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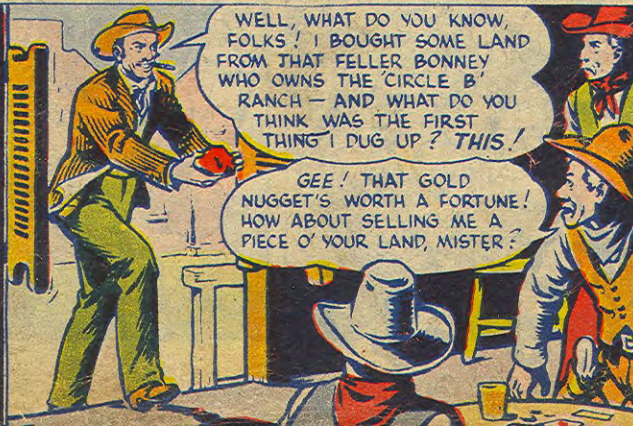
No. 198
November 22, 1952

EVERY
MONDAY

BILLY THE KID AND THE Runaway Crook



INTO A SALOON IN THE TOWN OF GUNSIGHT CAME ONE DAY A CERTAIN CRAFTY CROOK NAMED SLICK SAM BUXTON. HE HELD UP A LARGE GOLD NUGGET TO THE GAPING OLD-TIMERS.



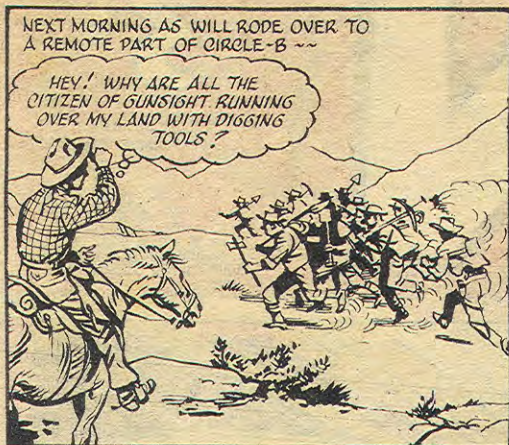
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW, FOLKS! I BOUGHT SOME LAND FROM THAT FELLER BONNEY WHO OWNS THE 'CIRCLE B' RANCH - AND WHAT DO YOU THINK WAS THE FIRST THING I DUG UP? THIS!

GEE! THAT GOLD NUGGET'S WORTH A FORTUNE! HOW ABOUT SELLING ME A PIECE O' YOUR LAND, MISTER?

IN A MOMENT SLICK SAM WAS SURROUNDED BY EXCITED MINERS.

I'LL BUY SOME LAND TOO! GOSH, I'LL BE RICH IN A DAY! FANCY PICKING UP NUGGETS LIKE THAT!

O.K. BOYS. RECKON THERE'S ENOUGH GOLD IN TEN SQUARE YARDS OF THAT LAND TO MAKE ME RICH FOR LIFE. I'LL SELL THE REST TO THE HIGHEST BIDDERS!



WITH THE MONEY IN HIS BAG, SAM BUXTON LEFT FOR THE RAILROAD STATION, BUT BEFORE DOING SO HE GAVE ORDERS TO HIS MEN ~~



LATER, UP ON THE LONE RIDGE CLOSE TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK, WILL BONNEY WAS PUSHED FROM HIS HORSE ~~



BUT THEY WERE TO MEET UP WITH WILL BONNEY AGAIN SOONER THAN THEY THOUGHT, FOR, UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY RANCHER WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID -- THE LONE AVENGER OF THE WEST, AND THE PLACE WHERE THEY DROPPED HIM WAS CLOSE TO THE SECRET VALLEY WHERE WAITED HIS GREAT BLACK HORSE, SATAN ~~

AS SOON AS SAM BUXTON'S MEN HAD RIDDEN AWAY, WILL CALLED OUT ~~



ON HEARING HIS MASTER'S VOICE THE MIGHTY HORSE LEAPED THE GREAT CHASM THAT SEPARATED THE VALLEY FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD AND GALLOPED ALONG THE RIDGE TOWARDS WILL ~~



QUICK, SATAN! GET ME LOOSE! THERE'S A GOOD BOY!



AS SOON AS HE WAS FREE, WILL BONNEY MOUNTED THE GREAT HORSE AND RODE BACK TO THE SECRET VALLEY, LEAVING THE AWFUL CHASM BARE-BACK ~~



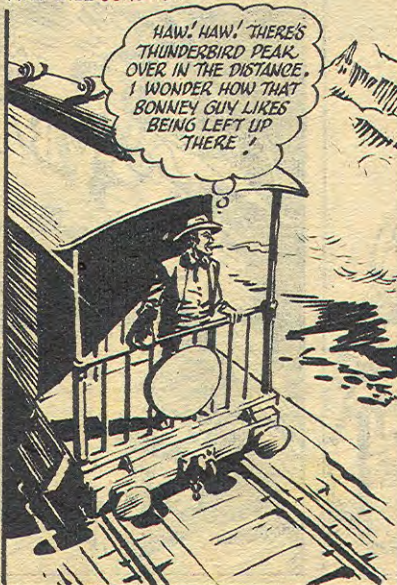
SAFELY IN THE VALLEY WILL BONNEY, THE LAD WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, MADE HIS WAY OVER TO THE ROCK WALL WHERE HUNG THE BLACK RIG-OUT AND SIX-GUNS OF BILLY THE KID ~~



SOON THE VALLEY RANG OUT WITH THE BATTLE-CRY OF BILLY THE KID AS HE ROPE OUT TO PUNISH THE WRONG-DOERS!



MEANWHILE, SLICK SAM BUXTON SUNNED HIMSELF ON THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM OF THE TRAIN AS IT STEAMED TOWARDS PINE-TREE JUNCTION ~~



SUDDENLY--FROM THAT DIRECTION--A RIDER, APPEARED GALLOPING AT TERRIFIC SPEED TOWARDS THE TRAIN AND ~~



SAM WAS NO MEAN GUNMAN HIMSELF, AND AS THE MYSTERIOUS RIDER CLOSED IN ~



YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!

IT'S BILLY THE KID!
I'LL MAKE SURE HE DOESN'T
GET ME. HE MUST HAVE
FOUND OUT ABOUT MY
GET-RICH-QUICK
SCHEME.

THE KEEN EYES OF BILLY THE KID SAW BUXTON'S GUN GLEAM IN THE SUNLIGHT ~ AND AS THE BULLETS SCREAMED TOWARDS HIM ~



YIPPEE!
I GOT
HIM!

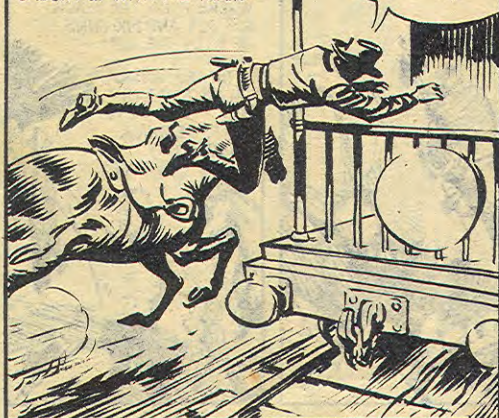
SO HE WANTS
TO GET ROUGH,
DOES HE?

BUT SCARCELY HAD SLICK SAM CHEERED THAN THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM HUMMED WITH BULLETS.



I'M GETTING
INSIDE, PRONTO!

BILLY WAS CAREFUL NOT TO HIT HIS MAN AS HE WANTED HIM ALIVE, AND AS SATAN CAUGHT UP WITH THE TRAIN ~



FOLLOW
THE TRAIN,
SATAN!

SOON A CHASE THROUGH THE CROWDED COACHES BEGAN ~



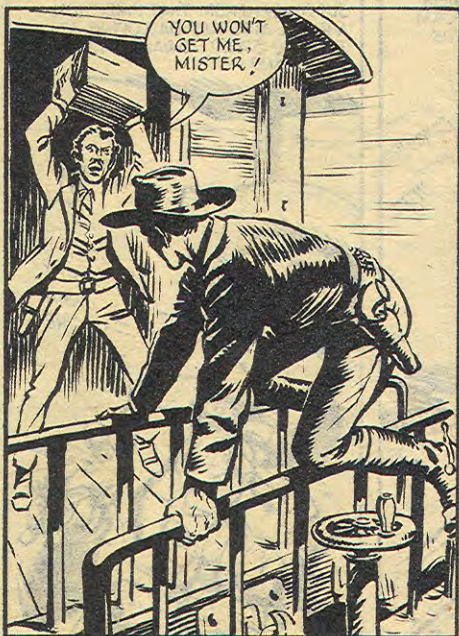
OUT OF
MY WAY!

SHUCKS!
IT'S BILLY
THE KID!

THROUGH THE TRAIN BUXTON RAN ~ UNTIL HE FOUND HIMSELF CORNERED IN THE FREIGHT VAN ~



I'LL HURL THIS
BOX AT HIM AS HE
CROSSES THE
COACHES!



YOU WON'T
GET ME,
MISTER!

BUT AS THE BOX HURTLIED TOWARDS HIM, BILLY HURLED HIMSELF AT HIS OPPONENT ~



BILLY THE KID WAS SOON ON HIS FEET AND WITH A MIGHTY PUNCH KNOCKED ALL THE FIGHT OUT OF SLICK SAM BUXTON.



TAKE THAT, YOU RATTLESNAKE!

IT WASN'T UNTIL THE TRAIN HAD NEARLY REACHED PINE-TREE JUNCTION THAT THE TRICKSTER CAME TO HIS SENSES --

YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS MISTER. MY BOYS'LL FIX YOU WHEN WE REACH PINE-TREE!

I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO MEETING THEM, PARDNER!



AS THE TRAIN PULLED INTO PINE-TREE JUNCTION --

HEY! LOOK AT THAT BIG BLACK BRONCO FOLLOWING THE TRAIN! I'VE SEEN IT SOMEWHERE BEFORE!

