

SUN

3^D

No. 206
January 17, 1953

EVERY
MONDAY

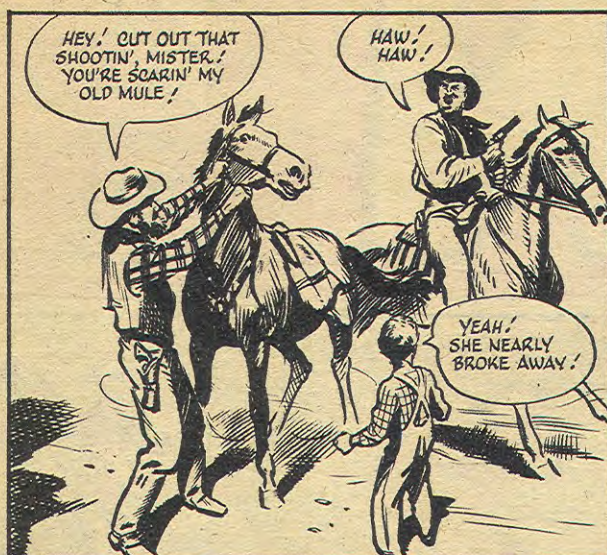
BILLY THE KID *Sure-Shot Avenger!*



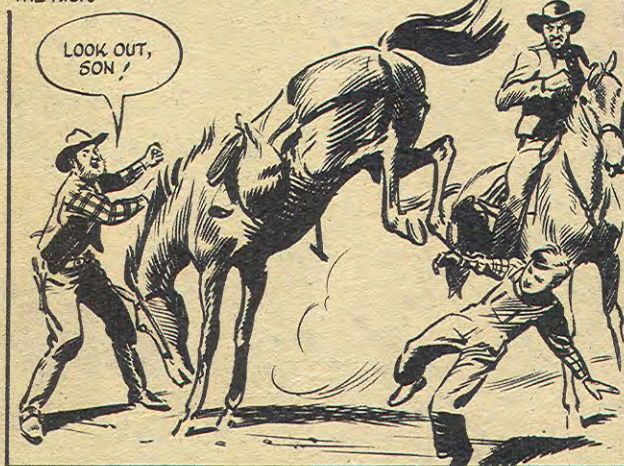
THE SHERIFF OF LITTLE FALLS ONCE SAID THAT IF ALL THE FOLKS IN THE COUNTY WERE AS PEACEFUL AND OBEDIENT AS OLD BEN TONKIN'S OLD MULE, MAISIE, HE'D BE OUT OF A JOB. LITTLE DID HE KNOW THAT ONE DAY HE WOULD HAVE TO ORDER THE OLD MAN TO SHOOT HIS FAITHFUL OLD FOUR-FOOTED FRIEND --

IT HAPPENED ON THE MORNING THAT WILD JOE GURNEY, A RIP-ROARING RUFFIAN RODE INTO TOWN ON A SPREE

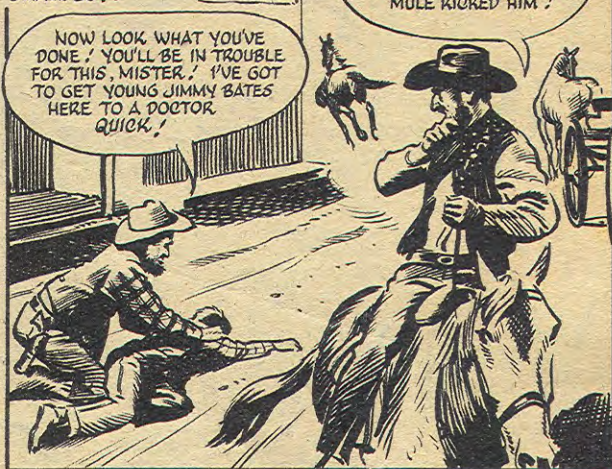




HURT BY THE HEFTY BLOW, THE OLD MULE LASHED OUT WITH HER HIND LEGS, BUT IT WASN'T JOE GURNEY WHO RECEIVED THE KICK --



LEAVING HIS MULE TO BOLT, OLD BEN RUSHED TO THE STILL FORM OF THE SMALL BOY.



AS THE OLD MAN CARRIED THE BOY INTO A NEARBY STORE A CROWD GATHERED ROUND WILD JOE GURNEY --



REALISING THAT IT WAS A GOOD WAY OF GETTING OUT OF TOWN, WILD JOE VOLUNTEERED TO GO AFTER THE MULE --



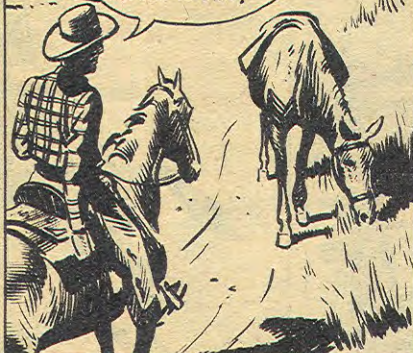
BUT WILD JOE GURNEY DID NOT CHASE AFTER THE MULE. INSTEAD HE HEADED FOR THE HILLS --

IF THEY FIND OUT THE TRUTH I'LL BE IN TROUBLE! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE, PRONTO! THAT OLD CHUMP CAN TAKE THE BLAME!



IT WAS HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY -- YOUNG BOSS OF THE CIRCLE-B -- WHO FOUND THE OLD MULE AS HE RODE INTO LITTLE FALLS --

SHUCKS! THAT'S OLD BEN TONKIN'S MULE, MAISIE! SHE MUST HAVE WANDERED OUT OF TOWN! I'D BETTER TAKE HER BACK TO BEN!



AS WILL BONNEY RODE INTO TOWN WITH THE OLD MULE IN TOW, HE WAS MET BY A CROWD OF EXCITED CITIZENS.

HEY! WHAT D'YER MEAN BY BRINGING THAT WILD MULE BACK INTO TOWN, WILL BONNEY?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, MISTER? THIS IS OLD BEN TONKIN'S MULE. SHE'S THE TAMEST CRITTUR ON FOUR LEGS!

HE MUST BE LOCO -- LIKE THE MULE!



THAT'S WHAT WE ALL THOUGHT UNTIL AN HOUR AGO -- WHEN IT WENT CRAZY AND BROKE LOOSE AND KICKED YOUNG JIMMY BATES. STEP ASIDE, WILL, AND I'LL FINISH OFF THE BRUTE BEFORE IT GOES WILD AGAIN!



OH, NO, YOU DON'T, MISTER! IF THIS OLD MULE'S TO BE SHOT IT'S NOT YOUR JOB. WHERE'S BEN TONKIN?



HE'S OVER THERE IN THE STORE WITH THE DOC AND THE SHERIFF AND THE KID!

