

SUN



BILLY THE KID

EVERY
MONDAY

No. 209
February 7, 1953

3^D

BILLY THE KID *and the Outlaw Gunners* EXTRA LONG PICTURE STRIP INSIDE



BILLY THE KID - LONE AVENGER

THE U.S. ARMY HAD BEEN FIGHTING A LONG HARD WAR AGAINST A MEXICAN REBEL ARMY THAT HAD CROSSED THE BORDER INTO TEXAS. WHEREVER THE FIGHTING WAS THICKEST, THE VOICE OF SERGEANT PADDY O'TOOLE COULD BE HEARD--YELLING ORDERS TO HIS TEAM OF GUNNERS AS THEY LOADED AND FIRED THE GUN THEY CALLED 'OLD BETSY'!



AT LAST THE ARMY CAUGHT THE BANDITS IN A TRAP AND SOON POUNDED THEM INTO SURRENDER--THANKS MAINLY TO MEN LIKE SERGEANT O'TOOLE AND HIS CRACK GUN TEAM--

THERE'S THE CEASE-FIRE SOUNDING, SARGE! AND THE MEXICANS ARE FLYING A WHITE FLAG!

WHO CARES ABOUT THAT! QUICK, RELOAD! WE'LL GIVE THESE MEXICANS A COUPLE MORE SHOTS JUST FOR FUN!



LITTLE DID THE SERGEANT REALISE THAT HIS FOLLY WOULD END HIS DISTINGUISHED CAREER AS A SOLDIER, AND THOSE OF HIS MEN ALSO.

YOU HEARD THE ORDER TO CEASE FIRE, O'TOOLE! THAT WAS A DASTARDLY THING TO DO. LOOK AT THE NEEDLESS CASUALTIES YOU AND YOUR FOOL GUNNERS HAVE CAUSED. I'LL SEE YOU'RE DISMISSED THE ARMY FOR THIS!

BUT THEY'RE ONLY GREASERS, SIR!



LATER, AT A COURT-MARTIAL, THE SERGEANT AND HIS GUNNERS WERE FOUND GUILTY OF THE SERIOUS CHARGE AND DISMISSED THE ARMY. AS THEY SPENT THE LAST NIGHT IN THEIR BUNKS AT FORT EAGLE THEY FELT THEY HAD BEEN UNJUSTLY PUNISHED.

I DON'T RECKON WE'VE BEEN TREATED RIGHT, SARGE! DISMISSED FOR BUMPIN' OFF A FEW EXTRA GREASERS!

YEAH! IF I COULD TAKE OLD BETSY WITH ME I'D BLAST EVERY DARNED MEXICAN OFF THE MAP!

AND SOME OF OUR OWN LOT, TOO! NOBODY'LL GIVE US A JOB WHEN THEY KNOW WE WERE BOOTED OUT OF THE ARMY!

AS HE LAY ON HIS BUNK, LISTENING TO HIS MEN, SERGEANT O'TOOLE THOUGHT OF A SCHEME--

LISTEN, YOU GUYS! I'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY OF GETTIN' EVEN AND MAYBE MAKE OURSELVES A PILE OF DOUGH, TOO! WHEN WE CLEAR OUT TO-MORROW WE'LL TAKE OLD BETSY AND A FEW SHELLS WITH US, AND USE THEM TO MAKE A FEW FOLKS PART WITH THEIR CASH!

GEE! WE'RE WITH YOU, SARGE!



BEFORE SUN-UP THE FOLLOWING MORNING, EX-SERGEANT O'TOOLE AND HIS EX-GUNNERS PREPARED TO LEAVE FORT EAGLE.

YOU GUYS GET OLD BETSY LIMBERED UP! I'LL FIX THE GUARDS AND OPEN THE GATES!

O.K., SARGE!



SO WELL DID THE EX-GUNNERY SERGEANT FIX THE GUARDS THAT THEY WERE STILL SENSELESS WHEN THE RENEGADE SOLDIERS RODE OUT WITH THEIR OLD GUN.

NICE WORK, BOYS! KEEP 'EM GOIN'! FROM NOW ON, WE'RE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE--HAW! HAW!

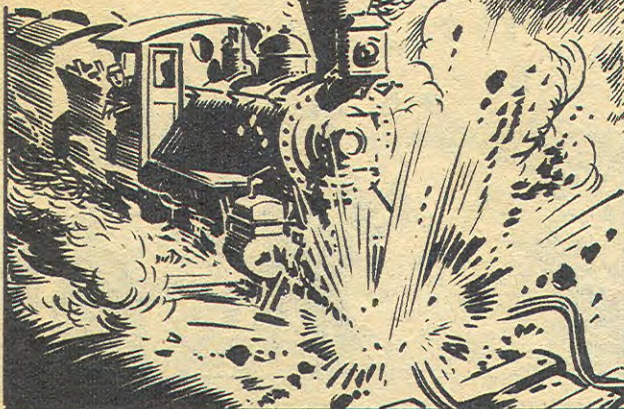


A FEW DAYS LATER, THE EX-SOLDIERS STARTED TO MAKE THEIR FORTUNES, TO THE MISFORTUNE OF INNOCENT PEOPLE--

THAT WAS JUST A WARNING SHOT! GET DOWN AND THROW YOUR CASH ON THE GROUND OR WE'LL BLOW YOU TO TIMBUCTOO!



AFTER A FEW WEEKS OF SUCCESSFUL STAGE-COACH HOLD-UPS, THE GUNNERS AIMED AT A BIGGER TARGET--THE MAIL TRAIN FROM THE EAST. ON BOARD THE ARMY PAYMASTER WAS TRAVELLING WITH THE PAYROLL FOR FORT EAGLE.



UNDER THE THREAT OF THE GREAT GUN THE PAYMASTER PARTED WITH HIS GOLD.

YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS OUTRAGE!

IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE HAVE, CAP'N! HAW! HAW!

WE'VE TAKEN MORE FROM YOU TO-DAY THAN WE'D GET IN A HUNDRED YEARS IN THE ARMY!



SOON THE NOTORIOUS DEEDS OF PADDY O'TOOLE AND HIS GUNNERS HIT THE HEADLINES IN ALL THE WESTERN PAPERS--



ONE MORNING A FEW DAYS LATER, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG BOSS OF CHOLE-B RANCH, RODE INTO LITTLE FALLS TO CALL AT THE BANK--

HOWDY, MISTER! HOPE MY CASH IS GOING TO BE SAFE. THOSE GUNNER BOYS SEEM TO BE HEADED THIS WAY!

THERE AIN'T A GUN IN THE WHOLE OF THE UNITED STATES THAT COULD BLAST OUR STRONG-ROOM OPEN, MISTER!



NO SOONER HAD THE MANAGER SPOKEN THAN THE WHOLE BUILDING SEEMED TO FALL ABOUT WILL BONNEY'S EARS--

WHAT THE--?



AS WILL BONNEY PICKED HIMSELF UP FROM THE RUBBLE, HE SAW A GREAT GAPING HOLE IN THE STRONG-ROOM WALL--

SHUCKS! WHAT HAPPENED, MISTER? I'VE LOST MY SPECS--I CAN'T SEE!

SOMEBODY'S GOT A GUN POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLAST YOUR STRONG-ROOM OPEN, MISTER! THE GUNNER BOYS HAVE JUST RAIDED THE BANK!



AS A CROWD GATHERED ROUND THE WRECKED BANK, WILL BONNEY SLIPPED QUIETLY AWAY--

SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO PUT A STOP TO THOSE GUNNERS! THIS IS A JOB FOR BILLY THE KID!



UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER OF THE WEST. AFTER LEAVING LITTLE FALLS, WILL RODE FAST OUT TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK, WHERE IN A SECRET VALLEY CLOSE BY, GUARDED BY A GREAT BLACK HORSE, WERE THE BLACK OUTFIT AND SIX-GUNS OF BILLY THE KID!

