

SUN

3^D

No. 205
January 10, 1953

EVERY
MONDAY

BILLY THE KID and the Mystery of INJUN JOE

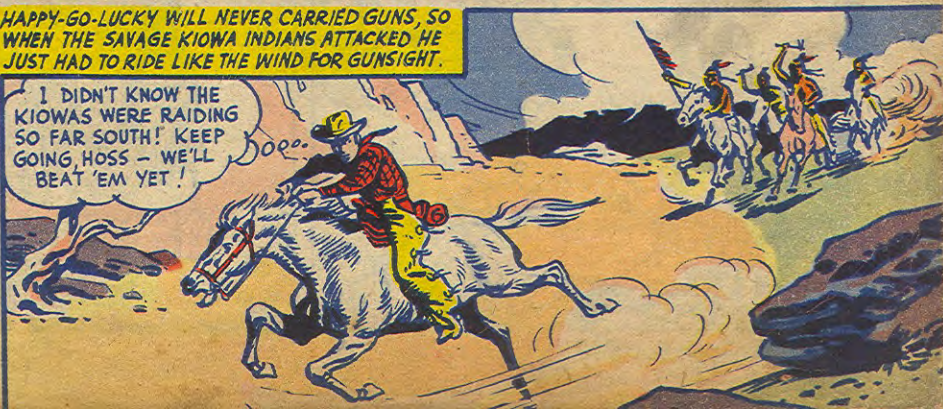


TO THE FOLKS OF GUNSLIGHT **INJUN JOE** WAS JUST A LAZY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING INDIAN WHO SPENT ALL HIS TIME SITTING ON THE STEPS OF FAT FRED'S SALOON WAITING FOR SOMEONE TO BUY HIM FOOD.

BUT THERE WAS MORE TO INJUN JOE THAN THAT, AS WILL **BONNEY**, YOUNG OWNER OF THE CIRCLE B RANCH, WAS TO FIND OUT ONE DAY WHEN HE WAS SET UPON BY A BAND OF HOSTILE INDIANS....

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL NEVER CARRIED GUNS, SO WHEN THE SAVAGE KIOWA INDIANS ATTACKED HE JUST HAD TO RIDE LIKE THE WIND FOR GUNSLIGHT.

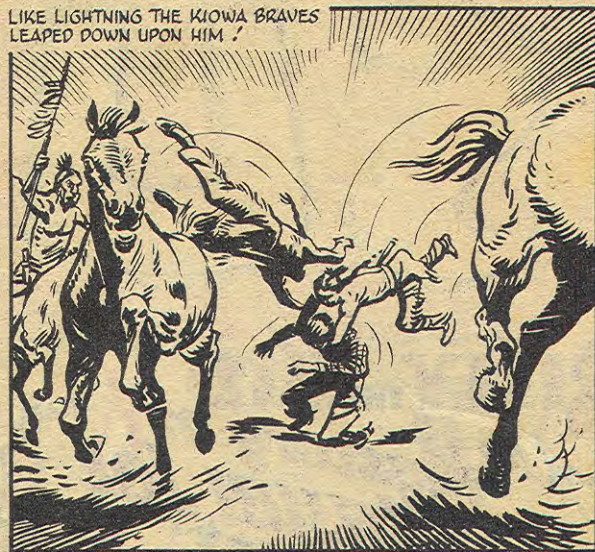
I DIDN'T KNOW THE KIOWAS WERE RAIDING SO FAR SOUTH! KEEP GOING, HOSS - WE'LL BEAT 'EM YET!



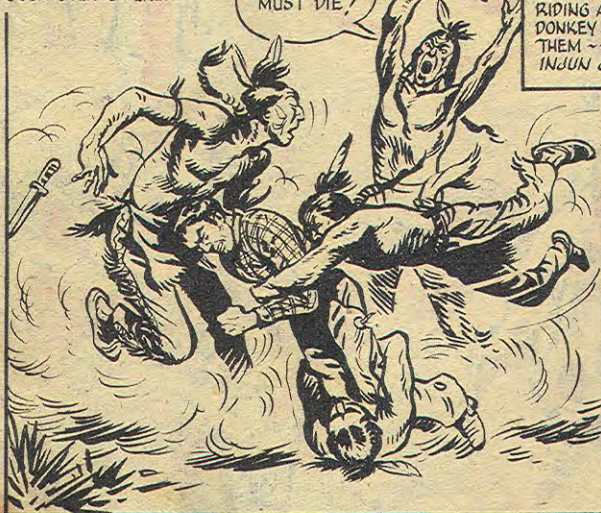
WILL LOOKED LIKE GETTING AWAY WHEN
SUDDENLY HIS HORSE STUMBLERD ~~



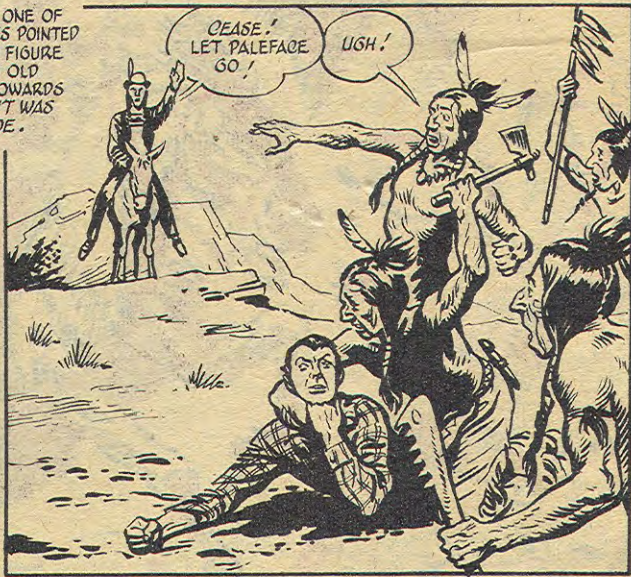
LIKE LIGHTNING THE KIOWA BRAVES
LEAPED DOWN UPON HIM!



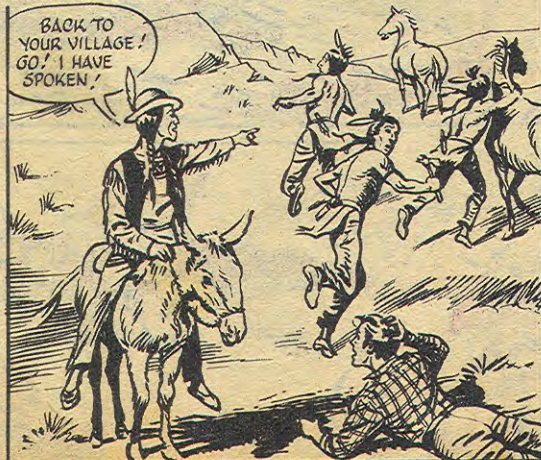
WILL STRUGGLED BUT,
OUTNUMBERED, HE WAS
SOON OVERPOWERED.



SUDDENLY ONE OF
THE BRAVES POINTED
TO AN ODD FIGURE
RIDING AN OLD
DONKEY TOWARDS
THEM ~~ IT WAS
INJUN JOE.



INJUN JOE SPOKE IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE AND AT HIS
BIDDING THE PAINTED SAVAGES SCUTTLED AWAY
LIKE TIMID CHILDREN ~~



ALL IS SAFE,
PALEFACE BONNEY!
BAD INJUNS NO
KILL YOU
NOW!



SHUCKS! INJUN JOE!
I GUESS I OWE MY
LIFE TO YOU! DIDN'T
QUITE GET WHAT YOU
SAID TO THOSE RED
RASCALS, BUT IT
SURE DID THE
TRICK!

A SMILE BROKE ACROSS JOE'S
WOODEN FACE ~~



INJUN JOE
SAY "YOU LAY OFF
PALEFACE BONNEY!
HE BUY ME HEAP BIG
FEED IN GUNSIGHT
TO-MORROW!"

AND BEFORE WILL COULD THANK INJUN JOE FOR SAVING HIS LIFE, THE INDIAN TURNED HIS DONKEY TOWARDS GUNSIGHT AND TROTTED OFF.

SO LONG!
SEE YOU
TO-MORROW!

I BET HE NEVER
SAID ANYTHING OF THE
KIND! I WONDER WHY
THOSE INJUNS CLEARED
OFF? MAYBE I'LL FIND
OUT TO-MORROW!

THE
FOLLOWING
MORNING
WILL
BONNEY
RODE UP TO
FAT FRED'S
SALOON IN
GUNSIGHT
TO MEET
INJUN JOE,
BUT TO HIS
SURPRISE
THE OLD
INDIAN WAS
NOT TO BE
SEEN --

5' FUNNY! WHERE'S
INJUN JOE? HE'S ALWAYS
ON THE STEPS AT THIS
TIME OF DAY!

FAT FRED'S
SALOON

WILL STROLLED OVER TO A COUPLE OF OLD-TIMERS TO ENQUIRE.

NOPE!
I AIN'T SEEN
INJUN JOE THIS
MORNIN'! MEBBE
HE'S STILL IN
BED UNDER THE
SALOON.

PERHAPS
HE HAD A
LATE NIGHT.
HAW! HAW!

THERE WAS ENOUGH SPACE BETWEEN
THE SALOON FLOOR AND THE GROUND
FOR A MAN TO CRAWL IN BETWEEN
AND IT WAS HERE THAT INJUN JOE
HAD MADE HIS HOME ---

HEY! JOE! IT'S WILL BONNEY!
COME ON OUT! WAKE UP,
YOU OLD LOAFER! IT'S
GRUB-TIME!

ON GETTING NO REPLY WILL CRAWLED FURTHER
UNDER THE FLOORBOARDS. THERE WAS NO SIGN OF
INJUN JOE BUT HE FOUND SOMETHING THAT MADE
HIM SIT UP WITH A START ---

GOSH!
A KIOWA
WAR-KNIFE!
HOW DID THAT
GET HERE?

SUDDENLY WILL REALISED THAT
WHEREVER INJUN JOE WAS NOW
HE WAS IN TROUBLE AND
SWIFTLY HE CRAWLED OUT AND
LEAPED ON HIS HORSE ---

HEY!
WHAT'S GOT
INTO YOU,
PARD?

