

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

No. 214
March 14, 1953

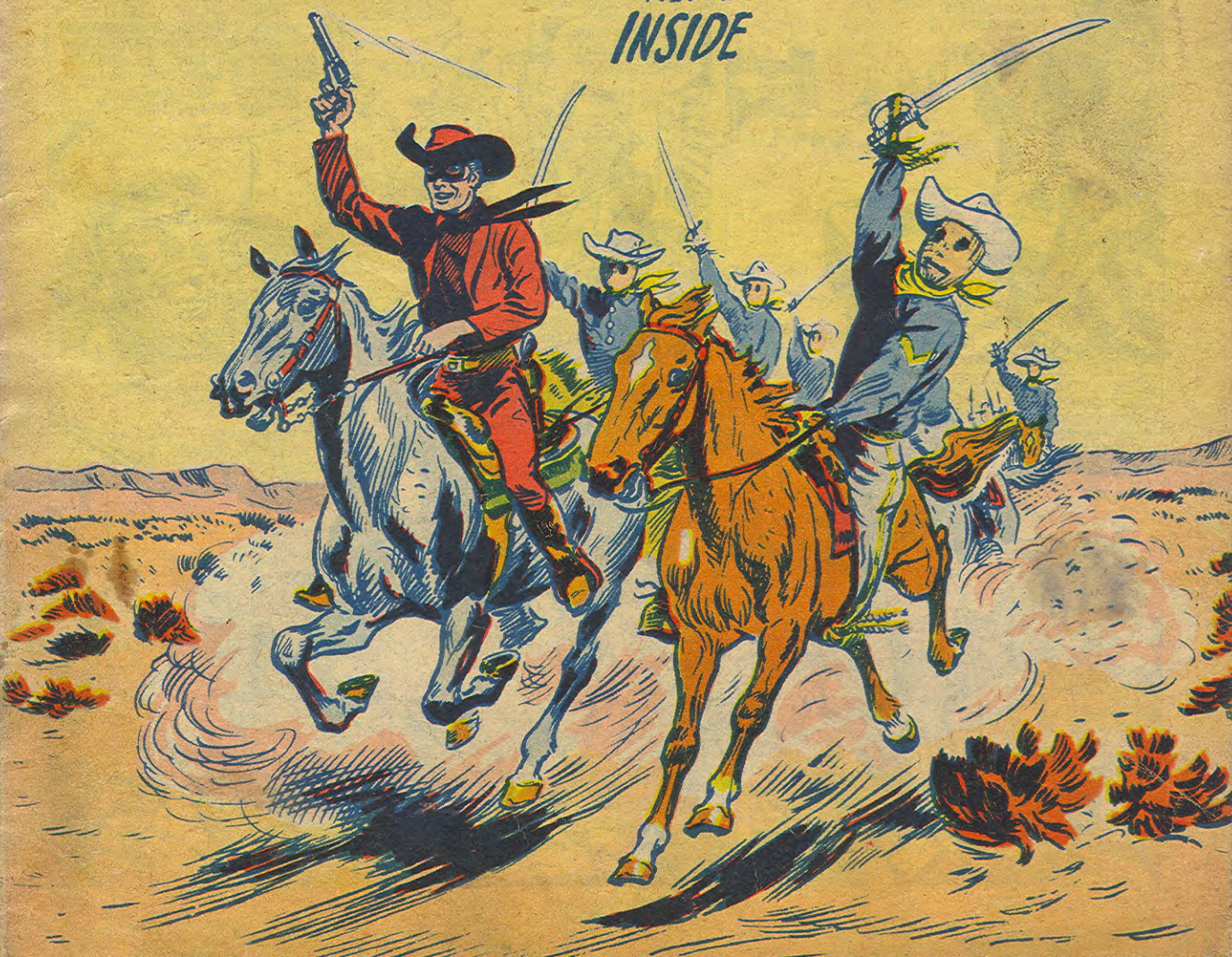
3[¢]



BILLY THE KID

BILLY *the* KID'S DUMMY ARMY

EXTRA LONG COMPLETE
WESTERN PICTURE STORY
INSIDE





BILLY THE KID-LONE AVENGER

NEWS HAD REACHED THE UNITED STATES ARMY AT FORT EAGLE THAT EL TORO AND HIS MEN WERE PREPARING TO RAID THE TOWN OF BRONXVILLE SOME FIFTY MILES AWAY. LEAVING A HANDFUL OF TROOPERS BEHIND, THE COMMANDER LED HIS REGIMENT OUT TO SURPRISE AND CAPTURE THE BANDITS--

DON'T WORRY, PAL-- WE WILL! THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE COMING!

WHEN COLONEL PEDRO LOPEZ WAS KICKED OUT OF THE MEXICAN ARMY HE BANGED TOGETHER A GREAT ARMY OF RUFFIANS, AND UNDER THE NAME OF EL TORO (THE BULL) SPREAD TERROR ALONG THE MEXICAN BORDER.

HAVING RAIDED ALL THE TOWNS WORTH RAIDING ON THEIR OWN SIDE OF THE BORDER, EL TORO AND HIS BANDIT ARMY BEGAN TO CROSS THE BORDER AND PLUNDER THE FRONTIER TOWNS OF THE AMERICAN STATE OF TEXAS--



GOOD LUCK, LADS! HOPE YOU CATCH THOSE BANDITS ON THE HOP!



HAD THE TROOPER BUT KNOWN IT, ONE OF EL TORO'S MEN WAS WATCHING EVEN AS HE SPOKE--

ZE TROOPS LEAVE ZE FORT! I MUST REPORT TO EL TORO!



RIDING LIKE THE WIND, THE BANDIT CROSSED THE BORDER INTO HIS OWN COUNTRY AND RODE INTO A SMALL VILLAGE WHERE EL TORO HAD SET UP HIS HEADQUARTERS--

AH! HERE COMES MIGUEL! WHAT NEWS, AMIGO?



BRONXVILLE! EL TORO, OUR PLANS ARE RUINED!

EL TORO! EL TORO! ZE SOLDIERS-- ZEY HEAD FOR BRONXVILLE!

WHEN EL TORO HEARD THE NEWS HE LAUGHED ALOUD AND TURNED TO HIS LIEUTENANTS--

OUR PLANS ARE NOT RUINED, AMIGOS! I LET IT BE KNOWN I WOULD RAID BRONXVILLE-- BUT WE ATTACK LEETLE FALLS INSTEAD! HAW HAW! WE SELL THE AMERICANS WHAT THEY CALL A DUMMY! HAW HAW! GET GOING, AMIGOS!



SOON EL TORO'S ARMY OF RUFFIANS WERE CROSSING THE RIO GRANDE, THE RIVER THAT FORMED THE FRONTIER BETWEEN MEXICO AND TEXAS--

LEETLE FALLS-- HERE WE COME!



THE SHORE ON THE TEXAS SIDE OF THE RIVER WAS PART OF THE CIRCLE-B-R RANCH AND AS THE MEXICANS CROSSED THE RIVER THEY WERE SEEN BY THE RANCH OWNER, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY--

BY HOKEY! EL TORO AND HIS MOB! THEY'RE HEADING TOWARDS LITTLE FALLS! I'D BETTER RIDE THERE, PRONTO!



