

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

No. 211
February 21, 1953

3¢



BILLY THE KID

BILLY THE KID - Rodeo Rider

GRAND EXTRA-LONG-
PICTURE ADVENTURE
OF THE LONE AVENGER
— INSIDE



BILLY THE KID - LONE AVENGER

EXCITEMENT RAN HIGH IN GUNSIGHT! A RODEO HAD BEEN ARRANGED AND THE LOCAL RANCH OWNERS HAD SUBSCRIBED TO HANDSOME PRIZES FOR THE VARIOUS EVENTS IN THE RODEO. WILL BONNEY, A YOUNG RANCHER, WAS SURE HIS TOP BRONCO-BUSTER WOULD WIN.

I'D STAKE MY WATCH ON YOUNG JOE STEELE RIDIN' THAT KILLER HORSE LONGEST.

RODEO! RODEO! RODEO! HANDSOME PRIZES FOR ALL EVENTS AND \$2000 FOR THE COWBOY WHO RIDES LONGEST ON THE KILLER BRONCO "WHIRLWIND"!

I RECKON DUTCH SCHWARTZ'LL RUN HIM A CLOSE SECOND!

I'M GONNA STAY OUT OF THIS CONTEST—I'VE SEEN THIS WHIRLWIND—HE'S DYNAMITE!

YOUNG JOE STEELE, THE STAR BRONCO-BUSTER OF CIRCLE B RANCH, GAZED WISTFULLY AT THE POSTER. HIS BOSS, WILL BONNEY, SPOKE ENCOURAGINGLY TO THE LAD.

JOE—YOU'RE GOING TO ENTER FOR THAT \$2000 AND YOU'RE GOING TO WIN—THEN YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUY THAT NEW HOMESTEAD FOR YOUR OLD FOLKS.

I RECKON I'LL HAVE A DARNED GOOD TRY, WILL!

EVERYBODY TOOK IT FOR GRANTED THAT JOE WOULD WIN THE PRIZE.

WHY, SURE YOU'RE GOIN' TO WIN, YOUNG JOE! YOU'RE THE FINEST BRONCO-BUSTER I EVER SEED—AN' I'VE BEEN AROUND THESE PARTS SINCE THEM MOUNTAINS WAS BUILT!

... EVERYBODY SAVE DUTCH SCHWARTZ, THE BULLYING FOREMAN OF DOUBLE X RANCH.

WHO DOES THAT KID THINK HE IS? I'M RIDING THAT BRONC—AN' I'M GOING TO WIN THE PRIZE!

HE'S A MIGHTY GOOD BRONC-RIDER—THAT JOE STEELE!

DUTCH SCHWARTZ TURNED ON HIS COMPANION AND SHOOK HIM LIKE A RAT.

I'M THE FINEST BRONC-RIDER IN TEXAS! AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!

PEPRO GOMEZ, THE CRAFTY MEXICAN, SPOKE TO THE JEALOUS BULLY.

SURE, DUTCH, MY FREN, SURE YOU ARE! WHAT DEADPAN MEANT WAS ZAT JOE STEELE EES PRETTY GOOD, TOO.

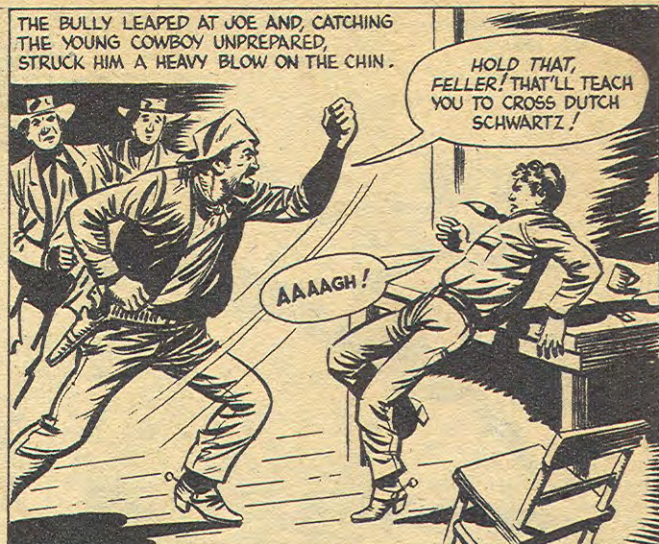
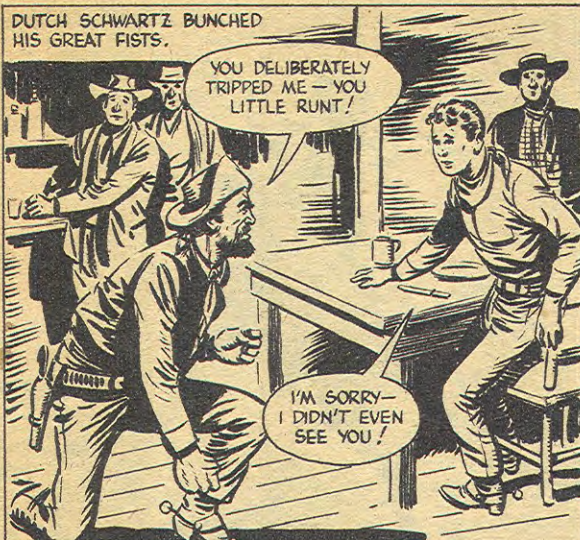
TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS! CARAMBA! YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKA ZE CHANCES, MY FREN! YOU GOTTA FIXA THINGS SO ZAT ZIS BOY DON'T RIDE TO-MORROW! WHAT YOU SAY, DUTCH?

ON THE TRAIL OUT OF TOWN, WILL BONNEY AND YOUNG JOE STOPPED TO GAZE AT A NEW HOMESTEAD.

DON'T WORRY, YOUNG JOE—YOU'LL GET YOUR HOMESTEAD!

BOSS—I'VE BEEN SAVING MY PAY TO BUY THAT HOMESTEAD FOR MY MA AND PA TO SETTLE DOWN IN. IF I CAN WIN THE PRIZE, I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY IT—BUT IT'S MY LAST CHANCE BECAUSE SOMEBODY ELSE HAS ALREADY MADE AN OFFER FOR THE PLACE.

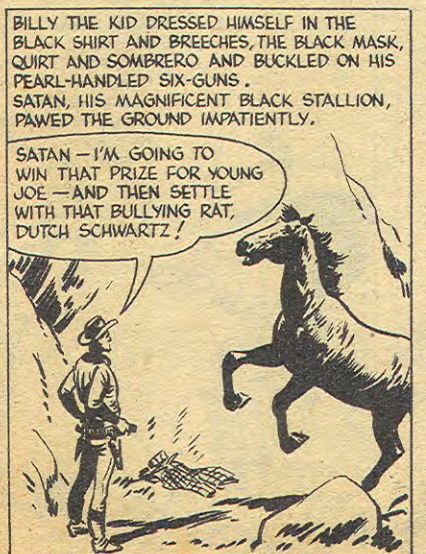
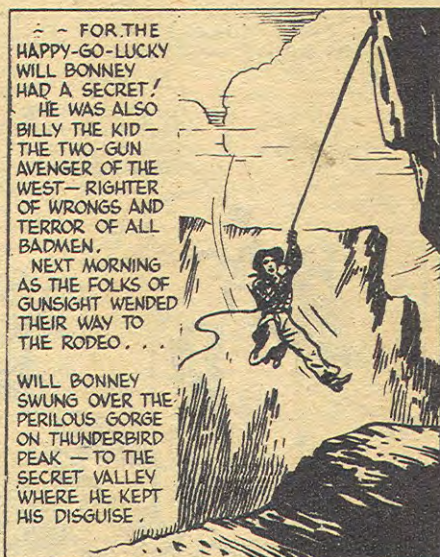
THAT NIGHT IN THE 'LAST CHANCE' SALOON, YOUNG JOE WAS EATING HIS SUPPER WHEN DUTCH SCHWARTZ DELIBERATELY TRIPPED HIMSELF AGAINST JOE'S CHAIR.



A LITTLE LATER WILL BONNEY ARRIVED AT THE 'LAST CHANCE' TO FIND SCHWARTZ AND HIS CRONIES GONE - AND YOUNG JOE LYING UNCONSCIOUS.



