towards its nest on a nearby ledge. And under Hickok's shocked gaze the great bird swooped down on the place in which a baby girl lay crying.

At that moment Wild Bill's foot slipped.

His body gave a sickening downward lurch and his gun flew out of his hand. Desperately he clung on to his lariat with his left hand, while his feet groped for a foothold in the rock.

It was a moment of breath-taking fear, for if the rope failed to take the whole weight of his swaying body he would go crashing down on to the rocks below.

But even in such a moment of deadly peril the marshal had no thought of himself. His anxious eyes were on the eagle, who had grabbed up the yelling baby in one of its great claws and was rising skywards.

And then came one of Wild Bill's miraculous feats of shooting.

As he clung on to the rope

with his left hand, his feet groping for a niche in the rock, he made a rapid cross-draw with his right hand. Jerking up his other gun, he blazed away at the eagle. Even from so precarious a position his shots were deadly accurate. They missed the terrified baby and crashed into the eagle's body. The great bird dropped swiftly down, releasing the baby, who fell unharmed into the soft nest.

Hurriedly, Wild Bill holstered his smoking Colt and scrambled to the top of the ledge. Another short climb brought him to the eagle's nest.

The baby lay as she had fallen—flat on her back. Her lusty cries ceased abruptly as Wild Bill leaned over and carefully lifted her up. She regarded him suspiciously for a few moments and then, with the knowing instinct of a child, she put out a tiny hand and curled her chubby fingers tightly round his thumb.

"Coo," she gurgled, and gave Hickok a charming little smile which disclosed two tiny fawn-grown teeth.

"Well, little lady," he chuckled, "aren't you the cutest thing! Thank goodness you don't seem any the worse for your kidnapping. And now, how in the world do we get down to earth?"

He peered down at the almost sheer drop hundreds of feet below.

"Reckon we'll have to play at Indians, young 'un," he announced after a few seconds, and carefully slung her across his back, Indian fashion. Her little head rested on his shoulder-blade as she lay against his back. He wound his kerchief round her and then over it he bound her to him securely with some rope.

"Just like a papoose," he laughed softly.

"Coo," gurgled the baby girl again, evidently enjoying the new game.

And so by relying on his lariat once more, the marshal started the long difficult climb down.

Once or twice he broke out in a cold sweat as his foot slipped, but each time the rope saved him. And at last he reached Gypsy. Kitty seemed none the worse for the perilous descent.

After Wild Bill had given her a few sips of cool water from his canteen, he mounted Gypsy, and cradling the baby in his left arm, set off for Yellow Falls River. The baby snuggled up to him and was soon fast asleep.

It was late afternoon when the marshal caught up to the wagon train. The Thompsons' wagon was the last in line. Drawing alongside it, the marshal called out cheerily:

"I've made friends with the sweetest little lady in the world! Want to meet her?"

Hetty and Jake were beside themselves with joy at seeing their baby safe and sound again. Hetty nearly fainted when she heard what her daughter had been through, and hugged the chortling babe tightly to her.

Wild Bill stayed and had supper with the Thompsons that night. When it came time for him to leave he rode away with their heartfelt thanks ringing in his ears, and a picture stamped in his mind of a little baby girl holding tightly to his thumb and smiling trustingly up at him.

It made the climb, and risking his life, well worth while. Be sure to meet the great Western marshal in another fine story next week!

S.C.S.C.

THE SUN
CAR SPOTTERS
CLUB



OUT with the Albums, Spotters! Once again we are offering grand presents to owners of Albums which bear any one of the thousand numbers given below.

Any numbers between 53,000 and 53,500 inclusive, and between 108,000 and 108,500 inclusive.

If your number is here you may choose any one of the following gifts: a Pocket-knife, Purse, Binoculars, Box of Wire Puzzles, Box of Paints, Big Jig-saw, "Tenni-gun," or a Fountain-pen, and write its name in the space in the Album marked "For Official Use." Make sure that your names and addresses are filled in on the Membership page. Then on a postcard or piece of paper write the name of the character or story you like best in SUN—and, in a few words, say why.

Post both Album and postcard in a 2½d. stamped envelope to: SUN C.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), so that it arrives by Tuesday, November 25th. Presents are despatched about a week after closing date and Albums are returned at the same time.