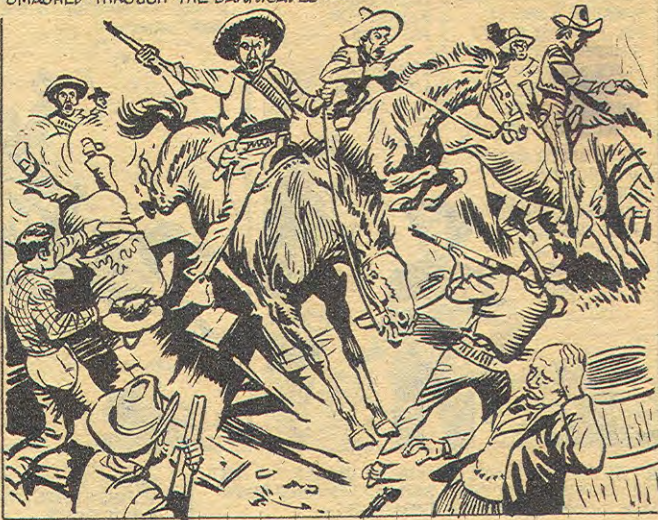
NOT SPARING HIS HORSE WILL BONNEY ROPE FAST INTO LITTLE FALLS--

GET YOURSELVES ARMED, FOLKS! BARRICADE THE STREETS! EL TORO AND HIS BANDITS ARE HEADED THIS WAY!



WHILE MANY OF THE TOWNSFOLK WENT FOR THEIR WEAPONS-- WILL BONNEY, WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, HELPED OTHERS TO BUILD BARRICADES IN THE MAIN STREET-- EVEN AS THEY DID SO, THE FIRST FORCE OF BANDITS APPEARED OVER THE HILL--

THE CITIZENS OF LITTLE FALLS FOUGHT HARD FOR THEIR TOWN, BUT BY SHEER FORCE AND WEIGHT OF NUMBERS, EL TORO'S BANDIT ARMY SMASHED THROUGH THE BARRICADES--



SOON THE GALLANT TOWNSFOLK WERE FORCED TO SURRENDER-- AND HAND OVER THEIR ARMS--



SEEING A HORSE CLOSE BY, WILL BONNEY TOOK A FLYING LEAP ON TO ITS BACK TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE--



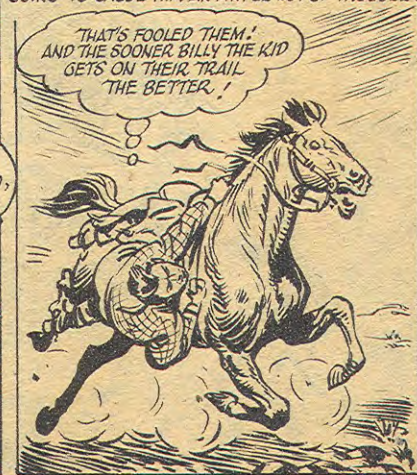
AS WILL BONNEY SPURRED HIS HORSE OUT OF THE TOWN A VOLLEY OF RIFLE FIRE WAS AIMED AT HIM--

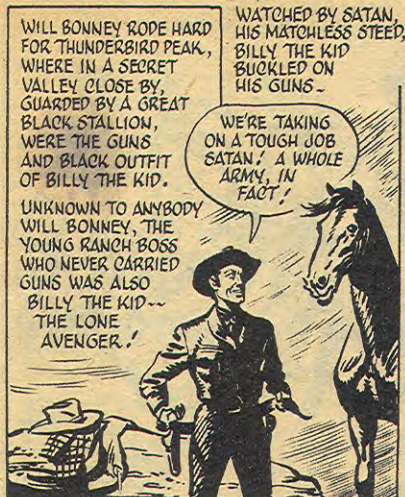


SUDDENLY THE ESCAPING RANCHER WAS SEEN TO SLUMP IN HIS SADDLE--



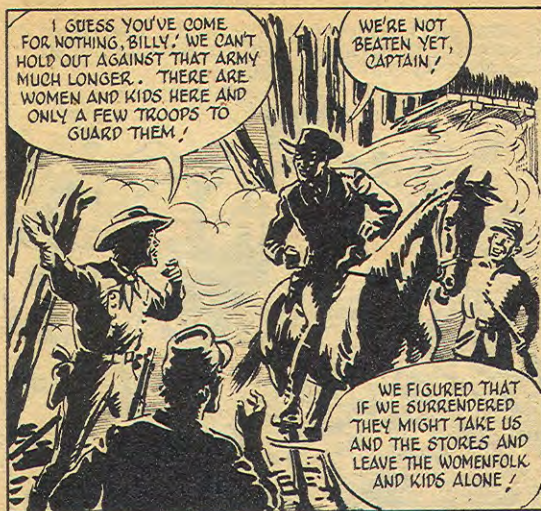
BUT WILL BONNEY WAS FAR FROM DEAD--NOT ONE BULLET HAD HIT HIM--AND HAD EL TORO BUT KNOWN IT--THE HAPPY-GO- LUCKY RANCHER WAS SOON GOING TO CAUSE HIM AN AWFUL LOT OF TROUBLE.





BUT AS THE FIRST WAVE OF BANDITS NEARED THE FORT THE HANDFUL OF TROOPERS WHO HAD REMAINED BEHIND GAVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF THEMSELVES--





THE WOMEN, THEIR CHILDREN AND THE WOUNDED TROOPERS WENT TO WORK WITH A WILL--PREPARING BILLY THE KID'S 'CAVALRY' TROOP.



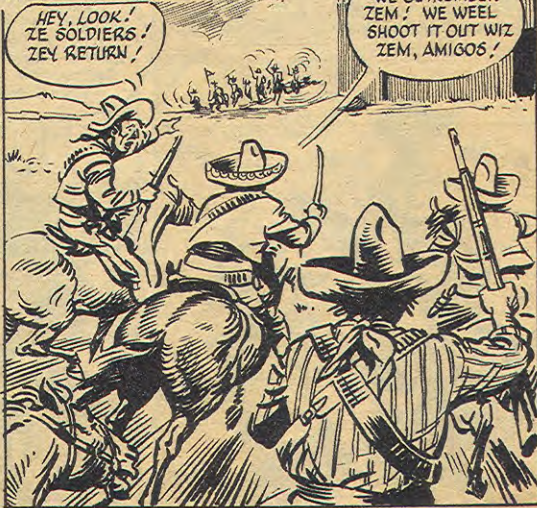
WHEN ALL WAS READY THE REAR GATES OF THE FORT WERE OPENED AND ACCOMPANIED BY ONE OR TWO REAL TROOPERS AND A BUGLER, BILLY THE KID LED HIS STRANGE TROOP OF 'CAVALRY' OUT TO MEET EL TORO ~



BILLY THE KID LED HIS SILENT TROOP A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE FORT, AND AS HE SAW EL TORO'S MEN PREPARING TO ATTACK, GAVE THE ORDER TO CHARGE ~



FROM A DISTANCE, BILLY'S MOUNTED DUMMIES LOOKED LIKE AN ENTIRE CAVALRY REGIMENT AS IT BORE DOWN ON THE CHARGING BANDITS ~ ~



BUT TO THE BANDITS' DISMAY NOT A TROOPER FELL AS THEY FIRED, AND FRIGHTENED, THEY TURNED AND FLED~~

WHAT KIND OF MEN ARE ZEY? WE FIRE BUT ZEY NO DIE! I GET OUT OF HERE, PRONTO!

ZEY MUST BE MADE OF IRON!