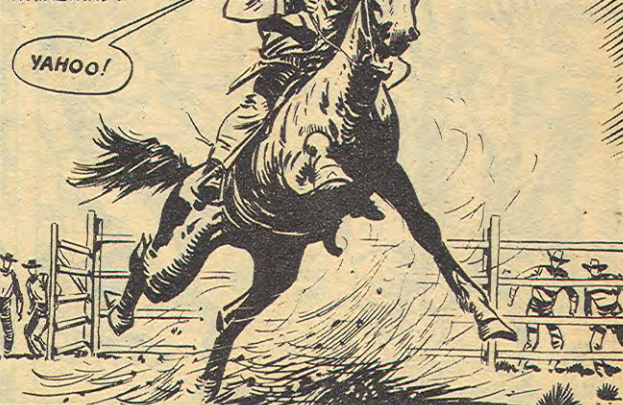
TEMPERS RAN HIGH IN THE 'LAST CHANCE' - BUT EVERYBODY FEARED DUTCH SCHWARTZ TOO MUCH TO DO ANYTHING - EXCEPT -



RIDING THE BRAMAH-BULL—ONE OF THE MOST VICIOUS ANIMALS KNOWN.



THEN CAME THE HIGH-SPOT OF THE SHOW — DUTCH SCHWARTZ, THE SOLITARY CONTESTANT FOR THE \$2000 PRIZE, THUNDERED INTO THE ARENA ASTRIDE THE KILLER-HORSE — WHIRLWIND.



THE KILLER-HORSE PLUNGED AND REARED TO GET THE MAN OFF ITS BACK — BUT DUTCH SCHWARTZ HUNG ON.



A MOMENT LATER WHIRLWIND RID HIMSELF OF HIS RIDER.



DUTCH SCHWARTZ PICKED HIMSELF DIZZILY TO HIS FEET TO SEE A MASKED FIGURE LOOKING DOWN AT HIM.



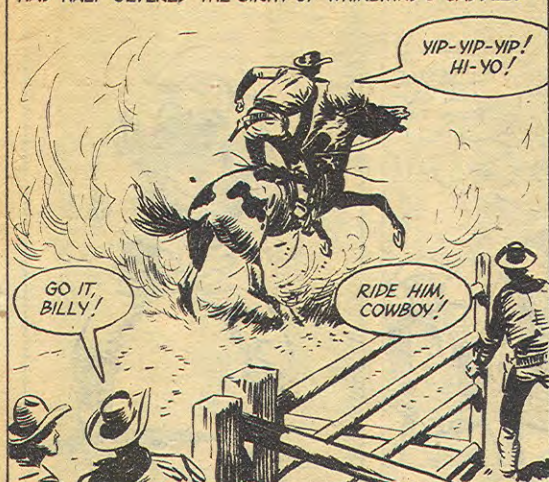
THIS BEING AN OPEN CONTEST, I WOULD LIKE TO RIDE THE KILLER-HORSE! IS THAT ALL RIGHT WITH YOU?



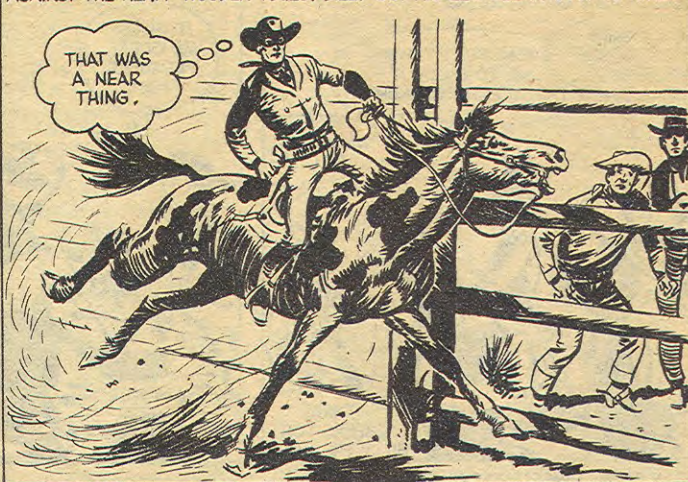
'STILETTO' GOMEZ'S CUNNING MIND WORKED LIKE LIGHTNING.



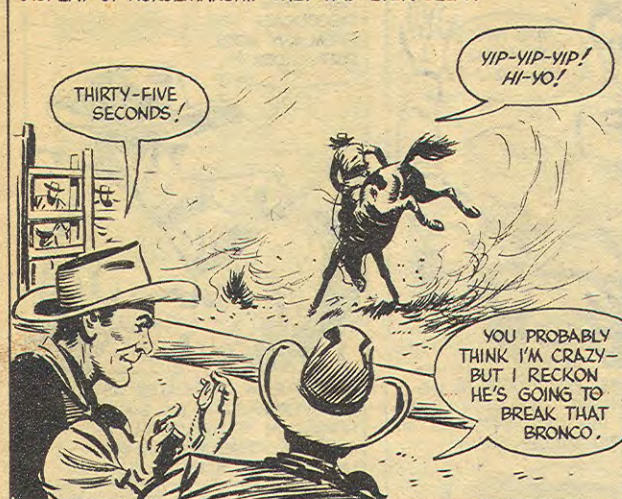
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, BILLY CHARGED INTO THE ARENA ASTRIDE THE KILLER HORSE—UNWARE THAT HIS ENEMIES HAD HALF-SEVERED THE GIRTH OF WHIRLWIND'S SADDLE.



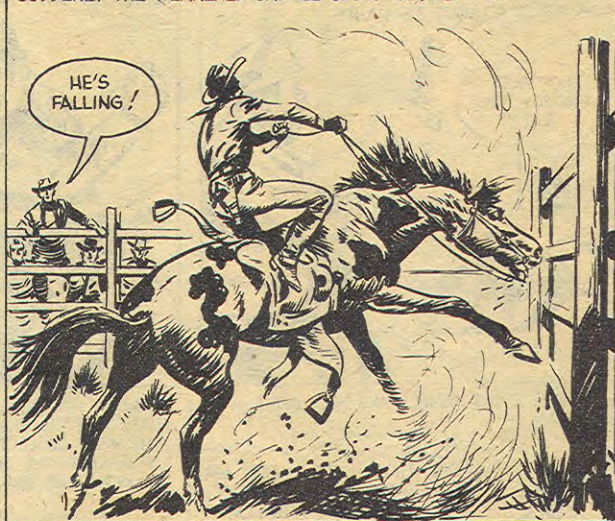
WHIRLWIND WAS NOW WARMED UP TO HIS TASK. WITH ALL THE CUNNING OF HIS KILLER'S MIND HE EDGED TOWARDS THE CORRAL—THEN HE SUDDENLY CHARGED AGAINST THE HEAVY WOODEN RAILS, BILLY GOT HIS LEG CLEAR JUST IN TIME.



THE SPECTATORS GAZED SPELLBOUND AT THE MOST MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF HORSEMANSHIP THEY HAD EVER SEEN.



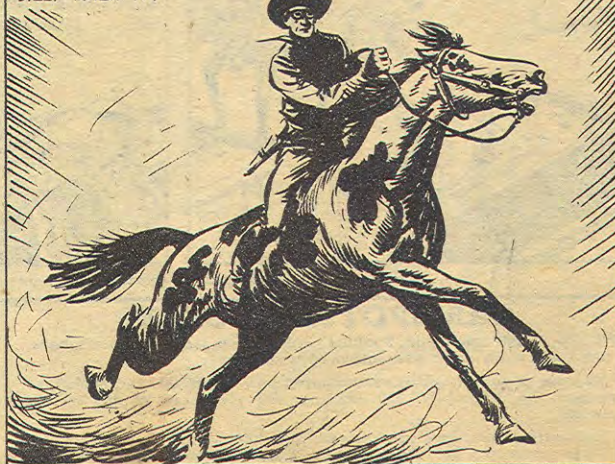
SUDDENLY THE WEAKENED SADDLE-GIRTH SNAPPED...



THE SADDLE FELL CLEAR BUT BILLY THE KID HUNG ON. FEELING THE RIDER PERCHED INSECURELY ON HIS BARE BACK, WHIRLWIND MADE A LAST DESPERATE BID FOR VICTORY.



UP AND DOWN THE ARENA, KICKING AND PLUNGING, CHARGED THE KILLER-HORSE. NEVER HAD THERE BEEN SUCH AN EXHIBITION OF FURY AND HORSEMANSHIP—BUT WHIRLWIND WAS TIRING... AND BILLY KNEW IT.



SUDDENLY IT WAS ALL OVER. EXHAUSTED AND BEATEN, THE KILLER-HORSE ACKNOWLEDGED HIS MASTER AND ALLOWED BILLY TO RIDE HIM QUIETLY OUT OF THE ARENA.



AMID GENERAL REJOICING, THE JUDGE WAS PRESENTING THE PURSE OF \$2000 TO BILLY THE KID—WHEN SUDDENLY...