Congratulations to the following Spotters, who each receive a super scale model of a "Clyde Cruiser" as winners of our Code Puzzle in the September 6th number of SUN,

Toben Brayford, Porthill; Peter Butcher, Sheffield 7; Alan Fenn, Tottenham; Dennis Gartell, Battersea; Robert Kennedy, Wallasey; Brian Oakley, Tipton; Lillian Pritchard, Birmingham; Trevor Smith, East Greenwich; Geoffrey Stevens, West Bromwich; Francis Wood, Birmingham 1.

The decoded sentence should read,
For Lots of Fun—Follow the Sun!

SUN—November 15, 1952—15

THE PENGUIN PATROL

GO MOUNTAINEERING

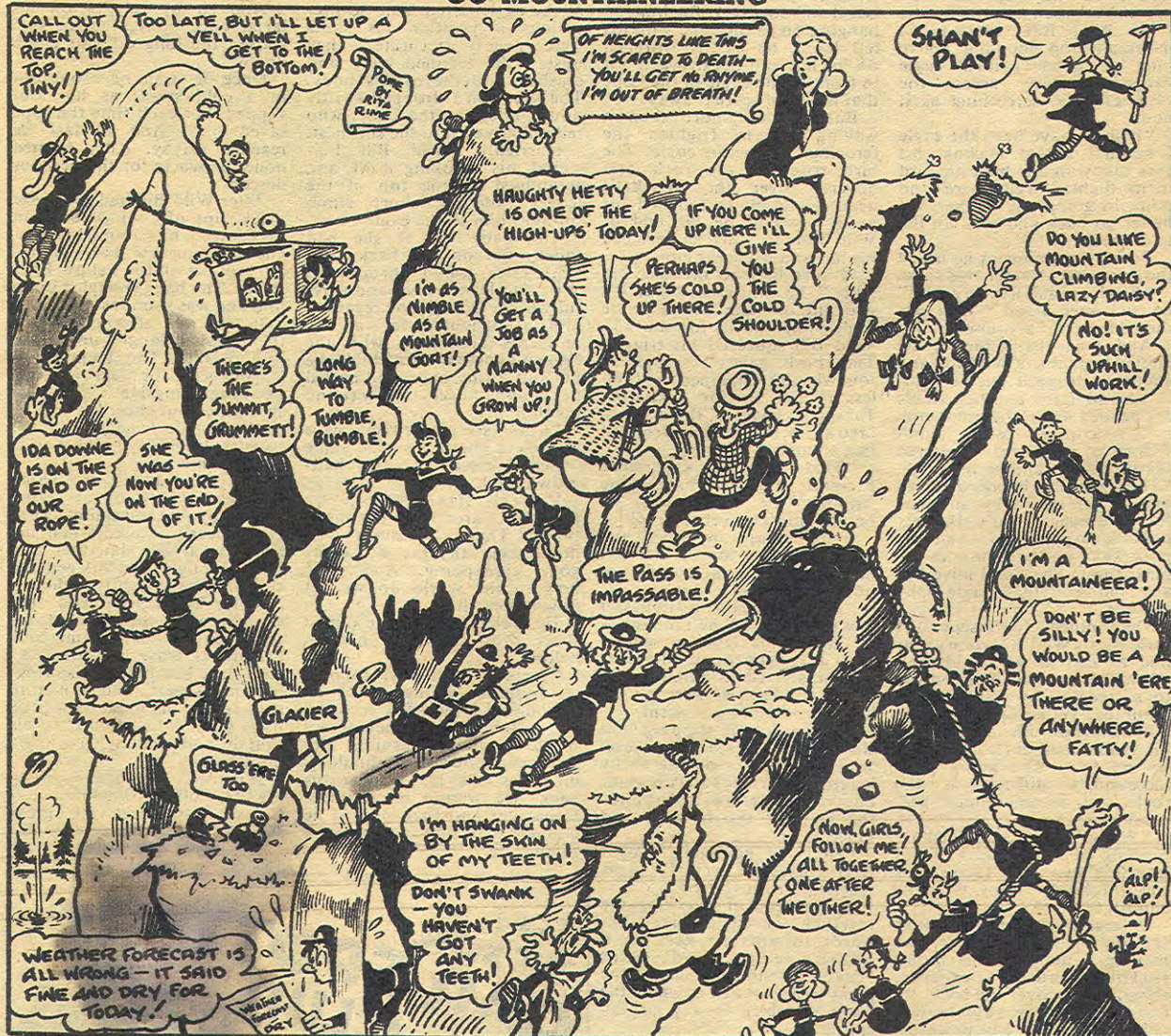


PHOTO OF A HAPPY 'SUN' READER—

This is Peter Ronald Jeremiah of Cardigan, a keen and regular reader of SUN. He is happy knowing he is sure of getting his copy every week because he has placed a regular order with his newsagent!