IT WAS A GREAT SHOCK FOR EL TORO AS HIS BANDIT ARMY SWEEP PAST HIM IN FULL FLIGHT, BUT HE HAD A GREATER SHOCK STILL WHEN HE SAW THE TROOPERS THAT PURSUED THEM~~

CARAMBA! DUMMIES!

IN VAIN EL TORO CALLED AFTER HIS MEN~~

STOP, YOU FOOLS! YOU COWARDLY DOGS, WE HAVE BEEN TREKKED! ZEE TROOPS ZEY ARE DUMMIES! LOOK~~ I SHOOT ONE!

BUT BEFORE EL TORO COULD FIRE, THE FIGURE HE AIMED AT CAME TO LIFE~~

FOOLED AGAIN, EL TORO!

OO! HELP! I GEEVE IN! SURRENDER, PRONTO!

WHEN THE BANDIT CHIEF RECOVERED FROM HIS LATEST AND GREATEST SHOCK HE FOUND HIMSELF COVERED BY THE GUNS OF BILLY THE KID~~

AH! BILLEE ZE KEEP! YOU'RE NO SO SMART, MEESTER. WHEN MY MEN FIND OUT HOW YOU FOOL ZEM ZEY FEEX YOU DEAD, PRONTO!

ANY TIME, ANY PLACE, EL TORO! THAT IS~~ IF THE TROOPERS DON'T CATCH 'EM FIRST!

AS EL TORO TURNED TO BE LED INTO THE FORT HIS DREAMS OF REVENGE WERE SHATTERED~~ FOR THE SOUND OF CAVALRY BUGLES AND RIFLE FIRE TOLD HIM THAT, NOT FAR AWAY, HIS FLEEING ARMY HAD MET UP WITH THE REAL TROOPERS RETURNING FROM BRONXVILLE~~

SEEMS AS HOW I WON'T HAVE THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOUR BOYS AFTER ALL, OLD BULL-FROG!

A SHORT TIME AFTERWARDS THE COMMANDER AND HIS TROOPS HERDED THE REMNANTS OF EL TORO'S ARMY INTO FORT EAGLE~~

THANKS TO YOU, BILLY THE KID, FORT EAGLE STILL STANDS AND THIS ROUGH-NECK AND HIS BANDITS WON'T BE RAIDING OUR BORDER TOWNS AGAIN!

WELL, I'LL BE RIDING ALONG NOW, SIR. MY JOB IS DONE AND YOU'RE HERE NOW TO HANDLE THESE COYOTES!

~~ AND BILLY THE KID RODE BACK TO THE HILLS~~ HIS JOB COMPLETED.

I GUESS YOU MIGHT SAY BILLY THE KID SOLD YOU A DUMMY OR TWO, EH, EL TORO?

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

GOOD LUCK, BILLY! GOSH, WHAT A GREAT FELLER YOU ARE!

BAH!

Ride the trail of justice with the Lone Avenger . . . next week!

WILD BILL'S HAT TRICK



The Fighting Marshal always gets his man!

WILD BILL HICKOK, the fighting, two-gun marshal of the Golden West, was on the trail of Buzz Barlow, an escaped bank robber. Barlow, who had been serving a prison sentence for a series of bank and train robberies, had escaped from the Arizona State Prison. Descriptions of the wanted man had been telegraphed to all the sheriffs and marshals in the west.

He was of average height and build, had brown hair and blue eyes and came from a town on the eastern coast.

Barlow's description was so ordinary it could have fitted thousands of men, and because of that he had been at large for several weeks.

But Marshal Hickok had been called in on the case, and for some days he had been on the trail of a man whom he was almost certain was Buzz Barlow.

Barlow's trail led Hickok to Fork Gulch. As soon as he arrived he looked up his old friend Sheriff John Sawyer.

"Why, Bill," greeted Sawyer, "How nice to see you. What brings you to Fork Gulch?"

"Howdy, John," smiled Hickok. "I'm tracking down Buzz Barlow, and I'm pretty certain he's here in town. Have any strangers ridden in during the last couple of days?"

"Why, yes, Bill. Let's see, two rode in yesterday, and the third arrived early this morning."

"The man I want is an Ertasener."

"Well, these three were all

cowpunchers, at least they looked like it by their clothes. They've checked in at the Last Chance Saloon—it's a combined hotel and saloon."

"Care to come along with me, John, while I do a little checking up on the three strangers?" asked Wild Bill.

"Sure will. I've been on the lookout for Buzz Barlow, too. And you think he's here?"

"I do," replied Hickok firmly. "Well, let's go over to the Last Chance Saloon, John."

In the Last Chance the sheriff pointed out the three newcomers to Fork Gulch and the marshal looked them over carefully.

"Not much to go on there, John," he remarked. "Any of them might be Barlow. Let's go over and have a word with each of them. We'll take the fellow at the bar first."

The man standing at the bar saw the marshal and the sheriff walking across to him.

"Howdy," smiled the marshal. "I understand you're a stranger to Fork Gulch. I'm a United States Marshal, and this gentleman is the town sheriff. We're just doing a check-up on people entering and leaving town. Would you be good enough to tell me your name?"

The man gulped down his drink before he replied.

"Dan Smithers," he muttered. "And what is your occupation, Mr. Smithers?" asked Wild Bill.

"Cowpuncher."

"At which ranch?"

"The Running O in Nebraska."

"You're rather a long way from Nebraska, Mr. Smithers," remarked Hickok mildly. "I don't recognise your accent. You're not from the west, are you?"

"Say," snapped Smithers. "I don't like all these questions. Suppose I do work in Nebraska, I can come to Fork Gulch if I like, can't I? It's a free country. And what's my accent to you? My parents came from New York. If I speak like them, that's my business, isn't it?"

"All right, Mr. Smithers, there's no need to get so hot under the collar," said Wild Bill quietly. "You've told me all I want to know. Good-day."

The second man resented being questioned even more than Smithers.

"Name's Joss Higgins. I'm a cowboy. And you guys ain't gonna get no more information out of me, see?" And he jumped up from his chair and stamped across the saloon floor.

"Oh, Mr. Higgins," Wild Bill called after him. "How is it you're not wearing spurs, and you a cowboy?"

Higgins flushed. "Spurs? Er, I—I—don't wear 'em any more. Once raked my hoss's sides badly with a big

Spanish pair I had. Never worn 'em since. Don't like hurtin' dumb animals." Then he turned and left the saloon.

The marshal raised his eyebrows slightly and walked over to question the third man.

"My name is Ted Bailey and I'm a cowpuncher from Arizona," the stranger said quietly. Wild Bill noticed that the man's face was pale and lacked the usual sun-tan of the Westerner.

"Arizona? It's odd you should be so pale, Mr. Bailey," the marshal remarked. "I gather you have spent a lot of time indoors lately? I should have thought being a cowboy in Arizona, you would have had a healthy tan!"

"I've been ill," replied Bailey curtly. "Just got up after three months in bed. And now if you'll excuse me, I'll go and get some fresh air. It'll do me more good than sitting here talking to nosy marshals."

As Bailey hurried out of the saloon the marshal pushed his hat well back on his head in a puzzled manner.

"Well, John, they're not much help. There's something suspicious about each one of them. An eastern accent, a cowboy without spurs, and a pale, pasty-faced man who looks as though he's just served a prison sentence! Oh well, we'll leave things until the morning. Just see no one rides out of town tonight."

THE MYSTERY SOLVED

EARLY the following morning Wild Bill asked the sheriff to go with him to the Last Chance Saloon.