DUTCH SCHWARTZ'S GUNS BLAZED.



BILLY FLUNG HIMSELF TO THE GROUND, PULLING HIS GUN. AS HE WENT DOWN, HE FIRED AT HIS TREACHEROUS ATTACKER AND THE WEAPONS SPUN FROM DUTCH SCHWARTZ'S HANDS.



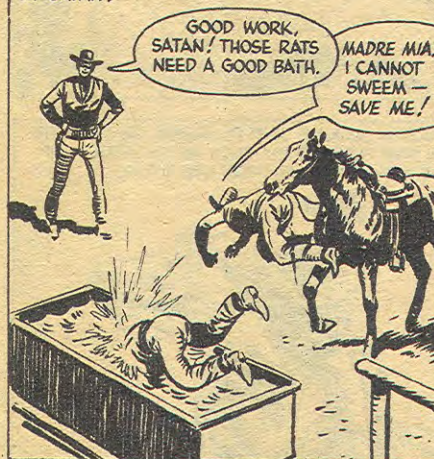
THE BLACK-GARBED AVENGER DIVED LIKE A PANTHER AT THE ASTONISHED SCHWARTZ, HIS FIST CONNECTED WITH THE VILLAIN'S JAW.



A MIGHTY UPPERCUT ENDED THE CONTEST.



SCHWARTZ'S TWO CRONIES HAD BEEN DEALT WITH BY SATAN.



LEAVING THE THREE UNHAPPY TOUGHS IN THE HANDS OF THE SHERIFF, THE LONE AVENGER OF THE WEST COLLECTED HIS PRIZE AND RODE OUT OF TOWN TO THE SECRET VALLEY ON THUNDERBIRD PEAK.



A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, AS HE LAY RECOVERING FROM HIS SUCCESSFUL OPERATION, YOUNG JOE STEELE LISTENED TO HIS MA READING A LETTER FROM BILLY THE KID.



Next week the black-garbed Avenger rides out again from Thunderbird Peak! Don't miss him!

CAR SPOTTERS' CLUB

IT'S "Number" time again, Spotters, with another large list of numbers, and some more grand presents to be given away.

All those of you with Albums numbered between 85,000 and 85,500, or between 169,500 and 170,000 inclusive may claim one of this week's presents.

Remember, make sure you have the right number before saying which of these you would like: Pocket-knife, Purse, Binoculars, Box of Wire Puzzles, Box of Paints, Big Jig-Saw, "Tenni-gun", or a Fountain-pen.

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Then write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use"—at the same time checking that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Now on a postcard or piece of plain paper, write the name of the character or story you like most in SUN—and in a few words, say why. Then post Album and postcard to:

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

All claims must arrive by Tuesday, March 3, 1953—and don't forget to put a 2d. stamp on the envelope! Presents will be despatched about a week after the closing date, and Albums returned at the same time.

More numbers next week!

WILD BILL HICKOK

and the
REBEL RAIDERS

WHEN the great American Civil War came to an end there was much unhappiness in the defeated Southern states. The proud Confederate Army, which was the Southern army, had fought bravely and well. But without sufficient guns, ammunition and supplies, the gallant soldiers in grey could not keep up the fight against the Union Army of the North. And so they were forced to surrender.

Among the unhappy, bitter Southerners there were several young Confederate soldiers who refused to admit they were beaten. And after the peace terms had been signed, twenty of these rebel Southerners banded together. They called themselves the Johnny Rebs, and in their small way they continued the war against the north. Their leader was a tall slim young man from Georgia, whose name was Lee Jackson.

Jackson and his boys held up Union Army wagons carrying pay to the men stationed on frontier posts. They raided Northern supply wagons going west. They stole horses and cattle from ranches owned by Northerners. And they robbed banks and held up stage coaches.

Things got so bad in Kansas that people lived in terror of the rebel raiders who always gave the Johnny Reb cry when they pulled off a robbery or a hold-up. In desperation Wild Bill Hickok was sent for, as the local peace officers were unable to round up Lee Jackson and his raiders.

And so it was that Wild Bill Hickok, the famous frontier marshal, was streaking along the trail one day on the track of the Johnny Rebs. Hickok had served in the Union Army during the Civil War, but he held no hatred for the Southerners. To him, they were Americans like himself.

His thoughts were suddenly broken by the sharp crack of rifle fire and the blood-curdling sound of piercing Indian war-whoops.

Wild Bill slowed up. Gypsy, his sorrel mare, as she topped a steep hillock. And there, to his horror, he saw below him down on the plain, a wagon train attacked by a large war-party of painted Kiowas.

The wagons had been hastily drawn up into circle formation, and the settlers were bravely trying to hold off the screaming savages.

The marshal's blood ran cold as he gazed down at the scene. Single-handed, there was nothing he could do to help the white settlers, except ride for help to the nearest Army post.

Rapidly wheeling Gypsy round, Hickok urged her into an instant gallop and the noble animal raced along at a breakneck speed.

So intent was Wild Bill on getting to the fort as quickly as possible he forgot all about the rebel raiders. But a sudden high-pitched battle cry brought him up with a jerk, and too late he realised he had been ambushed.

As the Johnny Reb cry broke the quietness of the canyon through which Hickok was racing, one of the rebels jumped down on Wild Bill from a high rock and knocked him flying from his saddle.

The marshal and the rebel rolled



With a thunder of hooves, Wild Bill and Johnny Rebs charged down on the Redskins! From this thrilling complete Western yarn by BARRY FORD!

over and over on the rocky ground. Angriely, Wild Bill heaved himself on top of his attacker, and doubling up his fist, smashed it against the man's jaw.

But as the marshal jumped to his feet he found himself surrounded by a group of armed horsemen.

"Reach skyward!" ordered a soft Southern voice.

Wild Bill shot the speaker a rapid glance as he raised his hands above his head.

"Lee Jackson and his Johnny Rebs!" he exclaimed.

"That's right, stranger," drawled Jackson with a mocking smile.

"You've just come along at the right moment, Jackson. I was riding to Fort Hudson to get help, but you men will do just as well, as I see you're all fully armed! There's a wagon train being attacked by Indians a few miles back, and the poor settlers are badly in need of help."

"See here, mister," drawled Jackson. "We aren't figurin' on helpin' any Yankees. That wagon train is made up of Northerners."

"But there are women and children in that train, Jackson," protested the marshal. "You can't stand by and let a bunch of savage Redskins scalp and murder your own countrymen!"

"They're Yankees," repeated Jackson, his jaw stubbornly set.

"Northerners happen to be Americans too, Jackson," snapped Hickok indignantly.

"Where's all this chivalry you Southern gentlemen are supposed to be noted for? If letting your own countrymen die at the hands of wild Indians without going to their aid is your idea of chivalry then you Southerners are far less civilised than the painted savages, for even they protect their own people from a common enemy."

A deep flush crossed Lee Jackson's face and an indignant murmur went round his men at the sting in the marshal's words, and the scorn and contempt in his voice.

"After all, Lee, reckon they are white folks even if they're Yankees," said one of the men thoughtfully. "And those Redskins can do mighty horrible things to white people. Maybe we'd better go along with the stranger."

"You should be proud of the chance to show those Yankee settlers, and the Kiowas, how a handful of Southerners can really fight," prompted the marshal. "I've seen you boys in action. I know just how well you can fight."

"Who are you, mister?" asked Jackson. "Oh, you can lower your hands. The idea of holdin' you up was to rob you, but it seems you've talked me into changin' my mind! Reckon we'll go along with you and teach the Kiowas a lesson instead!"

"Thanks, Jackson," smiled Wild Bill. "I thought that true Southern chivalry would win out! You wouldn't get much money by robbing me. I'm a U.S. marshal, not a wealthy business man! My name is Hickok, and I guess you'd consider me a Yankee, though I call myself a Westerner now."

"Wild Bill Hickok!" exclaimed Lee Jackson in surprise. "And we held you up! Sure, we've heard about you," he grinned. "Who hasn't!"

And without wasting another moment the Johnny Rebs, led by Wild Bill, raced off across the prairie.

The settlers were still valiantly fighting, but their shooting was sporadic and it was evident their ammunition was running low. By the time Wild Bill and the rebels arrived on the scene the Kiowas had broken through the circle of wagons and fierce hand-to-hand fighting was going on between whites and Indians.

Lee Jackson gave the shrill Confederate war-cry, and the ex-cavalrymen charged the Indians. Wild Bill was right alongside the rebel leader, his silver and ivory-butted Colts held firmly in his gauntleted hands.