SO HAVE I! SO WHAT? KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR THE BOSS!



SLICK SAM'S MEN WERE SOON TO REMEMBER WHO THE HORSE'S OWNER WAS, FOR AS SOON AS THE TRAIN SLOWED TO A HALT, SAM DUCKED DOWN AND SHOUTED TO HIS MEN.



QUICK, YOU GUYS! IT'S BILLY THE KID! LET HIM HAVE IT!

BUT BEFORE THEY COULD OPEN FIRE --

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!



AND WHEN THEY PICKED THEMSELVES UP FROM THE GROUND --

JUMP TO IT, YOU RATS! GET ON YOUR HORSES -- YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH ME TO THE CIRCLE-B!



AS SOON AS THEY WERE MOUNTED --

GET RIDING -- AND IF YOU'VE ANY IDEAS ABOUT BOLTING -- DON'T!

W--WE W--WON'T, MISTER!



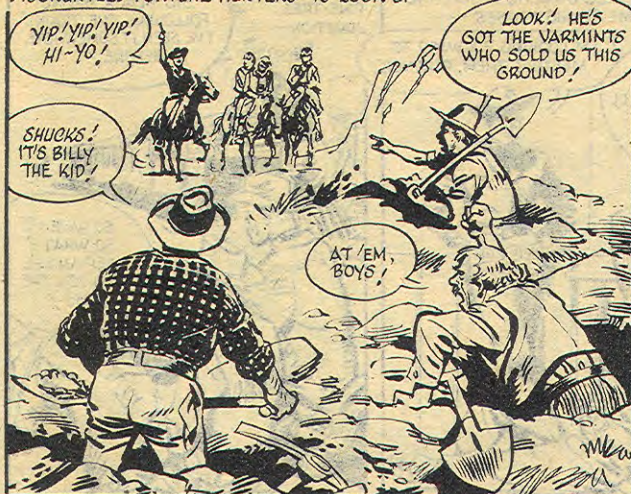
BACK AT THE CIRCLE-B, THE "PROSPECTING" CITIZENS OF GUNSIGHT WERE BEGINNING TO REALISE THAT THEY'D BEEN SWINDLED --

SHUCKS! I'VE DUG ALL DAY AND I AIN'T FOUND A BEAN! I'D SURE LIKE TO GET HOLD OF THE COYOTE WHO SOLD US THIS LAND!

ME TOO, PAL! I RECKON WE'VE BEEN HAD!



SUDDENLY THE FAMOUS CRY OF BILLY THE KID CAUSED THE DISGRUNTLED FORTUNE HUNTERS TO LOOK UP --



YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!

SHUCKS!
IT'S BILLY
THE KID!

LOOK! HE'S
GOT THE VARMINTS
WHO SOLD US THIS
GROUND!

AT 'EM,
BOYS!

BUT AS THE CITIZENS OF GUNSIGHT SURGED ROUND THE HORSEMEN --

WE WANT OUR
MONEY BACK!

DON'T WORRY, BOYS! YOU'LL GET YOUR
MONEY BACK AND A CHANCE TO GET AT
THESE RATS! BUT FIRST YOU'LL FILL
IN THOSE HOLES YOU'VE DUG!



LET US
GET AT 'EM,
BILLY!



RELUCTANTLY THE
MINERS DID AS
THEY WERE TOLD --

IT'LL BE A LESSON
TO YOU ALL NOT TO
BE SO GREEDY FOR
GOLD IN FUTURE!

WHEN THE GROUND WAS TIDIED
UP, BILLY THE KID HANDED
THEM BACK THEIR MONEY --

WHEN I'VE
PAID YOU OUT
LINE UP OVER
THERE!

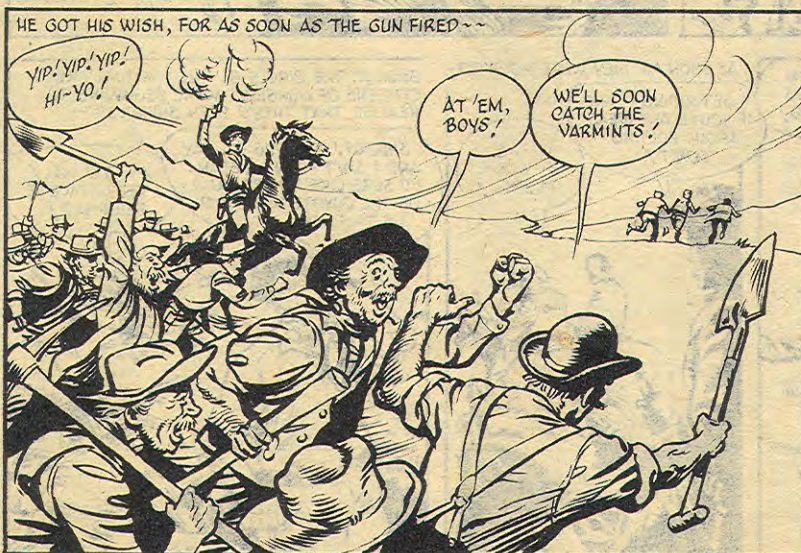
WHAT FOR,
MISTER?

WITH THE PUZZLED BUT HAPPY PROSPECTORS LINED UP,
BILLY TURNED TO SLICK SAM BUXTON AND HIS TWO RUFFIANS.



DISMOUNT, YOU RABBITS,
AND START RUNNING -- COS
WHEN I FIRE MY GUN THESE
HOUNDS WILL BE AFTER
YOU!

THE GOLD-SEEKING CITIZENS OF
GUNSIGHT HAD RUSHED ON TO THE
CIRCLE-B LAND AND BILLY THE KID
AIMED TO SEE THEM RUSH OFF
EVEN FASTER.



HE GOT HIS WISH, FOR AS SOON AS THE GUN FIRED --

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!

AT 'EM,
BOYS!

WE'LL SOON
CATCH THE
VARMINTS!

AS SOON AS THEY WERE OFF THE LAND, BILLY
THE KID TURNED TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD PEAK.

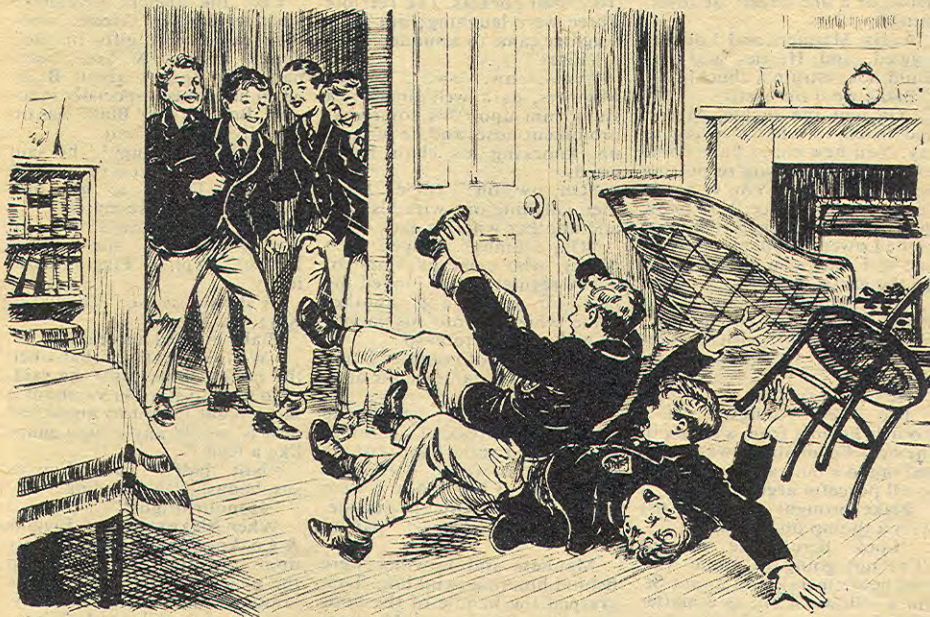
OUR JOB IS DONE,
SATAN OLD PAL! SLICK SAM
AND HIS BOYS WILL GET A
HIDING THEY'LL NEVER FORGET
WHEN THAT MOB CATCHES
UP WITH THEM!



BILLY KNEW THAT JUSTICE WOULD BE DONE
LONG BEFORE THE CROOKS REACHED GUNSIGHT.

LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER BREATH-TAKING ADVENTURE WITH THE LONE AVENGER NEXT WEEK!

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



The door suddenly flew inwards and Tom Merry and the chums went crashing to the floor in a heap.

NEW RIVALS

JACK BLAKE of St. Jim's brought his fist down upon the study table with a sudden, emphatic thump. It was rather a thoughtless thing to do, because Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy were hard at work at that table, their heads bent, and their pens scratching away at express speed. And the result, as might have been expected, was disastrous. The concussion made the table jump, and Herries and D'Arcy gave fiendish whoops as the ink spurted into their faces, and Digby's pen went zigzagging across an exercise intended for Mr. Latham's critical inspection on the morrow morning.

"What the—why the—!" howled Herries. "You dangerous lunatic, what the dickens are you up to?"

"You silly cuckoo!" wailed Dig. "Look what you've done to my exercise! What will old Latham say when I show him that?"

"You chump!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "You shouldn't be allowed to go around loose!"

Jack Blake looked at them serenely, apparently quite reckless of the damage he had done.

"I've got an idea!" he said.

"That's no reason why you should splash beastly ink all over my beastly face!" exclaimed Herries, jerking away Blake's handkerchief to wipe his face with.

"Oh, bother your face, said Jack Blake. "Shut up, and listen to your uncle."

The chief of Study No. 6 in the School House at St. Jim's was a very strong-minded person, and his dutiful followers obeyed and gave him their attention.

"Look here," said Blake seriously, "things have come, to a pretty rotten pass at St. Jim's, and I tell you that, for one, I'm not going to stand it any longer!"