OUT OF MY WAY, OLD-TIMER!
INJUN JOE HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED
BY THE KIOWAS! I'VE GOT TO
GET AFTER HIM!

AND LEAVING THE OLD-TIMERS WONDERING, WILL BONNEY
RODE OUT OF GUNSIGHT AS IF A HORDE OF INDIANS WERE
ON HIS TRAIL.

THE GUY MUST BE
PLUMB LOCO, SHOUTIN'
ABOUT INJUN WAR
PARTIES UNDER FAT
FRED'S SALOON AN'
RIDIN' OFF LIKE THAT!

HUH!
RIDIN' OUT TO
INJUN COUNTRY
UNARMED IS ASKIN'
FOR TROUBLE!
HE MUST BE
CRAZY!

WILL BONNEY KNEW TOO, THAT TO ENTER INDIAN TERRITORY AS AN UNARMED RANCHER WOULD BE FATAL AND AS HE RODE OUT OF TOWN HE THOUGHT TO HIMSELF ---

THIS IS NO JOB FOR WILL BONNEY, THE UNARMED RANCH OWNER—THIS IS A JOB FOR BILLY THE KID!



UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER, AND ON LEAVING TOWN HE RODE SWIFTLY TOWARDS A SECRET VALLEY ON THUNDER-BIRD PEAK.

THERE, GUARDED BY HIS GREAT BLACK STALLION, SATAN, WERE HIS BLACK CLOTHES AND THE FAMOUS PAIR OF SIX-GUNS BY WHICH HE WAS KNOWN TO BOTH GOOD AND BAD THROUGHOUT THE WEST.

ON REACHING THE VALLEY, WILL BEGAN TO CHANGE HIMSELF INTO BILLY THE KID ---

I'VE A DEBT TO PAY AN OLD INDIAN, SATAN, AND THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN DO IT—AS BILLY THE KID!



AND SOON, MOUNTED ON HIS GREAT BLACK HORSE, BILLY THE KID LEAPED THE CHASM THAT SURROUNDED THE VALLEY AND HIS WAR-CRY ECHOED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS AS HE RODE ON THE TRAIL OF DANGER.

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!



MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY, INJUN JOE WAS DRAGGED INTO AN INDIAN VILLAGE TO FACE A BAND OF FIERCE WARRIORS BEDABBED WITH WAR-PAINT READY FOR ACTION. HE SPOKE TO THEM IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE ---

WHY DO YOU BRING ME HERE, NEPHEW?

ALWAYS WHEN WE RIDE OUT ON THE WAR-PATH WE MEET WITH MISFORTUNE. THIS IS BECAUSE WE ARE NOT LED BY THE BIG CHIEF OF OUR TRIBE. YOU, O WHITE EAGLE MUST LEAD US AGAINST THE PALEFACES!



I LIVE PEACEFULLY WITH THE WHITE MAN. HE IS GOOD TO ME. I WILL NOT LEAD WAR-CRAZY BRAVES ON THE WAR-PATH. THAT IS FINAL! I HAVE SPOKEN, BLACK BULL. NOW LET ME RETURN TO THE WHITE MEN!



BUT BLACK BULL REFUSED TO LISTEN TO THE WISE WORDS OF HIS CHIEF, WHITE EAGLE, WHO WAS ALSO INJUN JOE, THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND.

WHITE EAGLE HAS LIVED TOO LONG AMONGST HIS WHITE FRIENDS. TAKE HIM AWAY AND TIE HIM TO THE TOTEM-POLE. PERHAPS WE CAN MAKE HIM CHANGE HIS MIND!

WHITE EAGLE IS BEWITCHED BY THE PALEFACES. HE IS A TRAITOR!



IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON WHEN BILLY THE KID FOUND THE KIOWA VILLAGE. LOOKING DOWN HE SAW THE WARRIORS DANCING IN FRONT OF A FAMILIAR FIGURE TIED TO A STAKE.

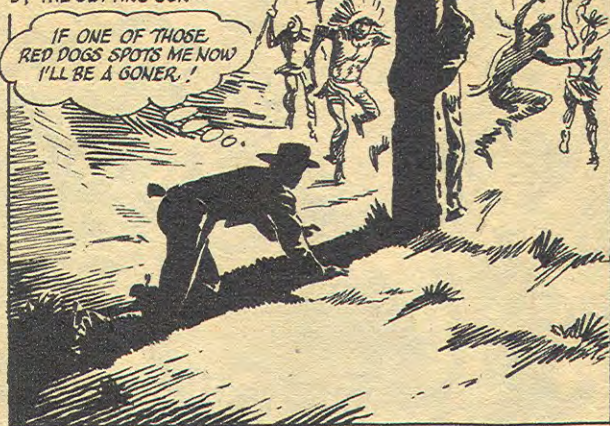
BY HOKEY! THERE'S INJUN JOE! AND THOSE FIENDS ARE DOING THE DANCE OF DEATH ROUND HIM. I'M ONLY JUST IN TIME!



STEALTHILY BILLY THE KID
CREPT BETWEEN THE WIGWAMS
TOWARDS THE DANCING
INDIANS --



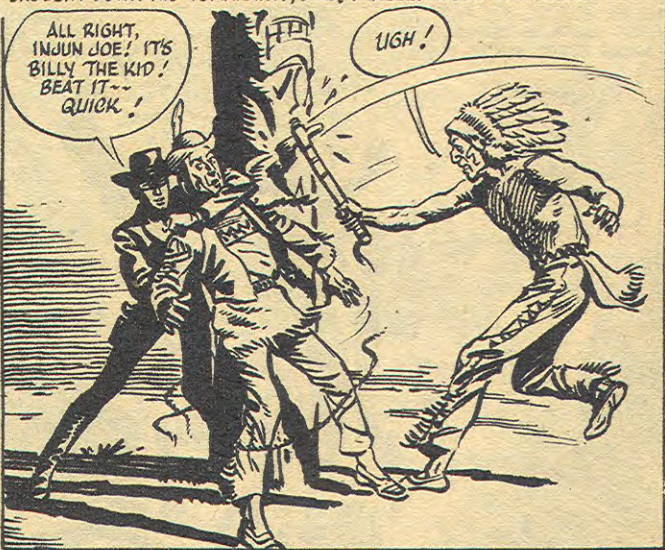
THE ONLY COVER BETWEEN
THE WIGWAMS AND THE
NOW HALF-CRAZY SAVAGES
WAS THE SHADOW OF THE
TOTEM-POLE THROWN OFF
BY THE SETTING SUN --



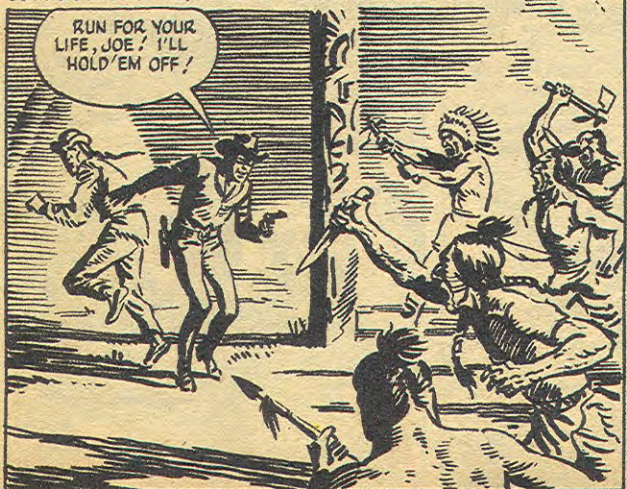
AS BILLY REACHED THE POLE, BLACK BULL, HIDEOUS IN HIS
WAR-PAINT, DANCED TOWARDS INJUN JOE.



BILLY THE KID SWIFTLY CUT THE OLD CHIEF'S BONDS -- AND AS BLACK BULL
BROUGHT DOWN HIS TOMAHAWK, BILLY DRAGGED INJUN JOE ASIDE.



FOR A MOMENT THE INDIANS WERE TAKEN BY SURPRISE,
BUT AS SOON AS THEY REALISED WHAT HAD HAPPENED --



AS THE KIWOWAS RUSHED FORWARD, THE SIX-GUNS OF BILLY THE KID
SPOKE OUT ABOVE THEIR FIENDISH SCREAMING --



AND AS BILLY FIRED, HE WHISTLED OUT LOUDLY ---



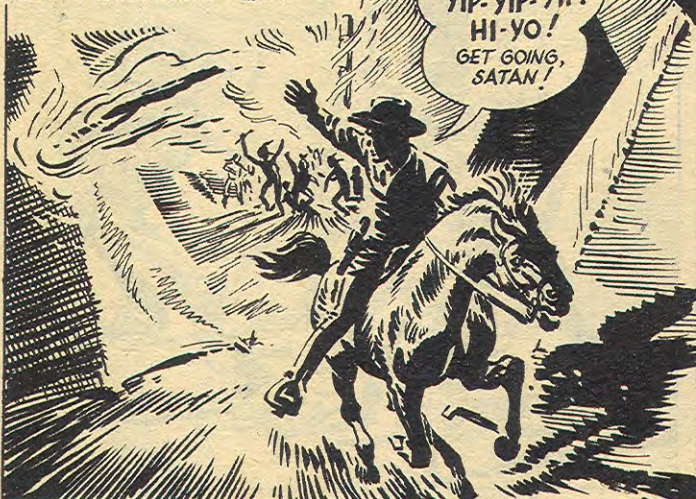
AND TO ADD TO THE CONFUSION, SATAN, HIS BIG BLACK HORSE, LEAPED IN AMONGST THE HOWLING SAVAGES!



SWIFTLY BILLY THE KID LEAPED UP ON SATAN'S BACK AND AS HE DID SO HE PLUCKED A FLAMING BRAND FROM THE FIRE ---



AND AS HE RODE OUT PAST THE INDIAN WIGWAMS HE THREW THE FLAMING TORCH AMONG THEM.



SOON THE WHOLE CAMP WAS ABLAZE AND AS BILLY THE KID APPROACHED THE RUNNING FIGURE OF INJUN JOE HE ALSO SAW A GROUP OF THE ENRAGED INDIANS RIDING FULL PELT AFTER HIM ---



EVEN WITH TWO MEN ON HIS BACK, SATAN SOON BEGAN TO OUTPACE THE WARRIORS' MOUNTS.