SWIFTLY WILL BONNEY CHANGED INTO THE BLACK OUTFIT OF BILLY THE KID--

WE'VE A DIFFICULT TASK AHEAD OF US, SATAN! BUT, BY HOKEY, WE'LL DO IT!



SOON THE HILLS ECHOED THE FAMOUS WAR-CRY OF BILLY THE KID, AS, MOUNTED ON HIS WONDER HORSE, SATAN, HE RODE FAST ON THE TRAIL OF EX-SERGEANT O'TOOLE AND HIS MEN--

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!



A FEW MILES AWAY, THE O'TOOLE GANG RUMBLERED THEIR GUN BETSY INTO POSITION -- READY TO ATTACK ANOTHER TRAIN -- NOT FOR GOLD THIS TIME, BUT FOR MORE SHELLS.

REMEMBER, LADS, WE'RE VERY SHORT OF SHELLS AND THIS IS OUR ONLY CHANCE OF GETTING MORE!

DON'T WORRY, SARGE -- WE'LL HIT THE ENGINE FAIR AND SQUARE AND MAKE SURE WE STOP IT!

AS THE LOCOMOTIVE PULLED UP THE STEEP GRADIENT OF BUFFALO PASS, THE ACCURACY OF THE GUNNERS' LAYING WAS SOON SEEN --

HOW'S THAT, SARGE?

NICE WORK BOYS! A DIRECT HIT! WE'LL SOON HAVE ALL THE SHELLS WE NEED!

BUT AS THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY THE GUNNERS SAW THEIR MUCH NEEDED SHELLS ROLLING AWAY OUT OF THEIR GRASP --

THERE GO OUR SHELLS, SARGE!

SHUCKS! THE WAGONS, THEY'RE RUNNING BACK DOWN THE SLOPE!

FROM A RIDGE FURTHER DOWN THE VALLEY, BILLY THE KID SAW THE WAGONS AS THEY HURTTLED DOWN THE SLOPE. HIS KEEN EYE ALSO PICKED OUT THE SMOKE OF ANOTHER TRAIN AS IT STEAMED INTO BUFFALO PASS.

BY HOKEY! THERE'S A PASSENGER TRAIN HEADING THIS WAY! QUICK, SATAN! WE'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE WAGONS OR THERE'LL BE A TERRIFIC CRASH!

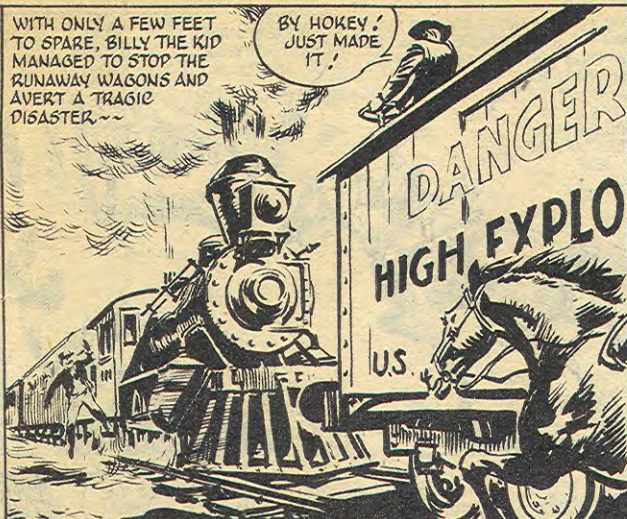
DOWN THE RUGGED SLOPE ON TO THE TRACK RACED BILLY THE KID --

GET GOING, SATAN!

AS BLACK SATAN CAUGHT UP WITH THE WAGONS, BILLY THE KID TOOK A FLYING LEAP AT THE LEADING TRUCK --

TRYING DESPERATELY TO KEEP HIS BALANCE, BILLY SWIFTLY WOUND DOWN THE BRAKE --

SHUCKS! THE OTHER TRAIN! I ONLY HOPE THIS BRAKE WORKS FAST!

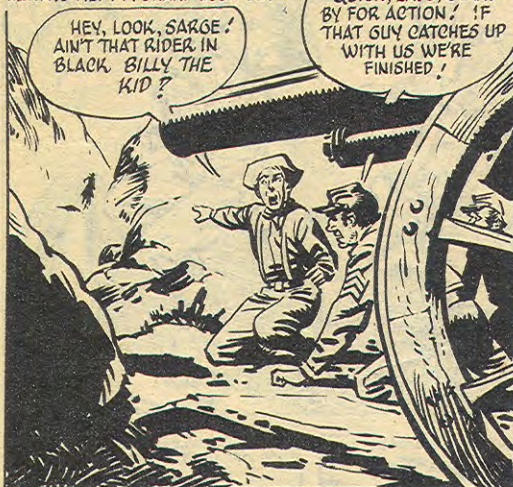


NO SOONER HAD THE TRUCKS STOPPED THAN BILLY LEAPED DOWN ON TO HIS GREAT BLACK HORSE

BILLY THE KID SOON PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF THE GUNNERS



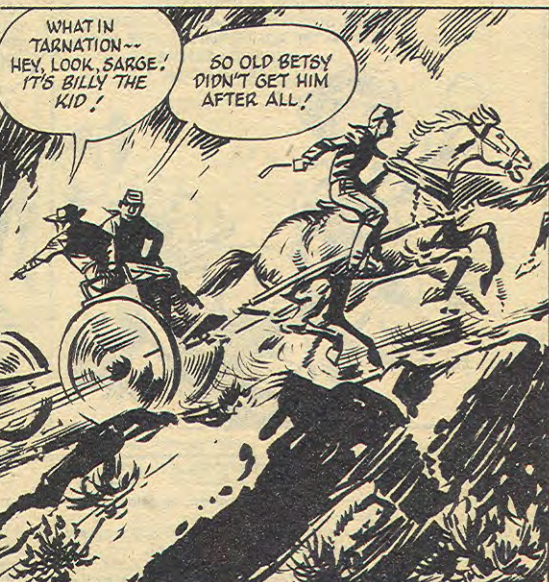
THE RENEGADE GUNNERS KNEW THIS, TOO, AND ONE OF THEM ALWAYS KEPT A SHARP LOOK-OUT--

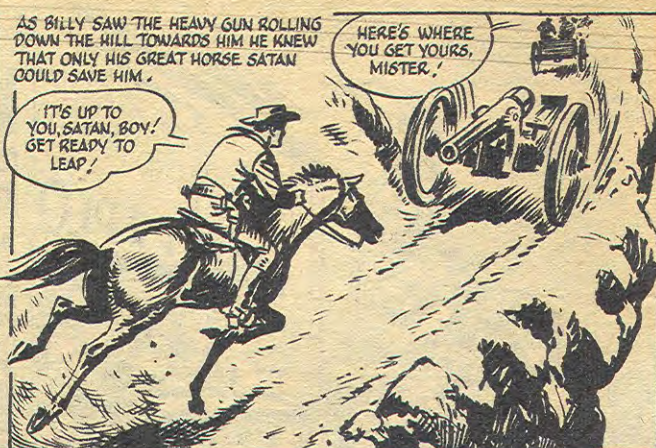
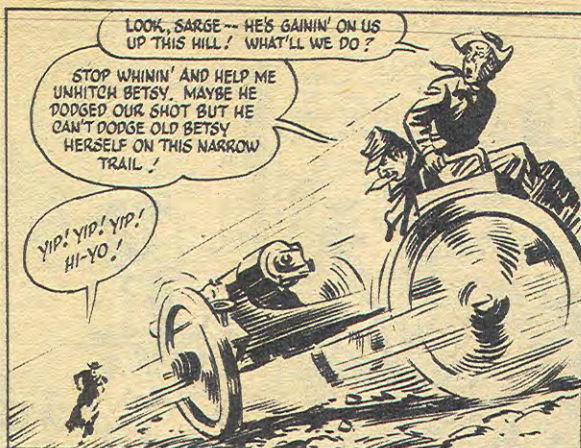


AS SOON AS BILLY RODE INTO RANGE THE GUNNERS FIRED THEIR LAST SHELL.