But I have had many letters from less happy readers who have not always been able to get their SUN. Why risk being disappointed? It is easy to place a regular order. Just fill in the little coupon below, cut it out and give it to your nearest newsagent. He will be pleased to ensure YOU are kept happy! The Editor.

—TO MY NEWSAGENT—

My name is

I live at

PLEASE KEEP FOR ME EVERY WEEK/DELIVER TO MY HOME (CROSS OUT WHICHEVER YOU DO NOT WANT) A COPY OF SUN UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

Signed

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 7s. 6d., the remainder receive 5s. How about a joke from you? Send it to The Joker, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

FIRST PRIZE

I NEARLY SAW YOUR DAD YESTERDAY

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU NEARLY SAW HIM?

WELL, YOUR DAD IS P.C. 48 AND I SAW P.C. 49.

FROM D. EVANS, LEWISHAM

MOM, LOOK AT THIS BOID

THAT'S NOT A BOID, IT'S A BIRD

WELL, IT CHOIPS LIKE A BOID, ANYWAY.

From G.M.J. THOMPSON, SUSSEX.

IF I SAW A BOY STRIKING THIS DONKEY AND I STOPPED HIM, WHAT WOULD I BE SHOWING?

BROTHERLY LOVE, SIR

NO OTH NO NO.

From K.M. SKINNER, RADLETT.

I WONDER WHY THE DOCTOR TOLD ME TO TAKE THIS MEDICINE IN WATER?



From GEOFFREY TARRY, WALTHAMSTOW

IT SAYS HERE THAT AN AUSTRALIAN BOXER NEEDS THREE BEDS TO SLEEP ON



From BRIAN MOSS, HEADINGTON

SO YOU TOOK A POOR BOY TO THE MOVIES WITH THE HALF-CROWN I GAVE YOU. THAT'S SPLENDID. WHO WAS THE POOR BOY?

ME!

From MARY COLE, PORTSMOUTH.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE, SONNY?

TEACHER TOLD ME TO WRITE AN ESSAY ON A LETTER BOX



From JANICE SCOBIE, WHITCHURCH

HOW DO YOU BEES GET RID OF YOUR MONEY?

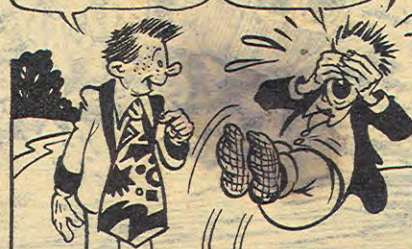
WE CELL IT.



From PHILIP M. GREENWOOD, LANCS.

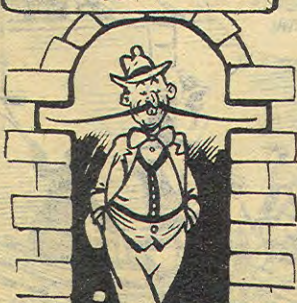
OLIVER, OLD MAN. WHAT DO YOU THINK I SHOULD WEAR WITH THIS NEW TIE?

GOOD GRACIOUS, THE LARGEST MUFFLER YOU CAN GET!



From JOHN BENNETT, REDDITCH

'HANDLEBARS' CLUB



From ALAN HEIG, CHESHIRE

I'LL TEACH YOU TO THROW STONES AT MY WINDOWS!

COO, THANKS! I MIGHT BE ABLE TO HIT ONE THEN!



From JOHN BOND, VICTORIA

I HEAR YOU'VE GOT A JOB IN A WATCH FACTORY. WHAT DO YOU DO THERE?