"You wait here in the dining room, John," said the marshal. "I'll round up those three suspects, Smithers, Higgins and Bailey, and send them down to you one at the time. I think we're about to catch our man."

Wild Bill went upstairs and knocked on the door of Room 10.

"Come in," growled a sleepy voice.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Smithers," greeted Hickok brightly. "Sorry to trouble you, but will you get dressed and go downstairs? I've something important to say to you."

Smithers got sulkily out of bed and started dressing.

Wild Bill then went to Room 6 and awakened Higgins. He stayed with him while the angry man hurriedly dressed, and then sent him down to the dining room to wait with Smithers and the sheriff.

In Room 4 the marshal had to shake Bailey to wake him. He awoke with a start and reaching under his pillow, whipped out a gun.

"Put it away, Bailey," said Wild Bill quietly. "I'm only waking you up to tell you that

I want you to get dressed and come downstairs with me. I've something to tell you."

Bailey glared at the marshal through sleep-filled eyes and tumbled out of bed. He dressed quickly and before leaving the room, strapped on his gunbelt. The marshal said nothing but he threw Bailey a sharp look.

"Well, sheriff," began Wild Bill as he and Bailey entered the dining room. "I'm sorry to have called you out at this early hour, but I thought you'd like to be on hand when I arrested Buzz Barlow."

"You mean he's one of these cowboys?" asked the sheriff eyeing the three men.

"I mean just that," returned Hickok.

There was a deadly silence in the room as the three men looked nervously at each other.

"I've been on Barlow's trail for some time," said the marshal. "And at last I've tracked him down," and as he spoke he pulled a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket.

There was a sudden loud oath as one of the men leapt to his feet and dived through the open window. It was Joss Higgins!

Gypsy, the marshal's sorrel mare was standing outside the saloon, and seeing her, Higgins took a flying jump and landed in the saddle. Kicking her sides viciously with his heels, and jerking the reins from the hitching rail, he yelled at her to be off.

Gypsy's ears shot up in fury for she was not used to such rough treatment. And then she heard her master give a peculiar little whistle.

Instantly she kicked up her hind legs with such speed and force, she sent Higgins flying up in the air. With a wild yell, he dropped rapidly down to earth and landed with a heavy thud in the centre of the dirt road. He lay there gasping for breath.

Chuckling merrily, the marshal went over to him and slipped the handcuffs on his wrists.

"How in the world did you know Higgins was Barlow?" asked the sheriff, shaking with laughter.

"That was easy," grinned the marshal. "What's the first thing a cowboy puts on when he gets dressed?" he asked.

"His hat," Bailey and Smithers replied promptly.

"Exactly. You two rammed yours on the second you got out of bed. You did it automatically. But Barlow never put his on at all. It's still up in his room. Only an Easterner would do that!"

And everybody except Buzz Barlow had another hearty laugh.

Follow Wild Bill Hickok in another smashing Western yarn next week!

The PRISONER of ZENDA

AS RUPERT OF HENTZAU SPRANG AT RUDOLF RASSENDYLL WITH HIS SWORD, THE ENGLISHMAN PICKED UP A CHAIR AND HURLED IT AT THE COUNT.



SO YOU ENGLISH FIGHT WITH FURNITURE, DO YOU?

WE FIGHT WITH ANYTHING WHEN WE'RE IN A TIGHT CORNER!

IN A FLASH, RASSENDYLL LEAPED UP AND SNATCHED A SWORD HANGING FROM THE WALL ~



BUT BEST OF ALL, I FIGHT WITH THE SWORD.

~ AND THEN THE DUEL COMMENCED.



AND NOW, MY DEAR COUNT, THE ODDS ARE EVEN. YOU NO LONGER HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OVER ME!



AND I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING ELSE -- I'M GOING TO SEVER THE ROPE HOLDING UP THE DRAWBRIDGE. MY FRIENDS ARE OUTSIDE -- WAITING TO COME IN!

THE TWO MEN FOUGHT ALONG THE PASSAGE AND UP THE STAIRS. THEY WERE WELL-MATCHED AND BOTH WERE EXPERT SWORDSMEN BUT RASSENDYLL WAS DRIVING HENTZAU TOWARDS THE DRAWBRIDGE.



I'VE JUST KILLED A MAN FOR TRYING TO SLASH THAT ROPE!

WELL, YOU WON'T KILL ME, HENTZAU!

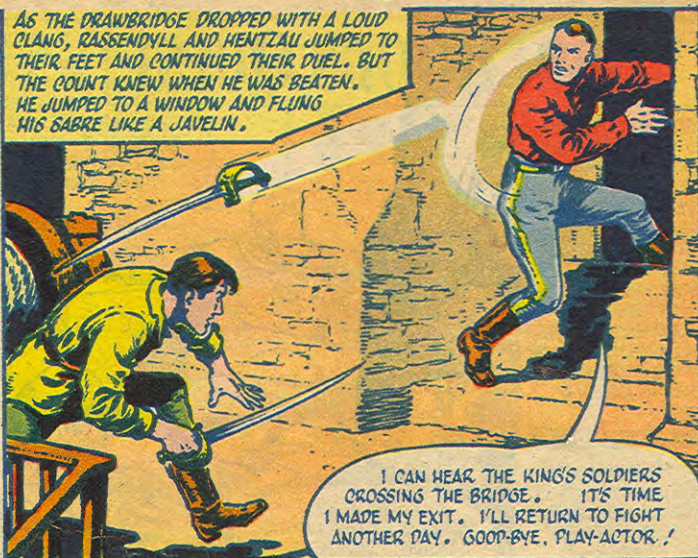
AS RASSENDYLL MADE A LUNGE FOR THE DRAWBRIDGE ROPE, HENTZAU TRIPPED HIM AND STILL FIGHTING, THEY BOTH CRASHED TO THE FLOOR.



RASSENDYLL HELD HENTZAU OFF WITH ONE HAND AND MANAGED TO SLASH THE ROPE HOLDING THE DRAWBRIDGE.



AS THE DRAWBRIDGE DROPPED WITH A LOUD CLANG, RASSENDYLL AND HENTZAU JUMPED TO THEIR FEET AND CONTINUED THEIR DUEL. BUT THE COUNT KNEW WHEN HE WAS BEATEN. HE JUMPED TO A WINDOW AND FLUNG HIS SABRE LIKE A JAVELIN.



I CAN HEAR THE KING'S SOLDIERS CROSSING THE BRIDGE. IT'S TIME I MADE MY EXIT. I'LL RETURN TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY. GOOD-BYE, PLAY-ACTOR!

AS RUPERT OF HENTZAU DIVED INTO THE MOAT AND MADE HIS ESCAPE, COLONEL ZAPT AND CAPTAIN VON TARLENHEIM, BOTH HOLDING GUNS, BURST INTO THE HALL.



IS THE KING SAFE?

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, RUDOLF?

AND SO KING RUDOLF WAS SAFELY RESTORED TO HIS THRONE, THANKS TO THE GENEROUS HELP AND BRAVERY OF HIS ENGLISH COUSIN, RUDOLF RASSENDYLL. THE KING WAS WEAK AND I'LL AFTER HIS ORDEAL, BUT GOOD FOOD AND REST SOON RESTORED HIM TO HEALTH.



I HAVE TRIED TO WEAR YOUR CROWN WITH HONOUR YOUR MAJESTY.