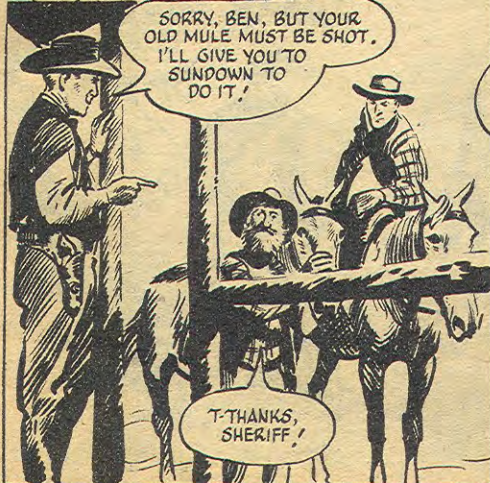
AS WILL RODE UP TO THE STORE, THE SHERIFF CAME OUT WITH OLD BEN --

I HATE TO SAY THIS, BEN, BUT YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT MULE OF YOURS -- AND IF JIMMY DIES I'LL HAVE TO HOLD YOU FOR MANSLAUGHTER!



BUT IT WAS THE LAW OF THE WEST THAT IF AN ANIMAL ATTACKED A MAN IT MUST BE DESTROYED --

SORRY, BEN, BUT YOUR OLD MULE MUST BE SHOT. I'LL GIVE YOU TO SUNDOWN TO DO IT!

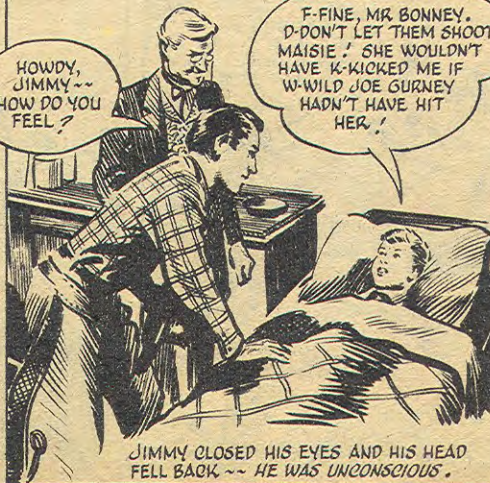


T-THANKS, SHERIFF!

LEAVING OLD BEN WITH HIS MULE, WILL WENT INTO THE STORE TO SEE THE INJURED BOY.

HOWDY, JIMMY -- HOW DO YOU FEEL?

F-FINE, MR. BONNEY. D-DON'T LET THEM SHOOT MAISIE! SHE WOULDN'T HAVE K-KICKED ME IF W-WILD JOE GURNEY HADN'T HAVE HIT HER!



JIMMY CLOSED HIS EYES AND HIS HEAD FELL BACK -- HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS.

WILD JOE GURNEY! SO HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS TROUBLE! SOMEBODY'LL HAVE TO FIND THAT TWO-GUN COYOTE AND MAKE HIM OWN UP -- AND THAT SOMEBODY IS -- BILLY THE KID!

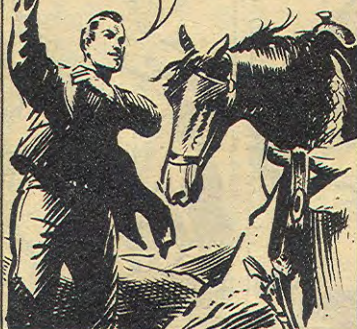


UNKNOWN TO ANYONE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED GUNS, WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER. AS SOON AS HE LEFT THE INJURED BOY HE RODE FULL SPEED TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK.



THERE, IN A SECRET VALLEY, WATCHED BY A GREAT BLACK STALLION, WILL BONNEY DONNED THE BLACK OUTFIT AND SIX-GUNS OF BILLY THE KID.

ONCE AGAIN WE RIDE ON THE TRAIL OF JUSTICE, SATAN!



AS SATAN, THE GREAT BLACK HORSE, LEAPED THE GORGE THAT SURROUNDED THE VALLEY, THE WAR CRY OF BILLY THE KID ECHOED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!



AN HOUR LATER, A FEW MILES AWAY, WILD JOE GURNEY HAD AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR, AS HE SAT DOWN TO HIS MEAL OF COFFEE AND BEANS ~

SORRY, JOE, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE TIME TO ENJOY THOSE BEANS!

SHUCKS! BILLY THE KID! WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?



BILLY THE KID TOLD HIM THAT HE HAD COME TO TAKE HIM BACK TO LITTLE FALLS TO CLEAR THE OLD MAN AND HIS MULE.

GET ON YOUR HORSE, MISTER. YOU'RE COMING BACK TO TOWN!

O.K. ~ BUT DON'T SHOOT!



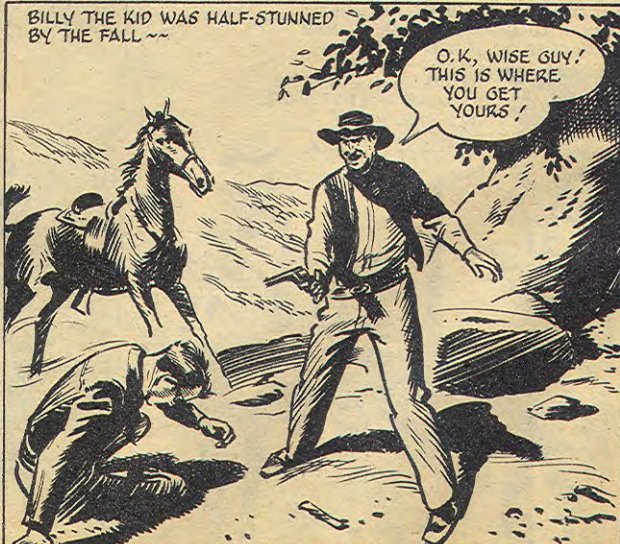
SUDDENLY THE RUFFIAN TOOK A KICK AT THE FIRE, SCATTERING THE BURNING STICKS UP AT BLACK SATAN, AND CAUSING THE GREAT HORSE TO BUCK AND THROW ITS MASTER. ~

YOU AIN'T SO HOT, BILLY THE KID! MAYBE THIS'LL WARM YOU UP SOME!



BILLY THE KID WAS HALF-STUNNED BY THE FALL ~

O.K., WISE GUY! THIS IS WHERE YOU GET YOURS!



BILLY KNEW THAT HE WAS WITHIN A HAIR'S BREADTH OF DEATH. DAZED AS HE WAS, HE LEAPED INTO ACTION.

NOT SO FAST, GURNEY!

AAAAH!