"Hear, hear!" said Herries, wiping the ink from his face, and finding some small comfort in the reflection that he was spoiling Blake's handkerchief, and not his own.

"I say, I'm not going to stand it," said Blake. "Are you?"

"No, certainly not," said Herries. "I'm going to sit down."

"Don't you be funny, Herries. Nature made you funny enough. I say, I'm not going to stand it, and I should think you would all say the same."

"Right-ho!" said Dig. "Only what is it you're not going to stand? You haven't told us that yet. I'm willing to buck against anything you like, but I should like to know what it is first."

"I'm thinking of that new chap in the Shell."

"Tom Merry?"

"Yes."

"Well, what's the matter with him?" said Herries.

Blake frowned darkly.

"You know as well as I do!" he exclaimed. "The bouncer thinks he ought to be at the head of the School House juniors in the rows with the New House. He has the cheek to say that he can manage the business better than the old firm—that's Study

No. 6—because he's in the Shell! Forsooth!"

"For what?" asked Digby innocently.

"Forsooth!" said Blake. "That's old English for rubbish. This chap Merry is exactly four months and three days older than I am—"

"Did you work all that out in your head?"

"Shut up, and don't interrupt, Now, I suppose you agree with me that Study No. 6 is going to remain at the head of the School House juniors, and that Tom Merry and his lot have got to be kept in their places?"

"Rather!" said the three juniors, together—or, to be perfectly exact, Herries and Digby said "Rather," and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy said "Wather!" because for the life of him, he couldn't sound an "r" properly.

Blake had hit upon a sore point with the Fourth-Formers of the School House at St. Jim's.

The rivalry between the two houses at St. Jim's, which dated from the foundation of the New House, was as keen as ever, especially among the juniors.

The seniors of both houses affected to take no interest in the struggle for supremacy between the rival juniors, but, as a matter of fact, the rivalry was just as keen among the elders, though it was not quite so joyous.

Study No. 6 had always been at the head of the School House juniors in their many alarms and excursions against the New House, but now the high posi-

This week: THE TERRIBLE THREE IN TROUBLE!

tion of Blake and his chums was threatened.

Since Tom Merry had come to St. Jim's there had been rivalry inside the School House. It was perfectly good-natured and good-tempered, but very keen for all that, and the worst of it was that Tom Merry had shown a flair for leading, and Blake seriously found that his laurels were in danger. Hence a spell of hard thinking for the School House chief, which had brought him an idea, which had proved so disastrous to his chums.

"It's all very well," continued Blake, "for Tom Merry to say that we're all in the same boat against Figgins & Co.—that's all very well, but there's such a thing as a new-comer keeping his place, and obeying his elders—no, not exactly his elders—I mean his superiors. And that's just what Tom Merry doesn't do. He doesn't respect us!"

And Blake looked solemn as he made this announcement.

"Awful!" said Digby, with a shake of the head. "What shall we do to him—something with boiling oil in it?"

"Don't be an ass, if you can help it," said Blake. "As I said before, we've got to put these new-comers into their place. My idea is to go to them and put the thing plainly, in a straightforward, play-the-game sort of way, and if they won't listen to reason, why, then, we'll let Figgins & Co. slide for a bit, and give Tom Merry and his pals a taste of our quality, till they cry quits. How's that for a notion?"

"Wizzo!" said Herries thoughtfully. "Only—"

"Only what?" demanded Blake.

"Why, you've gone for Tom Merry before, and you can't deny that it wasn't—well, it wasn't exactly what you would call a howling success."

"No good raking up ancient history, that I can see," replied Blake. "If you're funky of going for the new chaps, say so, and have done with it."

"Oh, rats! You know I'm not!"

"Then get up on your hind legs, and follow your leader."

"We're going to see the bouncers now in their study?"

"Yes," said Blake. "No time like the present, and I know they're there. Do you know what those three chaps, Lowther, Manners, and Merry have been called? The Terrible Three! We'll Terrible-Three them if

(Continued on next page)

they don't mind their p's and q's!"

And Blake, with an extremely determined look upon his face, marched along the passage, into the new wing of the School House, where the studies of the boys of the Shell Form who boarded in the house were situated.

Arrived at Tom Merry's door, Blake gave a sounding thump.

"Come in!" called out a merry voice; and Blake threw open the door, and marched in. Herries was by his side, still somewhat inky, and Digby and D'Arcy brought up the rear.

Three youngsters were seated in the study.

Tom Merry rose to his feet as the juniors entered, and surveyed them with a smile upon his cheerful, sunny face. Manners and Monty Lowther retained their seats, but Manners slid his hand slyly towards a ruler, and Monty Lowther carelessly dropped his upon a heavy volume.

The Terrible Three were ready for war.

Blake marched up to the table and rapped upon it with his knuckles.

"Shut the door, kids. Now, Master Tom Awfully Cleyer Merry, I want a few words!"

"Right-ho!" said Tom Merry cheerfully, and he pushed a dictionary across the table.

"There you are, Blake!"

Blake looked at the book with a puzzled expression.

"What are you getting at?" he demanded.

"You said you wanted a few words. Well, there's lots in that, and you can take your choice."

Lowther and Manners giggled, and a chuckle came from behind Blake. He cast a severe glance over his shoulder, and Study No. 6 became grave

again.

"Look here, Merry——" began Blake wrathfully.

"No, no, now do be reasonable, Blake. If you want me to do that, you should wear a mask, or a fire-screen, or something——"

Again Manners and Lowther giggled, and Herries and Dig could not restrain a chuckle.

Blake went on hastily.

"Oh, cut the cackle, Merry, and listen to what I've got to say. You new chaps have come to St. Jim's and you're putting on too many airs. You've got to be taught your place. You know that Study No. 6 is at the head of the Lower School on this side, and so I warn you plainly, keep off the grass."

"I don't think you look at it in exactly the right light, Blake," said Tom Merry, with a sweet smile. "You see, you youngsters——"

He got no further.

The word youngster to a Fourth-Former from a fellow in the next Form above was like a red rag to a bull, and put an end to all peaceful argument.

Blake brought down his fist with a thump on the table.

"Look here!" he bawled. "I'm not going to argue with you newcomers! You aren't St. Jim's fellows at all, as a matter of fact, and we don't own you! Are you going to follow your proper leaders, or are you not?" "My dear, excitable little fellow——"

Blake wriggled with rage. He was quite as big as Tom Merry, and his wrath was overflowing.

"Nuff said!" he exclaimed.

"It's war, then, and we'll teach you bouncers a lesson you won't forget for a donkey's age! Look out for trouble!"

"If you'll allow me——"

"Oh, blow, pah, pooh!"

Blake turned and marched to the door with his faithful followers at his heels. In the doorway they halted and turned and, at a sign from Blake, Study No. 6 produced pea-shooters from their pockets. The Terrible Three were laughing; but their laughter came to a sudden stop.

"Fire!"

"Yow, ow, ow!" howled Manners, as a well-aimed pea stung him upon his somewhat prominent nose, and he jumped up, knocking his chair backwards.

"Oh, ow, oh!" yelled Lowther, catching one with his chin and another with his ear.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Tom Merry, who came off worst of all. A regular volley pinked his face all over, and another came whizzing into his mouth as he opened it to gasp.

With a yell of laughter Blake and his chums slammed the door after them.

Tom Merry was across the study like a streak of lightning. He snatched at the handle of the door, but it would not open; the chums of Study No. 6 were holding it tight from the outside.

"Lend a hand here!" panted Tom.

Manners and Lowther were behind him in a twinkling. Tom grasped the handle of the door with both hands, and Manners caught him round the waist, and Lowther grasped Manners by the shoulders. Then all three tugged hard.

It was a terrible strain, but it was hardly needed. For Blake suddenly let the door go on the outside, and it flew open like lightning. The sudden yielding of the door brought disaster to the Terrible Three. They staggered back blindly as the door flew open, and Lowther fell backwards, Manners sprawled across him, and Tom Merry sat on top of Manners.

"Oh, oh, oh!" gasped the unfortunate Lowther, crushed like a pancake at the bottom of the heap.

"Get off my neck!" roared Manners.

"Gosh!" gasped Tom Merry.

Blake looked into the study with a grin.

"Hallo! Why don't you sort yourselves out?" he asked, and then he slammed the door again, and was gone before any of the trio could think of pursuit.

The famous four gathered again in Study No. 6.

"I think we've had rather the best of the first round," said Blake, with a satisfied grin, "and I've got an idea in my head that will make the three of them look sick, and no mistake. Listen, and I will a tale unfold."

And the four chums listened, and many a chuckle accompanied the unfolding of Blake's plan.

A STOLEN FEED

FIGGINS and his two chums Kerr and Fatty Wynn were coming in from football practice when Blake strolled out of the School House and encountered

them.

The New House juniors looked very suspiciously at Blake as he came up with a sweet and amiable smile upon his face.

Like the ancient gentleman who feared the Greeks when they came with gifts in their hands, Figgins & Co. always had their doubts about Blake when he looked especially innocent. But this time Blake was on friendly greeting bent.

"Hallo, old Figgy!" he said genially. "I see you've been at practice. Trying to get into form for the house match?"

"Oh, we're always in form enough to lick the School House!" replied Figgins carelessly.

"I should say so," chimed in Kerr and Wynn.

Blake nodded agreeably.

"Well, we shall see that when the match comes off," he said. "No need to start a row about it now. What I want to know just now is, would any of you chaps like a feed?"

"Not half!" said Figgins suspiciously. "No fooling?"

"Honour bright!"

When Blake said that, Figgins & Co. knew that they could rely upon him, and they beamed on the chief of the School House juniors in the most cordial way.

"Right-ho!" said Figgy. "Where is it? In the School House?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Just wait a jiffy while we change, and we'll hop up to Study No. 6, and——"

"Half a mo! It's not in Study No. 6, but in one of the new studies in the new wing—Study No. 10."

Figgins looked suspicious again.

"That's Tom Merry's study, isn't it?"

"Yes. He's standing the feed."

"And he sent you to ask us?"