BUT THE SHELL HAD NOT KILLED BILLY THE KID. A LARGE ROCK HAD PROTECTED HIM FROM THE FULL FORCE OF THE BLAST AND HE HAD ONLY BEEN STUNNED. SOON HE WAS ON THE TRAIL OF PADDY O'TOOLE AND HIS MEN--





Remember--next week--Billy the Kid rides out again from Thunderbird Peak on another thrilling adventure!

CAR SPOTTERS' CLUB

IT may be your week for a Club present, Spotters! See if your Album number is one of those printed below. All those with numbers between 18,000 and 18,500 inclusive, and between 31,000 and 31,500 inclusive may claim a present.

If your number is here this is what you do. First, choose one of the following: Fountain-pen, "Tenni-gun", Pocket-knife, Big Jig-saw, Box of Paints, Purse, Binoculars, or Box of Wire Puzzles. Write its

name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use", and check that your 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 most in SUN, and in a few words, say why. Post Album and postcard in a 2½d. stamped envelope to:

SUN C.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by Tuesday, February 17, the closing date. Presents will be sent out about a week later and Albums returned at the same time.

WILD BILL HICKOK

and the
BLACK STALLION

WILD BILL HICKOK, the famous fighting marshal of the Golden West, was headed for Silver City. Gypsy, his beautiful sorrel mare, who was speeding along at a steady lope which ate up the miles, streaked out of Kicking Horse Pass and entered a wide valley. And there, grazing on the rich grassland in the centre of the valley, was a herd of horses.

"What a magnificent herd!" exclaimed Wild Bill in admiration. "Funny, though, I've never come across any wild horses in this region before."

As Gypsy drew nearer to the herd the marshal was surprised to find that the horses did not dash away. Instead, they continued grazing.

"You know something, Gypsy. Those aren't wild horses at all!" murmured the marshal, keenly eyeing the superb creatures. "Now what in the world are tame horses doing out here in this valley?"

As Gypsy skirted the contentedly grazing herd a sudden shrill scream of an enraged horse sounded behind her. Wheeling her round, the marshal came face to face with a huge jet black stallion. With flashing eyes and dilated nostrils the wild creature rushed at Gypsy and reared up on its hind legs.

Wild Bill rapidly raised his whip and gave the great stallion a stinging blow across the nose. That so enraged the beast it snorted and neighed in fury, and flew at Gypsy with bared teeth.

Wild Bill touched Gypsy lightly with his spurs, and breaking into an instant headlong gallop, literally flew across the valley. He was greatly relieved that the stallion's sharp teeth had missed Gypsy's flank.

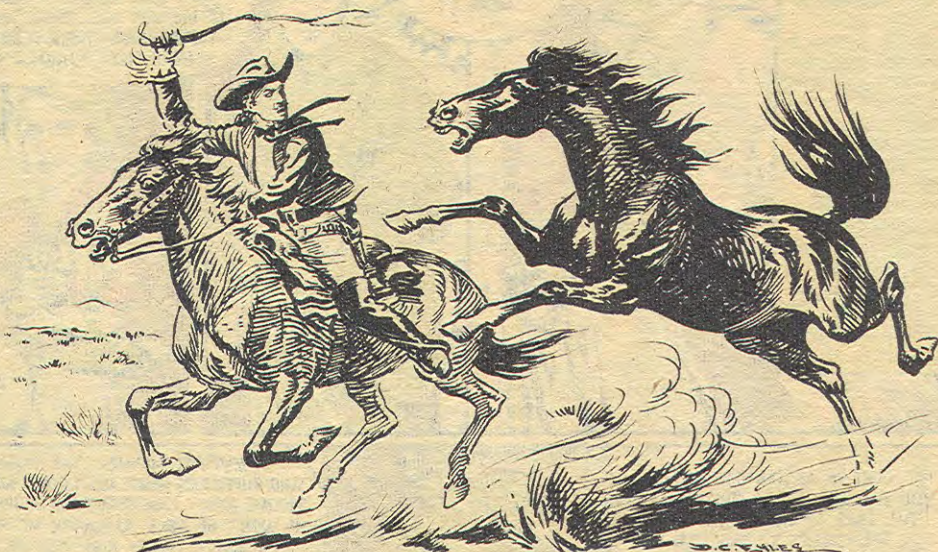
The wild horse gave chase and drew so close to Gypsy that the marshal could feel its hot breath. He lashed out again with his whip, but it only served to anger the stallion more, and did not drive it away. So, jerking out one of his Colts, Hickok fired several shots across the great horse's head, missing it by inches. That did the trick. The horse stopped suddenly, reared and bucked, stamped and pawed the ground savagely and then tore back to the herd, who were still peacefully nibbling the grass.

An hour later the marshal reached Silver City. Pulling up outside the sheriff's office, he slid lightly out of his saddle.

"Why, howdy, Marshal," greeted the sheriff as Wild Bill sauntered into his office.

"Howdy, Joss. How's everything in Silver City? All nice and peaceful?"

"Depends on what you call peaceful," replied Joss Parker, the smile fading from his face. "We ain't bothered with gun-



Wild Bill felt the hot breath of the black stallion as it flew at him with teeth bared! From this thrilling complete story by BARRY FORD!

men, if that's what you mean. But things ain't peaceful, no siree. Marshal, folks in and around town are losing their hosses right, left and centre!"

"Losing their horses?" exclaimed the marshal in surprise, as he eased his long body into a chair. "How?"

"A wild stallion recently came to this territory—it hides out in Kicking Horse Pass. And, Marshal, every night that durned hoss visits someone's corral and entices their hosses away. The critter has been doin' it for weeks now, and has gathered a fair-sized herd about him. Whenever any of the cowboys try to bring back their hosses the stallion fights 'em off. He's a real fighter, and a mean hunk of horseflesh!"

"So that accounts for the tame herd," mused Hickok. "I met the stallion on my way here. Joss. He sure is wild. Tried to attack Gypsy. Guess he thought I was after the horses."

"Marshal, if that stallion ain't killed pronto, there won't be a tame hoss left in this territory. Matter of fact, the boys are plannin' to shoot him up the next time he puts his wicked nose near a corral."

"It would be a shame to kill that beautiful creature, Joss!" protested the marshal. "He's too good a horse to shoot. Leave things to me. I'll take care of him and see that he entices no more tame horses away."

The marshal called a band of cowboys and ranchers together and told them his plan. He wanted a corral built just outside of town with a saddling gate, the sort used in rodeos to enable wild bronchos to be

saddled up.

That night when darkness fell, all was in readiness. Gypsy was placed in a hastily built corral. And hiding in the shadows by the saddling gate, a saddle in his arms, waited the marshal. Nearby, a couple of cowboys crouched silently, waiting to give any assistance needed.

At midnight the marshal caught the sound of trotting hooves. And presently the great black stallion appeared. It slowed and sidled up to the corral.

Then the stallion trotted a few paces away from the corral, shook the black mane from its eyes and turned. For a moment the magnificent beast stood poised, then it broke into a gallop!

With pounding hooves it covered the short distance to the corral, and with a mighty leap it cleared the high fence!

Gypsy backed away, snorting with indignation. The stallion followed her, shaking its great mane proudly, trying to incite her to leap the corral fence to freedom. For a moment the watching marshal thought that his faithful friend would fall for the temptation of freedom which the great stallion was offering, but a moment later he breathed a sigh of relief as Gypsy turned and trotted towards the saddling gate, followed by the puzzled stallion.