AS THEY TURNED INTO A NARROW GORGE, BILLY THE KID REINED IN SATAN AND WHIRLED HIS LASSO TOWARDS THE BRANCH OF A TREE ---

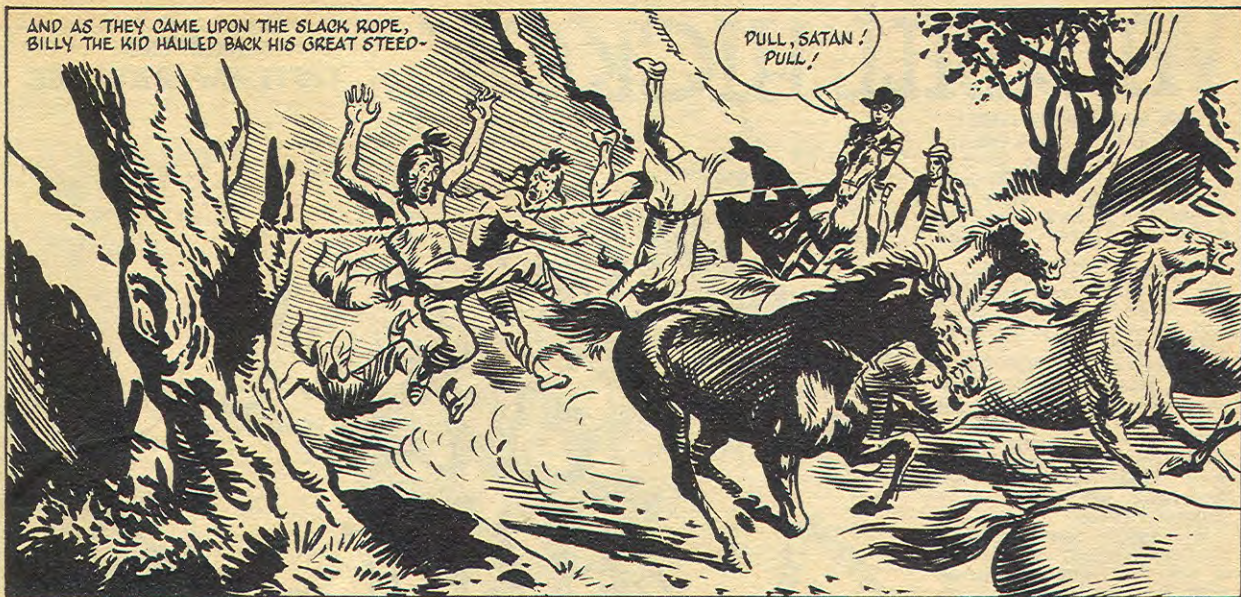


A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE HOWLING SAVAGES WHOOPED INTO THE GORGE ---



AND AS THEY CAME UPON THE SLACK ROPE,
BILLY THE KID HAULED BACK HIS GREAT STEED—

PULL, SATAN!
PULL!



TAKEN
COMPLETELY
BY SURPRISE,
THE ENTIRE
WAR PARTY
WERE THROWN
TO THE
GROUND, AND
AS THEY
STAGGERED
TO THEIR
FEET, THE
SIX-GUNS OF
BILLY THE KID
COVERED
THEM.
THEN BILLY
SPOKE IN
THE KIOWA
LANGUAGE.

LET THAT BE A LESSON
TO YOU NOT TO BE EASILY LED
BY A WAR-CRAZY INJUN! NOW
LISTEN TO YOUR REAL CHIEF
AND DO AS HE SAYS!



YOUR WIGWAMS
ARE DESTROYED AND YOUR
HORSES ARE GONE. WINTER WILL
SOON BE UPON YOU. RETURN TO
THE NORTHERN LANDS WHERE YOU
BELONG! LET THE WHITE MAN LIVE
IN PEACE AND HE WILL LET YOU
DO LIKEWISE! NOW--GO!
I, YOUR CHIEF, WHITE EAGLE,
HAVE SPOKEN!

AS THE BRAVES MOVED AWAY TOWARDS THE HILLS,
BILLY THE KID TURNED TO THE OLD CHIEF--

WELL, INJUN JOE --ER--
I MEAN CHIEF WHITE EAGLE,
THEY WON'T BE CAUSING
ANY MORE TROUBLE!
I'LL GUESS I'LL BE
ON MY WAY!

THANK YOU, BILLY THE
KID. YOU HAVE SAVED
MY LIFE AND THE LIVES
OF HUNDREDS OF OTHERS
BY YOUR BRAVE DEED!
I WILL NOT FORGET.
NOW I GO BACK TO
GUNSLIGHT--TO THE
LIFE I WANT TO
LIVE!



AS BILLY WAS ABOUT TO RIDE AWAY
THE OLD INDIAN CALLED AFTER HIM.

IF YOU SEE
A MAN NAMED
WILL BONNEY, TELL
HIM OLD INJUN JOE
IS WAITING FOR
HIS FEED AT
FAT FRED'S!

I WILL!
SO LONG!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN WILL BONNEY RODE
INTO GUNSLIGHT--

HEY, WILL BONNEY,
HERE'S INJUN JOE!
HE'S BEEN TO THE INJUN
COUNTRY ALL RIGHT--
VISITIN' A SICK
RELATION!
HAW! HAW!

SHUCKS!
AND I THOUGHT
HE'D BEEN
KIDNAPPED!

COME,
ME WANT
FOOD!



Look out for another breath-taking adventure with the two-gun Avenger next week!

SUN—January 10, 1953—7

WILD BILL HICKOK

and the
OUTLAW PAWNEE

THE BANISHED ONE!

WILD BILL HICKOK, the tall, handsome frontier marshal of the Golden West, stooped to enter the council tent of Swift Eagle, the mighty Chieftain of the Pawnees.

"Welcome, Man-who-shoots-fast, to the council lodge of Swift Eagle," greeted the chief, who was seated cross-legged on a buffalo robe.

"Greetings, Chief Swift Eagle," returned the marshal in the Pawnee tongue. "I would have talk with my brother."

"First we will take salt and smoke pipe of peace, then Swift Eagle and Man-who-shoots-fast will make talk," said the Pawnee.

Wild Bill sat down beside the chief and solemnly took a pinch of salt. He waited in silence while Swift Eagle went through the ceremony of lighting his pipe. Before smoking it he bowed four times and, touching the ground with the pipe, offered it to the spirits dwelling in the four corners of the earth. After a few deep puffs he handed it to the marshal.

Wild Bill puffed away heartily, hiding his intense dislike of the foul-tasting tobacco, for Swift Eagle was a good and peaceful chief and Hickok respected him too much to offend him.

When the formal welcoming ceremony had ended, Wild Bill explained the reason for his visit.

"The Great White Father in Washington is pleased with the Pawnees and their chief, for you live in peace with your white brothers and cause no trouble. Neither do you war with neighbouring tribes. But one of your warriors is stirring up trouble and giving your tribe a bad name. And I have been sent to find out who that warrior is."

"The heart of Swift Eagle is sad at your words, Man-who-shoots-fast, for he wants nothing to break the peace between his people and yours," replied the chief. "This bad Pawnee, he is no longer one of my warriors. His name was Snake Eye, but now he is known as The Banished One, for I have banished him from the tribe."

The marshal shot a quick look at the stony-faced chief.

"Banished? Amongst Indians that usually means only one thing—he is a thief?"

The Pawnee nodded. "A great thief! Three times he was caught stealing his neighbour's property. He took his pony, his food and his favourite bow! The third time I sent him from our tribe in disgrace. It is usual with the red man to steal from other tribes, but to steal from one's own tribesmen is a bad thing."

"I see," said the marshal. "Well, chief, Snake Eye is now



The canoe shot over the waterfall, carrying the two men locked in a desperate struggle! From this grand complete yarn by BARRY FORD.

robbing the white settlers, and many prospectors panning for gold along the Singing Falls River have complained about a thieving Pawnee."

"That is not good," returned the chief. "It gives our tribe a bad name. The white people will blame Swift Eagle and soon peace will be broken. Palefaces do not understand that The Banished One is no longer of our tribe and does not now come under our laws."

"Well, Chief, if you can't do anything about him I'd better do something. We can't allow a

thieving Indian to cause trouble between your tribe and my people. I think I know of a way to trap this Banished One."

"Man-who-shoots-fast is true friend to Swift Eagle and his tribe. I thank you for your help. My brother is always welcome in my lodge."

"Thanks, Swift Eagle," smiled Wild Bill as he stood up. "I will return again to your lodge when I have captured the thief."

The following day the marshal halted Gypsy, his magnificent sorrel mare, outside a small riverside cabin. Sitting on

the doorstep sunning himself was an old prospector.

"Why, howdy, Marshal," he greeted with a toothless grin. "What be you a'doin' in these here parts?"

"Trying to catch a thief, Jed," grinned Hickok. "And I want your help."

"Reckon I'm a mite too old to go about ketchin' thieves," chuckled Jed Larkin. "But I'll be glad to help you out any way I can. Say," he added, "'taint that pesky Pawnee you're after, is it?"

"It is, Jed. Now all I want

you to do is to let everyone in this district know that you've struck it rich. Broadcast it up and down the river and in the nearest town. And let it be known that you keep the gold hidden in your cabin because you don't trust these new-fangled banks!"

"Shucks, Marshal, I'm jest askin' to be robbed—and I ain't struck it rich, consarn it!" wailed the old fellow, tugging ruefully at his rugged beard.

"I'll see no harm comes to you, Jed. And you've got the right idea—I want you to be robbed!" smiled the marshal.

A knowing look came into the old prospector's eyes.

"Ah, reckon I'm beginnin' to savvy what you've got in mind, Marshal! Sure, I'll be right glad to help you out."

A DESPERATE BATTLE!

ONE afternoon a week later, while old Jed Larkin was downstream panning for gold, a canoe glided silently alongside the river bank and came to a gentle halt a few yards away from the prospector's cabin.