IT WAS FIVE MINUTES LATER WHEN WILD JOE GURNEY RECOVERED FROM THAT PUNCH TO FIND HIMSELF BOUND TO THE SADDLE OF HIS HORSE AND WELL ON THE WAY TO LITTLE FALLS --

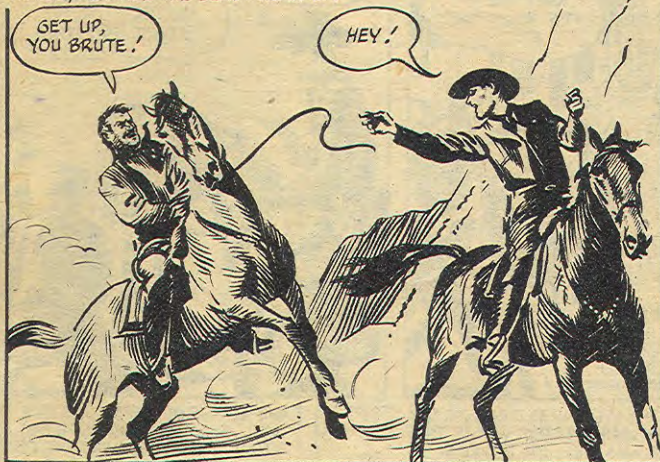
HOWDY, JOE! I HOPE THE JOGGING DIDN'T WAKE YOU UP!



FOLKS DIDN'T ADD 'WILD' TO THE NAME OF JOE GURNEY FOR NOTHING AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER HE MADE ANOTHER, DESPERATE BID TO ESCAPE FROM BILLY THE KID, DIGGING HIS SPURS INTO THE FLANKS OF HIS HORSE, HE MADE THE BEAST REAR UP.

GET UP, YOU BRUTE!

HEY!



BILLY THE KID HAD TO LET GO OF THE BRIDLE OR BE DRAGGED OFF HIS OWN HORSE. ONCE AGAIN, WILD JOE GURNEY WAS FREE AND, SPURRING HIS HORSE ROUND, RODE DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE BY THE SIDE OF THE TRAIL --

GET GOING, HOSS!

HEY, STOP -- YOU CRAZY FOOL! YOU'LL BREAK YOUR NECK!



AS HE SAW THE HORSE AND RIDER STUMBLING DOWN TOWARDS A SHEER DROP, BILLY THE KID REALISED THAT HE MUST ACT QUICKLY IF HE WISHED TO CLEAR OLD BEN TONKIN'S NAME --

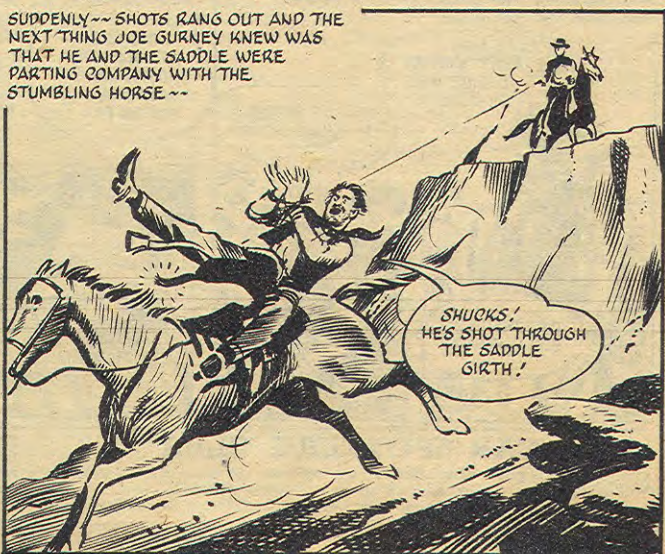
WILD JOE GURNEY -- YOU'RE A PEST, I GOT TO STOP YOU -- PRONTO -- BUT HOW?

HAW! HAW! YOU WON'T GET ME NOW!



SUDDENLY -- SHOTS RANG OUT AND THE NEXT THING JOE GURNEY KNEW WAS THAT HE AND THE SADDLE WERE PARTING COMPANY WITH THE STUMBLING HORSE --

SHUCKS! HE'S SHOT THROUGH THE SADDLE GIRTH!

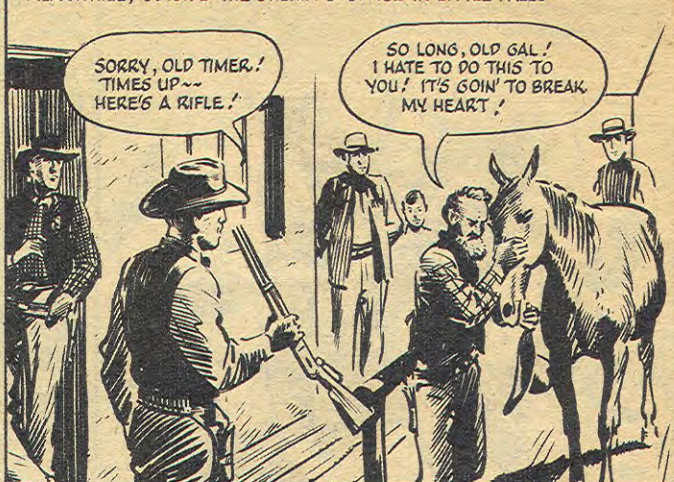


AFTER DRAGGING THE DAZED JOE GURNEY BACK ON TO THE TRAIL, BILLY THE KID HEADED HIM TOWARDS LITTLE FALLS~~



I HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO UNTIE YOU FROM THAT SADDLE NOW, MISTER! YOU'LL HAVE TO RIDE IT TO TOWN~~ GET GOING!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE IN LITTLE FALLS~~



SORRY, OLD TIMER! TIMES UP~~ HERE'S A RIFLE!

SO LONG, OLD GAL! I HATE TO DO THIS TO YOU! IT'S GOIN' TO BREAK MY HEART!

WITH HIS EYES FULL OF TEARS, THE OLD MAN TOOK AIM AT HIS FAITHFUL OLD FOUR-LEGGED PARTNER~~ HIS FINGER TIGHTENED ON THE TRIGGER..



THIS IS THE END OF OUR TRAIL TOGETHER, M-MAISIE!

SUDDENLY THE FAMOUS WAR CRY OF BILLY THE KID ECHOED THROUGH THE QUIET STREET.



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

WHO THE~~? IT'S BILLY THE KID!

SHUCKS! HE'S GOT WILD JOE GURNEY WITH HIM, SHERIFF! WONDER WHY?

HOLD YOUR FIRE, BEN! WHEN THE SHERIFF'S HEARD WHAT THIS COYOTE HAS GOT TO SAY HE'LL LET YOU AND MAISIE GO FREE!



START TALKING MISTER~~ OR I'LL START SHOOTING!