"This is it!" breathed Wild Bill to himself, taking a grip on the saddle. "As soon as Gypsy is through the gate I'll have the saddle on that stallion before he knows what has happened to him!"

It was all done in a few moments! No sooner had

Gypsy passed through the gate, when the great black horse itself squeezed along the narrow passage after the mare. In a flash, Wild Bill slipped a halter round the beast's neck and slung the saddle across its back. Avoiding the flailing hooves, the marshal leaped through the rails and fastened the cinches, or saddle straps. As soon as that was done he dropped from the top rail down on to the saddle and yelled: "Right, boys... open up the gate!"

The cowboys who were lying motionless by the outer gate swung it open. And the black stallion charged out on to the trail with Wild Bill Hickok in the saddle!

Never before had such riding been seen on the Kicking Horse plains! For years after folks in the district spoke of the famous night when Wild Bill broke the black stallion!

The coal-black king of the plains plunged and reared as if it had a demon on its back. Up and down the trail, kicking and snorting, charging against the corral rails to upset its burden, but all to no avail. Wild Bill Hickok stayed put!

After fifteen minutes of the worst shaking and jolting the marshal had ever experienced, the stallion gave up. It had tried every trick it knew to dislodge the first rider it had ever had on its back, all in vain. And the horse was intelligent enough to know when it was licked.

Wild Bill patted its neck and dismounted. He unclipped the saddle, slipped off the halter and stood back.

"It's all right, old fellow," he murmured. "I'm not going to hurt you. Let's see, what shall

(Continued on page 13)

The PRISONER of ZENDA

THE ENGLISHMAN RUDOLF RASSENDYLL HAD RECEIVED A NOTE TELLING HIM TO COME TO A DESERTED SUMMER-HOUSE IF HE WANTED NEWS OF THE KIDNAPPED KING OF Ruritania. CAPTAIN FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM WENT ALONG WITH HIM AND WAITED FOR HIM WHILE HE ENTERED THE GLOOMY SUMMER-HOUSE. THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENED AS HE STEPPED UP TO IT--



IS ANYONE HERE?

RASSENDYLL WAS VERY SURPRISED WHEN A WOMAN SUDDENLY STEPPED ROUND THE DOOR AND SPOKE TO HIM.

COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR QUICKLY! YOU KNOW YOU'VE WALKED INTO A TRAP, DON'T YOU? RUPERT OF HENTZAU AND TWO OF HIS MEN ARE COMING HERE TO KILL YOU! I OVERHEARD THEIR PLANS AND CAME HERE FIRST TO WARN YOU!



WHO ARE YOU?
AND WHERE IS THE KING?

MY NAME IS ANTOINETTE DE MAUBAN. YOU CAN TRUST ME. THEY'RE MOVING THE KING TO-NIGHT FROM A HUT IN THE FOREST TO THE CASTLE NEAR ZENDA!



WHO ARE 'THEY'?
AND WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH YOU?

'THEY' ARE MICHAEL, THE KING'S HALF-BROTHER AND RUPERT OF HENTZAU. I DON'T WANT MICHAEL TO BECOME KING. I AM VERY FOND OF HIM. IF HE'S KING HE WON'T BE ABLE TO MARRY ME FOR I'M NOT A PRINCESS. THAT'S WHY I'LL HELP YOU TO RESCUE THE KING!



YOU SAY THE KING IS BEING MOVED--
HARK, FOOTSTEPS--!

THE GIRL TURNED WHITE AT THE SOUND OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS ON THE PATH OUTSIDE.

RUPERT! HERE SO SOON! LISTEN TO ME. WE MUST BE CAREFUL FOR IF THE CASTLE IS ATTACKED, THE KING WILL BE KILLED INSTANTLY. NO TRACE OF HIS BODY WILL BE FOUND. GO TO THE KING'S HUNTING LODGE AT ZENDA TO-DAY. TAKE AS MANY OF HIS FRIENDS AS YOU CAN. I'LL SEND WORD TO YOU THERE!

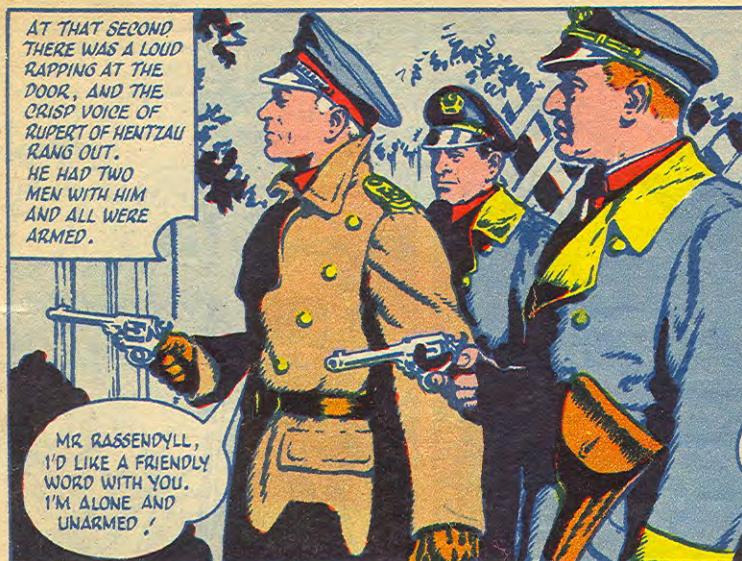


HOW WILL I KNOW IT ISN'T ANOTHER TRAP OF MICHAEL'S?

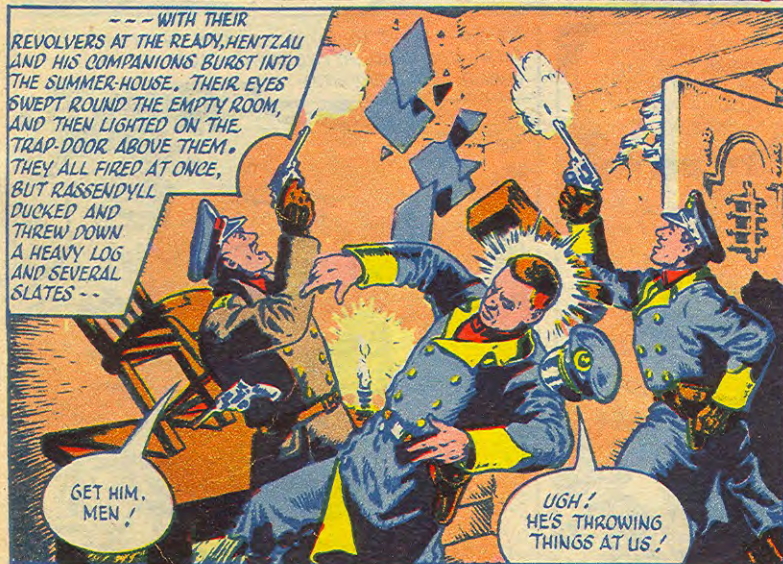
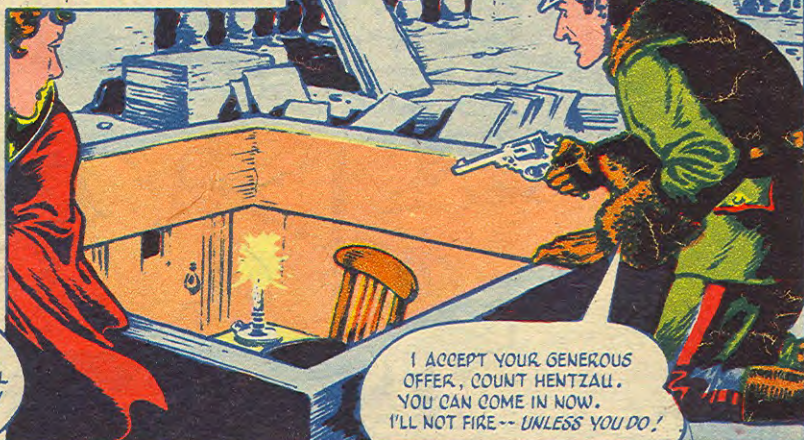
THE MAN I SEND TO YOU WITH PLANS FOR THE KING'S ESCAPE WILL HAVE AN EAR-RING LIKE THIS. AND NOW WE MUST GO QUICKLY-- THROUGH THE TRAP-DOOR IN THE ROOF!