"Not exactly. He doesn't know you're coming, and he doesn't know I'm coming. The fact is, Merry and his pals have been laying in a heap of good things for a feed to the Shell, and we're going to scoff it," said Blake frankly. "We're on the warpath against Merry and his lot, and as there's a heap of grub, more than four could wolf in a dog's age, we thought we'd take you three into the joke."

"Ha, ha, ha!" giggled Figgins. "Whacko! You can count on us!"

"The Terrible Three are going into the gym, for their rotten practice with the Shell," explained Blake. "We're going to get into their study while they're gone, and barricade it. They won't dare to tackle the door, because there's a master's room just across the passage, and if they made a row they would have Herr Schneider the German master on their track. We can sit in there and eat their grub and laugh at 'em."

"Ha, ha, ha! We're in on this!"

"Then come into the School House in ten minutes," said

S.C.S.C. THE SUN CAR SPOTTERS CLUB



GET your Albums out, Spotters? O.K., then off we go with another great week—a thousand numbers waiting to be claimed, and if yours is among them you can write up for one of our super presents.

All those between 1,500 and 2,000 inclusive, and between 16,000 and 16,500 inclusive, may claim any one of the following presents: Pocket-knife, Purse, Binoculars, Box of Wire Puzzles, Box of Paints, Big Jig-saw, "Tenni-gun," or Fountain-pen.

If your number's there, this is what to do. Write your choice of present in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use," making sure at the same time that your full name and address 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 2d. stamped envelope to,
SUN C.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

so that it arrives by Tuesday, December 2nd. Presents are despatched about a week after the closing date, and Albums returned at the same time.

A pat on the back to the following Spotters, who each receive a powerful Water-pistol as winners of our Sports Puzzle in the September 13th number of SUN.

Margaret Bodington, Brookland; Rodney Cairns, Lurgan; Roy Fidge, Folkestone; Alan Grundy, Liskeard; R. H. Galloway, Whitby; Dorothy Jones, Walsall; Margaret Lilley, Wye; William Richardson, Salford 7; Brian Taylor, Pelsall; Janet Willard, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

The correct answers were,
Cardiff, Dover, Liverpool, London, Southampton.

Blake, looking at his wrist watch. "We'll be all ready then."
"Right-ho!"

Figgins & Co. went into the New House, to change out of their footer togs, in high good-humour. Tom Merry, on first coming to St. Jim's, had had a brief stay in the New House, and had had his little rubs with Figgins & Co. The joke that was to be played on Study No. 10 was just in Figg's line.

Blake strolled into the School House again. There was a beaming smile upon his face. He rejoined his chums in the hall, and the four of them were lounging there when Tom Merry and his friends, came downstairs. Blake grinned at Tom in a genial way, but though the Terrible Three looked wrathful, they walked straight on without taking any other notice of the Fourth-Formers.

"There they go," muttered Blake; "off to their silly gym practice! They'll be surprised to see the change in their quarters when they come back."

A little later Figgins & Co. arrived.

"Come on!" grinned Blake. "This way to the banquet."

And he led the way up the stairs and along the passage into the new wing of the School House, and they stopped at Study No. 10.

Blake tried the door.

"Hallo!" said Figgins. "It's locked!"

"Yes. Rotten suspicious lot!" said Blake. "But a locked door won't stop us long, I think."

He took out his pocket-knife. It was a combination knife, containing all kinds of weird instruments, and Blake was not long in picking that lock. The door was thrown open, and Blake stepped in.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a polite bow, "welcome to the feast. Enter!"

They entered, and Blake closed the door. He had damaged the lock too much for it to fasten again, but he tilted back a chair, and put it under the handle, jamming it tight, fastening the door against any attempt from without.

"There!" he said, with a look of satisfaction. "I think that will keep out Messrs. Merry and Company. What do you think?"

"I should say so," agreed Figgins. "They won't be able to shift that without busting the door."

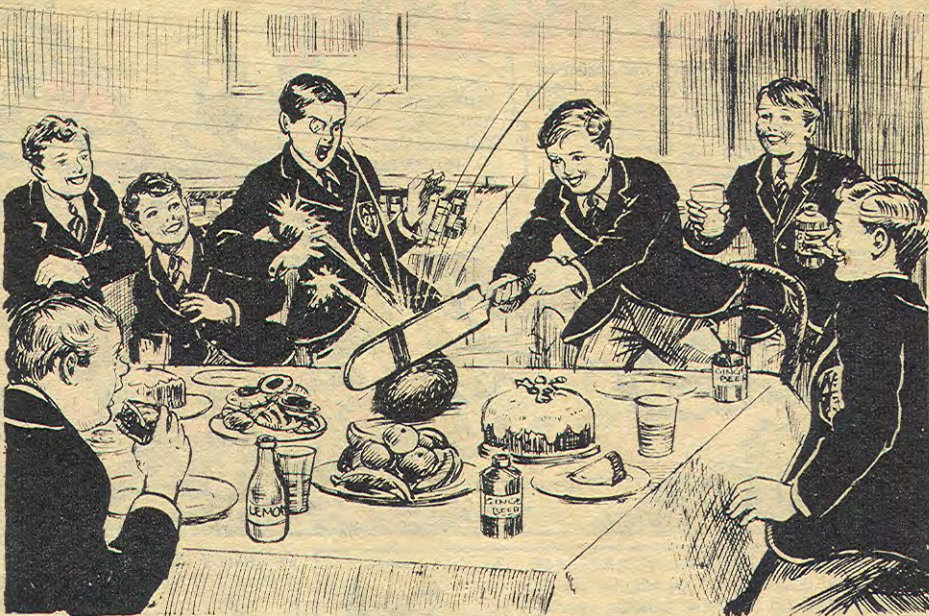
"But where's the grub?" asked Fatty Wynn, looking anxiously round the study.

"That's just like you," said Figgins; "always thinking of the grub."

"Well, we've come here to feed, haven't we?" demanded Fatty Wynn. "If this is a sell, and these School House rotters haven't got any grub—"

"Peace, my children," said Blake soothingly. "The grub is here right enough. I know that for a fact, and we've only got to find it."

"And the sooner the quicker!" exclaimed Herries. "Make a



Figgins brought the cricket bat smashing down on the coconut as the fluid from within shot out all over D'Arcy's new blazer.

start!"

"Hallo! Here's a locker locked," said Fatty Wynn.

"And here's a poker that will jolly soon open it," said Blake.

He suited the action to the word. The locker burst open under a mighty smite, and an old newspaper was revealed, which screened from view—only for a second—the collection of good things with which the Terrible Three had intended to regale their friends of the Shell.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Figgins. "Here's a feast! Hand 'em out! Steak-pies, by George, and done to a turn!"

"How do you like 'em done?" grinned Blake.

"Ha, ha! Lemonade and ginger-pop! Cake—my hat!—and biscuits! Oranges and apples and nuts! I suppose Tom Merry's maiden aunt has been sending him a hamper."

The good things were hauled out and spread in enticing array on the study table, the Terrible Three's books and papers being deposited in the grate to make room. Fatty Wynn already had his teeth in a pie. Figgins discovered a coconut, and he opened it by the simple method of bringing down a cricket-bat on it, on the table, with a terrific smash.

"Oh, you clumsy bwute!" waited D'Arcy, as the fluid from within splashed over his smart new blazer. "Oh, my blazer you silly chump!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Never mind your blazer, Gussy," said Blake; "you've dozens more. You'd hardly believe from this chap's looks, would you, kids, that his father was a dealer in blazers?"

"It isn't true!" exclaimed D'Arcy indignantly. "Blake, you will twy my patience too far,

and I must say that—"

"Rats to you!" said Blake.

"Wire in—"

"I pwotest that—"

"Don't interrupt the feast! Dry up, D'Arcy—dry up, my boy!"

And D'Arcy dried up, though his blazer did not. The seven juniors set to work to travel through the feast, and they made pretty good headway. Figgins beamed round the table.

"Well," he said, "I don't think much of you School House chaps as a rule—"

"Well, that's jolly polite to start with," said Blake, with a bow.

"Let me finish, can't you? You aren't much to brag of as a rule, but I will say that this is a jolly good feast, and does you credit. I'm doing myself jolly well, and here's to you, Blake, old chap!"

"Same to you, and many of 'em!" said Blake.

And the two deadly rivals pledged each other in ginger-pop.

Thump! thump!

"Hallo! Who's there?" said Blake.

A fierce voice came hissing through the keyhole.

"What are you doing in our study, you beasts?"

"Feasting," replied Blake cheerfully.

"They're wolfing our grub!" exclaimed a horrified voice in the passage. "The beasts! Blake, you vulture, come out of that study!"

"Are you in a hurry, Merry?"

"Yes, I am!"

"I'm sorry for that, because I'm not finished yet, and don't expect to be for some time."

"You howling rotter, when we get at you—"

"Oh, go away and play!"

Thump! thump! thump! The sound of an angry voice with a German accent followed the thumping.

"Vat is all tat noise after? Go away mit yourselves before I come mit a cane, ain't it!"

It was the voice of Herr Schneider, the new German master at St. Jim's.

There was a sound of retreating footsteps in the passage. The Terrible Three were gone! Jack Blake chuckled gleefully.

"I think we score this time," he remarked complacently. "Wire in, my pippins, and don't spare the grub. It isn't ours, so there's no need to leave any of it. Wire in!"

And the juniors wired in with a good will.

But already Tom Merry was planning to strike back, and fireworks were due to explode in the quiet corridors of St. Jim's.

More chuckles and surprises in this grand story next week!

KNOCKOUT FUN BOOK 1953

MY BEST HAT!

The Knockout Fun Book is a grand feast of fun and adventure. Get the best of all Annuals! Obtainable at all bookstalls—7/6.