WHEN THE CROWD HEARD WILD JOE GURNEY'S CONFESSION, IT TOOK BOTH BILLY THE KID AND THE SHERIFF TO STOP THEM FROM GIVING HIM THE SAME TREATMENT THAT HAD NEARLY BEFALLEN THE OLD MULE~~



EASY, MEN~~ DON'T WORRY! JUSTICE WILL BE DONE!

IT HAD BETTER! IF YOUNG JIMMY DIES~~

GET INSIDE, YOU VARMINT!

LATER, BILLY THE KID AND OLD BEN CALLED AT THE HOME OF JIMMY BATES, WHERE THEY HEARD THAT HE WAS WELL ON THE ROAD TO RECOVERY.



THEY'RE NOT GOIN' TO SHOOT MAISIE~~ ARE THEY, MISTER BEN?

NOPE! THANKS TO BILLY THE KID HERE!

AND AS THE SUN SET OVER THE TRAIL, BILLY THE KID RODE OUT INTO THIS DUSK, LEAVING THE OLD MAN HAPPY WITH HIS OLD PAL~~



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

LIKE LOTS OF OTHER FOLKS~~ WE'VE A LOT TO THANK HIM FOR, MAISIE!

CAR SPOTTER'S CLUB

SPOTTERS! Is your Album number amongst the thousand printed below? If it is you are entitled to send up for a present--free!

You may claim if your number is between 34,000 and 34,500 inclusive and between 66,000 and 66,500 inclusive.

If your number's come up this week this is what you do. First of all choose one of the following presents: Pocket-knife, Purse, Binoculars, Box of Wire Puzzles, Box of Paints, Big Jig-Saw, "Tenni-Gun," or a

Fountain Pen. Write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use"--and make sure that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Next, on a postcard or piece of paper write the name of the character or story you like most in SUN--and, in a few words, say why. Pop both Album and postcard in an envelope (don't forget the 2½d. stamp!) and post to:

SUN C.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

It must arrive by Tuesday, January 27, 1953. Presents will be despatched about a week after this date and Albums returned at the same time.

WILD BILL'S IN ACTION!

THE BAD MAN OF KANSAS

ALL Kansas was up in arms over Jeff Dolan, outlaw, robber and killer. No bank, stagecoach, or train within the borders of the vast State of Kansas was safe from Jeff Dolan's vicious raids. Things got so bad that the government in Washington ordered Marshal James Butler Hickok to capture the ruthless badman, for if any one could round up Jeff Dolan, it was Wild Bill of the lightning guns.

The news that the famous fighting marshal was going to bring Badman Dolan in spread like wildfire throughout Kansas. The whole territory wondered what would happen when the daring, fast-shooting outlaw came face to face with the equally daring and even faster-shooting peace officer.

When Jeff Dolan heard the news he let out a sneering laugh and turned to two of his men, Big Bart and Sneezzy Slatts. Big Bart was a giant of a fellow, while Sneezzy was a little man who suffered continually from hay fever, which kept him always in a mean and nasty mood.

"I'll show that two-bit marshal I don't intend to sit back and wait to be taken," roared the ugly-faced Dolan. "The nerve of that guy!"

"What are yer aimin' ter do, boss?" asked Big Bart in his deep, booming voice.

"Yeah, boss, what's on yer mind?" wheezed Sneezzy.

Dolan chuckled evilly.

"I gotta plan," he said. "Now listen to this. . . !"

A COUPLE of days later, Wild Bill Hickok, dressed in his usual natty velvet jacket, silk shirt and white broadcloth pants, was sitting in a restaurant in a little town a few miles south of Kansas City. He had just finished eating, and was raising a cup of coffee to his lips when a horseman galloped up the street, reined in momentarily outside the café, and flung a large stone through the window. The next instant the rider was streaking along the road out of town.

"What's goin' on here?" demanded the café owner angrily as he walked over to the smashed window.

"Seems someone's just thrown a stone through your window," replied the marshal. "There it is, under that table at the far end of the room. It appears to have something tied round it—a message perhaps."

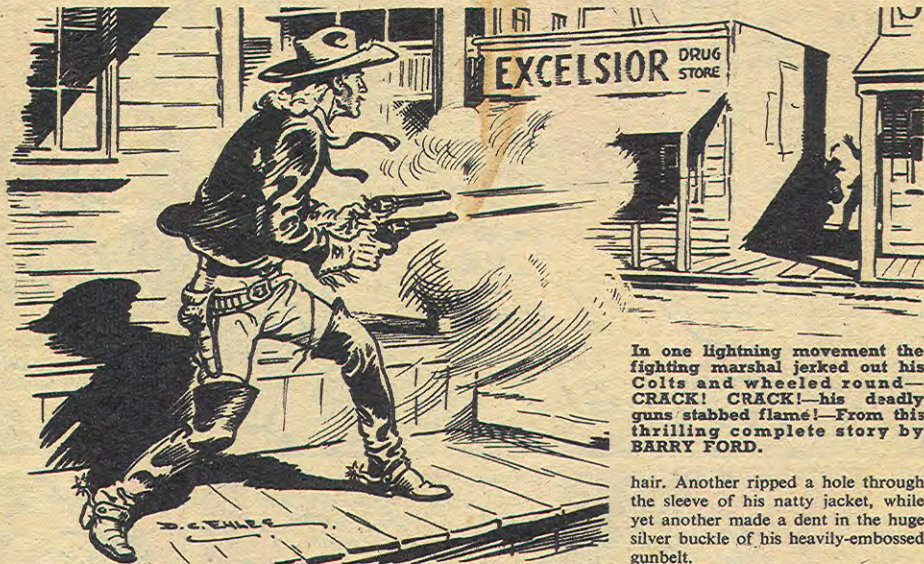
The scowling café owner bent down and picked up the stone, to which was tied a note.

"It's addressed to you, Marshal," he snapped. "A fine way to have messages delivered! Who's gonna pay for my window?"

"I assure you I know nothing about it," said the marshal coolly. "If the note is signed the sender shall be made to pay for the damage he has caused."

He untied the note and smoothing out the folded paper, read:

"No fancy-dressed marshal is gonna get me. I'll be outside the Yawning Owl Saloon in Kansas City at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Come and fight it out with



In one lightning movement the fighting marshal jerked out his Colts and wheeled round—CRACK! CRACK!—his deadly guns stabbed flame! From this thrilling complete story by BARRY FORD.

hair. Another ripped a hole through the sleeve of his natty jacket, while yet another made a dent in the huge silver buckle of his heavily-embossed gunbelt.

But Wild Bill merely grinned and, raising his Colts slightly, he aimed at the stout ropes from which the shop sign was suspended. Two bullets neatly severed each end of the ropes, and the sign dropped swiftly, landing squarely on Dolan's head, knocking him out stone cold. The outlaw never knew what hit him!