GOOD LUCK, AND THANK YOU. I HOPE FOR YOUR SAKE, AND FOR THE SAKE OF EVERYONE ELSE, THAT MICHAEL DOES NOT BECOME KING!



WHILE HENTZAU WAS TALKING, ANTOINETTE AND RASSENDYLL WERE HURRIEDLY CLIMBING THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR IN THE ROOF OF THE SUMMER-HOUSE.



LORD of SHERWOOD

ROBIN, IVANHOE AND THE MERRIE MEN ARE FIGHTING THEIR WAY OUT OF THE TOWER OF LONDON. IN A DESPERATE STRUGGLE ON THE DRAWBRIDGE, A KNIGHT PREPARES TO BRING DOWN A GREAT BATTLE AXE ON ROBIN'S UNPROTECTED HEAD --

THE TERRIBLE AXE WAS DESCENDING, WHEN -- CRACK! -- WAT O' THE WHIP STRUCK!

THANKS, GOOD COMRADE!

AAAAGH!

ROBIN SPRANG TO THE EMPTY SADDLE AND CALLED TO HIS MEN --

OUTLAWS! SEIZE A HORSE EACH OF YOU!

IT WAS A WELL-TIMED ORDER, FOR THERE WERE ENOUGH RIDERLESS HORSES FOR THEM ALL -- AND THE NORMANS WERE SO CONFUSED BY THE THRASHING THEY HAD RECEIVED THAT THE OUTLAWS WERE THUNDERING OFF DOWN THE NARROW STREET BEFORE GISBORNE COULD RALLY HIS MEN --

THEY ARE GONE -- AND NO-ONE TO STOP THEM BUT A BUNGLING FOOL WITH AN UNLOADED CROSS-BOW.

UP -- MARIAN!

AAAAGH!

BUT THE ANGER OF SIR GUY OF GISBORNE PALED BESIDE THE TERRIBLE FURY OF KING JOHN.

'TIS THE OLD STORY, GISBORNE! ROBIN HOOD BEATS YOU AT EVERY TURN! I GIVE YOU ONE LAST CHANCE. REMOUNT YOUR BEST MEN AND GO AFTER THEM. IF YOU RETURN EMPTY-HANDED I'LL HAVE YOU FLOGGED!

AT -- AT ONCE, SIRE!

THE CHASE WAS ON --

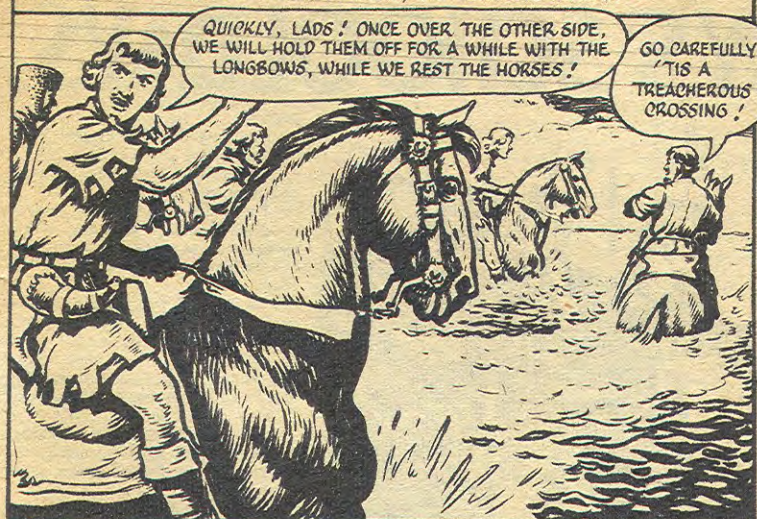
WHICH WAY, ROBIN?

WHY, IVANHOE! WHERE ELSE BUT THE GREAT NORTH ROAD -- AND SHERWOOD!

FOR MILE AFTER MILE THE OUTLAWS THUNDERED ALONG THE ROAD TO FREEDOM -- AND GISBORNE GAINED WITH EVERY STEP.

FASTER, YOU LAGGARDS!

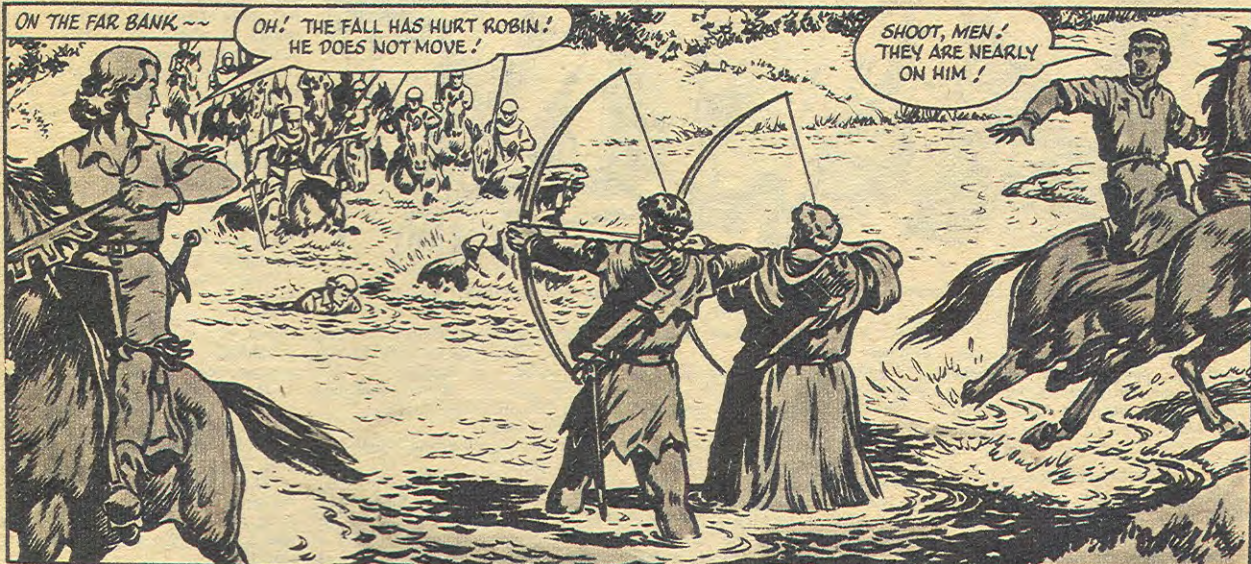
THE OUTLAWS SPLASHED INTO THE WIDE, FAST-FLOWING STREAM~~



IVANHOE WAS RIGHT! BRINGING UP THE REAR, ROBIN'S HORSE STUMBLERD AND FELL... GISBORNE CHEERED!