LORD of SHERWOOD

IN THE SPRING OF 1199, RICHARD THE LIONHEART, KING OF ENGLAND, WAS BESIEGING THE FRENCH CASTLE OF CHALUZ. A REBELLIOUS BARON HAD LOOKED HIMSELF UP IN THE CASTLE AND DEFIED ALL RICHARD'S ATTEMPTS TO CAPTURE IT. UPON A CERTAIN FATEFUL DAY RICHARD RODE OUT TO ENCOURAGE HIS MEN. WITH HIM WAS HIS MOST TRUSTED FRIEND, ROBIN, EARL OF LOCKSLEY - BETTER KNOWN AS ROBIN HOOD.

BUT, SIRE, TO VENTURE OUT WITHOUT YOUR COAT OF MAIL IS RASHNESS ITSELF. ON THE RAMPARTS OF YONDER CASTLE STAND VIGILANT ARCHERS.

A FIG FOR YOUR FEARS, ROBIN. BESIDES, I'M TOO OLD A HAND AT FIGHTING TO TAKE NEEDLESS RISKS!



ONLY A SHERWOOD FORESTER WITH A BOW OF ENGLISH YEW COULD SHOOT AN ARROW THIS FAR. WE'RE WELL OUT OF THEIR RANGE.



ALL THE SAME, YOUR MAJESTY, OF LATE I HAVE HAD A STRANGE FOREBODING OF TRAGEDY!

ON CHALUZ CASTLE STOOD A BODY OF ARCHERS. THEY HAD SEEN THE LITTLE PARTY OF ENGLISHMEN.



DO YOU SEE THAT BIG HORSEMAN BEARING THREE LEOPARDS ON HIS SURCOAT? THAT IS RICHARD OF ENGLAND. A CRAFTY DOG, THAT ONE. DO YOU SEE HOW HE KEEPS OUT OF OUR RANGE?

AS THE BOWMAN SPOKE, A YOUNG MAN WITH A NARROW CRUEL FACE PUSHED HIS WAY FORWARD --

RICHARD OF ENGLAND, SAY YOU? WHEN WE FOUGHT HIM AT ROUEN HE KILLED MY FATHER AND MY TWO BROTHERS WITH HIS OWN HAND. YOU FOOLS MAY NOT BE ABLE TO BRING HIM DOWN WITH YOUR PUNY LONGBOWS -- BUT I CAN --



-- WITH THIS!



WHAT IS THIS STRANGE WEAPON? IT IS NEW TO ME!

IT IS CALLED A CROSS-BOW. IT SHOOTS A SMALL ARROW CALLED A BOLT -- AND IT SHOOTS IT FARTHER THAN A LONGBOW CAN SEND AN ORDINARY ARROW. 'TIS A DEADLY DEVICE IN THE RIGHT HANDS.





Now that the wicked Prince John is king his vengeance is swift, and Robin and Ivanhoe are in deadly peril. Be sure not to miss any of this fine story!

The KING'S MUSKETEERS

KING LOUIS XIII OF FRANCE SENT A MESSENGER TO CAPTAIN D'ARTAGNAN OF THE MUSKETEERS SUMMONING HIM TO THE PALACE.

AH, MY FAITHFUL D'ARTAGNAN. I MUST SPEAK TO YOU AT ONCE. COME WITH ME!

AT YOUR SERVICE, YOUR MAJESTY!



I HAVE HEARD A STRONG RUMOUR THAT THE PRINCE OF GASCONY IS UP TO HIS OLD TRICKS. I WANT YOU TO TAKE YOUR MUSKETEERS AND LOOK INTO THE MATTER!

DO YOU MEAN I AM TO TAKE MY WHOLE REGIMENT TO GASCONY, SIRE?



THAT IS JUST WHAT I DO MEAN, CAPTAIN. AND BE PREPARED FOR ANYTHING. THIS MAY PROVE MORE DANGEROUS THAN YOU THINK.

MY SWORD AND LIFE ARE AT YOUR COMMAND, YOUR MAJESTY!



AND SOON THE KING'S MUSKETEERS, THOSE WONDERFUL FIGHTING SOLDIERS OF FRANCE, WERE RIDING THROUGH THE GATES OF PARIS, LED BY D'ARTAGNAN, AND AT HIS SIDE WERE HIS FRIENDS, ATHOS, PORTHOS AND ARAMIS.

THOSE ARE THE KING'S ORDERS, MY FRIENDS, AND THAT IS WHY WE RIDE TO GASCONY.

PAH! I AM DRAGGED AWAY FROM A THREE-POUND BEEF STEAK AND A CASK OF WINE TO RIDE ALL THE WAY TO GASCONY BECAUSE OF A RUMOUR. WHAT NEXT?



DO YOU THINK THERE'S ANY CHANCE OF FIGHTING? THAT AT LEAST WOULD HELP TO MAKE UP FOR THE MEAL I'VE MISSED!

WHAT AN OLD WAR-HORSE YOU ARE, PORTHOS. FIGHTING AND EATING-- THAT'S ALL YOU THINK ABOUT!



UNKNOWN TO THE MUSKETEERS, GRIM TROUBLE LAY AHEAD. THAT NIGHT, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, THE ARMIES OF SPAIN WERE MOVING UP TOWARDS THE FRENCH FRONTIER.

HURRY! KEEP THOSE GUNS ROLLING!
WE MUST BE AT FORT NAVARRE
BY MORNING!



AND IN FRANCE AS DAWN BROKE THE TRAITOROUS PRINCE OF GASCONY STRUCK HIS TREACHEROUS BLOW AT THE FRENCH FORT OF NAVARRE -- FROM BEHIND.

THERE IS THE FORT THAT
GUARDS THE APPROACH FROM
SPAIN INTO FRANCE. FORWARD,
MEN! WE'LL TAKE THE
GARRISON BY
SURPRISE!



TO THE ATTACK!
FOLLOW ME, MEN!
DOWN WITH
LOUIS OF
FRANCE!

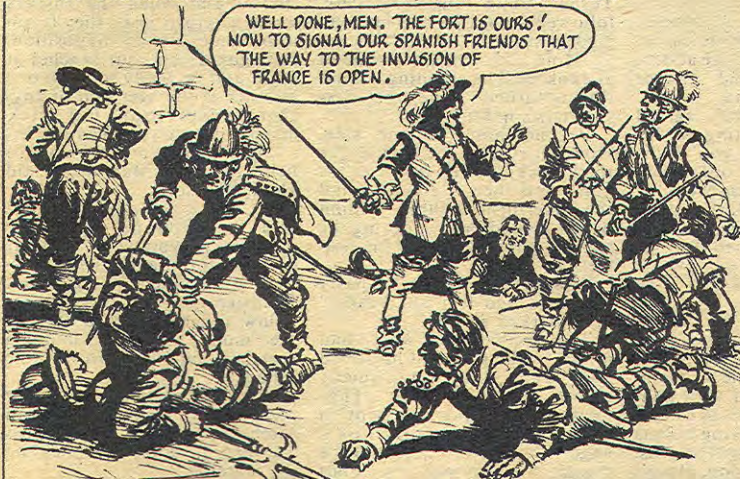


HEY!
LOOK!
WHO'S
THIS!

THAT'S THE
PRINCE OF GASCONY!
I'D KNOW THE RAT
ANYWHERE! CALL
OUR MEN TO ARMS!
WE ARE BEING
ATTACKED!

REMEMBER
YOUR ORDERS,
MEN! THIS FORT
MUST BE IN OUR
HANDS BY THE TIME
OUR SPANISH
ALLIES ARRIVE.

TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE THE FORT DEFENDERS FOUGHT DESPERATELY AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS. AT LAST THEY WERE ALL DEFEATED.



WELL DONE, MEN. THE FORT IS OURS!
NOW TO SIGNAL OUR SPANISH FRIENDS THAT
THE WAY TO THE INVASION OF
FRANCE IS OPEN.

AND LEAPING TO THE
FLAGSTAFF, THE
PRINCE OF GASCONY
GAVE ORDERS FOR
THE PROUD LILY
BANNER OF FRANCE
TO BE HAULED
DOWN.

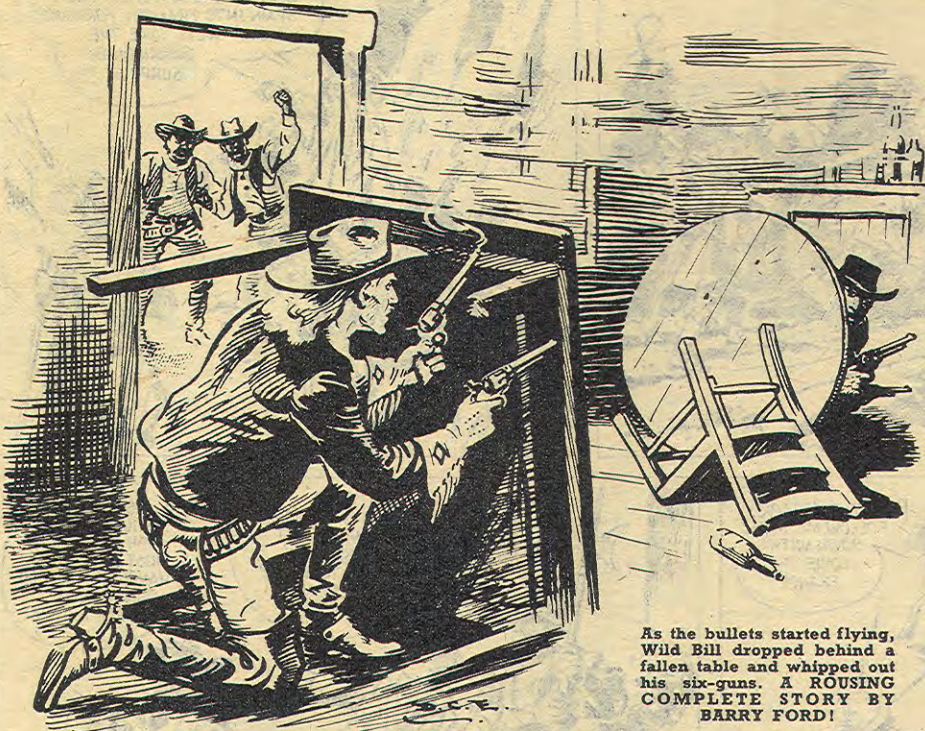


SO FALLS
LOUIS THE
UNLUCKY
THIRTEENTH --
BY MY HAND!