Seeing the three outlaws lying unconscious, the townsfolk who had been taking cover streamed out of doorways and, crowding round the marshal, heartily congratulated him on his superb gunplay.

Jeff Dolan and his two henchmen were immediately thrown in jail. Sneezzy Slatts and Big Bart had not been seriously hurt by the marshal's bullets, and the prison doctor soon attended to their flesh wounds.

The three outlaws were tried in court a few weeks later and were all sentenced to long terms of imprisonment in the State Penitentiary. Sneezzy protested violently that being locked up in a cell would be bad for his hay fever, but the judge only gave him a cold look and dismissed him curtly!

As the downcast prisoners were being led back to their cells, Wild Bill Hickok stepped up to Sneezzy Slatts and handed him a box of cigars.

"Although you didn't mean to, you saved my life by sneezing, Slatts," he said. "So take these cigars with my thanks!"

Sneezzy snatched at the box and glared up at the tall marshal.

"Won't enjoy 'em a bit," he rasped. "The darn things will probably make me sneeze all the more and every puff will remind me that my dratted sneezing saved the life of a peace officer! Still, I'll take 'em, anyway, and share 'em out with Jeff and Big Bart, for it will be a long time before we get any more cigars!"

And Sneezzy was right. It was a mighty long time!

Enjoy another thrilling adventure with the fast-shooting marshal in next week's SUN!

guns if yer got the courage. Jeff Dolan."

"Want to know who's going to pay for your broken window?" asked Wild Bill with a grin as the café owner started sweeping up the shattered glass. "Jeff Dolan. Just send him your bill, care of the Yawning Owl Saloon, Kansas City. I'll see he pays it!"

"Jeff Dolan!" gasped the man. "Why, Marshal, if I dared send him a bill he'd shoot me as sure as anything."

"No, he won't," replied the marshal quietly. "Dolan's shooting days are over—or they will be by Tuesday afternoon!"

THE GUN DUEL

TUESDAY afternoon at two o'clock Wild Bill Hickok rode slowly up the main street of Kansas City. Not a soul was in sight, for everyone had wisely taken cover until the gun duel was over.

The marshal dismounted and casually slipped Gypsy's reins over the hitching rail. He eased his silver and ivory-butted Colts in their greased cutaway holsters, and with measured tread, started walking up the middle of the sunny street.

His gauntleted hands hung loosely at his sides within easy reach of his six-guns. His steely blue eyes rapidly scanned doorways and windows for lurking gunmen, for the marshal knew he was walking into a trap. Dolan was too dishonest to play fair.

But Wild Bill, with his vast experience of outlaws, was prepared for anything.

Suddenly Jeff Dolan appeared through the swing doors of the Yawning Owl Saloon. He went down the steps and walked along the wooden sidewalk towards the marshal. And his hands, too, hung loosely at his sides.

Both men advanced towards each other, slowly, deliberately, their eyes fixed on each other's faces. The only sound in the deserted street was the

jingling of their spurs as step by step, they closed the gap between them.

Dolan's fingers began to twitch nervously as though he were forcing himself to keep his hands away from his guns. But Hickok's hands continued to hang loose and relaxed. He looked calm and resolute, and utterly unafraid of the ugly gunman who was out to kill him.

When the marshal and the badman got within twenty-five yards of each other, Wild Bill crossed over to the sidewalk. He was about to step on to the rough wooden boards when he heard a muffled sneeze behind him.

In one lightning movement he jerked out his Colts and wheeled round. The sun's rays struck him full in the eyes, blinding him for a second. But instinct, or some sixth sense, guided his aim, and as he squeezed his triggers two figures on the other side of the street crashed to the ground, their guns flying out of their hands. It was Big Bart and Sneezzy Slatts!

The two gunmen had been given instructions by their boss to shoot Wild Bill Hickok in the back the moment Jeff Dolan drew his guns. In that way the marshal was sure to be killed. The outlaw was leaving nothing to chance, and he was determined that Hickok should die.

But Dolan had overlooked one thing—Sneezzy's hay fever!

As Sneezzy Slatts and Big Bart dropped to the ground unconscious, two bullets streaked past Wild Bill's cheek. Dolan had drawn his gun, and was firing rapidly. Jerking round, the marshal saw that the outlaw was standing close to the wall of a shop. Over the doorway of the store a heavy wooden shop sign was suspended, and Jeff Dolan was standing directly beneath it as he blazed away at Hickok.

The marshal ignored the hail of lead pouring from the outlaw's guns. Bullets were flying all round him. One howled so closely past his head it clipped off a lock of his long fair

The PRISONER of ZENDA

ON THE EVE OF HIS CORONATION, KING RUDOLF THE FIFTH OF RURITANIA, LAY DRUGGED AND UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FLOOR OF HIS HUNTING LODGE. ASLEEP IN A CHAIR NEARBY WAS HIS DISTANT COUSIN, RUDOLF RASSENDYLL OF ENGLAND, WHO LOOKED REMARKABLY LIKE THE KING.



THE KING! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

COLONEL ZAPT AND CAPTAIN FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM, TWO OF THE KING'S MOST TRUSTED OFFICERS, RUSHED TO HIS SIDE.



AND HIS CORONATION ONLY A FEW HOURS OFF!

THIS IS THE WORK OF HIS CRAFTY HALF-BROTHER, COLONEL. HE MUST HAVE BRIBED ONE OF THE SERVANTS!



COLONEL ZAPT WENT OVER TO THE SLEEPING ENGLISHMAN AND THREW A PITCHER OF WATER OVER HIM TO AWAKEN HIM.

I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR JOKE, SIR!

THIS IS NO JOKE, ENGLISHMAN!



I GATHER YOU NEVER DRANK ANY OF THIS WINE - YOU WOULD HAVE KNOWN IT IF YOU HAD -- IT'S DRUGGED!

DRUGGED?

COLONEL ZAPT NODDED AND LOOKED OVER AT THE STILL FORM OF THE KING. WITH A STARTLED GASP RASSENDYLL KNELT DOWN AND TOOK THE KING'S HAND.



FRITZ, HAVE YOU SENT FOR A DOCTOR?

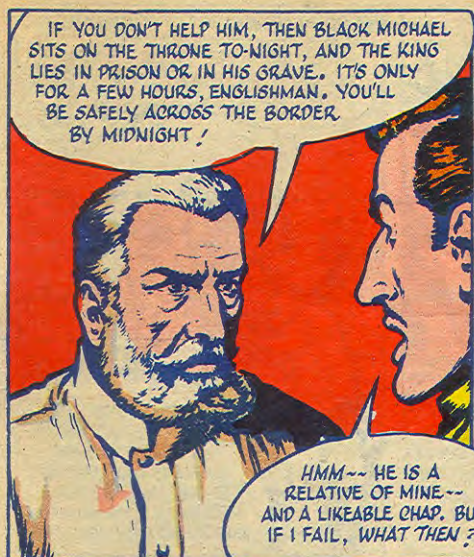
THERE'S NONE WITHIN TEN MILES. AND IN ANY CASE, A THOUSAND DOCTORS WOULDN'T GET HIM TO THE CATHEDRAL IN TIME FOR HIS CORONATION THIS AFTERNOON. HE'S TOO HEAVILY DRUGGED!