After making his canoe fast to a nearby tree trunk, the owner stepped noiselessly on to the mossy bank. As he crept stealthily towards the cabin the sun, shining through the trees, shone on his gleaming bronze-coloured body. He wore a pair of doe-skin leggings and shabby beaded moccasins. Two feathers adorned his raven-black hair which hung to his shoulders. It was Snake Eye, the thief.

Snake Eye understood a little English, enough to learn that the old paleface who lived alone in the riverside cabin had much gold hidden there. He had overheard some of the river folk talking about it while he was robbing one of their shacks.

It was too good a chance to miss, so he bundled the loot he had stolen from the shack into his canoe, covered it with a buffalo robe, and set off for Jed Larkin's cabin.

The Pawnee cautiously circled the cabin before entering it. He had seen the old prospector downstream, but he wanted to make quite sure the cabin was empty. Satisfied there was no one there, he pushed open the door.

When Snake Eye entered the cabin its one room was neat and tidy, but within a few minutes the place was a mass of confusion. Feverishly the Indian searched for the gold. He yanked the bedclothes and mat-

tress off the wall bunk, turned out the contents of an old chest, and flung open the drawers of a rickety old chest of drawers. His disappointment at not finding the gold turned to anger. He dumped a stack of wood from the wood-box all over the floor, tore a calendar from the wall, and hurled Jed's cooking utensils from a shelf on to the floor.

"Bah!" he snorted as he stamped out of the shack. "The palefaces talk with forked tongues. The old Bearded One has no gold!"

Still muttering angrily to himself in the harsh Pawnee tongue, Snake Eye stalked down to his canoe, jerked the rope from the tree and began to paddle swiftly downstream.

An hour later he reached a secret backwater where he always laid low between his thieving trips up and down the Singing Falls River.

He started to head for the bank when suddenly, to his amazement, the buffalo robe

them noticed that the canoe was swirling out into mid-stream. Wild Bill could have drawn a gun and shot the Indian time and time again, but he wanted, if possible, to take him alive.

Snake Eye just managed to grasp a war-club lying in the bottom of the canoe when the marshal's long arm shot out and his iron fist made contact with the Pawnee's jaw.

The Indian reeled backwards and, as he did so, the canoe shot over a roaring waterfall, carrying the still fighting men with it.

Canoe and men plunged into the boiling waters far below.

Struggling for breath, the marshal came to the surface at last and found himself in a deep pool. He was just in time to see the canoe and his jaunty white hat go floating rapidly past him. Dashing his soaking long fair hair out of his eyes, he looked round for the Indian. But the thief was nowhere to be seen.

Wild Bill filled his lungs with air and dived. In a couple of

had stolen and put them in a safe place. Then I covered myself up with your buffalo robe," explained the marshal as he carefully examined his silver- and ivory-butted Colts to see if the ducking had affected them.

"I am unarmed. What will Man-who-shoots-fast do with me?" asked Snake Eye, fear shining in his dark eyes as they rested on the marshal's famous guns.

"You have the choice, Snake Eye, of being punished by my people, in which case you will be locked up in jail for stealing, or of going back to your chief and begging his forgiveness. He will punish you in his own way."

"Chief Swift Eagle has banished me from the tribe. I cannot return."

"I think you can," returned the marshal. "He will take you back if I ask him. But if you ever steal again, your punishment will be death. Do you understand? The Pawnees and their white brothers live in

peace. They must remain that way, and no outlaw warrior is going to break that peace. That is why I have captured you, for your thieving is giving your tribe a bad name. There is to be no more of it. Now, make your choice."

"I will return to my tribe and take my punishment like a warrior," replied the Pawnee solemnly. "And Snake Eye will never forget that Man-who-shoots-fast saved his life. I swear by the sacred bear never to steal again."

"All right, Snake Eye. That is what I hoped you would say. And now, let's be on our way, we've a long trek to the Pawnee camp as we've lost your canoe."

Chief Swift Eagle, on Wild Bill's advice, took Snake Eye back into his fold and punished him severely. But after that the Pawnee never stole again.

The marshal returned the stolen loot he had found in the canoe, to the rightful owners. And old Jed Larkin cheerfully tidied up his ramshackled cabin when Wild Bill slipped him fifty dollars for helping him to catch Snake Eye.

And so peace once more settled over the Singing Falls River, thanks to Wild Bill Hickok, fighting marshal of the West.

Read the danger trail again with the great Western marshal next week!



Wild Bill smokes the peace-pipe.

covering his loot was thrown aside and the sturdy figure of Wild Bill Hickok uncured himself from his cramped position. At the risk of upsetting the canoe, the marshal stood up and stretched his aching limbs.

"So this is where you hide the things you steal?" he snapped sternly in Pawnee. "Well, you're caught at last, Snake Eye. So start paddling back the way you've come. And be quick about it."

"Paleface does not give Snake Eye orders," snarled the Pawnee, and in one rapid movement he laid down his paddle, snatched out his war-knife and sprang at the marshal.

The canoe rocked perilously as Wild Bill braced himself for the attack. He made a grab for the Indian's arm and forced him to drop the knife.

For several seconds they fought fiercely. Hickok had difficulty in grabbing hold of Snake Eye, for the Indian's body was covered with thick grease. As they struggled, neither of

seconds he surfaced, dragging the unconscious Indian with him.

Holding Snake Eye firmly under the chin, the marshal started swimming towards the bank. On reaching it he flung the Pawnee face downwards and, straddling his back, started giving him artificial respiration.

He worked steadily for several minutes and at last Snake Eye came round. As Wild Bill helped him to sit up the Indian looked at him in fear and disbelief.

"White man save my life. Why?"

"Because I can't let a man drown, even if he is a bad man," said Wild Bill. "Perhaps you have heard of me. I am known by all the Indian tribes as Man-who-shoots-fast."

"Snake Eye has heard of you," replied the Indian slowly. "Tell me, Man-who-shoots-fast, how did you get in my canoe?"

"I got in while you were searching Jed Larkin's cabin. I removed all the things you

The PRISONER of ZENDA

ABOUT FIFTY YEARS AGO, A YOUNG ENGLISHMAN NAMED RUDOLF RASSENDYLL WAS TAKING A FISHING HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY OF Ruritania--TO THE SOUTH-EAST OF AUSTRIA. ONE DAY, WHILE TRESPASSING IN THE HUNTING GROUNDS OF THE KING, RUDOLF THE FIFTH, RASSENDYLL FELL ASLEEP AND WAS DISCOVERED BY TWO MEN DRESSED IN HUNTING COSTUME.

THE RESEMBLANCE IS REMARKABLE, COLONEL!

SHAVE HIM, AND HE'D BE THE KING!

RASSENDYLL AWOKES AT THE SOUND OF VOICES AND LOOKED UP IN SURPRISE AT THE TWO MEN STARING AT HIM--

MAY I ASK YOUR NAME, SIR? YOU ARE ON THE KING'S PROPERTY.

I AM RUDOLF RASSENDYLL. I AM HERE ON A HOLIDAY FROM ENGLAND.

OF COURSE! YOUR FACE BETRAYS YOU, SIR--YOU'RE A DISTANT COUSIN OF OUR KING!

AND MAY I ASK WHOM I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ADDRESSING?

AT THAT MOMENT THE KING APPEARED ALONG THE PATH.

AH, THERE YOU ARE. I WONDERED WHAT HAD BECOME OF YOU. BUT WHO IS THIS GENTLEMAN?

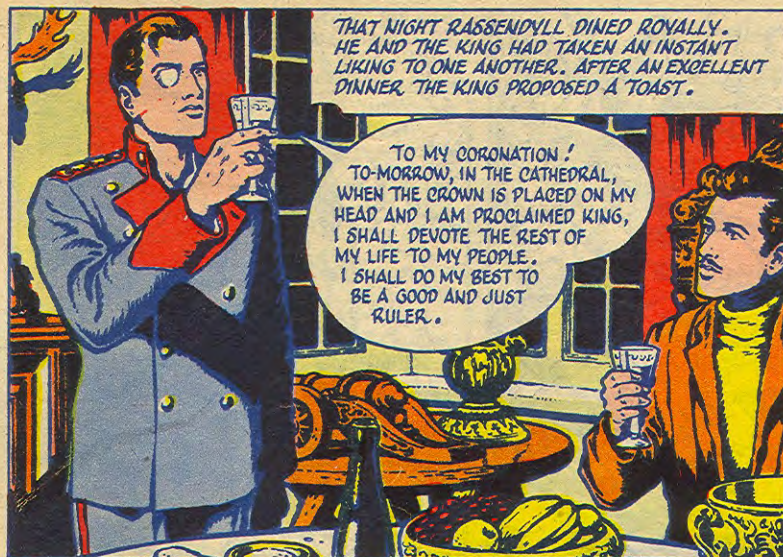
CERTAINLY, MR. RASSENDYLL. THIS IS COLONEL ZAPT, AND I AM CAPTAIN FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM. WE ARE BOTH IN THE SERVICE OF HIS MAJESTY, KING RUDOLF THE FIFTH. HE IS NOT FAR AWAY, AS A MATTER OF FACT.

A DISTANT RELATIVE OF YOURS, YOUR MAJESTY. RUDOLF RASSENDYLL FROM ENGLAND!

THIS IS AMAZING! WITHOUT THAT MOUSTACHE YOUR FACE MIGHT BE MY OWN. RASSENDYLL FROM ENGLAND? AH, YES, NOW I REMEMBER. WE ARE COUSINS, ARE WE NOT?

FORGET IT, COUSIN. NOW WE HAVE MET, YOU MUST STAY AT MY HUNTING LODGE TO-NIGHT, AND COME TO MY CORONATION TO-MORROW. MY BROTHER MICHAEL'S FACE WILL BE A PICTURE WHEN HE SEES THE PAIR OF US SIDE BY SIDE.

SO I BELIEVE, YOUR MAJESTY. WE SHARE THE SAME GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDPARENTS! AND NOW, I MUST ASK YOUR ROYAL PARDON FOR FISHING IN FORBIDDEN WATERS. I WAS NOT AWARE I WAS TRESPASSING ON THE KING'S PROPERTY.



THAT NIGHT RASSENDYLL DINED ROYALLY. HE AND THE KING HAD TAKEN AN INSTANT LIKING TO ONE ANOTHER. AFTER AN EXCELLENT DINNER, THE KING PROPOSED A TOAST.