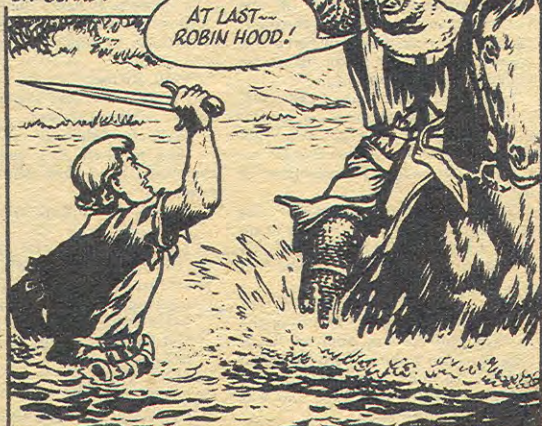
ON THE FAR BANK~~



THE DEADLY SHAFTS BROUGHT THE NORMANS UP SHORT. ROBIN DRAGGED HIMSELF TO HIS FEET~~



THE ARROWS CEASED TO FLY, AND THE LORD OF SHERWOOD, HEEPLESS OF THE PAIN FROM A BADLY TWISTED ANKLE, BROUGHT HIS TRUSTY BLADE ON GUARD.



Alone and injured, facing an armoured and mounted knight...! WILL THE LORD OF SHERWOOD WIN THROUGH? See next week.

SUN—February 7, 1953—11

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



Mellish made a rush for the door, but Blake shoved him back. "You're staying here, Mellish!" said the School House junior.

FOR NEW READERS

Tom Merry is chairman of a Committee of Inquiry who intend to make Mellish confess that he has been stirring up trouble in St. Jim's with his tale-telling. . . .

ROUGH JUSTICE

"I WON'T come!"
"Yes, you will!"
"I won't—I won't!"
"Your mistake, Mellish. You're coming."
"Yank him along! Give him a lift with your boot, Herries!"
"Right-ho!"
"Ow!"
"Better come along, Mellish."

The four chums of Study No. 6 were conducting the cad of the Fourth along to the club-room. Mellish had been seized by force and whisked out of his study before he knew what was happening.

In the passage he began to struggle, and he was not much reassured by the information that he was only being taken to the club-room for an examination before a committee of inquiry.

There was a great deal in Mellish's conduct that would not bear inquiring into, as a matter of fact, so his uneasiness was justified. But he had no choice in the matter.

The chums of Study No. 6 half carried, half dragged him along the passage and he was bundled headlong into the room. There he rolled over on the floor. He jumped up and made a rush for the door, and was promptly shoved back.

"No you don't!" said Blake cheer-

fully. "You're wanted here, Mellish, and here you stay."

"Confound you! What do you want me for?"

"Wait till the committee meet, and then you'll see."

"I won't wait!"

"You may be right, Mellish, and I may be wrong, but I really think you will wait," smiled Blake.

And Mellish, looking at the four chums standing at the doorway, decided that he would wait. A few minutes later Tom Merry came in with Figgins & Co., and Manners and Lowther, who had been waiting for Tom at the door of the School House, came in along with the new members. Tom Merry glanced round the room.

"I see we're all here!" he exclaimed, "and you have the accused also. Good Gentlemen of the committee, take your seats."

"Well, as there are ten of us, and only three seats, that will want some doing!" Blake remarked.

"Well, stand then. It's all the same, so long as there is a seat for the chairman," said Tom Merry, sitting down.

"See that that fellow doesn't bolt!"

"Right-ho!"

"I think I had better sit down," said D'Arcy. "I find standing up most exhausting. Pway pwoceed with the pwoceedings, Mister Chairman!"

"Bring forth the prisoner!"

"Get a move on you, Mellish!"

"Shan't!"

"Have you got a pin on you, Figgins?"

"Certainly. Here you are."

"Don't bring that pin near me,

Figgins!" growled Mellish, coming forward. "What the dickens do you want me for, Tom Merry?"

"You are to answer questions before the committee of inquiry."

"Well, I won't!"

"Did you bring the cane, Lowther?"

"It's here."

"At the first refusal of the prisoner to answer questions, Blake and Figgins are to hold him across the table and you are to give him a dozen, anywhere you like, so long as he feels them."

"With pleasure, Mr. Chairman!"

"Now you know what to expect, Mellish. If you have any sense you'll see that we're in earnest, and you'll mind your p's and q's."

Mellish realised this, and he was beginning to look rather scared. The bluster vanished from his manner.

"Well, what do you want?" he growled.

"Someone has been telling tales about the school, and upsetting everybody," said Tom Merry. "We suspect that you are the cad who has done it."

"Nothing of the sort!"

"Very well, you deny it. We are going to make a fair inquiry, and if you are innocent we'll let you off and stand you a feed at the tuckshop by way of compensation. If you are guilty—But never mind that now. Only remember one thing. If you refuse to answer questions there's the cane. Now, you told me Figgins said something about me."

"You promised not to tell."

"Exactly. And you told Figgins that Blake said something about him."

"And I promised not to tell," said

Figgins.

"And you told D'Arcy that I had said something about him."

"Yes, wather! And I gave my word of honour not to tell."

"The same with Lowther, and a good many more, I dare say. Now, we're not going to break our promises, but the matter has got to be threshed out."

The cad of the Fourth looked decidedly uneasy. He had not expected his tale-bearing to come home to roost in this manner, and he saw that he was in a difficult position, and he could not escape by refusing to answer questions.

The cane was there and Lowther looked only too ready to use it, and the cad of the Fourth never could bear pain.

"Now," said Tom Merry, "we cannot break our words, but we are not going about with worries on our minds to please you, Mellish. As you've made your bed you'll have to lie on it. You are going to tell out plainly to all of us what you have been muttering and whispering to us separately all this time."

"Hear, hear!"

Mellish looked alarmed.

"Now," said Tom Merry reluctantly, "what did you say to Figgins first of all to make him think that Blake had been saying things about him behind his back?"

"Out with it, Mellish!" exclaimed Blake.

Mellish hesitated and looked round with a hunted glare, but the committee were round him and there was no escape. Lowther took a grip on the cane as if he expected it would be wanted, and Mellish began to speak in a hurry.

"I—I only said—it was really a joke."

"Don't tell lies!" said Figgins, in his direct way. "You never said anything about it being a joke when you told us. Go on, tell us your story!"

"Well, I—I said that Blake said—"

"Get on, stop stammering—"

"Oh, I only said that Blake missed some money from the desk after the time Figgins & Co. raided his study, and—and that he thought Figgins must have taken it," said Mellish, turning pale as he saw the expressions on the faces round him.

"You rotter!" yelled Blake. "You said that, did you?"

"Quiet, Blake!" said the chairman. "Is it a fact that you missed money from your desk after Figgins & Co. raided your study?"

"No, certainly not."

"If you had missed any, would you have suspected Figgins of having taken it?"

"I'd just as soon have suspected Dig, or Gussy, or myself."

Figgins gripped Blake's hand.

"It's—it's all right, old chap. I—I was a fool to think for a moment that you said such a thing about us. I ought to have known better. But he said he had heard you fellows talking it over, and discussing whether to speak to the Head about it."

"I—I was only joking."
 "I'll teach you to make jokes like that!" said Blake angrily.
 "Hold on, Blake, we haven't finished the inquiry yet. Now we come to what he said to me about Figgins. Tell them that, Mellish."
 "It was only a joke."
 "You seem to have been going in for a lot of jokes lately, Mellish," said Figgins. "You must be a funnier chap than we ever took you for. What was it you told Tom Merry about me?"
 "I—I only said that you made a joke about his old governess, Miss Fawcett."

"You—you beast!" said Figgins.
 "What did you say, I said?"
 "I—I said you said she was an old skinflint, and Tom Merry only put up with her for the sake of her money," stammered Mellish, with a nervous eye on Lowther's cane.

"Is that correct, Mellish?"
 "That's what he said."
 "And you believed I said a thing like that?"

"Well," said Tom, turning red, "I didn't know what to think, but—well, you yourself believed what he told you Blake said."

"Well, that's so. It's no good rowing one another for being taken in, I suppose," said Figgins, with a clouded brow. "I hope you believe now that there was not a word of truth in it?"
 "Of course!"

"Well, that lie's settled, then. Any more?"