THIS IS BLACK MICHAEL'S WORK, MR RASSENDYLL. HE IS THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER, AND HATES THE KING. HE WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO GET THE THRONE. AND IT WILL BE A SAD DAY INDEED WHEN RURITANIA IS RULED BY MICHAEL.

IF THE KING ISN'T CROWNED TO-DAY, HE'LL NEVER BE CROWNED. ENGLISHMAN -- FATE SENT YOU HERE, WITHOUT YOUR MOUSTACHE ANYONE WOULD TAKE YOU FOR THE KING. IT'S A RISK -- YES, BUT --

NOW JUST A MINUTE. I CAME HERE ON A FISHING TRIP. I LIKE TO FISH. I'M AN ORDINARY ENGLISHMAN. I COULDN'T BEGIN TO ACT LIKE A KING IF I TRIED. I WOULDN'T DECEIVE A SOUL.



WITH NO TIME TO LOSE, RASSENDYLL SHAVED OFF HIS MOUSTACHE AND PUT ON THE KING'S CORONATION UNIFORM.



IN THE MEANTIME AT STRELSAU WHERE THE CORONATION WAS TO TAKE PLACE THAT AFTERNOON, THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER, MICHAEL, DUKE OF STRELSAU, WAS TALKING TO HIS VERY GOOD FRIEND, COUNT RUPERT OF HENTZAU.



Next week--THE CORONATION!

LORD of SHERWOOD

KING JOHN HAS IVANHOE AND SOME OF THE MERRIE MEN IMPRISONED IN THE TOWER OF LONDON. HE PROCLAIMS THAT HE WILL FREE THE MERRIE MEN IF ROBIN HOOD GIVES HIMSELF UP TO DIE WITH IVANHOE WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

MARIAN KNEW THAT JOHN'S WORD WAS NOT TO BE TRUSTED AND SHE WAS FEARFUL THAT ROBIN WOULD SACRIFICE HIS LIFE IN A VAIN ATTEMPT TO SAVE HIS MEN.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE, LITTLE JOHN! UNLESS OUR MEN CAN BE RESCUED BEFORE NIGHTFALL, ROBIN WILL GIVE HIMSELF UP!

AYE! BUT IT WILL BE A HOPELESS TASK TO TRY TO GET INTO THE TOWER TO-DAY. THE GUARDS WILL BE ALERT FOR SUCH A MOVE AND ROBIN WILL NOT LET ANY MORE OF US RISK OUR NECKS --

THE SAXON MESSENGERS WERE SYMPATHETIC.

TIMES ARE HARD FOR US ALL SINCE THE TYRANT JOHN CAME BACK.

AYE! THIS VERY DAY THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD AND HIS RUFFIANS ARE COMING TO OUR VILLAGE TO IMPRISON A POOR WIDOW WHO CANNOT PAY HER TAXES

MARIAN'S EYES FLASHED.

AN HOUR LATER, THE SAXONS BROUGHT MARIAN AND LITTLE JOHN TO THEIR VILLAGE --

WHERE IS THE COTTAGE YOU SPOKE OF?

THERE IT IS, MY LADY -- THE HOME OF THE POOR WIDOW ELFRIDA.

I HAVE IT! THERE IS A WAY INTO JOHN'S STRONGHOLD! NOT A WORD TO ROBIN -- SADDLE UP TWO HORSES AND MEET ME AT THE FOREST PATH.

THE WIDOW ELFRIDA WAS DESPERATELY POOR AND UNABLE TO PAY HER HEAVY TAXES -- SHE WAS WAITING IN TERROR FOR THE BRUTAL GUARDS TO TAKE HER AWAY TO IMPRISONMENT. MARIAN SOOTHED HER AND PRESSED A PURSE OF GOLD INTO HER TREMBLING HANDS --

FEAR NOT, WIDOW ELFRIDA -- THESE GOOD FRIENDS WILL TAKE YOU TO SOME SAFE PLACE WHERE YOU WILL NEVER BE REACHED BY KING JOHN'S MEN -- AND TAKE THIS MONEY AS A GIFT FROM THE WIFE OF ROBIN HOOD.

BLESS YOU, MY LADY -- I WILL GO TO MY SON IN SHERWOOD -- HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?

LATER -- WITH A CLATTER OF HOOVES AND THE RING OF BURNISHED STEEL, THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD AND HIS MEN SWEEPED INTO THE VILLAGE --

HALT -- WAIT HERE!

THE BRUTAL CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD KICKED OPEN THE DOOR OF THE WIDOW'S COTTAGE AND STRODE IN ~~~



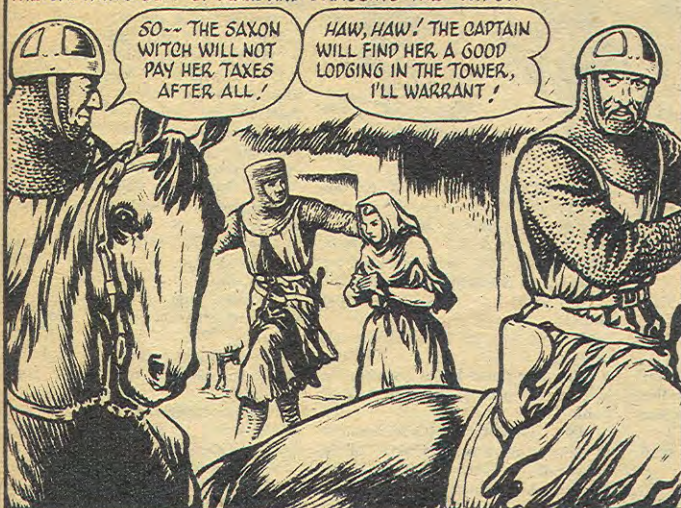
HO THERE, SAXON HAG! IF YOU HAVE NOT FOUND THE MONEY, YOU ARE COMING WITH ME!

LITTLE JOHN QUIETLY CLOSED THE DOOR BEHIND THE CAPTAIN ~~~ THEN ~~~!



GOOD WORK, LITTLE JOHN! TAKE HIS MAIL. THEN BIND HIM FAST ~~~

LATER, LITTLE JOHN EMERGED FROM THE COTTAGE, DRESSED IN THE CAPTAIN'S SUIT OF MAIL AND DRAGGING THE "WIDOW" ~~~



SO ~~~ THE SAXON WITCH WILL NOT PAY HER TAXES AFTER ALL!