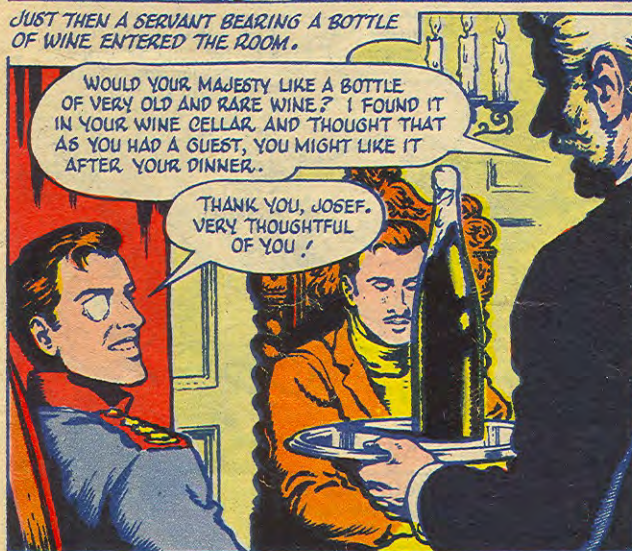
TO MY CORONATION!
TO-MORROW, IN THE CATHEDRAL,
WHEN THE CROWN IS PLACED ON MY
HEAD AND I AM PROCLAIMED KING,
I SHALL DEVOTE THE REST OF
MY LIFE TO MY PEOPLE.
I SHALL DO MY BEST TO
BE A GOOD AND JUST
RULER.



WHEN THE TOAST HAD BEEN DRUNK THE KING SAT DOWN AND TURNED TO HIS COUSIN.

COUSIN-- MY HALF-BROTHER MICHAEL DOES NOT LOVE ME. HE IS JEALOUS OF ME AND FEELS THAT HE SHOULD SIT ON THE THRONE. SO WE WILL NOT DRINK A TOAST TO HIM. LET US DRINK ONE TO YOU INSTEAD -- MY NEW-FOUND COUSIN AND FRIEND.

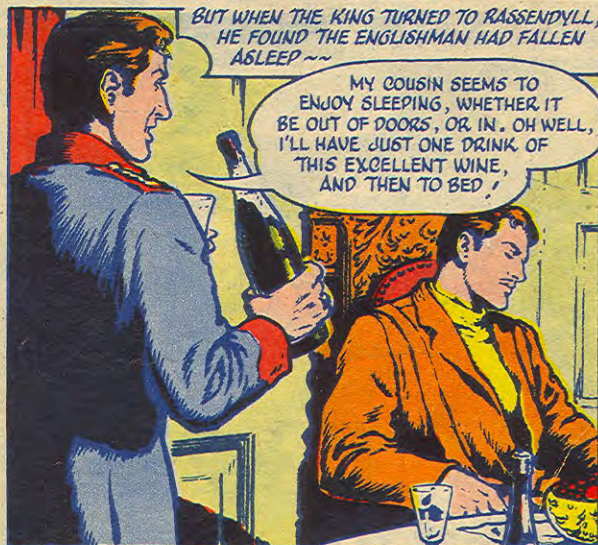
PARDON, YOUR MAJESTY, BUT I MUST ASK YOU TO EXCUSE ME FROM DRINKING ANY MORE TOASTS. YOUR EXCELLENT DINNER, AND THE GOOD RURITANIAN AIR HAVE MADE ME VERY SLEEPY.



JUST THEN A SERVANT BEARING A BOTTLE OF WINE ENTERED THE ROOM.

WOULD YOUR MAJESTY LIKE A BOTTLE OF VERY OLD AND RARE WINE? I FOUND IT IN YOUR WINE CELLAR, AND THOUGHT THAT AS YOU HAD A GUEST, YOU MIGHT LIKE IT AFTER YOUR DINNER.

THANK YOU, JOSEF. VERY THOUGHTFUL OF YOU.

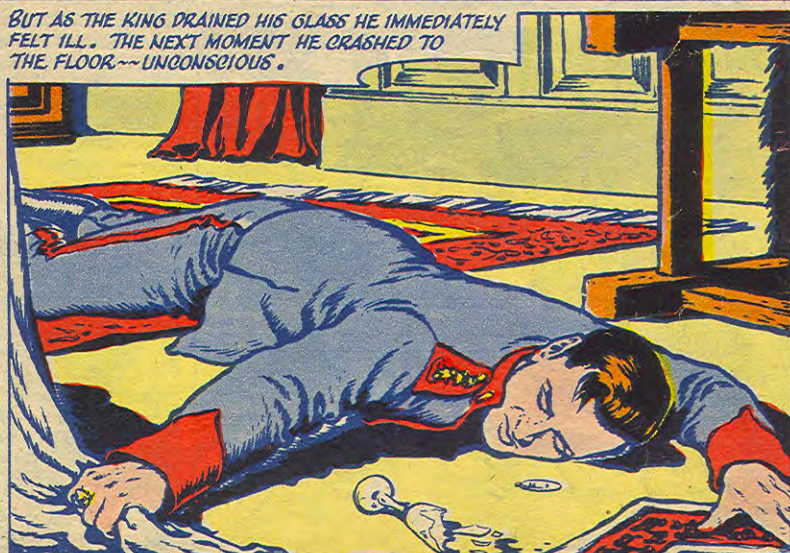


BUT WHEN THE KING TURNED TO RASSENDYLL, HE FOUND THE ENGLISHMAN HAD FALLEN ASLEEP--

MY COUSIN SEEMS TO ENJOY SLEEPING, WHETHER IT BE OUT OF DOORS, OR IN. OH WELL, I'LL HAVE JUST ONE DRINK OF THIS EXCELLENT WINE, AND THEN TO BED!



TO YOU -- ENGLISHMAN!



BUT AS THE KING DRAINED HIS GLASS HE IMMEDIATELY FELT ILL. THE NEXT MOMENT HE CRASHED TO THE FLOOR--UNCONSCIOUS.

LORD of SHERWOOD

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN, WITH THE AID OF SOME SAXON TOWNSMEN, HAVE RESCUED IVANHOE FROM THE CLUTCHES OF KING JOHN. AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE THE TOWER OF LONDON A STRONG FORCE OF THE KING'S MEN ARRIVE AND THE OUTLAWS ARE DRIVEN UP TO THE BATTLEMENTS WHERE THEY PREPARE TO MAKE A LAST DESPERATE STAND.

THE OUTLAWS WERE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED BY THE ARMoured NORMANS, AND SOME OF THEM WERE OVERPOWERED.

'TIS HOT WORK, ROBIN!

AYE, BUT FIGHT ON-- FOR THERE IS NO WAY OUT!

WHILE THE TRUSTY BLADES OF ROBIN AND HIS MEN KEPT THE NORMANS AT BAY, THE QUICK-WITTED MARIAN ESPIED A WAY BY WHICH THEY MIGHT ESCAPE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY--

ROBIN! THE MOAT!

A DESPERATE VENTURE, MARIAN, BUT 'TIS WORTH A TRY!

ROBIN LEAPED TO THE RAMPARTS AND SHOUTED TO HIS MEN--

INTO THE MOAT, LADS!

JUMP, ROBIN!

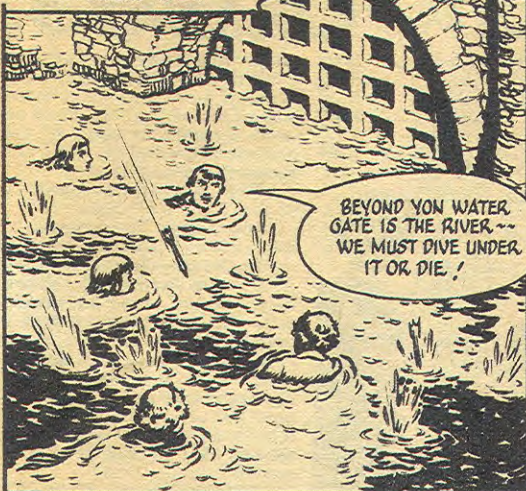
NEVER FEAR, LADS! WE WILL RETURN AND RESCUE YOU-- THAT IS MY SOLEMN PROMISE!

OVER WENT MARIAN, LITTLE JOHN, WAT, FRIAR TUCK-- AND LASTLY ROBIN HIMSELF. AS HE SPRANG FROM THE TOWER, THE LORD OF SHERWOOD HURLED BACK A PROMISE TO IVANHOE AND THE COMRADES HE WAS RELUCTANTLY FORCED TO LEAVE BEHIND.

SHOOT, I SAY-- SHOOT! IF THEY ESCAPE I'LL SEE YOU SUFFER FOR IT!

AS ROBIN HIT THE WATER, THE STEEL TIPPED CROSSBOW BOLTS BEGAN TO SMACK THE SURFACE OF THE MOAT IN A HAIL OF DEATH.

THE OUTLAWS SWAM THE GAUNTLET OF THE TERRIBLE ARROWS WHICH CHURNED UP THE WATER AROUND THEM --



BEYOND YON WATER GATE IS THE RIVER -- WE MUST DIVE UNDER IT OR DIE !

FIGHTING FOR BREATH, THEY EMERGED FROM UNDER THE WATER GATE TO THE SAFETY OF THE RIVER THAMES.



WE ARE NEARLY CLEAR OF THEM, ROBIN !

WE'LL SWIM DOWNSTREAM TILL WE ARE WELL CLEAR -- THEN MAKE FOR THE FOREST OF EPPING !

BACK ON THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE WHITE TOWER, THE WRATH OF SIR GUY OF GISBORNE WAS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD, BUT IVANHOE AND THE REST OF ROBIN'S MEN WERE UNAFRAID.



MUCH GOOD HAS ROBIN HOOD'S VENTURE DONE YOU ! HE HAS ESCAPED ! BUT IVANHOE -- YOU SHALL NOT DIE ALONE ! YOU WILL ALL HANG ON TOWER HILL ! TO THE DUNGEONS WITH THEM !

ROBIN WILL COME BACK !