THE KING LIVES! HE'S IN THE DUNGEON. HIS EVIL BROTHER, MICHAEL, WAS KILLED BY HENTZAU. HE AND I HAD A DUEL BUT HE ESCAPED WHEN HE HEARD YOUR SOLDIERS. APART FROM A SWORD SCRATCH ON MY ARM, I'M ALL IN ONE PIECE.

I KNOW YOU HAVE. YOU'RE MY BEST AND DEAREST FRIEND, COUSIN RUDOLF. I WANTED TO KEEP YOU WITH ME -- TO TELL EVERYBODY WHAT YOU'VE DONE -- BUT ZAPT SAYS THE SECRET OF THE PRISONER OF ZENDA MUST BE KEPT.



ZAPT IS RIGHT, YOUR MAJESTY. MY WORK HERE IS DONE. IF EVER I CAN SERVE YOU, I SHALL ONLY BE TOO HAPPY.

YOU COULD NEVER SERVE ME BETTER, COUSIN RUDOLF. AND YOU'VE TAUGHT ME HOW TO BE A KING. FAREWELL -- AND MAY WE MEET AGAIN!

AND SO RUDOLF RASSENDYLL LEFT RURITANIA. HE WAS ESCORTED TO THE BORDER BY COLONEL ZAPT AND FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.



GOOD-BYE, COLONEL, WE'VE RUN A GOOD COURSE TOGETHER. GOOD-BYE, FRITZ, WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

YOU WOULD HAVE MADE A FINE KING, ENGLISHMAN. GOOD-BYE -- AND THANKS, LAD!

GOOD-BYE, RUDOLF. WE'LL NEVER FORGET WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR THE KING AND RURITANIA!

The End

ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

ROBIN HOOD, MARIAN, AND THE TREACHEROUS TRISTAN DE BORS ARE SEEKING A CLUE TO THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY. THEY ARRIVE AT THE FORTIFIED PRIORY OF SALT MARSH TO FIND IT BESIEGED BY A ROBBER BARON, SIR GASPARD DE MORTAIN OF THE BLACK HAND, AND HIS RASCALLY BAND ~~

ON THE FROWNING WALLS OF THE PRIORY, THE GENTLE OLD PRIOR JOSEPH ADDRESSED HIS FRIARS ~~

ONCE WE EMPLOYED ARMED GUARDS TO DEFEND THESE WALLS ~~ WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO DISMISS THEM. WHAT SHALL WE DO NOW? WHAT CAN A HANDFUL OF PEACEFUL CHURCHMEN ~~ SUCH AS WE ~~ DO TO PROTECT OUR PRIORY FROM THESE TERRIBLE MEN?

UP SPOKE A BRAWNY FRIAR ~~

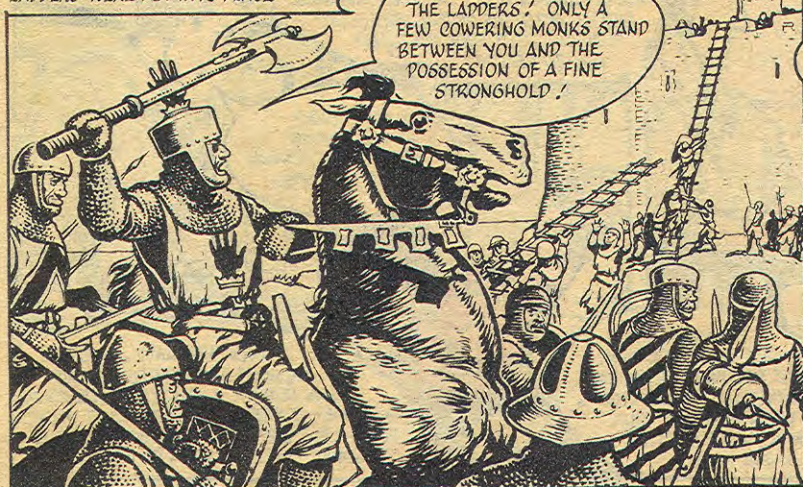


I, FRIAR SIMON, HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN HOW TO DEAL WITH SUCH ROGUES ~~ AND I WISH THAT I HAD MY GOOD FRIEND, FRIAR TUCK OF SHERWOOD, TO STAND BESIDE ME THIS DAY.

SEE ~~ THEY ARE BRINGING SCALING LADDERS AGAINST THE WALLS!

UNDER THE WALLS, SIR GASPARD DE MORTAIN BELLOWED A SAVAGE ORDER AS THE SCALING LADDERS WERE PUT INTO PLACE ~~

TO THE WALLS! STAND BY TO MOUNT THE LADDERS! ONLY A FEW COWERING MONKS STAND BETWEEN YOU AND THE POSSESSION OF A FINE STRONGHOLD!



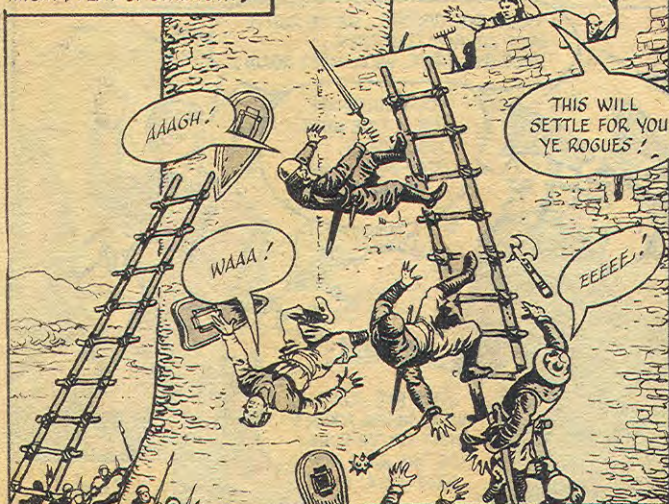
THE PEACEFUL FRIARS OF SALT MARSH SEIZED WHAT WEAPONS THEY HAD ~~ WHILE THE BURLY FRIAR SIMON GRASPED THE NEAREST SCALING LADDER WITH HIS GREAT MUSCULAR HANDS ~~

YOU WILL NEVER MOVE IT, GOOD FRIAR SIMON!



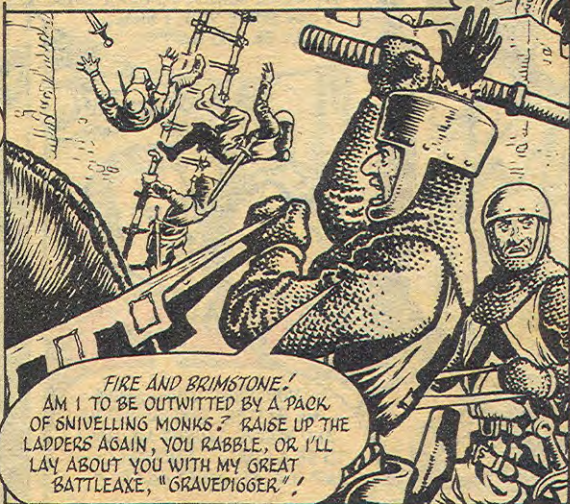
URRG ~~
URRG ~~
WE SHALL SEE!

~~ AND FLUNG IT CLEAR ~~ A MIGHTY FEAT OF STRENGTH!



THIS WILL SETTLE FOR YOU, YE ROGUES!