Meanwhile, d'Artagnan and the Musketeers ride on southward, little knowing that the blow has already fallen. They are heading into deadly danger. Be sure to read the next grand instalment next week!

WILD BILL HICKOK

and the RIVAL RANCHERS



As the bullets started flying, Wild Bill dropped behind a fallen table and whipped out his six-guns. A ROUSING COMPLETE STORY BY BARRY FORD!

RUSTLERS!

WILD BILL HICKOK, the famous frontier marshal of the lightning gun, sat by himself in a corner of a saloon hungrily eating a thick juicy steak. He had almost finished it when a sudden violent argument broke out at a nearby table. Hickok looked up quickly and saw four neatly-dressed men, whose faces were flushed with anger. By their appearance the marshal judged them to be ranchers, and their heated conversation soon proved that he was right.

"I tell you this cattle stealing has got to stop," shouted one middle-aged man by the name of Ross Turner, as he vigorously thumped the table with his fist. "I'm losing steers right, left and centre."

"Three of my stables were burnt out last night and six of my thoroughbred horses were stolen," growled Henry Watson.

"None of the other ranchers in this part of Texas lose the amount of cattle that we do," roared Ned Johnson. "It looks as though someone has it in for us."

"I'm beginning to wonder whether it isn't one of you fellers," snapped Mark Hollister, a thick-set, bull-necked man. "You're the only ones who knew I had some Hereford cattle amongst my Texas Longhorns, and two nights ago every single Hereford was stolen!"

And he glared angrily at his companions.

"How dare you accuse us, Mark!" bellowed Turner. "Why, I ought to— and jumping up he stood over Hollister, his arms up, fists clenched.

"If you're going to make false accusations like that, Mark, you'll find yourself in a heap of trouble," warned Watson.

"I've got my reasons for saying what I did," rasped Mark, jumping up and pushing Turner back in his seat. "And I don't hear Ned Johnson making any protest—maybe he agrees with me."

"Don't be a fool, Hollister," snapped Johnson sharply. "Come to think of it," he added, "we three have had greater losses than you've had."

"Yea, that's right," agreed Turner angrily, getting to his feet again. "Maybe you're the one who's taking our stock from under our noses, Mark!"

At those words Mark Hollister's bull-neck flamed scarlet again and he reached for his gun.

"No man insults me," he yelled.

That was all the other ranchers needed! Out came their six-shooters, over went tables and chairs, and the next second the saloon was filled with gunshots. Bottles and glasses caught in the range of the flying bullets were smashed to smithereens. Other men in the saloon, always eager for a fight, happily joined

in the shooting, not caring a scrap on whose side they fought.

The marshal laid down his knife and fork and eased his long body out of his chair.

"We can't have this!" he murmured as he slipped his silver- and ivory-butted Colts out of their greased cutaway holsters and dodging down behind an overturned table he went into action.

Mark Hollister was the first to have his guns blown out of his hands as the marshal's Colts spurted flame. Then Ross Turner found himself gunless, followed a split second later by Ned Johnson.

"Hold it, men," ordered Hickok briskly, standing behind the upturned table, his six-shooters smoking.

Beyond him, to one side, Hollister rubbed the back of his thick neck, looked down at his guns, and then, walking round the overturned table behind which he had been shooting, he slid his guns back into his holsters.

"Reckon we were a bit hasty tempered and lost our heads," he remarked aloud.

The onlookers who had joined in the scrap all holstered their guns and went quietly about their business. They figured there was no point in arousing Marshal Hickok's anger—he was too quick on the trigger, and anyway, it was not their fight in the first place. Let

the ranchers fight it out amongst themselves!

"All right," said Hickok quietly. "Set this table upright and sit yourselves down. Let's get to the bottom of your trouble and settle it without guns. Guess you all know who I am. You were all yelling so loudly just now I gathered that you're ranchers and you've been losing cattle."

"We sure have, Marshal," said Ross Turner. "For some months now someone has been plaguing the life out of us and taking our stock."

"Well, gentlemen," said Wild Bill mildly, "you'll never solve your problem by shouting wild accusations at each other and firing off your guns. Someone's bound to get hurt that way. You want to band all your cowboys together and try to capture the rustlers."

"What rustlers?" snarled Mark Hollister. "You mean these three men here, don't you?"

"Why, you—" yelled Turner, reaching over and grabbing Hollister by his thick throat.

"Gentlemen!" barked Hickok sharply. "Control yourselves! One more move like that, Turner, and you you'll find yourself in the jailhouse. And that goes for you too, Hollister. Stop accusing these men, do you hear?"

"Yeah," murmured Mark sullenly. For several moments he watched Hickok covertly out of the corners of his eyes.

"Sorry, Marshal," apologised Turner, flushing a deep red. "But remarks like that make me lose my temper awful fast!"

"All right," returned Wild Bill. "Now, it's obvious you need some help in rounding up these rustlers, whoever they are. I'll scout round the territory to see if I can find out anything. In the meantime you four get together and pool your men so that if and when the rustlers make a return visit, they'll run into some strong opposition. Post guards on your ranches at night and be ready to warn one another at the first sign of anything suspicious. I'll stick around in case you need me."

"It's mighty nice of you to help us out, Marshal," said Henry Watson.

"It sure is, we appreciate it," said Ned Johnson.

"I reckon you won't have far to look for the rustlers, Marshal," mumbled burly Mark Hollister, glaring at his three fellow ranchers. "And I don't see much sense in banding together, but I'll fall in with the others."

"It will be a happy day for me—for all of us, if we can catch the rustlers," said Ross Turner. "Thanks for helping us, Marshal."

The next morning Wild Bill

Hickok rode out of town and had a look round the outlying territory. He passed the Bar Eighty-Eight Ranch belonging to Mark Hollister, skirted round Ross Turner's Running O spread, and was headed for Ned Johnson's Circle A Bar, when he suddenly came across some cattle herded together in a small compound in the centre of a belt of cottonwood trees.

To the marshal's surprise, several armed cowboys guarded the steers. Keeping well out of sight, Wild Bill took out his field glasses and focused them on some of the cattle. The powerful lens picked out the Flying U—Henry Watson's brand.

And then Hickok's attention was drawn to several cowpunchers grouped round a steer. The animal was on the ground, held down by two men. The third man held a branding iron.

The marshal watched while the red-hot branding iron seared the steer's flank. The beast let out a bawl of pain as the iron touched its flesh, and immediately the two cowboys released it, it scrambled to its legs and raced off.

A grim smile touched the corners of the marshal's mouth as he kept his field glasses trained on the running steer. He saw that it was not the first time the animal had been branded. The original brand, Flying U, had been blotted out, and over it had been stamped a new brand—the Seven Up. On closer observation Wild Bill noticed that almost half the cattle had had their brand changed.

Slipping his binoculars back in their case, he turned Gypsy, his sorrel mare, round and headed back to town, for the odds were too great for him to tackle single-handed all the cowboys. And in any case, it was the leader of the rustlers that he wanted to catch.

"What I want to know," he mused, his handsome face thoughtfully set, "is who carries a Seven Up brand. For the owner of that brand is undoubtedly the man I want."

THE MYSTERY OF THE STRANGE BRAND

ON reaching town the marshal went straight to the sheriff's office and asked him who owned the Seven Up ranch.

"The Seven Up?" repeated the sheriff. "Why, there's no such ranch in this part of the country."

"You sure about that, Sheriff?" asked Wild Bill.

"Sure I'm sure, Marshal. Here's a list of ranches in Southern Texas. There isn't a Seven Up amongst 'em. Take a look for yourself," and the sheriff handed Hickok a folder containing the names of the ranch owners and their ranches in that territory.

"That's queer," murmured the marshal, stroking his neat

little chin beard. "Well, thanks, Sheriff."

Wild Bill walked out of the sheriff's office wearing a puzzled frown. Then he rapidly crossed the street and entered the telegraph office.

The following day the marshal received a reply to his telegram. As it contained the information he wanted, he called the four ranchers together.

"Gentlemen," he said as soon as the men had seated themselves in the back room of the saloon, "I have news for you. Yesterday I ran across a bunch of armed cowhands guarding some steers. They carried the brand—Flying U."

"Why, that's my brand!" exclaimed Henry Watson in surprise. "But weren't the steers on my ranch?"

"No, Watson, they weren't. But let me finish. I should have said the original brand was the Flying U, but the cowboys were blotting that out and re-branding the steers—Seven Up."

"Well, I'll be darned!" exploded Watson. "My cattle being re-branded! But hold on, Marshal, there's no Seven Up in this part of Texas!"

"That's right, there isn't," shouted Turner and Johnson in the same breath.

"So I understand," replied the marshal quietly. "But there does happen to be a Seven Up ranch in Arizona. I wired my headquarters yesterday and asked them to check up on whether there was such a ranch anywhere in the country. There is one, near Apache Pass, Arizona."

There was a tense silence in the room as Hickok paused.

"And who, gentlemen," he continued, "do you think owns the Seven Up?"

A murmur went round the group and then suddenly Mark Hollister, white-faced, jumped up. His hand flew to his hips, but before he could jerk his gun out of his holster the marshal shot out his fist and knocked the rancher to the ground with a powerful blow. Bending over the fallen man, Wild Bill swiftly removed his guns.

"This gentleman," he said, straightening up, "is the owner of the Seven Up—the rustler responsible for stealing your cattle and horses!"

A surprised gasp came from the other three ranchers as they gazed down at Hollister.

"You've got no proof," snarled Mark, gingerly feeling his rapidly swelling jaw.

"Reckon you've just given yourself away, Mark, by going for your gun," said Turner quickly. "Only a guilty man would have done that."