"Yes. What Mellish said to Lowther has been threshed out among ourselves, and there's no need to go into that; but there's a yarn he worked off on Gussy, which has made Gus act like a bigger ass than ever—"

"Oh, weally, Tom Mewwy—"
 "Gussy was tricked into promising to say nothing, like the rest of us, so Mellish will kindly explain."

"Yes, wather!"

"I—I only said you said he ought to be kicked out of the School House, Merry," stammered Mellish, "and—"

"That's enough! I never said anything of the kind, Gussy."

"I am most happy to receive your assurance on that point, Tom, and I assure you that I accept your statement without hesitation."

"Now, about the story of smallpox breaking out in the school," went on Tom Merry. "There is no doubt in my mind that that was another invention of Mellish."

"I first heard it from Mellish," said Lowther. "He told me Gore was still in the school, hidden away somewhere because he had—"

"I told you I had heard so," snarled Mellish.

"Whom did you hear it from?" asked Tom Merry quickly.

Mellish was silent.
 "Name the individual who told you, and we'll have him up here and question him," went on the chairman of the committee of inquiry.

But Mellish did not speak. He knew that it was useless. To lie again and be again found out would serve no purpose. He had reached the end of his tether.

Tom Merry glanced round at the committee.

"Is it clear that Mellish, as well as being a trouble-maker and a tell-tale, was the originator of a ridiculous rumour which has caused a lot of gossip in the village, and worried our

respected headmaster?" he asked.

"Quite clear!" answered nine voices in unison.

And a tenth voice added: "Yes, wather!"

"Good! Mellish, you are found guilty!"

Mellish made a desperate rush to the door. Strong hands seized him and hauled him back. The chairman rose to his feet.

"What punishment, gentlemen?"

"Better give him a good thrashing," said Arthur Augustus.

"Good idea! A good thrashing will meet the occasion," said Tom Merry.

"Lay him on the table, face downwards."

The order was obeyed. The culprit struggled frantically, but there was no help for it. Down he went on his chest on the table, and each leg was held by a strong pair of hands, and each arm, and his head, too. He was helpless; and Lowther took hold of the cane with a businesslike air.

"How many?" he asked.

"Two hundred," said D'Arcy. "I think that two hundred strokes well laid on, would give Mellish a weally valuable lesson."

"Ow! Mercy! Help!"

"Why, we haven't started yet!" said Blake, in disgust. "The fellow's as big a coward as he is a fibber, and that's saying a lot."

"Twenty," said Tom Merry. "Begin."

"Right-ho!" said Lowther, swinging up the cane. It came down with a sounding thwack upon Mellish, and he seemed to feel it very much, for he wriggled like an eel, and let out a yell that rang through the whole School House.

"By Jove, he'll have the pwefects here soon!" exclaimed D'Arcy. "Better buck up with the west, Lowther, before we are intewwupted."

Lowther bucked up. The strokes of the cane fell thick and fast, and Mellish howled and roared. He had been caned more than once, but never before by his schoolmates. The din in the club-room was terrific. There was a sound of hasty footsteps in the passage, but the juniors, intent upon doing stern justice, did not observe it. "Nineteen!" said Tom Merry, counting.

The door was thrown open. Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's, came in quickly, his face amazed and angry. "Merry! Figgins! What is all this? What—"

"Twenty!"

The twentieth stroke fell, and Mellish yelled. Then he was released, and he rolled off the table howling.

"What?"

"It's all right, Kildare," said Tom Merry cheerfully. "This is only a case of the administration of justice. We've found out the tell-tale who's been causing trouble in both Houses; we've discovered the chap who spread the yarn that there was smallpox in the school, and we've punished him."

"Yes, wather!"

Kildare understood, and his face cleared.

"You are quite sure about that, Merry?" he asked, without looking at the squirming, writhing cad of the Fourth.

"He confessed," said Tom Merry quietly. "When we compared notes we knew who it must be, but we gave him a fair trial."

"Good! I will mention to the Head

that the originator of the report has been found and punished," said the captain of St. Jim's. "The matter will end here. I can only say that he is lucky to have had his punishment at your hands instead of at those of the Head. He deserves to be expelled."

And the captain of St. Jim's nodded and left the room. Mellish scuttled after him; he did not want to be left alone with the committee any more. The chairman smiled a beaming smile upon his loyal supporters.

"Gentlemen of the committee, the matter is now satisfactorily settled," he said. "The tell-tale has been found out, done in, shown up, and put down."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By Jove, that is wather funny, you know!"

"And I don't think he'll start his little game again without stopping to think twice about it," said Tom Merry. "The committee having done its job the meeting is now dissolved. We hurried over our tea, and I'm rather hungry. It's up to the biggest ass present to stand a feed to the whole committee."

And with one voice the committee chimed in:

"Come on, D'Arcy!"

"Weally, you fellows—"

"Come on, D'Arcy!"

"Well, since you are so pwekking," said D'Arcy, "although I can scarcely regard Tom Mewwy's way of putting it as respectful, I don't mind if I do. Pway follow me!"

And the meeting broke up.

Beginning next week . . . The first instalment of another grand yarn of the boys of St. Jim's.

WILD BILL HICKOK

(Continued from page 7)

we call you? Black King suits you just fine. So Black King it is."

The stallion turned and walked into the corral. Going up to Gypsy, he made friends with her by gently nuzzling her head with his velvety nose.

And then, to the marshal's surprise and pleasure, it trotted back to him, and standing by his side, let Wild Bill stroke its head.

"Good fellow, Black King. Hey—what's all this?" exclaimed the marshal, and then burst into merry laughter, for Gypsy, jealous of the stallion, had rushed over and was frantically nuzzling and licking her master's neck. "All right, Gypsy old girl, you're still my first love, Black King and I are just making friends. Now I've tamed him, thanks to your help, what shall we do with him? I wonder if Buffalo Bill would like him? No, he's got Whirlwind. I know, let's give Black King to our old pal Texas Jack. He's such a giant of a fellow, Black King, would be just right for him."

The next day the cowboys in the territory rounded up all their stray horses from the valley and the ranchers expressed their grateful thanks to Wild Bill Hickok for saving their animals.

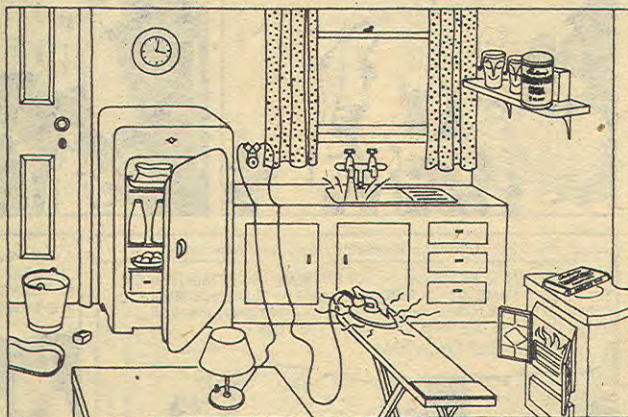
The marshal sent the stallion to Texas Jack, who was delighted to have such a fine mount, and he and Black King became the best of pals straight away.

Read another fast-moving Wild Bill adventure in next week's SUN!

CADBURY'S PUZZLE CORNER No. 18

Somebody's been very careless!

Someone has gone out of this kitchen without seeing that everything will be all right while they're away. Several annoying and unnecessary things may happen, all through carelessness. Can you see why? Listed below are eight things that can easily be put right.



When it comes to cocoa and chocolate, take care to say 'Please...'

I want Cadburys!

THE CARELESS THINGS:—1 Slab of Cadburys chocolate on top plate of boiler which is alight. 2 Tin of Cadburys Bournville cocoa is too near edge of shelf. 3 Iron is plugged in and is on cloth part of ironing board. 4 Top has been left running. 5 Electric wire from table lamp is strung across floor. 6 Bucket of water is too close to door—it will get knocked over. 7 Bar of soap left on floor. 8 Refrigerator door has been left open.