A terrific fight ensued for several

minutes, during which time sabres, war-clubs, tomahawks, knives, pistols and rifles were all brought wildly into play.

The Kiowas could not stand up against the Johnny Rebs, and those who were alive and still mounted raced off swiftly across the prairie.

The grateful wagoners could not thank their rescuers enough, and their praise for the Southerners' fighting warmed the hearts of the young rebels.

The marshal had taken a liking to the young rebel leader, and later he called the Johnny Rebs together.

"I was sent out here to put a stop to your games, boys," said Wild Bill. "Now listen to me. Anyone who can fight as well as you can do our country a great service. You could join the Fighting Indian Army or become peace officers and help rid the West of badmen. Fearless men like you, with your knowledge of guns and fighting are needed in this growing country of ours. So, Lee, and the rest of you boys, think about it, and stop risking your valuable lives by all these senseless raids and hold-ups. If it's excitement you're after, the West will give you all you need—and more."

Lee Jackson and his boys did think it over. And they all decided to join the Fighting Indian Army.

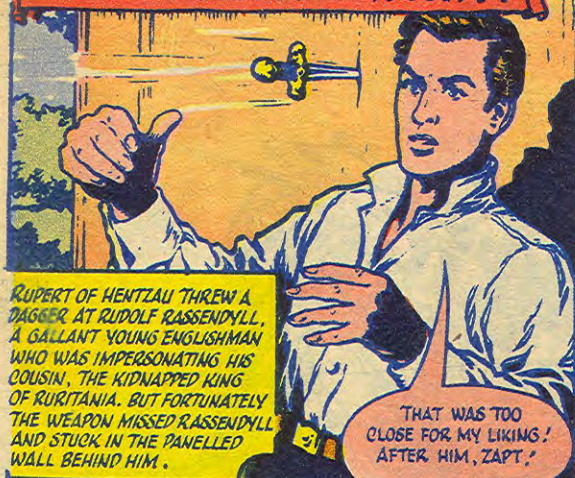
So Wild Bill accomplished his mission without arresting one man.

A year later the famous marshal rode into Fort Hudson in time to witness a wedding ceremony. The smiling bridegroom was none other than Sergeant Lee Jackson, and his bride was a girl he had rescued during the attack on the wagon train!

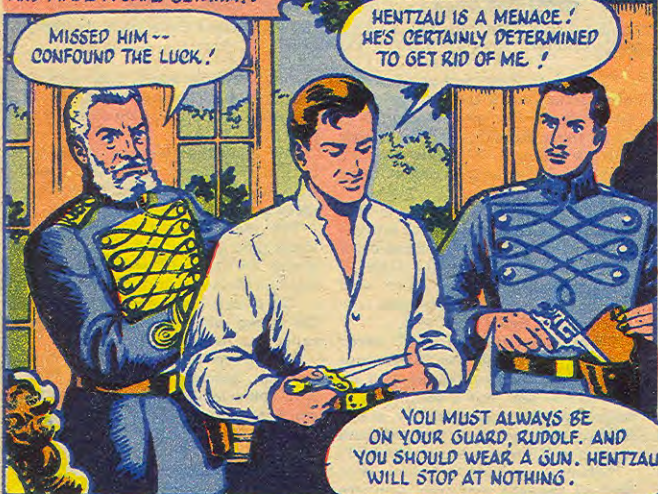
"You see, I've taken your good advice, Marshal," he greeted with a grin. "And just to show there's no ill feeling, I've married a Northern girl! You can't say now that I'm not helping to unite the North and South!"

Another rousing Western yarn of the fearless marshal next week.

The PRISONER of ZENDA



BUT ALTHOUGH COLONEL ZAPT AND CAPTAIN FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM BLAZED AWAY AT THE RETREATING HENTZAU, HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE THEIR BULLETS AND MADE A SAFE GETAWAY.



LATER THAT DAY RUPERT OF HENTZAU WENT TO MICHAEL'S CASTLE WHERE THE KIDNAPPED KING LAY PRISONER IN A DAMP DUNGEON --



JUST THEN MICHAEL, DUKE OF STRELSAU, THE KING'S WICKED HALF-BROTHER, ENTERED THE DUNGEON --





HAND MY THRONE OVER TO YOU? NEVER. I WILL DIE LIKE A KING. I WILL NEVER DISGRACE THE CROWN I HAVE NEVER WORN.

YOU SHALL DIE ALL RIGHT. MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THAT.

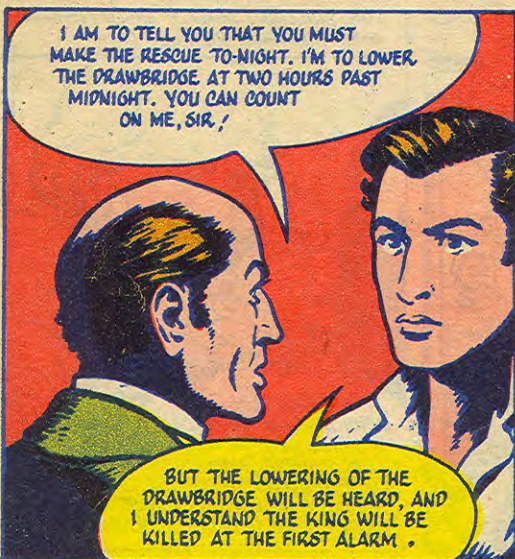
THAT AFTERNOON A MESSENGER FROM ANTOINETTE DE MAUBAN ARRIVED AT THE KING'S HUNTING LODGE WITH A MESSAGE FOR RASSENDYLL. ANTOINETTE WAS A FRIEND OF BLACK MICHAEL--BUT WAS ALSO IN LEAGUE WITH RASSENDYLL AND HIS FRIENDS.



WHAT IS IT YOU WANT, MY MAN?

I WAS TOLD BY MADAME DE MAUBAN TO GIVE THIS TO MR RASSENDYLL.

AH, GOOD MAN. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU. WHAT MESSAGE DOES MADAME SEND?



I AM TO TELL YOU THAT YOU MUST MAKE THE RESCUE TO-NIGHT. I'M TO LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE AT TWO HOURS PAST MIDNIGHT. YOU CAN COUNT ON ME, SIR.

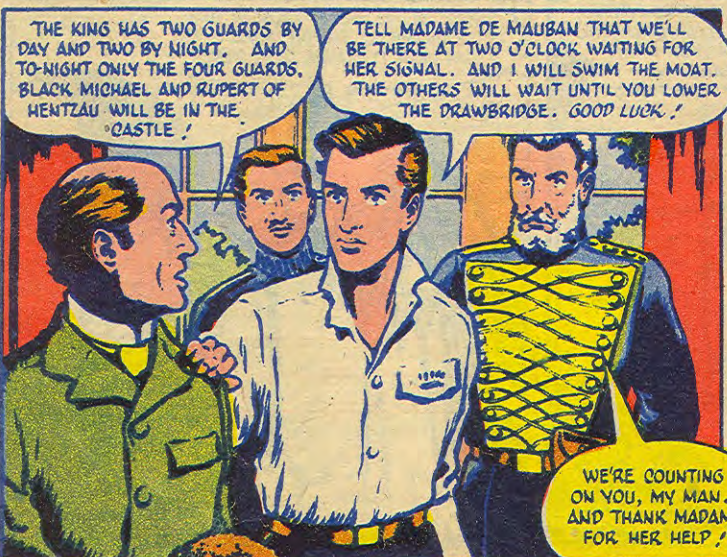
BUT THE LOWERING OF THE DRAWBRIDGE WILL BE HEARD, AND I UNDERSTAND THE KING WILL BE KILLED AT THE FIRST ALARM.



THAT'S CORRECT. SO BEFORE THE DRAWBRIDGE CAN GO DOWN, ONE OF YOUR MEN MUST SWIM THE MOAT AND CLIMB TO MADAME'S ROOM--FOR SHE IS STAYING AT THE CASTLE. ONE MAN BY HIMSELF MIGHT REACH THE DUNGEON.

I SEE, AND THAT MAN ALONE MUST KEEP THE GUARDS FROM MURDERING THE KING. UNTIL THE OTHERS CAN CROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE AND GET TO THE DUNGEON.

AND HOW MANY MEN ARE GUARDING THE KING?



THE KING HAS TWO GUARDS BY DAY AND TWO BY NIGHT. AND TO-NIGHT ONLY THE FOUR GUARDS. BLACK MICHAEL AND RUPERT OF HENTZAU WILL BE IN THE CASTLE.

TELL MADAME DE MAUBAN THAT WE'LL BE THERE AT TWO O'CLOCK WAITING FOR HER SIGNAL. AND I WILL SWIM THE MOAT. THE OTHERS WILL WAIT UNTIL YOU LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE. GOOD LUCK.