HAW, HAW! THE CAPTAIN WILL FIND HER, A GOOD LODGING IN THE TOWER, I'LL WARRANT!

MARIAN'S DARING PLAN SUCCEEDED. THE MEN-AT-ARMS WERE COMPLETELY HOODWINKED AND PRESENTLY THE ARMED PARTY WERE CLATTERING OVER THE DRAWBRIDGE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON ~~~



INSIDE THE TOWER, A WARDER LED THE CAPTAIN AND HIS PRISONER DOWN THE DANK STEPS TO THE DUNGEONS ~~~



HEH! HEH! THERE IS THE DUNGEON WHERE IVANHOE AND HIS CRONIES ARE SPENDING THEIR LAST FEW HOURS.

PUT THIS WOMAN IN THE NEXT DUNGEON!

HIST! MARIAN. I WILL RETURN ALONE SHORTLY AND RELEASE YOU ALL!

AT THE SOUND OF LITTLE JOHN'S VOICE, THE WARDER SPUN ROUND ACCUSINGLY.



THERE IS SOME KNAVERY HERE! YOU ARE NOT THE CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD!

NO! HE IS NOT!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN EPPING FOREST, ROBIN WAS READING A NOTE WHICH MARIAN HAD LEFT FOR HIM ~~~



"LITTLE JOHN AND I HAVE FOUND A WAY INTO THE TOWER-- BE AT HAND TO GIVE HELP-- BUT DO NOTHING RASH. ~~~ 'TIS FROM MARIAN!"

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



"Shoulder to shoulder!" exclaimed Monty Lowther, and the Terrible Three met the attack!

This Week : THE SCRAP IN THE TUCKSHOP

TOM MERRY LOSES HIS TEMPER

MELLISH was in the tuckshop when Arthur Augustus D'Arcy entered, and he gave the Fourth-former a friendly nod. His mouth watered as he saw the jam tarts selected by D'Arcy, and he joined the junior.

"I'll have some of those tarts if you like, Gussy," he remarked.

"I don't like!" said Gussy.

"Now don't be mean, old fellow!"

"I despise you, Mellish," said D'Arcy, "but I don't want to be mean. You can have some of the tarts if you like."

"Thanks, I will!"

D'Arcy's way of putting it was not particularly hospitable, but the tarts were nice enough, so Mellish was satisfied. He did not trouble his head about trifles. Three youths were standing at the counter, and their caps showed that they belonged to Rylcombe Grammar School. They were Monk, Lane, and Carboy, the leaders of the Grammarian juniors, with whom the St. Jim's boys had had many a scrap. But just at present they seemed to be more interested in some topic they were discussing among themselves than in seeking a row with the Saints.

"It's all rot, of course!" said Monk.

"Must be," agreed Carboy.

"Oh, I don't know," said Lane, with a shake of the head. "Such things have happened, you know, and you never can tell."

"Oh, I think it's rot!" declared Monk. "Dr. Holmes would have

more sense!"

"I should think so."

"Well, he wouldn't want it to get out, you see, or people might start taking their boys away from the school, and then they might never come back again."

"H'm! I think it's all rot! Let's ask D'Arcy."

"I don't suppose he'd know anything about it."

"Let's ask him, anyway."

The three Grammarians walked towards the St. Jim's juniors. D'Arcy looked at them inquiringly.

"If you are looking for a wow, Fwank Monk—"

"Not at all," said Monk genially.

"Rows are off. We only want to speak to you, Gussy."

"Well, as a wule, I only speak to people whom I wegard as my fwiends," said D'Arcy, "but I am quite at your service. Go on!"

"Thanks awfully, Gussy! You don't know how grateful we are for your kindness in speaking to us at all."

"Yes, I suppose you must be. But pway go on! Will you have some jam tarts? They are vewy nice."

"Certainly! Chaps, take as many tarts as you like, it's Gussy's treat! I say, D'Arcy, Mellish has been telling us—"

"No, I haven't!" broke in Mellish quickly. "I said that I had heard it, Monk. Don't put the yarn down to me."

"Oh, all right! Mellish has been saying that he's heard that there's a chap with the smallpox up at St. Jim's being kept secret so that it won't get out that there's an epidemic in the school."

"Oh, wats!" said D'Arcy. "What wot!"

"That's what I said," said Frank Monk. "But Mellish seems to think there's something in it, so I

thought—"

"It's all wot, of course! Who told you, Mellish?"

"One of the fellows in the Fourth said he'd heard it," said Mellish.

"Of course, it's well known that Gore hasn't really gone home."

"Bai jove! I thought he had, you know!"

"It was a yarn about his uncle being sick."

"But why should they pwetend he had gone home if he hasn't gone home?"

"Oh, I say nothing! It's no business of mine. I know a great many of the fellows think Gore hasn't really left the school. Take that, along with the rumour that there's a fellow with the smallpox being kept secretly at the school, without a doctor being called in—"

"By jove, it does look stwange!"

"I should say that it does," said Mellish. "Of course, there may be nothing in it. I only repeat what I have heard. Thanks for the tarts, Gussy! They were ripping!"

And the cad of the Fourth strolled out of the tuckshop, leaving the juniors there with serious faces. Gaffer Jones, behind the counter, had listened curiously to the talk, and his wizened old face showed how keenly it interested him. The Gaffer was one of the worst gossips in Rylcombe, and it was pretty certain that before the day was out the rumour would be all over the village that smallpox had broken out up at the school.

"It really looks queer," said Frank Monk. "I hope nothing of the sort has happened."

"All the same, to be on the safe side," said Lane, "I really think we ought to bar these kids. They may be carrying infection with them."

"Yes, by jove!" exclaimed Carboy.

"Smallpox is awfully catching, and we might get it just by standing near D'Arcy."

D'Arcy gave an indignant sniff.

"I tell you it's all wot!" he exclaimed. "Have some more jam tarts, and don't talk silly piffle!"

"Good advice!" grinned Frank Monk. "I daresay you're an infectious rotter, but I'll risk it for the tarts!"

"Same here," said Carboy. "Hallo, here come the Terrible Triplets! Let's ask them if they're aware of the outbreak at the school."

"Ha, ha! Good idea."

Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther came into the shop followed closely by Mellish and walked up to the counter. The Grammarian trio turned towards them, grinning.

"Hallo, Merry!" said Frank Monk. "I hear that you've got smallpox up at the school."

Tom Merry stared at the Grammarian.

"This is the first I've heard of it," he said.

"Isn't it a fact, then?"

"Of course it isn't, fathead?"

"Who are you calling a fathead?"

"You," said Tom Merry. "Only a silly ass would believe a yarn like that! Besides, we've had the school disinfected since you chaps were there playing football last week."