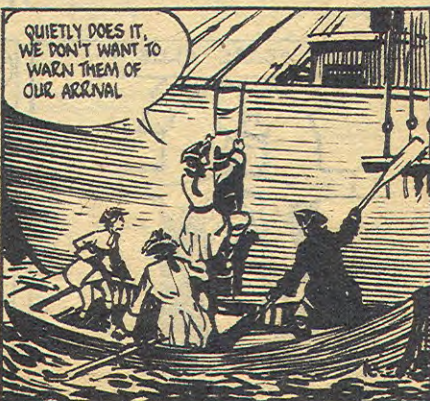
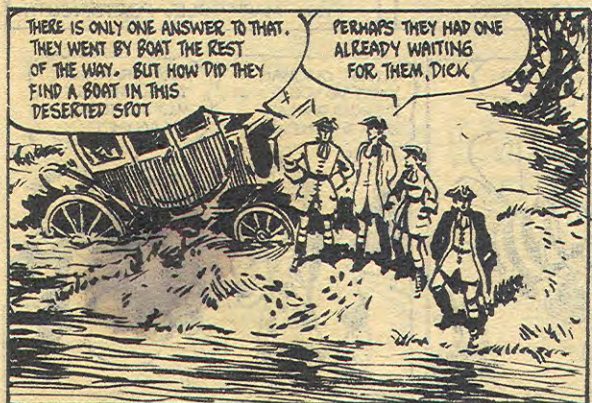
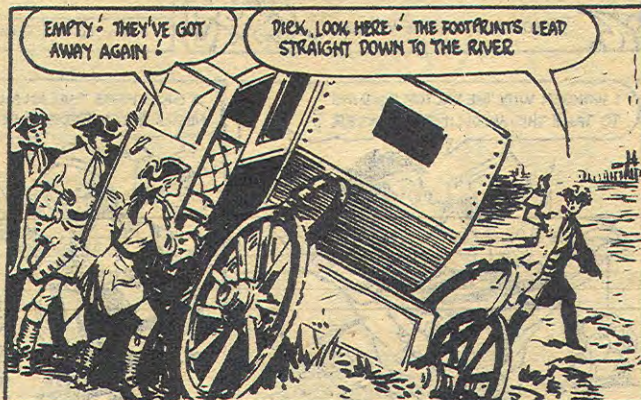
OH, JUST STAND AROUND AND MAKE FACES

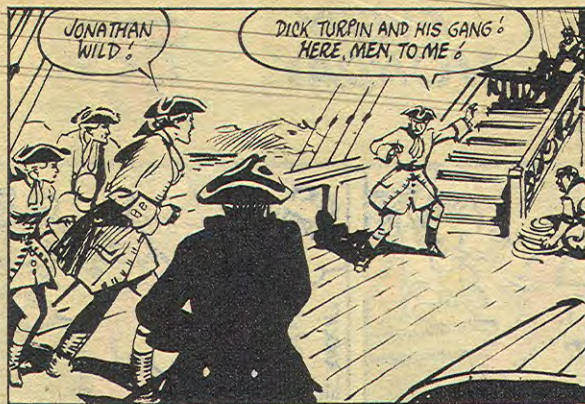


From AARON LEVY, LONDON

DICK TURPIN AND THE SILVER DWARF

The heir to Lord Chessington's title and fortunes has been kidnapped by Sir Julius Rymer, next in line of succession, with the help of Jonathan Wild, the rascally thief-taker. But Dick Turpin and his friends are hot on the trail.

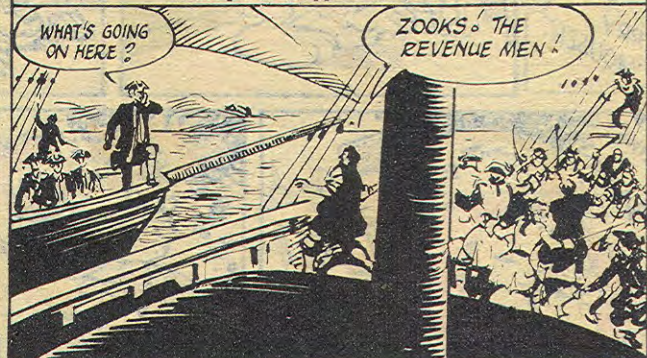




An instant later the deck echoed to the sound of tramping feet as the four friends gave battle to the crew of the ship.



Things might have gone badly for Dick and his friends had not a Revenue Cutter put in an appearance just then.



At the sight of that uniform the rascally crew beat a hasty retreat over the side.



ON THE CONTRARY, OFFICER. THESE MEN HAVE KIDNAPPED A YOUNG LAD, HEIR TO THE CHESINGTON FORTUNES. YOU WILL PROBABLY FIND HIM SOMEWHERE IN THE SHIP. HE'LL TELL YOU THE REAL TRUTH



Meanwhile, in the captain's cabin, Sir Julius Rymex had heard the arrival of the Revenue Cutter.



BY THE TIME THEY FIND THE REAL HEIR IT WILL BE TOO LATE . . .