WE'RE COUNTING ON YOU, MY MAN. AND THANK MADAME FOR HER HELP.



I THINK I SHOULD BE THE ONE TO SWIM TO THAT MOAT.

YOU'LL LOSE ONE KING TO-NIGHT--WHATEVER TAKES PLACE. IF ANYTHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO HIM AND NOT TO ME, OUR GAME'S UP, ANYWAY. NO--FRITZ--I'LL SWIM THAT MOAT!

ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

IN THE LAST YEAR OF HIS REIGN, KING RICHARD THE LION-HEART, AT THAT TIME FIGHTING IN FRANCE, WAS FIRED WITH THE DESIRE TO LEAD ANOTHER MIGHTY CRUSADE TO THE HOLY LAND. BUT IT COST MONEY TO EQUIP SUCH A GREAT ARMY AND AS THE KING HAD SPENT ALL HIS WEALTH ON THE WAR IN FRANCE, HE SENT A MESSAGE TO HIS FRIEND AND SUPPORTER, THE ABBOT OF KIRKDALE ABBEY, BIDDING HIM RAISE ALL THE MONEY HE COULD LAY HIS HANDS ON--

A FEW MONTHS LATER, IN PROSPEROUS KIRKDALE ABBEY NEAR SHERWOOD FOREST, ABBOT GODFREY DISPLAYED A GREAT TREASURE BEFORE THE ENVIOUS EYES OF HIS NEPHEW, TRISTAN DE BORS--

SEE, TRISTAN, THE WORTHY PRIOR OF EVESHAM SENT THIS JEWELLED CHALICE-- THE GOOD BROTHERS OF YORK SENT THIS MAGNIFICENT GOLD PLATE-- THERE IS A KING'S RANSOM HERE-- ENOUGH TO EQUIP A GREAT ARMY OF CHRISTIAN KNIGHTS WHO WILL FREE THE HOLY LAND FROM THE INFIDEL.

WHILE THE ABBOT'S NEPHEW MADE A LIST OF THE TREASURE, HIS SCHEMING, AMBITIOUS MIND TURNED TO THOUGHTS OF STEALING IT FOR HIMSELF.

FANCY WASTING ALL THESE RICHES ON SUCH A HOPELESS VENTURE-- HERE AM I, THE YOUNGEST SON OF A POOR KNIGHT-- FORCED TO ACT AS MY UNCLE'S CLERK TO EARN MY LIVING-- IF I COULD LAY MY HANDS ON THIS TREASURE I WOULD BE THE RICHEST MAN IN ENGLAND.

SUDDENLY THERE WAS A CLATTER OF HOOFES IN THE COURTYARD OUTSIDE-- A FEW SECONDS LATER, A TRAVEL-STAINED MESSENGER, BURST INTO THE CHAMBER--

MY LORD ABBOT-- KING RICHARD IS DEAD! HIS BROTHER JOHN HAS BEEN PROCLAIMED HIS SUCCESSOR-- AND MAY HEAVEN PRESERVE US FROM THAT FOUL TYRANT!

THE BRILLIANT MIND OF ABBOT GODFREY TOLD HIM WHAT HE MUST DO--

IF THE RASCALLY JOHN LAYS HIS HANDS ON THIS TREASURE HE WILL KEEP IT FOR HIMSELF. I MUST HIDE IT UNTIL IT CAN BE RETURNED TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS. FOR THERE WILL BE NO CRUSADE NOW THAT BRAVE KING RICHARD IS DEAD--

THE NEXT DAY, TWENTY MULES WERE LOADED WITH MYSTERIOUS BOXES AND LED OUT OF THE ABBEY. ABBOT GODFREY WATCHED THEM LEAVE-- A SMILE ON HIS FACE--

EVERYONE WILL THINK THAT IT IS THE 'TREASURE'-- NOTHING BUT A LOAD OF OLD STONES-- MY FRIARS WILL DISTRIBUTE THE BOXES THROUGH THE LENGTH AND BREADTH OF ENGLAND. KING JOHN WILL BE FURIOUS WHEN HE OPENS THE BOXES.

HERE, IN THE SECRET ROOM IN THIS VERY CHAMBER, THE TREASURE SHALL STAY UNTIL IT IS SAFE TO BE MOVED--

Beginning this week, a rousing new picture-story of the Lord of Sherwood!

UNSEEN BY ABBOT GODFREY, HIS SCHEMING NEPHEW WATCHED HIM SILENTLY ~

I WILL KEEP THIS SILVER KEY ROUND MY NECK NIGHT AND DAY. IT WILL NEVER BE SEEN AGAIN BY HUMAN EYE UNTIL THE DAY I FIT IT INTO THE HIDDEN KEYHOLE IN THIS LEOPARD'S MOUTH, AND OPEN THE SECRET ROOM.

YOU CUNNING OLD FOX!

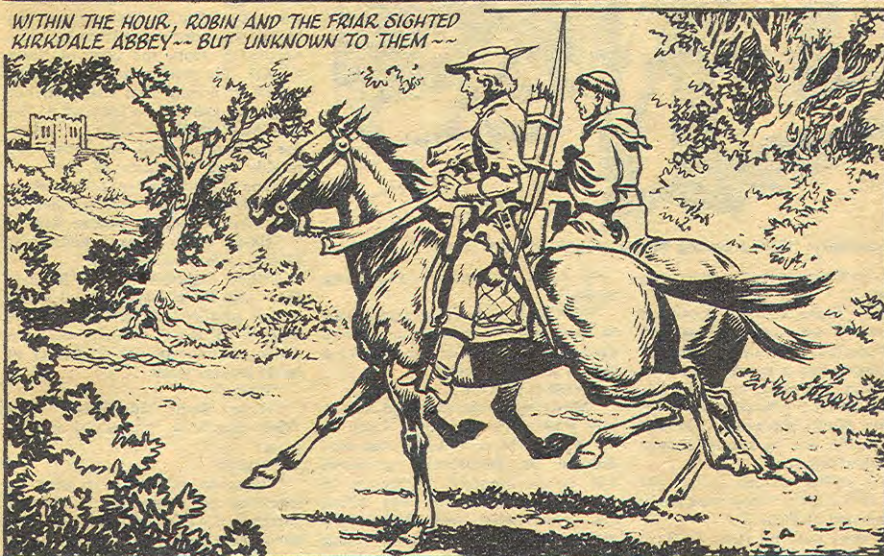
KING JOHN, WHO SOON HEARD ABOUT THE TREASURE, SENT HIS SOLDIERS TO CAPTURE IT. BUT THEY SEARCHED FOR IT IN VAIN. THE ABBOT KEPT THE KEY ROUND HIS NECK, AND HIS SECRET HIDDEN IN HIS HEART WHILE THE CRAFTY TRISTAN DE BORS BIDE HIS TIME UNTIL HE COULD STEAL THE KEY AND TAKE THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF. THEN CAME TRAGEDY. BEFORE THE TREASURE COULD BE RESTORED TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS, ABBOT GODFREY DIED. HE WAS SUCCEEDED BY ABBOT LEOFRIC, A MILD AND SAINTLY MAN, WHOSE GREATEST DELIGHT LAY IN HELPING THE POOR.

ONE DAY, A FRIAR FROM KIRKDALE ABBEY SOUGHT OUT ROBIN HOOD IN SHERWOOD FOREST. HE WAS LED BY ONE OF ROBIN'S MERRIE MEN THROUGH THE SECRET PATHS OF THE FOREST TO THE LORD OF SHERWOOD'S CAMP.

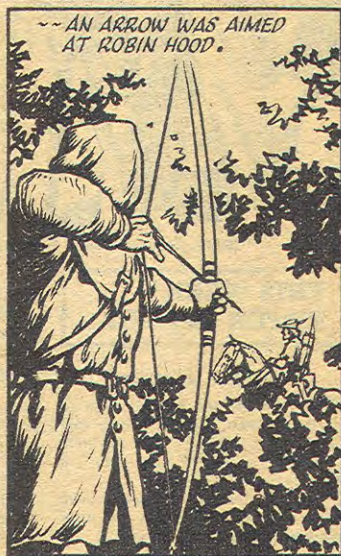
GOOD ROBIN, THE ABBOT SENDS GREETINGS AND REQUESTS THAT YOU COME TO KIRKDALE WITH ALL HASTE ~ HE NEEDS YOUR HELP.