IN THE KING'S CHAMBER, GISBORNE REPORTED TO HIS MASTER --



YOU WERE A BLUNDERING FOOL TO LET THOSE FIVE ESCAPE, GISBORNE -- BUT ON THE WHOLE IT HAS BEEN A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK !

AVE, YOUR MAJESTY ! AND I THINK WE NOW HAVE THE MEANS TO CATCH THE ARCH-TRAITOR ROBIN HOOD !

THE RASCALLY KNIGHT OUTLINED A TREACHEROUS SCHEME WHICH HE KNEW WOULD APPEAL TO THE KING --



SUPPOSING WE LET IT BE KNOWN THAT WE WILL FREE THE OTHERS IF ROBIN HOOD GIVES HIMSELF UP TO DIE WITH IVANHOE WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS --

-- HE WILL DO IT ! I KNOW THIS SOFT-HEARTED SAXON DOG. AT THIS MOMENT HE WILL BE BLAMING HIMSELF FOR LETTING THEM FALL INTO OUR HANDS. A CUNNING SCHEME, GISBORNE -- AND WE DON'T HAVE TO KEEP OUR END OF THE BARGAIN !

THE NEWS OF THE PROCLAMATION WAS BROUGHT BY FRIENDLY SAXONS TO EPPING FOREST, WHERE ROBIN AND HIS COMRADES, THINKING THAT THE PRISONERS WERE SAFE FOR A FEW DAYS, WERE SHARPENING THEIR SWORDS AND PLANNING THEIR NEXT MOVE --



WHAT WILL YOU DO, ROBIN ?

YOU CANNOT TRUST JOHN'S WORD !

LEAVE ME AWHILE -- I MUST DECIDE FOR MYSELF WHAT IS BEST !

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



D'Arcy hit out, but Tom Merry knocked his arm up and the Fourth-former's fist shot past his head!

This Week: GUSSY GETS THE HUMP

Percy Mellish has been spreading stories amongst the school-boys of St. Jim's. Tom Merry is the first of the victims but he refuses to discuss the matter. Jack Blake and his chums, D'Arcy, Digby and Herries set up a Committee of Enquiry to find out what is wrong with Tom, but they also fall victims to the tale-teller and find themselves in a terrific scrap with Figgins and Co. of the New House.

NO LONGER FRIENDS!

THE next morning there were very visible traces to be seen in the juniors' faces of the combat of the evening outside the New House. When the Terrible Three came down to breakfast, Tom Merry noticed at once Blake's black eye, Herries's swollen nose, and Digby's cut lip, as well as many other lesser signs of conflict upon all three of them.

"By jove, they've been in the wars!" Tom Merry remarked. "Have they been fighting with one another, or—?"

"Or pursuing their inquiries in other quarters," grinned Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha! Gussy is the only one that doesn't look as if he had been in a mangle," Manners remarked.

"But there's something up with Gussy," Tom Merry said shrewdly. "Look at him."

"He's not speaking to the other rotters."

"Something's up! Let's go and ask him."

The Terrible Three bore down upon D'Arcy. Monty Lowther tapped him on the shoulder and he turned round to survey them. "Anything wrong, old son?" asked Lowther.

"Yes!" "How's the committee of inquiry getting on?"

"I weally do not know, as I have wesigned the chairmanship of the beastly committee."

"Why, how will the poor committee get on without you?" exclaimed Manners in great astonishment. "Don't be hard upon them, Gussy. Remember that a brain like yours is required to steer them through—"

"I wemembered that and I wished to withdwaw my wesignation, and then—what do you think they did?"

"Can't say." "They wefused to accept the withdwawal of the wesignation and said I had given up the chairmanship for good. Wasn't that wotten?"

"Awfully!"

"But that is not all," went on D'Arcy. "They locked me up in the study while they went over to interview Figgins & Co."

"Outrageous!"

"Yes, I werged it as extremely outrageous. Of course, it all happened as I expected—they had a fearful wow with Figgins & Co."

"Ah, that accounts for their lovely appearance this morning!" grinned Lowther.

"Yes! What was wequired as a chairman of the committee of inquiry was a fellow of tact and discwetsion—a fellow of my sort—and without me, of course, the whole thing went to weck and wuin."

"Naturally," said Manners. "But, of course, you'll take the lead again now and get them out of the troubles they have fallen into?" said Lowther solemnly.

"I should be quite willing to do so and I made an offer to that effect last night, offewing at the same time to overlook their cheek in locking me in the study. But, instead of being properly gwateful, they called me an ass."

"Tut! Tut!" "So I have dwopped their acquaintance," said D'Arcy. "I am unfortunately compelled to continue to weside in the same study until I can change into another, but I no longer wegard them as fwends."

"Too bad," said Tom Merry.

"I say, Gussy—"

D'Arcy regarded the hero of the Shell with a freezing glare.

"Did you address me, Tom Mewwy?"

"Yes, of course I did."

"Then I shall be extremely obliged if you will have the kindness to wefwain fwom doing so again."

Tom Merry stared at the swell of the School House in blank amazement.

"Eh? What's that, Gussy?" he ejaculated.

"My name is D'Arcy," said Arthur Augustus with great dignity. "I am Gussy only to my fwends."

"And you don't include me in the list?" asked Tom Merry.

"Certainly not."

"But surely, Gussy—I mean, D'Arcy, you don't want any study rows we have to make us enemies, do you?" demanded Tom Merry.

"I am not alluding to study

wows when I say that I do not wegard you as a fwend, Tom Mewwy. Study wows and house wows are nothing. We could be good fwends in spite of an occasional wow. I am not speakin' of that."

"Well, what are you speaking of then?"

"Oh, nothin' in particular!" said D'Arcy evasively.

"Look here, Gussy—"

"I have wemarked before that I wefuse to be addressed as Gussy by a person whom I despise."

Tom Merry started. He had imagined at first that D'Arcy had some joke in his mind, but now the serious expression of the School House swell's face showed that he was in deadly earnest.

"What did you say, D'Arcy?"

"I wefuse to be at all familiar with a fellow whom I despise," said D'Arcy loftily.

"Does that mean that you despise me?"

"Yes!"

"And why?"

"Never mind."

"What have I done?"

"Oh, nothing!"

"Then what are you acting the giddy goat for?" demanded Tom Merry, his eyes beginning to sparkle with rising anger. "Look here—"

Gussy waved his hand and turned away.

"I do not desire to speak to you further, Tom Mewwy."

"Well, you've got to, whether you like it or not!" exclaimed Tom Merry, seizing the swell of the School House by the shoulder and jerking him back.

"Now, then—"

"Pway welease my shoulder, Tom Mewwy!"

"Answer me—"

"I wefuse to do anything of the sort!"

"What have you got up against me, you young ass?" demanded Tom Merry, shaking the swell of the School House. "Now, then, ass—"

"I wefuse to be called an ass! Pway welease me! You are disawwanging my tie!"

"I'll disarrange your face if you don't answer!"

"Tom Mewwy, I shall be sowwy to soil my hands by stwiking one whom I despise as much as I do you—"

"Eh?"

"But if you do not immediately welease me I shall have to administer to you a fearful thwashing!"

"You young duffer—"

"Welease my beastly shoulder, Tom Mewwy!"

Tom Merry shook him again.

"Are you going to explain yourself?"

"No, certainly not!"

"You silly, confounded young ass—"

"I utterly wefuse to be called a silly, confounded young ass."

said D'Arcy. "I am sowwy to stwike you, but you leave me no choice in the matter."

And D'Arcy hit out, but Tom Merry knocked his arm up so the fist shot past the head it was intended for, and Gussy lurched heavily against Tom Merry.

Tom threw his arms round the slim form of the swell of St. Jim's and closed him in a tight embrace. D'Arcy wriggled.

"Let me go, you wuffian!"

Tom Merry grinned.

"Any hurry?" he inquired.

"Yes! You are squeezing my wibs cuwelly. You are cumpwling my coat and disawwanging my hair. Welease me at once you wotter!" exclaimed D'Arcy, struggling in vain in the muscular grip of Tom Merry.

"Wait a bit—"

"Look out!" whispered Monty Lowther as Mr. Lathom, the Fourth Form master, came by on his way to the dining-room. "Chuck it, Tom!"

Tom Merry released D'Arcy, who staggered away, and the Terrible Three walked in to breakfast. D'Arcy, with a crimson countenance, brushed down his rumpled clothes and dusted his gleaming shoes. He turned a wrathful eye upon Blake, Herries and Digby, who were grinning at him.

"A nice set of wotters you are, not to come to a fellow's help!" he exclaimed.

"Eh?" said Blake. "Did you speak to me?"

"Certainly! I said—"

"Excuse me," said Blake with a shake of the head. "I don't think I know you, sir. I am afraid I cannot speak to anyone I don't know."

D'Arcy left off brushing his clothes and stared at Blake in amazed inquiry.

"Are you wight off your wocker?" he demanded.

"Certainly not. I don't know you."

"Don't know me—D'Arcy? You must be barmy. Don't know the chap you have shared the same study with for months? Are you kidding?"

"Not at all."

"What do you mean then, you silly chump?"

"I knew a chap named D'Arcy, but he dropped my friendship," grinned Blake. "Of course, I don't know him now."

"Exactly!" said Digby. "I don't know him, either."

"Same here," said Herries solemnly.

"I weward you as asses!"

"Don't let us stay here and listen to this rude boy," said Blake. "We can't speak to people we haven't been introduced to. Come away!"

"Blake—"

"Pray reserve your remarks for people you know, D'Arcy."

And the three chums walked away.

"Well, of all the wotters!" muttered D'Arcy.

"Anything wrong, D'Arcy?" said Percy Mellish, coming by as the swell of the School House finished smoothing out his

rumpled blazer.

"Yes!"

"What's the trouble? If Blake's been telling you I said anything—"

"He hasn't been speaking of you. And I don't want to speak to you. I weward you as a wotter—a despicable wotter!"

Mellish sneered.

"Because I told you what Tom Merry said of you, I suppose—"

"You ought not to have told me."

"Well, he ought not to have said it."

"Yes, I know that, but—"

"I thought you'd like to know."

"Vewy twue, but you wouldn't have thought so if you hadn't been a wotten cad," D'Arcy explained. "Only a wotten cad would be a tell-tale."