GASPARD OF THE BLACK HAND RAVED WITH ANGER WHEN HE SAW HIS MEN BEING SCATTERED LIKE CHAFF ~~



FIRE AND BRIMSTONE! AM I TO BE OUTWITTED BY A PACK OF SNIVELLING MONKS? RAISE UP THE LADDERS AGAIN, YOU RABBLE, OR I'LL LAY ABOUT YOU WITH MY GREAT BATTLEAXE, "GRAVEDIGGER"!

SUDDENLY, HIS LIEUTENANT'S VOICE
RASPED OUT A WARNING ~

SIR GASPARD!
~BEHIND YOU~
LOOK OUT!

TOO LATE-- LIKE A THUNDERBOLT, A STALWART FIGURE CLAD IN LINCOLN GREEN LEAPED
FROM HIS GALLOPING WHITE STEED-- STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW FOR THE BROAD SHOULDERS
OF THE ROBBER BARON ~
IT WAS ROBIN HOOD!

WHAT
THE ~

SHERWOOD TO
THE RESCUE!

CRASH! THE EVIL GIANT WAS BORN TO THE
GROUND BY THE DARING LORD OF SHERWOOD--
BUT BLACK HAND WAS NOT ONLY STRONG,
BUT QUICK. HE ROUNDED TO HIS FEET
AND RAISED THE TERRIBLE AXE
CALLED "GRAVEDIGGER".

I KNOW
YOU-- YOU ARE
ROBIN HOOD.
TAKE THIS, YOU
INTERFERING
DOG!

LIKE QUICKSILVER, ROBIN HOOD ROLLED ASIDE--
AND THE AXE "GRAVEDIGGER" CRASHED INTO
THE MARSHY EARTH-- WHERE HIS HEAD HAD
BEEN A SPLIT SECOND BEFORE--

UGH!

AND-- CRACK-- A MIGHTY BLOW
FROM ROBIN HOOD'S FIST SENT THE
ROBBER BARON SPINNING--

THAT WILL TEACH
YOU TO MAKE WAR ON
HELPLESS FRIARS--
MASTER BLACK HAND!

WHILE MARIAN AND TRISTAN DE BORS HELD THE ENEMY AT
BAY, ROBIN DRAGGED THE UNCONSCIOUS ROGUE TO THE
GREAT BOLTED DOOR OF THE PRIORY--

HO, THERE, GOOD FRIARS!
OPEN UP THE DOOR--
I HAVE A HOSTAGE WHO
WILL ENSURE YOUR
SAFETY!

STOP THEM!
STOP THEM--
YOU FOOLS!
ONCE SIR GASPARD
IS INSIDE THAT DOOR
THEY WILL MAKE
HIM CALL OFF
THE ATTACK!

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



Wally D'Arcy's right fist came crashing forward . . . straight for Jameson's jaw!

Jameson, the cock of the Fourth, refuses to give young Wally D'Arcy the key of his locker. D'Arcy Junior is a newcomer at St. Jim's, but he stands up to the bigger fellow and challenges him to a fight. . . .

THE BIG FIGHT

THE two boys stripped for the combat. Jameson had a swaggering manner, as if he expected to knock his enemy out in a round or two. All the same, he made careful preparations. He realised, in spite of his swagger, that the new boy in the Third would be a tough nut to crack. He took off his jersey and rolled up his sleeves. A pair of brawny arms were exposed to view. Wally's were about two-thirds the size of them. But Wally's arms were hard as nails, while Jameson's were just a little flabby. From what could be seen of Wally, it was pretty clear that he was "hard."

"Shove the basin there," said D'Arcy minor. "Stick the sponge in it. You can stand back, too, and don't get in the way."

"Certainly!" said Tom Merry. "Who's going to be time-keeper?" "I see you know all about it, young 'un."

"I knocked out every fellow in my Form at my last school," said Wally modestly. "I like to go by the rules, you know. Still, it's just as you like, Jameson. Will you have rounds or rough-and-tumble?"

"Rounds!" said Jameson.

"We'll say rounds, then—three-minute rounds and one-minute rests."

"Will your lordship honour me by allowing me to keep time?" asked Jack Blake.

"You can keep time, but keep an eye on your watch, and don't day-dream!"

Blake gasped. But he took up his position, watch in hand. The two

opponents shook hands in the approved style, and then Jameson hit out. His fist went within an inch of Wally's nose, and then glided upward as the blow was guarded, and D'Arcy minor came in under his guard with left and right. Jameson took the right on the chin, and the left just under the nose, and staggered back, and sat on Gibson's knee.

"Well hit!" shouted Tom Merry. "Bravo, Jam-face!" yelled the Third Form.

Jameson sprang forward again, his face dark with anger. The shout of the Third-Formers showed him that the young rascals were ready to welcome any new champion as cock of the Third, and most of them would be glad to see him licked.

Jameson's rush was heavy, but Wally did not try to stop him. He feinted and dodged, and Jameson followed him furiously round the ring, hitting out every moment. But nearly every blow was guarded. It was not till the end of the round that he managed, by sheer weight and strength, to get through Wally's guard, and get home a blow from the shoulder. But that blow was a telling one, with the burly junior's strength behind it. Wally spun half-round, and crashed down on the floor in a heap, and Jameson panted over him triumphantly.

"Time!" cried Jack Blake. "Rot!" growled Jameson. "Get up, you cheeky young beggar, and be finished off."

"Time!" said Blake firmly. "If you break the rules, Jameson, I shall have to take a hand in it myself."

"All right!" said Jameson sulkily. He stepped back, and rested on a desk for the one-minute interval. Tom Merry helped D'Arcy minor to his feet. He sponged his face, Wally gasped for breath. He had had a very

hard knock, and it had had its effect upon him. But it was easy to see that his spirit was as undaunted as ever.

"Feel all right?" asked Tom Merry.

"Of course," said D'Arcy minor. "You don't think I mind a tap like that, do you?"

Tom Merry laughed. "I should have minded it myself, that's all."

"Well, really," said Wally, in a lower voice, "it was a hard knock, and a few more like that would send me to sleep. He won't do it again."

"I hope not. Up you get!" "Time!" said Blake.

The Third-Formers crowded round eagerly to watch the second round.

Jameson pushed his young opponent hard, driving him round the ring, attempting to get in another knock-down blow. A couple more of such heavy hits would have knocked Wally out, and both of them knew it. But it was not easy to get in such a drive again. Wally was as watchful as a cat.

At last Jameson saw his chance. A careless guard, and Jameson went forward with plunging fists. But it happened to be only a feint—a trap into which the bigger boy had fallen blindly. Wally's left whipped round in time to dash aside his drive, and then Wally's right came crashing forward. Jameson's guard was completely lost; he had given himself quite away. Wally's right bumped on his jaw, and he staggered. Then Wally's left came crashing home on Jameson's nose. He reeled back, his hands dropping blindly, and Wally sprang forward like a little tiger, both fists coming out together in a grand drive. Crash they went upon Jameson's chest, and the cock of the Third was hurled back as if by a cannon-ball. The bump of his fall on the floor rang through the

room. "Bravo!" roared the juniors. "Bravo, Jam-face!"

"Huwah!" cried Arthur Augustus enthusiastically. "Huwah! Bwaw!"

Tom Merry patted Wally on the shoulder. The youngster grinned at him.

"What do you think, now, my son?" he asked.

"Jolly good, daddy," replied Tom Merry gravely.

D'Arcy minor laughed a little breathlessly.