I'LL COME WITH YOU THIS INSTANT, GOOD FRIAR. ABBOT LEOFRIC IS A GOOD FRIEND OF THE POOR AND NEED NEVER ASK ROBIN HOOD TWICE FOR HELP!

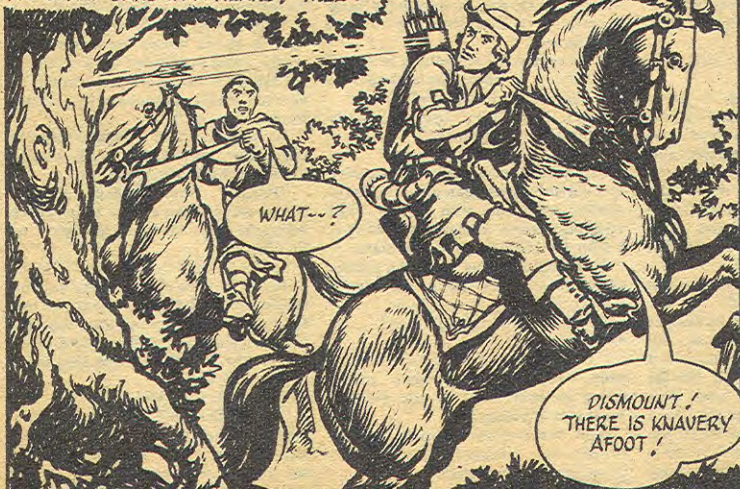
WITHIN THE HOUR, ROBIN AND THE FRIAR SIGHTED KIRKDALE ABBEY ~ BUT UNKNOWN TO THEM ~



~ AN ARROW WAS AIMED AT ROBIN HOOD.



ZO-O-O-NG! A GOOSE-FEATHERED ARROW MISSED ROBIN'S HEAD BY A SCARCE HALF-INCH AND BURIED ITS SHARP BARB IN A NEARBY TREE.



ROBIN FITTED AN ARROW INTO HIS TRUSTY BOW, WHILE HIS KEEN EYES SEARCHED THE UNDERGROWTH AHEAD FOR THE UNSEEN BOWMAN.

WHO CAN IT BE?

WHOEVER IT IS, HE MUST HAVE A VERY GOOD REASON FOR NOT WANTING ME TO SEE ABBOT LEOFRIC TO-DAY!



Who is the mystery archer? See next week's gripping instalment!

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



"Hello, Gussy!" said Wally cheerfully. "Still wearing the same old window pane?"

THIS WEEK: ENTER WALLY!

FOR NEW READERS

The chums of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, Blake, Herries, Digby and D'Arcy, are on the way to meet D'Arcy's young brother, who is joining the school.

In a dark lane they suddenly come face to face with Barberry, the head gamekeeper on a local estate. . .

DETECTIVE D'ARCY!

The keeper gave a start. "You have been a long time!" he exclaimed sharply. "Have we?" said Blake cheerfully. "You see, we didn't know you were waiting for us, Mr. Barberry—Hallo, he's gone!"

The keeper started at Blake's voice. He had evidently mistaken the boys in the thick dusk for the persons he had been expecting, whoever they were. As Blake spoke, Barberry turned round and strode back into the wood.

"I don't like his face," Blake remarked as they walked on. "I like a chap who can say a civil good evening, instead of looking at you like a demon in a pantomime."

"Yes," said D'Arcy, "and speaking on this subject, I am thinking of taking up my amateur detective work again."

"Good! You are going to investigate and discover why Barberry is surly? Have you any clue?"

"No! I had a little conversation with Mawby, the housemaid, and weally I was vewy touched."

"You've been touched a long time, old chap!"

"Weally, Blake, I should be obliged if you would not intewwupt me with wude wemarks. I was deeply touched by her gwief. She is wowwyng about that young keeper, Lynn, who has been sacked by Sir Neville Boyle for poaching. Now I don't believe he was weally guilty, and he seems to have been sacked unjustly."

"It's a rather serious matter for them," said Digby. "They were going to be married at Easter."

"It is vewy hard on them to have their mawwriage mucked up like this, and as a matter of fact, I have pwomised Mawby to look into the matter."

"You have whatted Mary what?"

"I have pwomised Mawby to look into the matter."

"And what difference will that make?"

"I hope it will make a gweat difference. She says William—young Lynn, you know—is innocent, and I weally think him a most respectable young fellow myself. He was vewy civil, once, and showed me a nice place to fish. I weward him as a most respectable young man, and quite deserving that I should look into the matter."

"You young ass, what good do you think you are going to do?"

"I object to being called an ass. As for the good I am going to do, I expect to clear young Lynn; and if he's cleared of suspicion, Sir Neville will take him on again and then those young people can get mawwed all the same. I shall give them my blessing," said D'Arcy, with quite a fatherly air. "I like to see young people happy."

"I don't see what you're going to do."

"Neither do I, but I have pwomised to look into the matter, and I shall keep my word. Of course, I have a clue to the weal facts."

"What is the clue?"

"Mawby says that the head keeper told wicked stowies about Lynn to Sir Neville. Now, if Lynn was condemned on Barbewwy's evidence, and he is innocent, it stands to weason that Barbewwy was telling lies. Now what was Barbewwy's motive for telling lies about young Lynn. I think that he put the thing on young Lynn to keep himself clear. You see, it seems pwetty plain that somebody was in league with the poachers, and it may have been necessary to find someone to take the blame!"

"There may be something in that," said Blake. "I never like a chap who can't say a civil good evening."

"Yes, and young Lynn is weally a vewy civil young man!"

"Good! We'll look into this!"

"I shall be vewy pleased to weceive any assistance you can give me," said Arthur Augustus, with dignity, "but you will please wemember that it is I who am looking in to the matter."

Half-past six rang from the village church as D'Arcy spoke. Blake gave a start.

"Hallo, the train's in!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, huwwy up. It's bad form to keep a chap waiting when you're going to meet him at the station. Wun like anything!"

And the juniors sprinted, and a couple of minutes later arrived breathless at the station.

A cheerful-looking youth, with his

hands in his trousers pockets, and his cap on the back of his head, was standing in the station. D'Arcy uttered an exclamation.

"That's young Wally. He's awwived."

Blake gave a long, long whistle. "That D'Arcy minor? My hat!"

MASTER WALLY

D'ARCY MINOR looked coolly at the juniors from St. Jim's. He did not bear much resemblance to D'Arcy major. There was a resemblance of features, but in everything else the youthful Wally was amazingly unlike his brother.

There were some untidy fags in the Third Form at St. Jim's, but the inkies of the Third Form fags did not seem to Blake's mind quite so untidy as D'Arcy minor.

D'Arcy minor was dressed in blazer and flannels, and there was a smear of toffee on his trousers. His blazer was adorned with little hairs, apparently from the coat of some animal. His collar was crooked and soiled in a way that made Arthur Augustus shudder to look at it. His hair was untidy and his cap was on the back of his head. His shoes were muddy and the laces of one were undone and trailing round the shoe. Nevertheless, there was a cheerful grin upon his none-too-clean face.

"Hallo, kid!" he said, addressing D'Arcy. "So you've come."

Arthur Augustus screwed his eye-glass into his eye and looked at his young brother. He felt that if his dignity as elder brother was not shown at once it was in danger of being lost for good.

"Wally!"

"Hallo! Same old Gussy!" said Wally cheerfully. "Same old window pane!"

"Wally!"

"What do you want to keep on repeating my name like a blinking parrot for! Ain't you going to shake hands with your brother, after being parted for weeks and weeks?" demanded Wally, extending a grimy paw.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy looked at the hand, and did not take it.

"I am sowwy," he said with dignity.

"I will shake hands with you pwesently, when you have had a wash."

"Looks a bit spotty, doesn't it?" agreed Wally complacently. Here, Pongo, Pongo!"

He whistled, and a ragged-looking cur came slinking up. Wally patted his rough head affectionately.

"Pongo!" said D'Arcy faintly.

"You don't mean to say that you've brought that howwid mongwel to St. Jim's?"

"He's a jolly good ratter," said Wally. "If you've got rats in the studies at St. Jim's, he'll clear 'em out for you. Bites like anything, too. He bit the guard of the train, and there was a row. I had to nurse him most of the way down."

"Yes, you look like it."

"That's the worst of Pongo," said Wally, glancing down at his dusty, hairy jacket. "His wool does come off, and no mistake."

"You ought to have the howwid

bwute downed."

"Rubbish!" said Wally. "You've never liked him since the time he got his teeth into your pants. It was your eyeglass he didn't like. I told you he would let you alone if you got rid of your eyeglass. You didn't."

"I am hardly likely to change my habits for the sake of pleasing a wotten mongrel, Wally."