"I think if we ride out to the Bar Eighty-Eight we'll have all the proof we need," said Wild Bill. "How about it, gentlemen?"

"I'm all for it," agreed Turner.

"Let's not waste any time," said Watson.

"We'll round up all our cowboys right away," suggested Johnson.

And leaving Hollister to cool his heels—and temper—in the town jailhouse, the ranchers and their cowboys headed for Hollister's ranch, the Bar Eighty-Eight, led by Wild Bill.

"What I don't understand," said Turner, riding beside the marshal, "is why Hollister made out he was one of us. Quite frankly, we've never liked him, but he joined forces with us over this rustling business and we've had to put up with him."

"Hollister's smart," explained Hickok. "He's been using his ranch as a cover, knowing full well that you other ranchers would never suspect him. He's even faked stealing his own cattle to make out he has suffered losses the same as the rest of you. No one would have thought his cowboys were rustlers. On checking up, I find they're always quiet and peaceful, never rowdy or causing any suspicion to be thrown on them. Yes, sir, Hollister's clever all right."

An hour later the marshal pulled up.

"There's the Bar Eighty-Eight," he said, turning to face the men. "Unless I miss my guess, there'll be plenty of shooting when Hollister's cowhands see us coming. I want as many live prisoners as possible, men, so shoot to disarm, not to kill. O.K., let's go."

Coming out of the bunkhouse the foreman of Bar Eighty-Eight suddenly spotted the band of horsemen galloping towards the ranch-house. Hurdled he gave a warning yell and rushed back into the bunkhouse for his cartridge belt. The peaceful-looking ranch suddenly sprang into life as the men flew for their guns and gun belts.

"Don't shoot till I give the order," cautioned the Bar Eighty-Eight foreman. "Maybe we're only wanted to join in the hunt for the rustlers," he laughed harshly. "If not, then we'll give 'em the works!"

He strode insolently towards the riders who had pulled up a few yards from the house.

"Forming a posse to search for the rustlers?" he asked slyly.

"We've found the rustlers," replied Hickok briskly. "They're right here! Your boss is in jail in town. Are you and your men going to come quietly or do we have to take you by force?"

In reply the foreman stepped back and reached for his guns. "Let 'em have it, boys," he yelled and squeezed his triggers.

The next moment bedlam broke out at the Bar Eighty-Eight Ranch. Bullets whined through the air as both parties hurled lead at each other. Horses reared and neighed in fright as the ranchers and their cowboys circled round and

(Continued on page 16)



Watch out!

AFRICAN ADVENTURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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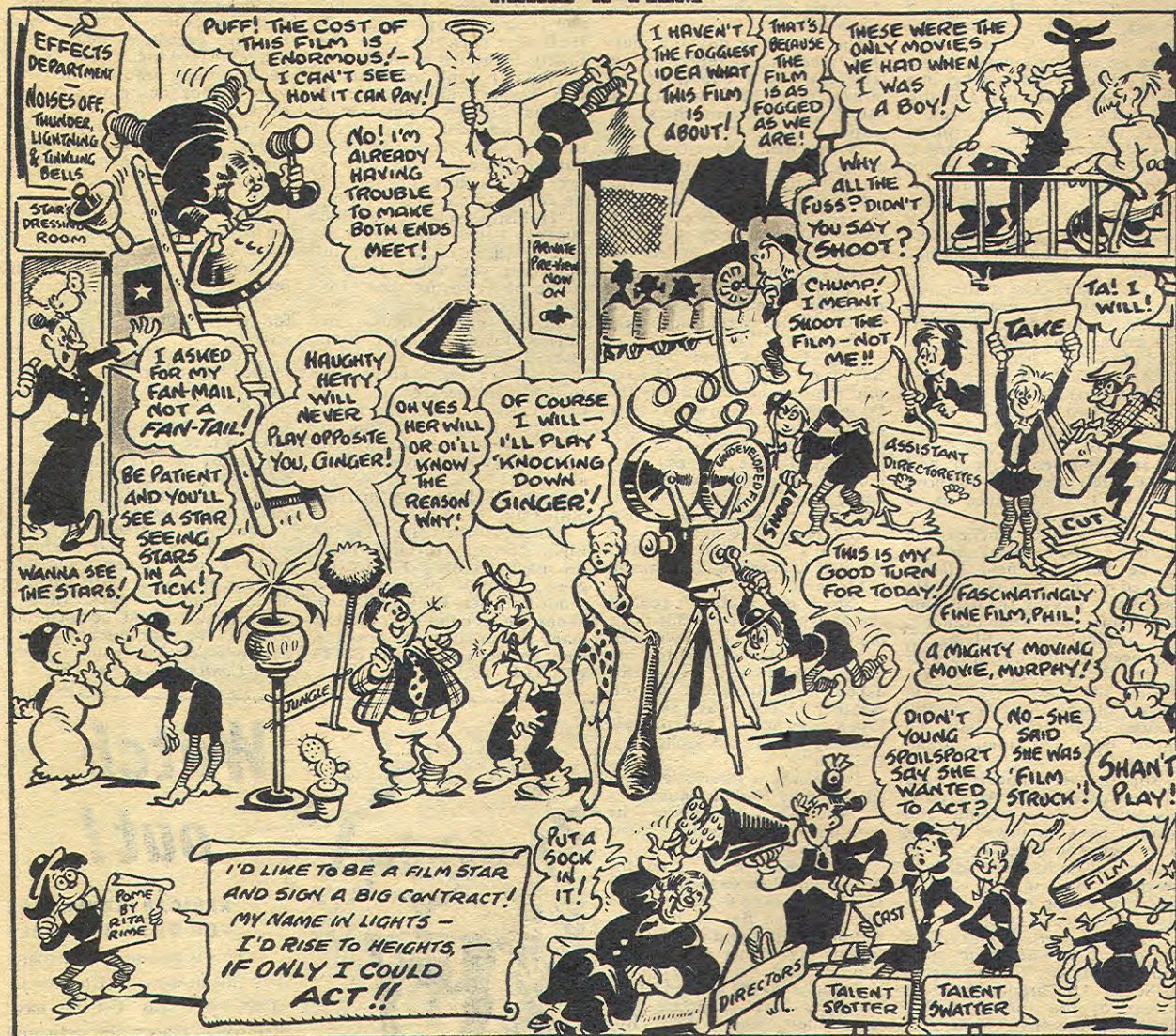
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THE PENGUIN PATROL

MAKE A FILM



WILD BILL HICKOK

(Continued from page 15)

round the ranch-house, firing in steady streaks.

Wild Bill shot his way round to the outhouses. Holding his smoking Colts, he vaulted out of the saddle and dashed inside one of the buildings.

A man was standing over a bench beside a blacksmith's forge. He held a red-hot branding iron in his left hand and was about to flatten it out with a heavy iron bar.

"Drop that branding iron!" snapped the marshal from the door. "I've got a bullet here with your name written on it."

Hastily the man dropped the iron on to the stone floor and laid the bar down on the

bench.

"Pour that bucket of water over the iron," ordered Hickok sharply.

And as the man tipped up the bucket there was a great spluttering and sizzling as the water flowed over the red-hot iron.

"A minute later and the Seven Up on that branding iron would have been completely obliterated," muttered the man regretfully, looking down at the branding iron.

"That's what I figured someone would try to do," said Wild Bill. "But fortunately I got here in time. That branding iron is needed as evidence against your boss."

As Wild Bill handcuffed the man and picked up the iron, the shooting around the ranch-house died down. The un-

wounded rustlers, realising they were beaten, threw down their guns and came tumbling out of the house with their hands above their heads.

Turner, Johnson and Watson were so delighted at catching the rustlers, they threw a big party in Wild Bill's honour that night and invited all their faithful cowboys.

"If ever we run up against any more rustlers, we'll call on you right away, Marshal," chuckled Turner. "Instead of trying to settle things amongst ourselves and ending up in a shooting match!"

"You do that," grinned Hickok. "And now, gentlemen, if you please, I'd like some more of that roast pig. It's delicious!"

And while everybody at the

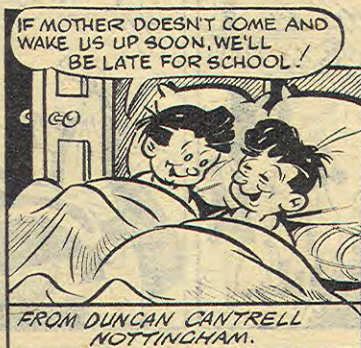
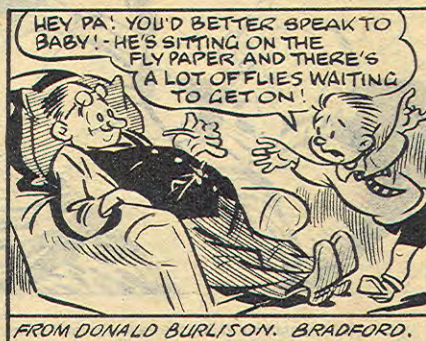
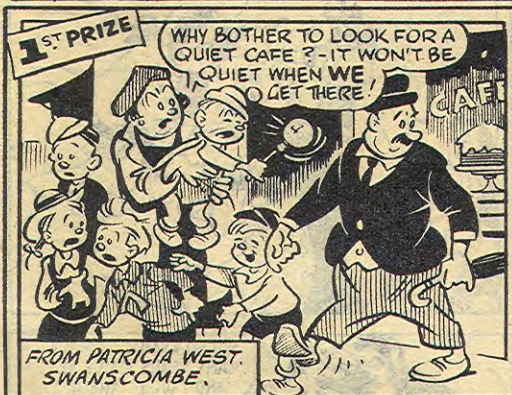
party had a thoroughly grand time, Mark Hollister and his cowboy rustlers were packed together in uncomfortable prison cells, eating dry bread and drinking stale water. Which served them all jolly well right!

Look out for Wild Bill Hickok's exciting adventure in next Monday's SUN!

THE EDITOR is always pleased to hear from readers. He likes to know what you think of SUN, what features you like best—and why. And if you have any suggestions, he would like to hear about them! Address your letters to The Editor, THE SUN, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C.4.