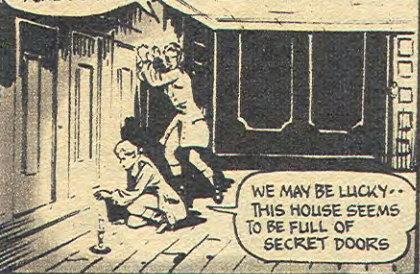
This is not a competition and no prizes are offered—it's for your amusement only.

DICK TURPIN AND The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN

The mysterious Phantom has locked Dick and Moll Moonlight in a room. Suddenly, the ceiling begins to descend... they are trapped!

Slowly, menacingly, the great stone ceiling came nearer and nearer...

QUICKLY, MOLL! SEARCH THE ROOM!... UNLESS WE CAN FIND SOME WAY OUT OF HERE, WE ARE DONE FOR!



WE MAY BE LUCKY... THIS HOUSE SEEMS TO BE FULL OF SECRET DOORS

Moll gave a whoop of triumph!

THERE IS A JOIN IN THE WOODWORK HERE!... AND SEE, A DOOR!

BRAVO, MOLL!



The two comrades darted through the secret panel... with not a second to spare!



BY JUPITER! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

They found themselves in the next room...

WHY 'TIS JASPER DOOM AND HIS SERVANT!... TIED UP! WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?

CAPTAIN PALMER!... FOR PITY'S SAKE... FREE US!



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ALL THIS... WHO TIED YOU UP? SPEAK UP, MAN, OR IT WILL BE THE WORSE FOR YOU!



The trembling man babbled his story...

IT WAS THE PHANTOM!... I-I AM A POOR OLD MAN... TO HAVE A ROOF OVER MY HEAD, I AGREED TO LOOK AFTER THIS PLACE FOR THE PHANTOM... WHEN YOU CAME, I WAS GOING TO TELL HIM THAT A FINE PRIZE HAD DROPPED INTO HIS LAP... BUT I WAS TEMPTED TO DRESS IN HIS CLOTHES AND ROB YOU MYSELF!... I-I AM VERY SORRY!



SO THAT IS WHY YOU WERE WEARING THE CAVALIER'S BOOTS... WE THOUGHT YOU WERE THE REAL PHANTOM!

IF YOUR STORY IS TRUE, WHY HAS YOUR MASTER DONE THIS TO YOU?



HE IS A TERRIBLE MAN!... HE IS MAD WITH RAGE AT MY INTERFERENCE, AND BECAUSE WE LET YOU ESCAPE... HE HAS THREATENED TO PUNISH US TERRIBLY!... SAVE US, OH, SAVE US!



Dick and Moll freed the Phantom's terrified henchmen...

NOW, HEarken TO ME, DOOM!... YOU KNOW ME AS CAPTAIN PALMER, BUT MY REAL NAME IS DICK TURPIN!... I INTEND TO LAY THIS RASCALLY PHANTOM BY THE HEELS!... I MAY BE A HIGHWAYMAN MYSELF, BUT I ONLY ROB THE RICH TO GIVE TO THE POOR!... WHO IS THE PHANTOM?



I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIS FACE! HE LIVES IN A HIDDEN CHAMBER IN THIS GREAT HOUSE... FOR SOME STRANGE REASON HE SHUNS THE DAYLIGHT AND ONLY COMES OUT AT NIGHT!

SEE, DICK, IT IS NEARLY DAYBREAK



As the wintry daylight filtered through the cobwebbed windows of "The House of Secrets", Jasper Doom told Dick the little he knew about his ghostly master. . . . He spoke of a great fortune of loot which the Phantom had got hidden somewhere in the old dark house. . . .

YOU DESERVE TO BE PUNISHED BUT BECAUSE YOU HAVE MADE A CLEAN BREAST OF IT, I AM GIVING YOU ANOTHER CHANCE . . . CLEAR OUT OF THIS PLACE AND TRY TO MAKE AN HONEST LIVING ELSEWHERE . . .



THANK YOU MASTER TURPIN . . . I WILL GO NOW AND TAKE JEZEBEL AND IVAN WITH ME

As he was about to leave, Jasper Doom turned and pointed a shaking finger across the great hall. . . .



THE WAY TO THE PHANTOM'S LAIR LIES BEHIND THE SECRET FIREPLACE IN THE GREAT HALL . . . PRESS THE SECOND STONE ON THE RIGHT HAND SIDE . . . AND MAY HEAVEN PRESERVE YOU !

He fled, and Dick and Moll watched the oddly-assorted trio, Doom, Ivan and Jezebel the cat, disappearing down the drive. . . .

SO MUCH FOR THE PHANTOM'S HENCHMEN . . . NOW TO SETTLE WITH THE PHANTOM HIMSELF . . .

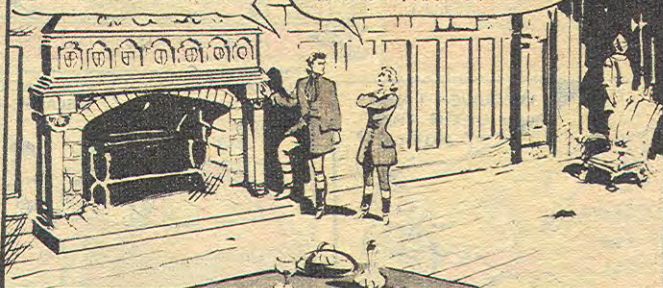


SO THAT THE ROADS WILL BE SAFE AGAIN FOR HONEST TRAVELLERS, EH, DICK ?

Obedying Doom's last instructions, they approached the great fireplace. . . .

STEEL YOUR NERVES, MOLL ! YOU WILL HAVE NEED OF ALL YOUR COURAGE . . . BUT THIS VILLAIN MUST BE CAPTURED

MY NERVES ARE AS SOUND AS YOURS, DICK TURPIN ! . . . PRESS THE STONE AND LET US GET TO GRIPS WITH THIS PHANTOM . . .



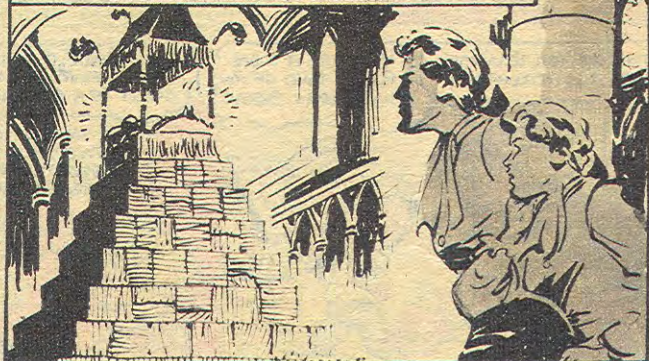
Dick pressed . . . and with a dull rumble the great fireplace swung back . . . to disclose a massive chamber !



SEE, MOLL, IN THAT STRANGE BED . . . THE PHANTOM . . . ASLEEP !

DICK . . . WHAT A HATEFUL PLACE !

The intrepid highwayman and his girl comrade stepped into the secret chamber of the Phantom. . . .



They crept towards the sleeping figure. . . . SUDDENLY . . . !



DICK !

AAAAAGH !

They picked themselves to their feet . . . a great stillness descended in the vast chamber, broken only by the steady breathing of the sleeping spectre. . . .



WE ARE TRAPPED AGAIN !

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN NIGHT FALLS ? . . . THE PHANTOM WILL AWAKE ! WHAT WILL BECOME OF US THEN ?

Next week—THE PHANTOM WAKES !

SUN—February 7, 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 Carnarville Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