"Then you can't blame him if he goes for you. Don't be afraid now, though. I've got my eye on him. If he goes for you I'll have him off before he hurts you. But I say, if these chaps are friends of yours, you may as well introduce me. I know you're overcome with joy by my arrival, Gussy, but you mustn't forget your manners, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake & Co. Wally looked at them.

"Your friends seem to find something amusing," he remarked. "Are they often taken like that, or are they trying to imitate laughing hyenas?"

The Fourth-Formers ceased to laugh, and turned very red. Blake wagged his forefinger warningly at young D'Arcy.

"Look here, kid," he said, "you're going into the Third Form at St. Jim's. We belong to the Fourth. You'll have to learn to treat your seniors with respect."

"Oh, I'll give you all the respect you deserve," said Wally. "It won't be enough to worry about, I dare say. Have you got any kind of transport to get to school in, Gussy?"

"I refuse to be addressed as Gussy. My name is Arthur."

"Oh, don't be so particular. I'll call you Arty if you like."

"If you address me as Arty I shall give you a thrashing."

Wally cocked his eye thoughtfully at his indignant brother.

"I rather think you couldn't do it," he remarked. "But keep your hair on. Down, Pongo! Down, you young rascal!"

"Keep that bwute away from my legs."

"It's your eyeglass that worries him. I've warned you about it before. Couldn't you take it off for a bit?"

"Certainly not!" D'Arcy turned to Blake & Co. "Blake, allow me to present my young brother Wally. You need not trouble to shake hands with him. Wally, this is Jack Blake, and this is Digby, and this is Hewwies. You will treat them with proper respect, as my friends, and as members of a higher Form."

"Oh, certainly!" said Wally. "I suppose you fellows always treat chaps in a higher Form with great respect."

Jack Blake coughed.

"That's nothing to do with it," he remarked. "If Third Form kids don't behave themselves, they get licked. You ought to bear that in mind. It may be useful to you. Now, Gussy, I've got to go to the post-office to cash Tom Merry's postal-order. Take this young ragamuffin away, and get a taxi, and I'll meet you at the tuckshop."

"Golly," said Wally, smacking his lips, "I'm hungry!"

Jack Blake hurried away. There was a grin on his face. D'Arcy minor had surprised the chums of the Fourth. Blake wondered what Tom Merry would think of him. The cheerful youth evidently had no idea of keeping his place as a humble

Third-Former. There were probably ructions ahead for Master Wally!

Blake cashed Tom Merry's postal-order, and then walked over to the tuckshop. There he found Wally eating jam-tarts. A considerable portion of the jam seemed to be spreading itself over his face and hands. Arthur Augustus was watching him in dismay. Herries and Digby were grinning, and urging more tarts upon the cheerful youth.

D'Arcy minor looked up at Blake with a jummy grin.

"Come and sample these tarts," he said; "they're terrific!"

"My good youth, it's not done for a Fourth-Former to eat tarts with an infant," said Blake severely.

"I'm not an infant!"

"The Third Form are called infants at St. Jim's."

"They'd better not call me an infant, or somebody will get his nose punched," remarked Wally, jamming another tart into his mouth.

Jack Blake chuckled.

"I can foresee a high old time for this young merchant in the Third Form," he observed. "Young Jameson and Curly Gibson will give him a few lessons, I think. Lemme see—I told Tom Merry I would take in a few things. May as well have some tarts, if young Wally hasn't cleared out the stock. Do you always eat jam with the outside of your face, Wally?"

"Lend me your handkerchief, Gus," said Wally.

"What for?" asked the dandy of St. Jim's distrustfully.

"To rub the jam off my mouth. I've lost mine."

"I refuse to have my handkerchief stained."

"Oh, I don't care! If you want me to arrive at St. Jim's like this, all right. I suppose I shall have to go in and see the Head."

D'Arcy groaned, and passed his clean, white handkerchief to his younger brother. Wally rubbed his mouth and face with it energetically, so energetically that it tore. Then he offered it back to his brother. D'Arcy drew back from the soiled rag.

"You can keep it now," he said faintly. "I make you a present of it."

"Thanks Gussy," said his brother.

SKIMPOLE WISHES TO BE KIND

TOM MERRY looked round the study with an approving eye. The cloth was laid, and the crockery set. Cups and saucers, borrowed from all quarters, adorned the table, and if no cup matched a saucer, and no saucer matched any other saucer, what did a detail like that matter? Plates, too, were there in plenty, and the soap-dish containing the jam glistened in the light. There were good things galore on the study table. There was little doubt that Master Wally would be both pleased and impressed.

"That's all right," said Tom Merry.

"Yes," said Lowther. "A lot of trouble to take over a Third-Form kid, though."

"It's a special occasion. D'Arcy isn't a bad sort. I expect his brother will be a chap like himself, but younger and shyer. Some little kid who can't say boo to a goose."

Monty Lowther laughed.

"He'll have a high old time among the Third Form fags, if that's the kind of kid he is," he remarked. "They'll roast him."

"We might keep a fatherly eye on him at first," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "Three fatherly eyes, in fact—I mean, three pairs of fatherly eyes."

"I don't know. If they thought he was backed up by fellows in a higher Form, they'd take it out of him all the more."

"Something in that," remarked Manners. "Still, we could give young Jameson a licking to start with. He's the most troublesome of those young rascals."

"Better give him a feed," said Tom Merry, laughing. "He would pass a licking on to D'Arcy minor. Now, everything seems to be ready, and I think we may as well go down to the gates, and look for them."

"Jolly cold weather for waiting at the gates."

"Well, we can rag Taggles, to pass the time."

"H'm, all right. Hallo, here's Skimpole. Lucky we're going out."

A large head, adorned with tufts of hair and an enormous pair of spectacles, looked round the door of the study. Skimpole, the brainy man of the Shell, nodded to the Terrible Three.

"I want to speak to you fellows—"

"Sorry!" said Tom. "We're just going out."

"It's rather important. I will walk down to the gates with you, and explain."

"Couldn't think of troubling you," said Tom Merry, putting on his cap.

"No trouble at all, Merry."

"Now, look here, Skimmy, you must take care of your health. You must not go out of doors on a raw evening. Good-bye!"

The Terrible Three left the study. Skimpole blinked at them, and followed them down the passage. He tapped Tom Merry on the arm.

"It's a rather important matter, Merry. I like to assist all I meet who are in difficulty, to comfort the unhappy, and—"

"And to bore everybody else."

"Really, Merry! It is a rather important matter. I am thinking of taking up my amateur detective work for a short time, in order to set a certain matter right. You may have noticed that Mary, the housemaid, has been looking very worried lately. I have discovered that she is engaged to a young man named Lynn."

"Did you discover that all by yourself, Skimmy?"

"Yes. She is engaged to a young man of the name of Lynn," said Skimpole. "This young man has been sacked by his employer for helping poachers. He was under-keeper to Sir Neville Boyle."

"I know all about it, Skimmy, and it's hard on Mary; but you won't improve things by bothering your head about it."

"You are quite mistaken there, Tom Merry. I am going to look into the matter, and reveal the truth—"

"Ass!" said Tom Merry politely.

"I regard that as rude, Merry. Mary still believes that young Lynn was innocent. Now, I was thinking that if I could prove—"

"You are going to prove his innocence?"

"Oh, no. I am afraid that would be impossible, as he is obviously guilty. I was thinking that if I investigated that matter, and proved his guilt, Mary, as a sensible young person,

would naturally cease to think about him—"

"You ass!" said Tom Merry.

"Really, Merry! You see, I feel very much for Mary's distress, and I want to help her. Surely I cannot do it better than by proving that her young man is unworthy of her."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Well, go ahead, Skimmy. If you come across young Lynn in the course of your investigations, and explain your views to him, he will probably dot you on the nose. That will do you good."

"I was thinking that you fellows might be willing to help me. I shall have to explore the woods after dark, and track down the poachers. It is a very adventurous sort of thing, you know, and I should think you would like to back me up."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I cannot see anything comical. It is a very serious matter."

"It will be a serious one for you, if you are caught breaking bounds at night to track down poachers!" grinned Lowther. "And so it will if you happen to run into any of the poachers. You may get knocked on the head."

"I am prepared to run risks for the sake of doing good. It will relieve poor Mary's mind ever so much to know that Lynn is guilty. But if you do not wish to assist me personally, perhaps you will lend me all the spare cash you have. My idea is to take a quantity of grub into the wood, and hide it in the hollow oak, so that I can get meals there, and pursue my investigations without interruption. What do you think of the idea?"

"Rotten!"