"To tell you the truth, Merry, he's a tough nut," he said. "He doesn't know much about fighting, but he's as strong as an ox. I suppose he has found it easy to boss these kids because he's so big. He was just waiting for a boxer to come along."

"And now one has come along!" laughed Tom Merry.

"Yes! I think one more round will be enough for him!"

"I think so, too."

Jameson would probably have been satisfied without another round, but his backers were urging him on. He stood up for the third round, looking decidedly groggy.

The third round was merely a farce. The punishment Jameson had received had left him sick and dizzy. His blows were all clumsy, and easily guarded, and he hardly stopped one of those that Wally gave him in return. Wally was a generous foe. He saw that the game was in his hands, and he let Jameson down lightly. The round ended with a smart tap that made Jameson sit down suddenly.

"Time!" called out Jack Blake.

"I'm done!" grunted Jameson.

"Well, you look it."

"Give us your fist, old son!" said Wally cheerily. "No harm done."

Jameson hesitated a moment, and then shook hands with the victor. In spite of Wally's cheek, there was no trace of crowing in his manner. He seemed like a youth who had been through too many fights to attach much importance to one more.

"You'll let me have the key of my locker," he said politely.

Jameson grinned faintly through his bruises, and detached a key from a bunch, and gave it to the new junior without a word.

"Thanks," said Wally. "It's all over, you kids. What are you thumping me on the back for, you fathead?"

"Congratulating you," said Sanders of the Third.

"Well, don't congratulate me again like that, or you'll get hurt. Some of you were talking about ragging me a while ago. I'm ready for the ragging. I'd like to get it all over this evening, and start clear tomorrow. Where are the raggers?"

There was no reply. The Third-Formers looked at one another rather queerly. They would as soon have ragged a wild bull as this new junior who had so easily licked the cock of the Third. Wally looked round inquiringly, but no one met his eye.

"Any raggers?" he asked again.

"I think not," murmured Curly Gibson. "That was a little joke, you know."

"Good! I'll have my jacket, Merry,

if you've done grinning."

"Certainly!" said Tom Merry.

Jack Blake helped D'Arcy minor on with his jacket. Then he slapped him on the shoulder.

"Jolly good!" he said. "You know how to use your fists, and I don't think the Third will rag you any more, young 'un."

"I don't think they will," agreed Wally, "and the Fourth won't, either. From what I've seen, it seems to me that the Fourth Form puts on a lot of airs here towards the Third. That won't go down with me, you know."

"Weally, Wally—"

"Now, don't you begin, Gussy! What I mean is, no fellow will ever put on airs to me without getting a dot on the nose. That's a friendly hint."

Blake looked at Tom Merry, and they both grinned. There was no doubt that D'Arcy minor was a "tough 'un." Wally set his collar straight—as straight as he ever wore it—and gave his face a rub with the towel, and asked his brother if he looked all right.

"No, you don't look all wight," said Arthur Augustus. "You look vewy wuff and wumped, and you want a wash."

"Well, I shall have one tomorrow morning," said D'Arcy minor. "Where's that chap, Herries? I want to go round and see my dog again before bedtime."

"Right!" grinned Herries. "Come on!"

D'Arcy minor followed Herries from the room. Jameson went away quietly to bathe his injuries, conscious that he was no longer cock of the Third. Tom Merry & Co. walked away, discussing D'Arcy minor with great interest. Arthur Augustus was looking pleased. He regarded all fighting as "wuff," if not "bwutal," but he could not help being proud of his young brother.

D'ARCY MINOR TAKES FRENCH LEAVE

D'Arcy minor put his hands in his trousers pockets, and whistled cheerily as he followed Herries round the New House to the building where he had left his dog, Pongo. He did not seem much the worse for the fight. As a matter of fact, he had received only one really serious blow, and he had almost recovered from that. There were a few marks on his chubby face; but he was used to that sort of thing.

It was getting near bedtime for the Third Form, and Wally wanted to see his dog safe for the night before he turned in. He had a strong affection for the sneaking, slinking, ragged little mongrel, which could not have been greater if Pongo had been a dog of the finest breed. They entered the building, and Wally whistled for Pongo.

But there was no reply from Pongo. Wally whistled again, and still there was silence as far as Pongo was concerned. The other animals were not silent. Herries' bulldog gave a growl. There was a scream from a parrot, and a chatter from a monkey. But no Pongo. Wally looked anxious.

"Pongo—Pongo! Good doggie! Pongo!"

But Pongo did not reply. Wally flashed his torch around in great anxiety for his pet. Pongo was not to be seen. It was clear that he was gone.

His collar lay on the ground beside his box. The dog had evidently slipped his collar, and escaped.

"He's gone," said Herries.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" said Wally. "He's always slipping his collar, you know. He goes out after the rabbits at night, and there's no stopping him."

"He'll get shot if he goes after the rabbits round here," said Herries. "My dog Towser was shot at twice by Barberry, the head keeper, and he's a nice, quiet animal, as you can see for yourself."

"Yes, I was thinking of that," said Wally, looking anxious. "I wouldn't have old Pongo hurt for anything. If he's got out, I shall have to go and look for him."

Herries laughed.

"You can't go out to-night, you young ass. The gates are locked."

"Have you never got over a gate?" asked Wally.

"Yes; but a kid in the Third can't break bounds."

"That's all you know," said Wally, going out of the building.

"Look here, if you are missing at bedtime you'll get a caning."

"Well, I'll look round inside the walls first," said Wally. "But mark my words, Pongo has gone rabbiting. He'd get out through a keyhole if there wasn't any other way."

"I don't see how he could get out if the gate hasn't been opened. Better get along to the porter's lodge, and ask Taggles if he's seen him."

"Yes, that's a good idea."

Taggles was sitting in his little parlour, when a sudden knock came at his door. He rose with a growl to go to the door.

"Young humps!" grunted Taggles. "Have you seen my dog?" asked D'Arcy minor.

"Blow your dorg." And Taggles would have closed the door, but D'Arcy minor inserted his foot in the opening, and he could not. Wally was not to be got rid of so easily.

"Hold on," he remarked coolly. "I am looking for my dog. He's a little ragged chap, with a cast in one eye, and one of his ears bitten off. Have you seen him?"

"Yes, I 'ave," said Taggles, with much satisfaction. "He ran hout when I opened the gates last for the 'Ead's car. He ain't come hin."

"You are sure he went out?"

"Yes, drat yer! You won't never see him ag'in, I 'opes." And Wally's foot, being now withdrawn, Taggles closed the door.

"Sorry!" said Herries. "Can't be helped, though. He'll turn up again. I say, where are you going, young 'un?"

"I'm going to look for Pongo."

"You can't!" exclaimed Herries, in alarm. "You'll get into an awful row. Come in with me."

"No!" said D'Arcy minor. "I'm going over the wall. I'm not going to have Pongo shot by any keeper. I'm going to look for him. Give me a leg up."

"Don't be an ass!" urged Herries. "Give me a leg up!"

Herries hesitated, but Wally had already taken hold of the ivy. He gave him a leg up, and the Third-Former drew himself up on the ivied wall, and dropped down on the other side. Herries stood staring at the place for a moment, and then turned slowly and walked towards the School House.

He went in, and looked for Blake, and found his leader in the common-room. Blake at once noticed the worried expression on his chum's face.

"Where's young D'Arcy?" he asked.

"Gone out!"

"What?" yelled Blake.

"Heavens!" cried Arthur Augustus.