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.



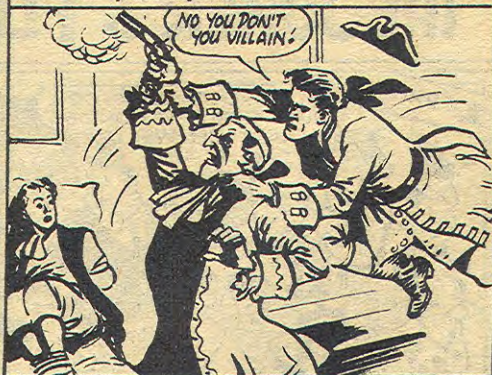
DICK TURPIN AND THE SILVER DWARF

Dick Turpin and his friends arrived in the nick of time aboard the ship where the young Lord Chessington was imprisoned. Sir Julius Rymer was about to rid himself once and for all of the only person who stood between him and the Chessington fortunes.

IF I CANNOT HAVE THE CHESSINGTON FORTUNES, YE YOUNG WHIPPER-SNAPPER, BE SURE THAT THEY'LL NEVER COME TO YOU!



But as Sir Julius squeezed the trigger, Dick leaped.



AT EVERY TURN YOU HAVE FOILED ME! IF I AM TO DIE THEN YOU SHALL DIE WITH ME!



Up on deck, Jonathan Wild, the rascally thief-taker who had aided Sir Julius in his wicked plans, was still protesting his innocence to the Revenue officer.

I TELL YOU I AM THE THIEF-TAKER OF ENGLAND, AND THESE MEN ARE HIGHTOBYMEN OF THE WORST TYPE!



But at sight of the young Lord Chessington, Jonathan Wild's nerve failed.

THERE IS ANOTHER OF MY KIDNAPERS! ARREST HIM!

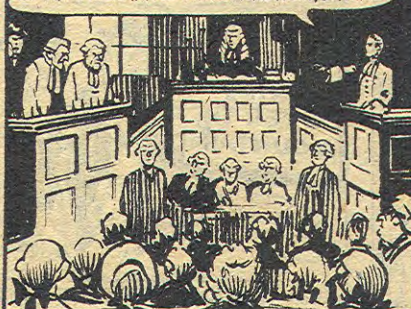


OH, NO YOU DON'T! COME BACK MY BULLY!



And at the trial that followed, the new Lord Chessington gave evidence.

THESE TWO DID ALL IN THEIR POWER TO ROB ME OF THE INHERITANCE WHICH WAS RIGHTLY MINE



THEY WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR DICK TURPIN AND HIS FRIENDS. DICK IS NOT IN COURT TODAY BECAUSE THE WORLD HAS DUBBED HIM AN OUTLAW, BUT I SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM WITH AFFECTION AND GRATITUDE



At Chessington Park, home of the new Earl, the four Knights of the Road celebrated their victory.

I DON'T KNOW HOW I CAN EVER BE ABLE TO THANK YOU ENOUGH OR REWARD YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE. BUT ANYTHING I HAVE IS YOURS

WE ASK NO REWARD, MY LORD. TO PUT JONATHAN WILD BEHIND BARS WHERE HE BELONGS IS SUFFICIENT REWARD FOR US



BUT I THINK SAM SUPPLE DESERVES SOME REWARD. HE HELPED US A LOT, THOUGH HE HAD NO REAL CAUSE TO

WHO IS THIS SAM SUPPLE?

HE IS AN OLD TRAMP WHO GOT HIMSELF INVOLVED IN OUR AFFAIRS - VERY MUCH AGAINST HIS WILL, I'M AFRAID.



THEN HE SHALL HAVE A REWARD! WHERE IS HE NOW?

YES, WHERE IS OLD SAM?

I' FAITH, I KNOW NOT!



At that moment, Sam Supple was working as potboy at the Mermaid Tavern, the first job he had done in many a long day.

HURRY UP THERE, WI' MY PINT O' ALE. FAITH, I NEVER SAW SUCH A LAGGARD

HOLD YOUR HAIR ON! I'M COMIN', I'M COMIN'! DRAT YER!



And it was there that Lord Chessington's agents found him.

SAM SUPPLE?

I AIN'T DONE NOthin'! KEEP AWAY FROM ME! I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YER!



But in spite of his pleading, Sam was dragged away from his honest toil.

I WON'T GO! I WON'T GO! CAN'T YER LEAVE A HARD-WORKING BODY IN PEACE?

THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! JUST COME ALONG O' WE!



Sam was taken to the offices of a solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

TELL 'EM I DIDN'T DO IT! I NEVER STOLE ANYthin' BESIDES, I'LL GIVE IT BACK IF I MUST!



YOU ARE NOT ACCUSED OF ANYTHING! YOU HAVE BEEN BROUGHT HERE TO SIGN SOME PAPERS IN RESPECT OF A GIFT FROM LORD CHESINGTON. YOU ARE TO HAVE A COUNTRY HOUSE AND A THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR FOR LIFE!

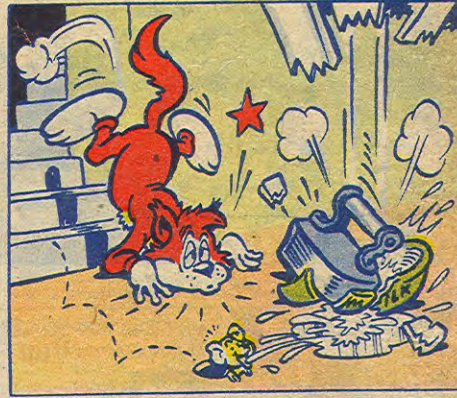
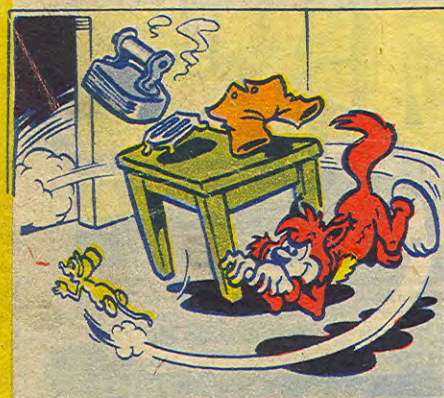
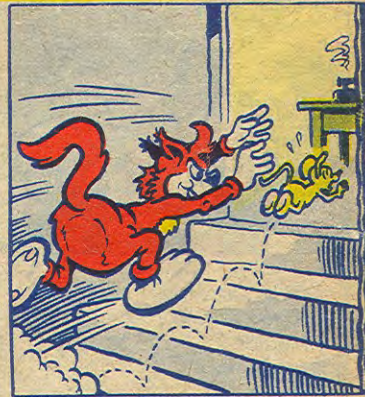
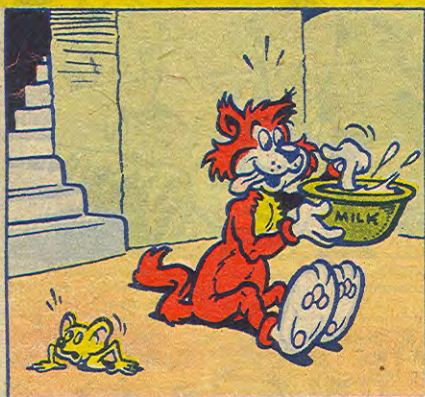


Sam left the solicitor's office wild with joy as he realised his good fortune.

OOR, I'M RICH! I'M A PROPER GENT! SAM SUPPLE, GENTLEMAN! YOICKS! TALLY HO!



So ends the adventure of The Silver Dwarf. All ends happily except for the wicked Jonathan Wild and Sir Julius Rynner. And Sam Supple? Well, very strange things result from old Sam's sudden rise to wealth. Start next week the exciting new adventure of Dick Turpin and The Gentleman Tramp.



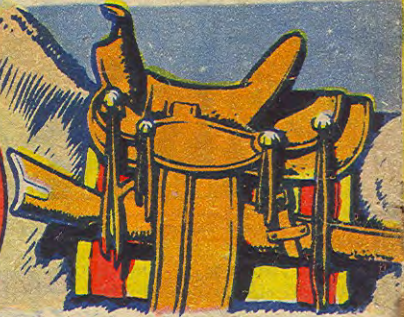
Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



MAN IN THE MOON
CERTAIN INDIAN TRIBES BELIEVED THAT THE "MAN IN THE MOON" WAS A GOD WHO COULD READ THEIR THOUGHTS AND SEE THEIR ACTIONS, AND IF SICKNESS VISITED THEM WHEN THE MOON WAS FULL, IT WAS BECAUSE THE MOON GOD WAS ANGRY!



COLONEL HENRY B. CARRINGTON, OF THE U.S. EIGHTEENTH INFANTRY REGIMENT, WAS GIVEN THE TASK OF BUILDING A NUMBER OF FORTS IN WYOMING IN 1866. TO MAKE LIFE MORE PLEASANT FOR HIS TROOPS, HE ORDERED A FORTY-PIECE BRASS BAND, AND A SUPPLY OF ROCKING-CHAIRS!



SADDLE-BOOT
A SADDLE-BOOT, OR SADDLE-SCABBARD, HELD A RIDER'S RIFLE AND HUNG LEVEL WITH HIS KNEE SO HE COULD GRAB HIS WEAPON QUICKLY IN AN EMERGENCY.



DEMANDING HIS MONEY BACK
AMONG SOME TRIBES AN INDIAN PAID A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF MONEY TO OBTAIN A WIFE. IF SHE HAPPENED TO DIE YOUNG HE COULD DEMAND HIS MONEY BACK FROM HER FAMILY!

BEAVERS
BEAVERS ARE AFFECTIONATE LITTLE ANIMALS, AND IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE WHITE TRAPPERS CAME TO INDIAN TERRITORY THEY WOULD SPEND HOURS IN THE WATER PLAYING ABOUT WITH THEIR YOUNG.