"Really, Tom Merry—"

"Skimmy, run away! Go and write the four hundred and forty-fourth chapter of your book, and give us a rest."

And the Terrible Three left the nosey-parker of the Fourth and hurried down to the gates.

Skimpole blinked after them, shaking his head solemnly. Then he slowly and thoughtfully took his way back to Tom Merry's study. The Terrible Three arrived at the gates, which had been closed by Taggles. A taxi loomed up from the dusk of the road, and Jack Blake jumped down and rang the bell. Taggles came grumbling out of his lodge. He grumbled as he opened the gates, and grumbled still more as the taxi came in, and nearly ran into him.

"Now then Taggles," said Blake. "We've brought a nice new boy, one you will be bound to like. Surely it is worth while trotting out of your lodge for that."

"All boys is himps," said Taggles, "and ought to be drowned at birth; and you are the worst himp of all, Master Blake."

Ignoring the grumbling Taggles, the juniors alighted, and walked into the quadrangle. Tom Merry looked round for D'Arcy minor. That young gentleman was whistling to his dog with a piercing note that made Tom Merry stop his ears.

"Where's D'Arcy minor?"

"There he is."

"My only Aunt Jane!"

Young Wally is certainly not what the St. Jim's juniors expected him to be... but they haven't seen anything yet! Laugh at D'Arcy Junior's adventures in next week's instalment.

DICK TURPIN

AND

The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN



Moll Moonlight has locked the Phantom Highwayman in the bell-chamber of "The House of Secrets". The two comrades hear a cry for help from a room on the spiral staircase. . . .

Dick wrenched one of the iron fastenings from the door and smashed the lock. . . .

AH!... THERE! IT'S OPEN!

GOOD WORK DICK!... NOW TO SEE WHO'S INSIDE!



... it was an old man, chained to the wall!

GOOD FRIENDS! WHOEVER YOU ARE... SAVE ME FROM THE PHANTOM!

WHO ARE YOU?



While Dick freed the prisoner, the old man told his story. . . .

MY NAME IS NICHOLAS CRAWLEY... MY FAMILY HAVE OWNED "THE HOUSE OF SECRETS" SINCE IT WAS BUILT... THE PHANTOM DECIDED THAT THE HOUSE WOULD SUIT HIM FOR A HIDE-OUT, SO HE HAS KEPT ME LOCKED IN THIS DUNGEON ALL THESE LONG MONTHS



WHY IS THIS PLACE CALLED THE HOUSE OF SECRETS?

BECAUSE OF A CHEST OF TREASURE WHICH MY GRANDFATHER HID IN A MAZE BENEATH THE HOUSE... ONLY I KNOW WHERE THE TREASURE IS, AND I INTEND IT TO REMAIN THERE IN SAFETY



AHA!... AND I SUPPOSE THE PHANTOM HAS TRIED TO FORCE THE SECRET FROM YOU?

YES!... BUT I REFUSED TO TELL... HOWEVER, HE STOLE A CHART FROM ME WHICH SHOWED ALL THE SECRET PASSAGES IN THE HOUSE... BUT I DON'T THINK HE'S FOUND THE TREASURE YET... LET US GO AND MAKE SURE



The two comrades told Nicholas Crawley where Moll had imprisoned the Phantom... then they decided to explore the maze of passages far below the house....

NOW IS OUR CHANCE TO FIND OUT IF THE RASCAL HAS UNEARTHED MY FAMILY TREASURE... LET US GO TO THE MAZE!

AYE!... WE'LL LEAVE THE PHANTOM WHERE HE IS TILL MORNING!



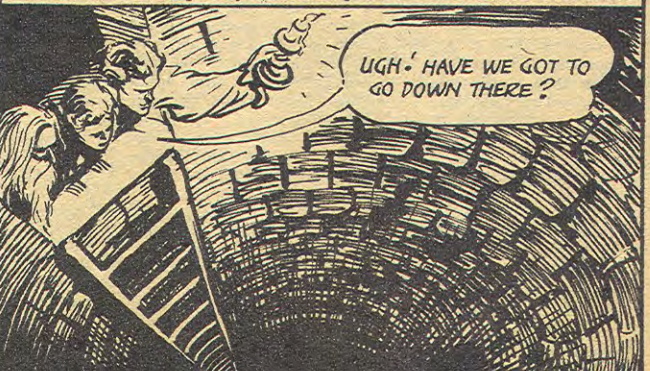
Outside on the stair their new ally pressed a hidden lever. . . .

ANOTHER SECRET!

AYE! AND THIS LEADS STRAIGHT TO THE MAZE!

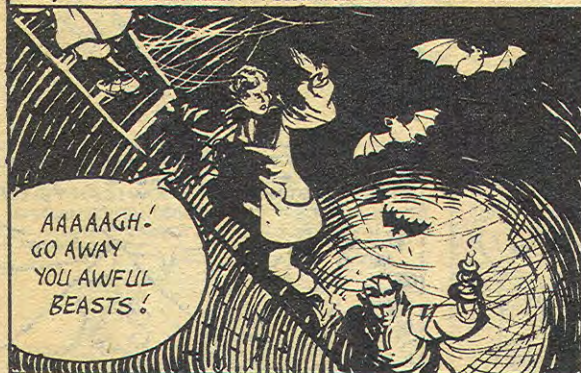


The candle showed a gloomy shaft leading down to the blackness below. . . .



UGH! HAVE WE GOT TO GO DOWN THERE?

They descended the shaft . . . Dick went first with the candle . . .



AAAAAGH!
GO AWAY
YOU AWFUL
BEASTS!

At the bottom of the shaft they found themselves in a dank chamber.

IS THIS THE MAZE?

AYE! . . . WE TAKE THE MIDDLE ENTRANCE . . .
KEEP CLOSE TO ME, FOR I KNOW THE WAY . . .
IF YOU GET SEPARATED FROM ME YOU MAY BE
LOST IN THESE PASSAGES FOR EVER!



MY GRANDFATHER WAS A CAVALIER IN THE CIVIL WAR . . . HE HID IN THESE
PASSAGES TO ESCAPE THE ROUNDHEADS . . . AND HERE HE HID THE
FAMILY TREASURE

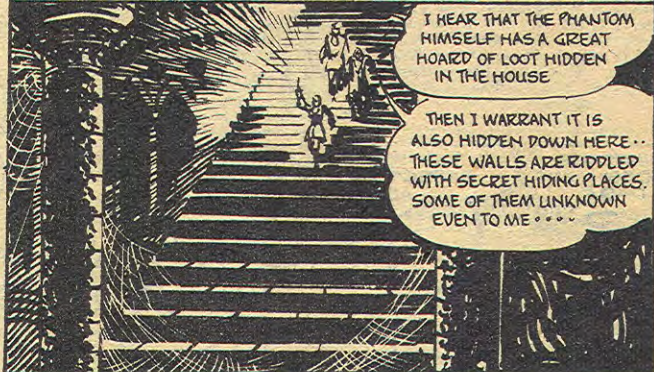
I WOULD RATHER FACE MY
ENEMIES SWORD IN HAND
THAN HIDE IN THIS
AWFUL PLACE!



After zig-zagging through the maze they came to a grim flight of steps . . .

I HEAR THAT THE PHANTOM
HIMSELF HAS A GREAT
HOARD OF LOOT HIDDEN
IN THE HOUSE

THEN I WARRANT IT IS
ALSO HIDDEN DOWN HERE . .
THESE WALLS ARE RIDDLED
WITH SECRET HIDING PLACES.
SOME OF THEM UNKNOWN
EVEN TO ME . . .



Nicholas Crawley was right . . . there was an unknown hiding-place
near at hand . . . and behind it lurked . . . THE PHANTOM!



ARE WE NEARING THE TREASURE NOW, MASTER CRAWLEY?

AYE! . . . 'TIS HIDDEN IN A CHAMBER
AT THE END OF THIS PASSAGE . . . BUT
WE MAY FIND THAT THE PHANTOM HAS
UNCOVERED THE SECRET!



A hoarse panic-stricken cry from Crawley made Dick
and Moll spin round in surprise . . .

AAAAAGH!

WHAT . . . !



The door slammed close.

SAVE ME!
.. AAAAGH!
.. I AM
LOST!



. . . and the fallen candle
went out . . . leaving Dick
and Moll alone in the black-
ness of the terrible maze.

DICK! . . . WE'LL
NEVER GET OUT
OF HERE NOW!
.. DICK! . . .
WHERE ARE
YOU?

Lost in the maze . . . in the darkness . . . with the Phantom near at hand! What will happen now? See next week!

SUN—February 21, 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 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