"What did you say, Hewwies?"

"He's gone out. That dog of his got out of the gates, and he's gone out to look for him. I warned him not to."

"There will be a row," said Blake.

"Those kids go to bed at nine, and it's nine now. Wait till Selby comes to look for him, that's all."

"Yes! I am afraid there will be a wow. There's another silly ass gone out, too—Skimpole. Tom Mewwy has been inquiring for him, and he can't be found."

"Hasn't Skimmy come in yet?"

said Blake, with interest. "My hat! Then he's really gone to look for the poachers, I suppose. He will be looking for a new school soon, if he keeps on like this."

"I'm feeling wather anxious about young Wally," said D'Arcy. "You see, Mother wanted me particularly to look after the youngster. If he gets into any bother to-night, and she hears of it, she will think I haven't taken proper care of him, though how anybody is to take care of such a young wascal as Wally I weally don't know."

"We'd better go and look for him, and bring him in by force," suggested Digby.

Young Wally has certainly got a nose for trouble! Will the St. Jim's juniors be able to bring him back before he gets into another scrape?

CAR SPOTTERS' CLUB

MORE numbers, more presents again this week! That's the order of the day for all Car Spotters. So look below quickly and see if your number is included in this week's list.

Calling all Spotters with Album numbers between 86,000 and 86,500 inclusive, or between 176,500 and 177,000 inclusive!

If your number's here, you're entitled to claim 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 the name of whichever one you want 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 why. Post Album and postcard to:

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

All claims must be in by Tuesday, March 24, 1953—and don't forget to put a 2½d. stamp on the envelope! Presents will be despatched about a week after closing date, and Albums returned at the same time.

Please,
I want Cadburys!

He wants Cadburys Milk Chocolate, and he's right. It's the milk chocolate with the lovely creamy taste.

And Cadburys make bars at the price a boy can pay. No wonder people are always saying 'Please, I want Cadburys!'



DICK TURPIN

AND

The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN



Dick Turpin and Moll have lain in wait for the Phantom at Crossbones Corner. They hope that he will lead them to where he has imprisoned Nicholas Crawley in "The House of Secrets."

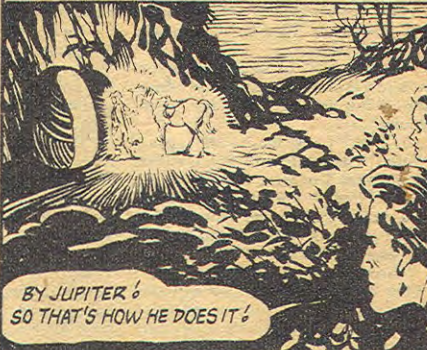
After the robbed coach had gone, the Phantom led his horse towards a rocky wall nearby. . . .

WHAT IS HE UP TO NOW?

THIS IS IT, MOLL! . . . NOW WE SHALL SEE HOW THE PHANTOM MANAGES TO TRAVEL BETWEEN THE HOUSE OF SECRETS AND CROSSBONES CORNER UNSEEN!



At the touch of a hidden lever, a great rock moved aside and the Phantom entered a dark tunnel. . . .



BY JUPITER!
SO THAT'S HOW HE DOES IT!

The rock closed, and Dick and Moll ran forward to examine the secret entrance.

THERE MUST BE A LEVER SOMEWHERE--

SEE, DICK, HERE IT IS! THIS PIECE OF ROCK TURNS--



With a deep rumble, the rock swung back again. . . .

IT IS PITCH BLACK INSIDE THERE!



Dick lit a candle which he had brought. . . .

THIS LIGHT MAY GIVE US AWAY TO THE PHANTOM... BUT THERE IS NOTHING ELSE FOR IT... HE IS TOO DANGEROUS AN ENEMY TO FOLLOW IN THE DARK!



Presently the passage led down into the eerie blackness!

THIS IS HORRIBLE... LIKE GOING DOWN INTO THE UTMOST DEPTHS OF THE EARTH... WHAT WILL WAIT US AT THE BOTTOM?



I DON'T KNOW, MOLL. BUT WE MUST FOLLOW THE PHANTOM TO THE BITTER END!

Down the fearsome tunnel went the gallant pair. . . .



HE MUST BE FAR AHEAD OF US BY NOW...

From a door at the bottom of the tunnel there came a pitiful cry. . . .

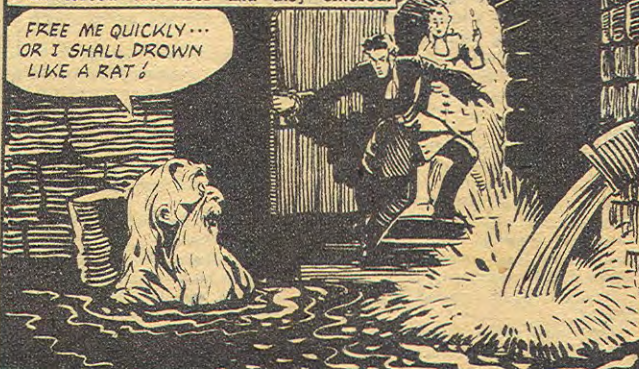
HELP!
HELP!

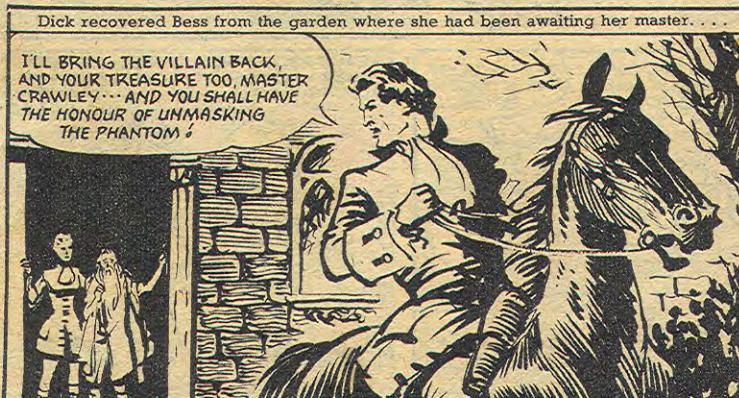
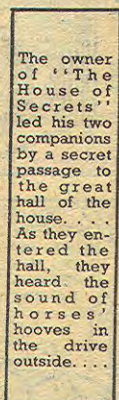
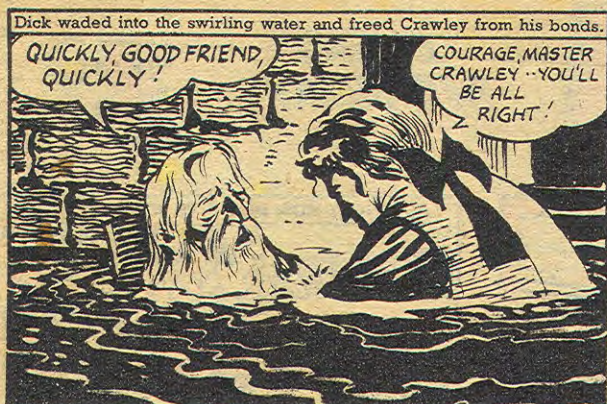
'TIS MASTER CRAWLEY'S VOICE!



Dick forced the door and they entered.

FREE ME QUICKLY... OR I SHALL DROWN LIKE A RAT!





Next week Dick Turpin unmasks The Phantom! Don't miss the thrills!

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.