The Grammarians turned red.

"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled D'Arcy. "I wegard that wemark as weally funny."

"Do you?" said Tom Merry.

"I regard you as a rather funny animal, too."

"Weally, Tom Mewwy—"

"Oh, don't speak to me!" said Tom crossly. "That is, unless you are ready to explain what you said this morning, and to take back your words."

"I am not pwepared to do anything of the sort."

"Then shut up!"

And Tom Merry gave an order to Gaffer Jones. The Grammarians looked at one another in surprise. There was evidently a rift in the lute at St. Jim's.

"Hallo! What's the matter with you kids?" asked Monk.

"Find out!"

"That's what I'm trying to do. What is the trouble, Gussy? Confide it to your uncle."

"I have no objection to doing so, Fwank Monk. I wegard Tom Merry as a wotter, you know, because I consider that he has acted in a wotten manner!"

Tom Merry set down his glass of ginger-beer untasted. His brow was contracted and a glint was in his usually pleasant eyes.

"Look here, D'Arcy—"

"Pway keep your wemarks for those who do not despise you," said Arthur Augustus, with a wave of the hand.

Tom Merry's face was crimson. He made a rapid step towards D'Arcy, but Manners and Lowther caught him and pulled him back.

Tom looked at them angrily.

"What are you up to?" he exclaimed. "Let me go!"

"Hang it, Tom—"

SUN—January 17, 1953—13

DICK TURPIN

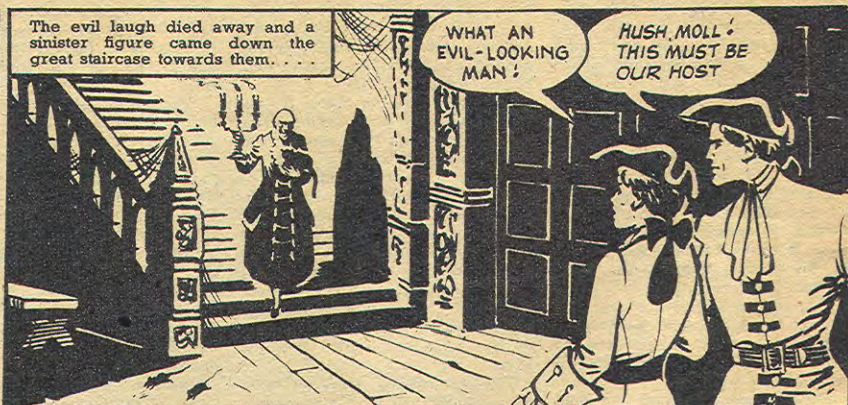
AND

The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN



A ghostly rider is haunting a desolate stretch of the Portsmouth Road. One night, Dick and Moll Moonlight seek shelter in the eerie "House of Secrets" ... thought to be deserted. ...

The evil laugh died away and a sinister figure came down the great staircase towards them. ...



WHAT AN EVIL-LOOKING MAN!

HUSH, MOLL! THIS MUST BE OUR HOST

PARDON OUR INTRUSION, SIR ... CAPTAIN RICHARD PALMER AT YOUR SERVICE ... MY COMPANION'S HORSE IS LAME AND WE BEG YOU TO GIVE US A NIGHT'S SHELTER FROM THE STORM



The man in black gave his icy hand to the "Captain".

I AM JASPER DOOM ... OF COURSE YOU MAY STAY THE NIGHT ... MY HUMBLE HOME IS SELDOM HONOURED BY WELL-TO-DO TRAVELLERS LIKE YOURSELVES ... WE ARE FLATTERED, ARE WE NOT, JEZEBEL?



Doom led Dick and Moll to a great draughty banqueting hall, where refreshment was brought for them. ...

MADAM, IT IS STRANGE TO SEE A LADY DRESSED IN THE RICHLI EMBROIDERED CLOTHES OF A FINE GENTLEMAN. YOUR RIDING COAT I SEE, IS OF THE FINEST VELVET ...

IT IS MORE SUITABLE FOR TRAVELLING THE ROAD, SIR, DON'T YOU AGREE?



After a cheerless meal, their host took them up the gloomy staircase. ...

JEZEBEL AND I LIVE ALONE ... THE RATS AND SPIDERS ARE OUR ONLY FRIENDS ... HEH! HEH! ... YOU CANNOT COUNT MY SERVANT IVAN FOR HE DOES NOT SPEAK ENGLISH ...



... And showed them to their rooms. ...

THIS IS YOUR BEDCHAMBER - THE "BLACK ROOM" CAPTAIN PALMER WILL BE IN THE "TOWER ROOM"



I HATE THIS PLACE - AND ITS OWNER - I'LL SLEEP FULLY-DRESSED TONIGHT - WITH MY PISTOL CLOSE AT HAND!

The man called Jasper Doom chuckled evilly to himself as he crept downstairs. ...

AHA! THERE IS NO NEED FOR THE PHANTOM OF CROSSBONES CORNER TO RIDE ABROAD TONIGHT! ... FATE HAS SENT A RICH PRIZE TO HIS VERY LAIR ... HEH! HEH! HEH!



Meanwhile, Moll took off her riding coat and lay down on the great black bed. ...

SCARED AS I AM, I AM TOO TIRED TO STAY AWAKE ... STILL, I AM SAFE WITH THIS PISTOL!



As a distant church clock struck the hour of midnight, Moll was awakened—by a sound in the room!

AAAGH! WHO ARE YOU...
...A GHOST!

She aimed the heavy pistol... and fired!

Roused by the shot, Dick burst into the room...

WHAT AILS YOU, MOLL?

IT WAS THE GHOSTLY FIGURE I SAW ON THE HEATH TONIGHT... I SWEAR I HIT HIM... BUT WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY... HE HAD VANISHED!

MY COAT HAS VANISHED FROM THAT CHAIR! WITH ALL MY MONEY, TOO!

BY JUPITER!—THERE'S YOUR GHOST!

The mystified pair watched the terrible figure flitting across the desolate park...

SEE—HE'S HEADING FOR THAT RUINED CHAPEL!

AFTER HIM, MOLL! GHOSTS DON'T STEAL COATS AND MONEY

They rushed down the dark, silent staircase...

A pair of angry eyes watched them cross the lawn... it was the giant servant, Ivan!

Dick burst open the ancient door of the chapel...

SEE, DICK!... THAT DOOR!

HE MUST HAVE GONE THAT WAY!

THIS DOOR HAS NOT BEEN OPENED FOR YEARS!

Suddenly the harsh voice of Jasper Doom rang through the silent chapel...

YOU! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY PRYING ROUND MY PROPERTY AT MIDNIGHT?

IS JASPER DOOM THE PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN? See next week's thrilling instalment!

SUN—January 17, 1953—15

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 Carmellie Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