"If that's all the thanks I get—"

"It's all the thanks a tale-beaver can expect. Even the people who listen to his tales must necessarily despise the beast. And I am sowwy I listened to you. If makes me feel vewy uncomfy to despise anybody."

"Do you want me to dot you on the nose, D'Arcy?"

"Yes! I have several times felt inclined to wipe up the groud with you for telling me tales and I should like you to start, as I could then thwash you with a clear conscience. Come on!"

And Arthur Augustus put up his fists in an extremely warlike way.

Mellish retreated a step. D'Arcy was no match for a fellow like Tom Merry, but the cad of the Fourth could not have stood up to him for five minutes. And he wasn't inclined to try.

"I don't want to quarrel with you, D'Arcy. What are you getting so snappish about? Besides, I've got something to tell you."

"I don't want to hear it. What is it?" asked D'Arcy rather inconsistently.

Mellish grinned. "Why, it's about Gore, you know!"

"Oh, I know, he's gone away—gone home to see a sick uncle or aunt, or something or other, I weally forget exactly what."

"That's all you know," said Mellish mysteriously.

"Well, I weally don't care a wap what he's gone home for," said D'Arcy. "It's no business of mine or of yours either."

"Suppose he hasn't gone home at all?" said Mellish.

Arthur Augustus stared at him.

"But he has gone, Mellish. What are you dwinving at?"

"I know what I know," said Mellish, shrugging his shoulders. "I could tell you something if I liked. Suppose—"

"Bai jove, it's bweakfast-time and I'm jolly hungwy," said D'Arcy. "Upon the whole, you can keep your news to yourself, Mellish. I dare say it's

all lies."

And the swell of the School House walked into the dining-room. The tale-bearer gritted his teeth as he followed.

A STARTLING RUMOUR!

TOM MERRY had a worried look in the Shell classroom that morning. There was trouble on his mind, and a fellow of Tom's frank, open nature found it hard to conceal the fact when he was worried.

D'Arcy's conduct was inexplicable to him. The swell of the School House had many curious manners and customs which furnished merriment to the School House at St. Jim's, and the New House as well, for that matter. But he had a heart of gold and there was nobody at the school who did not like him. In spite of study rows between the Terrible Three and the chums of Study No. 6, the feeling between the two parties had always been really friendly, and certainly there had never been a trace of bitterness in their relations. Now a change had come.

D'Arcy had evidently been in earnest: he had refused to speak to Tom Merry for reasons which evidently seemed to him to be good. What did it all mean? Tom Merry felt that there was something altogether unpleasant in the air at St. Jim's. First there was his own disagreement with Figgins, now there was this unpleasant affair with D'Arcy.

Tom Merry was decidedly worried.

"I say, are you thinking about that young ass D'Arcy?" asked Lowther, who was sitting beside Tom, taking advantage of Mr. Linton, the Form master, being occupied for the moment. "You look as if you were going to a funeral."

Tom Merry nodded gloomily. "I am feeling rather rotten about it, and that's a fact, Monty."

"It's nothing—only some more of Gussy's rot," said Lowther. "He's always talking some piffle or other."

Tom shook his head. "He was serious in what he said."

"But I suppose he can't have anything real up against you, can he? You haven't trod on his toes in any way?"

"Not that I know of, unless he has taken some of our little jokes too seriously."

"I should think he was too accustomed to them by this time to do that, Tom."

"So should I, but what—?"

"He had something on his mind," said Manners. "He may have been told something by somebody—some tell-tale, perhaps! It seems to me as if there's something of that kind going on in the school."

"Quite possible."

The master of the Shell turned his head.

"Take fifty lines for talking in

(Continued on next page)

S.C.S.C.

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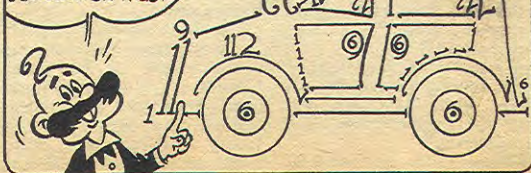
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ANSWER ON PAGE 16



class, Merry."

"Yes, sir," said Tom as cheerfully as he could.

And the discussion ceased till morning school was over. The day happened to be a Wednesday—a half-holiday at St. Jim's—and after morning school the boys were free for the rest of the day, with the exception of evening preparation. After dinner Tom Merry stayed in to write his lines, and Lowther and Manners strolled out into the quadrangle to wait for him there.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy came out of the School House looking rather forlorn. He had dropped the acquaintance, as he expressed it, of the chums of Study No. 6, but his severity was rather recoiling upon himself. He felt rather lonely that afternoon. The three juniors were keeping up the game and the first advances towards a reconciliation had to come from Arthur Augustus, and the swell of the School House was determined not to make them. So the acquaintance remained dropped. When D'Arcy spotted Lowther and Manners chatting under the elms, he strolled towards them with an agreeable smile upon his face.

"Nice afternoon, isn't it?" he said pleasantly.

"Haven't noticed it," said Lowther.

"Yes, I dare say it is. Nice afternoon to go for a walk in the country."

"Yes!"

"Well, then, why don't you go for one?"

"Weally, Lowther—"

"Oh, ring off and travel!"

"I wegard that we mark as wude and disagweeable—"

"What about your remarks to Tom Merry, you young ass?" growled Lowther. "It's all through you that he's got to stay in this afternoon."

"I am weally sowwy, but I don't see—"

"Well, it was through talking about you in class."

"Tom Mewwy is wather too fond of talking about me, I think," said D'Arcy disdainfully.

Monty Lowther turned red. He sometimes had little tiffs with his leader himself, but at a hint of an attack upon Tom Merry he was up in arms at once.

"What do you mean, you cheeky young rotter?"

"Never mind."

"But I do mind!" exclaimed Lowther, seizing D'Arcy by his left arm, while Manners laid hold of his right. "Now, just explain yourself!"

"I wefuse to do anything of

the kind."

"Then we'll bump you down in every puddle we can find in the quadrangle!" exclaimed Lowther.

"I wefuse to be bumped!"

"Yank him along, Manners!"

"Pway don't be such wuff bwutes! Help! Wescue!"

"Hallo, what's the matter here?"

Kildare of the Sixth, the captain of St. Jim's, came out of the gym and turned his glance upon the three juniors as he heard Arthur Augustus shout. Lowther and Manners released the swell of the School House, looking rather sheepish. Kildare's frank brow grew stern.

"Is it possible that you are going in for bullying, Lowther

It's something more serious."

Manners looked worried.

"But Tom can't have done anything mean."

"I wouldn't believe that for a moment. There must be a mistake somewhere. Hallo, here's Mellish! He knows pretty nearly everything that ever goes on in this place and gets most of his knowledge by listening at keyholes, I believe. Let's ask him if he knows anything."

"Hallo, Mellish!" said Manners.

Mellish was going down to the gates. He stopped and nodded as the chums of the Shell came up to him.

"Have you noticed anything wrong with Gussy lately?" asked Lowther. "He's got some-

Now let go of my tie."

"Gore's gone away!"

Mellish winked as he straightened his collar.

"That's all you know." "What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Manners and Lowther together. "Do you mean to say that Gore isn't gone away?"

"I know what I know."

"That isn't much, I expect," said Lowther. "Look here, is there really anything in this or are you only gassing?"

"I can only say what I've heard," said Mellish with a shrug. "I don't know whether there's any truth in it. If Gore had the smallpox—"

"The smallpox!" ejaculated Manners and Lowther in a breath.

"I don't say he has it. I don't say the Head is keeping him in the school and giving out that he's gone home—"

"Why, you utter ass, it would be illegal to keep him here—"

"The Head might risk that rather than allow it to get about that there was an epidemic starting in the school."

"Impossible! There's been no doctor here!"

"Suppose it's all being kept a secret? Mr. Linton is qualified as a medical man, as I happen to know, though he's never practised. Perhaps he—"

"Perhaps you are an ass!"

"Perhaps I am!" sneered Mellish.

"Well, we shall see how things turn out, anyway, and perhaps you'll believe me then."

And he went out of the gates, leaving Manners and Lowther looking very curious and uneasy at one another.

"Of course, there can't be anything in it," Manners remarked.

Lowther shook his head.

"Of course not, but—"

"But it's queer, Mellish getting hold of a yarn like that."

"That's it! Still, he's always got some sort of a yarn to tell. Better take no notice of what the confounded fellow says. That reminds me, we never made him tell us what he was going to say about Tom."

"Too late now. Let's go in and see if Tom's finished."

"Right you are!"

The chums of the Shell walked into the School House. There was a cloud upon Monty Lowther's brow. In spite of his determination to pay no attention to the words of the cad of the Fourth Form, he could not wholly dismiss Mellish's words from his mind.

Next week: The smallpox rumour!



Lowther grabbed Mellish's tie. "You're coming with me to Tom Merry!" he shouted angrily.

and Manners?" he exclaimed. "I should never have expected anything of the kind from you."

The chums of the Shell became crimson.

"Not at all!" exclaimed Lowther hastily. "We were going to bump D'Arcy because he's an obstinate young brute—"

"I wefuse to—"

"Well, let him go!"

"Thank you, Kildare, for rescuing me from those wuffians," said D'Arcy. "I shall certainly drop their acquaintance after this."

And he walked away. Kildare gave Manners and Lowther a rather peculiar look and strode on his way. The chums of the Shell glowered after Arthur Augustus.

"Everything's going wrong, I believe," growled Lowther. "Kildare takes us for a pair of bullies now!"

"Well, it did look like it!"

"Well, that obstinate young brute ought to be bumped! I don't know what to make of him! He's got something up against Tom Merry, and to do Gussy justice, he's not the fellow to take offence at a joke.

thing up against Tom Merry and he won't explain what it is."

"No good asking me," said Mellish. "How should I know?"

"Well, you generally pry into everything and have a finger in every pie, and your nose in everybody's business, you know."

"Thank you, Lowther. Perhaps I could tell you something that would make you open your eyes, if I chose. If you knew what Tom Merry said—but never mind."

Lowther stared at him.

"What Tom Merry said about me, do you mean?"

"Yes, but never mind! Of course, I oughtn't to have spoken!"