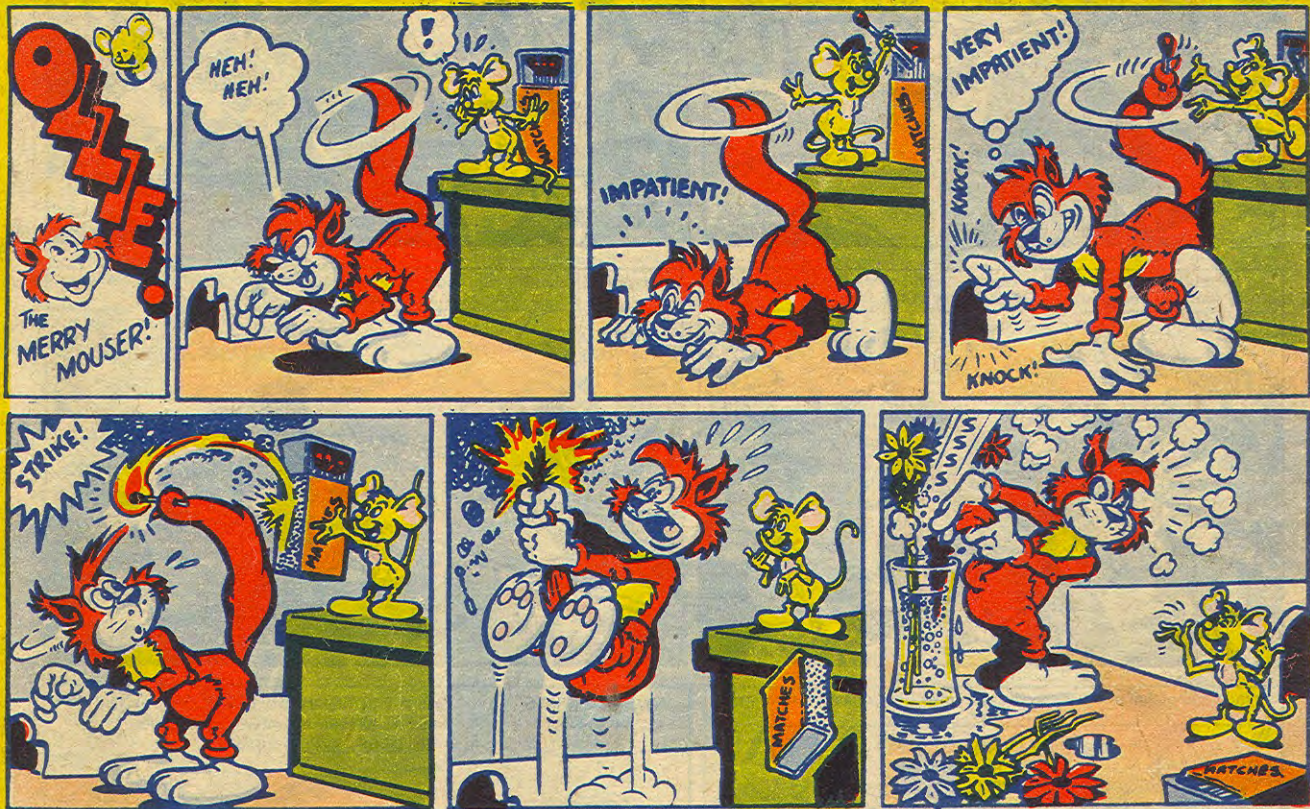


Next week—Sir Julius pays for his wickedness!

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

3^d



Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK

COWBOY LINGO
CATTLE STOLEN BY RUSTLERS AND
SMUGGLED ACROSS THE RIO GRANDE
RIVER WAS CALLED "WET STOCK".



CRAZY HORSE
CRAZY HORSE, THE MIGHTY SIOUX CHIEFTAIN,
WAS FAMED AS A WARRIOR OF GREAT BRAVERY
WHEN HE WAS ONLY SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.



LENGTH OF A LARIAT
THE AVERAGE LENGTH OF A LARIAT IS THIRTY-THREE
FEET.



MYSTERY
THE FACT THAT WHITE MEN COULD
READ WAS A GREAT MYSTERY TO THE
INDIANS. THEY IMAGINED THE PAPER
SPOKE TO THE WHITE MEN, AND COULD
NOT UNDERSTAND WHY IT DID NOT
SPEAK TO THEM!



BIG SPURS
THE EARLY CALIFORNIAN COW-
BOYS WORE THE SPANISH TYPE OF
SPURS WHICH HAD SUCH ENOR-
MOUS ROWELS IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE
TO WALK IN THEM.