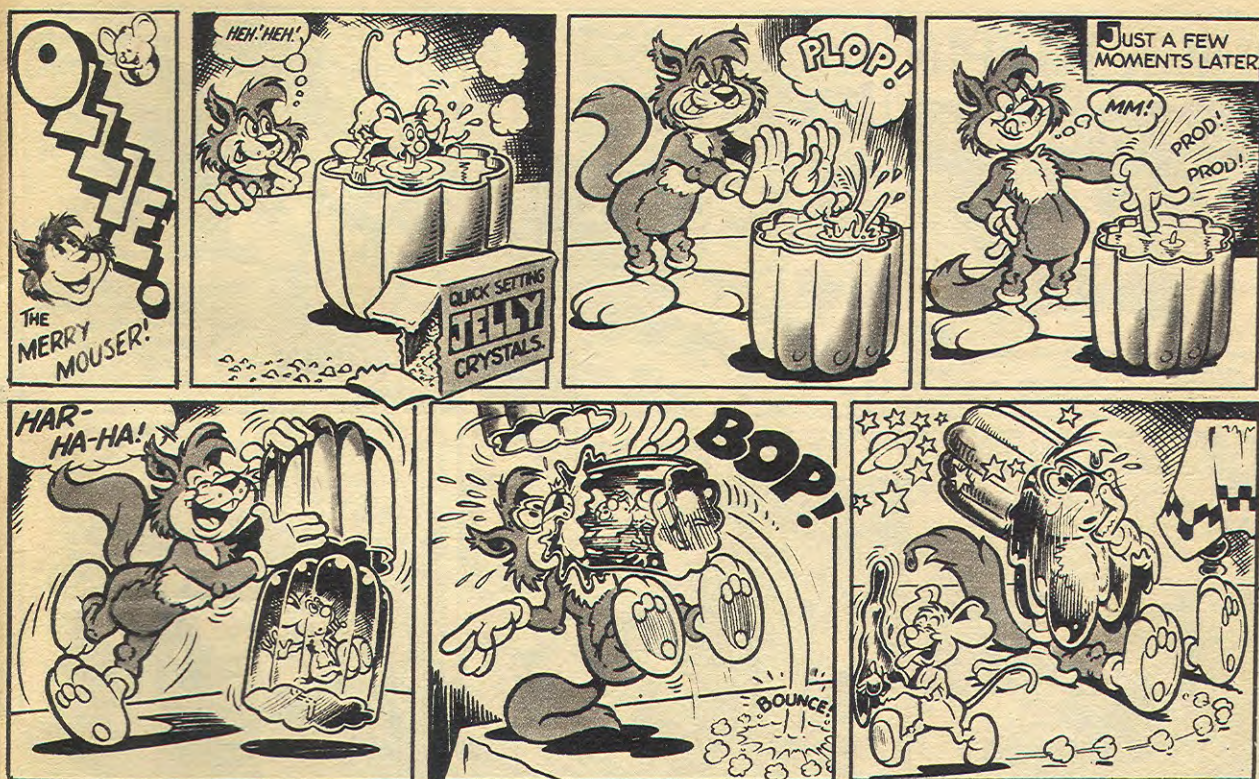
"Tell me what you mean!"

"It's nothing!"

"I don't believe a word of it!" shouted Lowther angrily, grabbing Mellish's tie. "You're coming with me to Tom Merry and repeat your exact words, you cad!"

Mellish looked alarmed.

"Oh, don't make a row about nothing! It was Gore told me, and I don't answer for it! You can go and settle it with Gore!



"SUN" STARS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK



TIM HOLT (an R.K.O. star).



ALAN LADD (a Paramount star).

COWBOYS IN THE CORRAL!

DICK TURPIN AND The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN



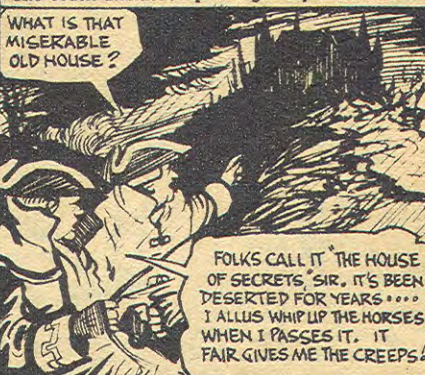
This is the story of one of Dick Turpin's strangest adventures. It concerns Galloping Jack Danvers—"The Phantom Highwayman". Our story begins one stormy night on the Portsmouth Road.

IT'S A TERRIBLE NIGHT, SIR. I'LL BE GLAD WHEN WE REACH GUILDFORD. THEY DO SAY THIS HEATH IS HAUNTED.



NONSENSE, FELLOW! THERE ARE NO SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS!

The coach thundered past a gloomy old mansion.



WHAT IS THAT MISERABLE OLD HOUSE?

FOLKS CALL IT 'THE HOUSE OF SECRETS', SIR. IT'S BEEN DESERTED FOR YEARS... I ALLUS WHIP UP THE HORSES WHEN I PASSES IT. IT FAIR GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

WE'LL SOON BE AT CROSSBONES CORNER, SIR... THAT'S WHERE GALLOPING JACK DANVERS WAS HANGED NIGH ON A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! I'D GIVE A MONTH'S PAY TO BE PAST THIS SPOT... I CAN FEEL SOMETHING EVIL ABROAD TONIGHT!



Soon the passengers were helping the coach up the hill that led to Crossbones Corner...



HEAVO, GENTS!... GIDDUP, STARLIGHT!... ON, BLACKIE! THIS IS NO PLACE TO TARRY ON SUCH A NIGHT!

Suddenly the coachman shouted...

A-AAAAAGH! LOOK! WHAT'S THAT? A GHOST?



Bathed in a spectral light, the Phantom glared down at the travellers...



IT'S HIM!... GALLOPING JACK THE HIGHWAYMAN! IT'S HIS GHOST! SEE HIS OLD-FASHIONED CLOTHES!

L-LOOK! HE'S POINTING!

A fiery message burned on the great oak tree...



The passengers emptied their pockets, and the coachman whipped up his horses...



I AIN'T D-DREAMIN', AM I, SIR? YOU S-SEE IT TOO?

AHE-AND I WOULD GIVE A FORTUNE TO SHUT OUT THE SIGHT

Later, at the next inn, the travellers recited their hair-raising story!



L-LIT UP FROM WITHIN'E WERE!... ..AN' HIS NAG BREATHIN' FIRE

..EYES G-GLEAMIN' LIKE C-COALS

YOU MAY LAUGH!... I DIDN'T BELIEVE IN GHOSTS EITHER, BUT I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES... AND LOST MY WATCH AND PURSE INTO THE BARGAIN!



From that day forth the appearance of the Phantom became a nightly occurrence....



AAAAGH! 'TIS THE PHANTOM! THROW DOWN YOUR VALUABLES AND LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!



... Farmers returning from market. ...

D-DROP THE M-MONEY, TOBY!



... And lone travellers ... all suffered alike!

EGAD! HERE IT IS! I'LL NOT STAY TO ARGUE!

One wintry night, Dick Turpin and his girl comrade, Moll Moonlight, were travelling to London along that very road, when Moll espied the Phantom rider!



LOOK, DICK! I SWEAR I SEE A PHANTOM RIDER ON A GHOSTLY STEED!

... When Dick turned to look, the rider had gone!



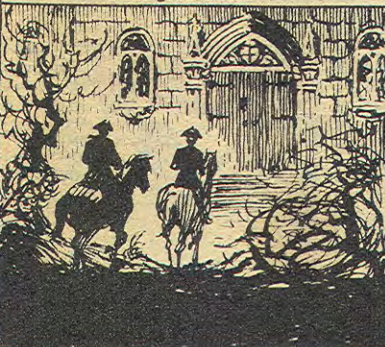
NONSENSE, MOLL. JUST A TRICK OF THE MOONLIGHT



MY HORSE IS LAME, DICK! WE MUST FIND SHELTER FOR THE NIGHT

WHOEVER OWNS THAT GREAT PLACE WOULD SURELY NOT BEGRUDGE SHELTER TO A COUPLE OF HONEST TRAVELLERS!

But this was "The House of Secrets", thought to be deserted! Unaware of this, they rode up to the great door. ...



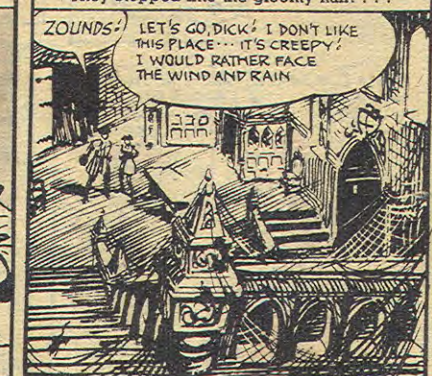
There was no answer to Dick's knock. ...



There was no answer to Dick's knock. ...

SEE, DICK! THE DOOR IS AWAY!

They stepped into the gloomy hall. ...



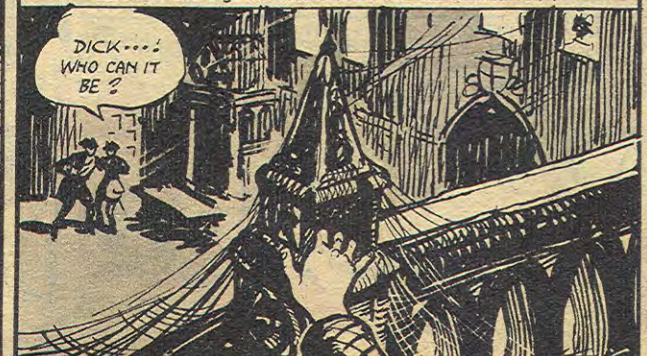
ZOUNDS! LET'S GO, DICK! I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE... IT'S CREEPY! I WOULD RATHER FACE THE WIND AND RAIN

With a crash, the door slammed behind them!



WHAT THE? AAAAGH!

The silence was broken by an eerie laugh from beyond the great staircase ... and a gaunt hand was laid on the banister. ...



DICK... WHO CAN IT BE?

Who is the stranger in "The House of Secrets"? See next week's grand instalment of this thrilling yarn!

SUN—January 10, 1953—19

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.

