

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

No. 217
April 4, 1953

3¢



BILLY THE KID

BILLY *the* KID *Ropes 'em in*

ANOTHER THRILLING
EXTRA LONG COMPLETE
PICTURE STORY INSIDE





BILLY THE KID - LONE AVENGER

ONE DAY, CYRUS P. MERRITT, A WEALTHY NEW YORK BANKER, REALIZED THAT HIS SON, MATTHEW, WAS TURNING INTO A USELESS PLAYBOY. SO HE DECIDED TO SEND THE WAYWARD YOUTH TO HIS NIECE, SALLY MERRITT, WHO OWNED THE SILVER SADDLE HOTEL, IN THE LITTLE FRONTIER TOWN OF GUNSIGHT. THE OLD MAN HOPED THAT THE HARD LIFE OF THE WEST WOULD MAKE A MAN OF HIS SON, BUT MATT MERRITT HAD HIS OWN IDEAS --

THINKING THAT HIS COUSIN SALLY WOULD LEND HIM ALL THE MONEY HE WANTED, MATT MERRITT SQUANDERED ALL HIS OWN ON THE JOURNEY TO GUNSIGHT. BUT SALLY WAS NO FOOL AS HE WAS SOON TO REALIZE --

SORRY, MATT! MY JOB IS TO KEEP YOU OUT OF TROUBLE, NOT HELP YOU GET INTO IT! IF YOU WANT MONEY WHY DON'T YOU WORK FOR IT? MY FRIEND, WILL BONNEY WILL GIVE YOU A JOB AT HIS RANCH!

WORK AS A COW-HAND? WHAT DO YOU TAKE ME FOR?



DISGUSTED, THE YOUNG DUDE FROM THE CITY LEFT HIS COUSIN TO HER ACCOUNTS, AND STEPPED OUT INTO THE STREET --

HUH! TALK TO ME LIKE A KID, WOULD SHE? I'LL SHOW HER AND THESE COWTOWN HICKS THAT THEY CAN'T KICK ME AROUND!



ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE SILVER SADDLE HOTEL WAS ANOTHER SALOON, RUN BY NED PAWLEY, A CROOKED GAMBLER WHO HAD ONCE TRIED TO WRECK SALLY MERRITT'S HOTEL --



THAT LOOKS LIKE A PLACE WHERE I MIGHT MAKE AN EASY DOLLAR OR TWO!

AS MATT MERRITT PUSHED THROUGH THE SWING DOORS OF THE DINGY SALOON, HE WAS NOTICED BY NED PAWLEY AND SOME OF HIS GANG --

HOWDY, FELLERS! DEAL ME IN THE GAME!

HEY, AIN'T THAT SALLY MERRITT'S COUSIN FROM THE CITY, BOSS? SHALL I DROP HIM NOW?

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF YOUR GUNS, CLEM! WE'LL DEAL HIM IN! THIS MIGHT BE MY CHANCE TO TAKE OVER THE SILVER SADDLE!



SOON THE YOUNG CITY SLUCKER WAS SEATED AT THE CARD TABLE -- BOTH HE AND NED PAWLEY HAD SIMILAR THOUGHTS REGARDING EACH OTHER.



I'LL SOON SWINDLE THESE SUCKERS! I LEARN'T A FEW TRICKS IN NEW YORK!

I'LL LET HIM WIN A FEW HANDS AND THEN I'LL TAKE EVERY CENT HE'S GOT -- AND MORE!

AS THE GAME WORE ON, MATT MERRITT LOST ALL HIS WINNINGS, INCLUDING A BIG SUM THAT THE CROOKED PAWLEY HAD LOANED HIM --

I'VE LOST AGAIN. MY LUCK MUST BE OUT, THAT'S ALL MY MONEY GONE AGAIN -- I QUIT!

DON'T BE SILLY, KID. YOUR LUCK WILL CHANGE. LET'S JUST PLAY ONE MORE GAME!

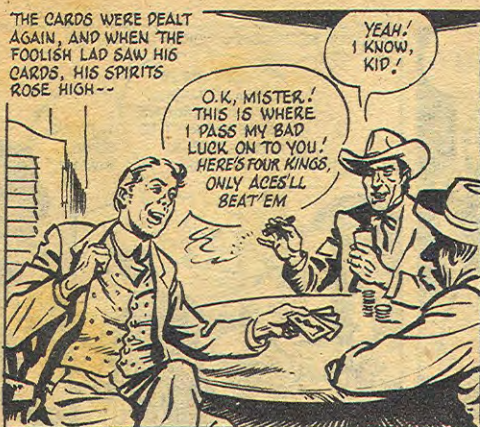


THIS WAS THE MOMENT THAT NED PAWLEY HAD BEEN WAITING FOR --

TELL YOU WHAT, KID. WE'LL PLAY FOR YOUR COUSIN'S HOTEL! IF YOU WIN I'LL PAY YOU THE PRICE OF THE JOINT AND IF YOU LOSE -- WELL, LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT YET!



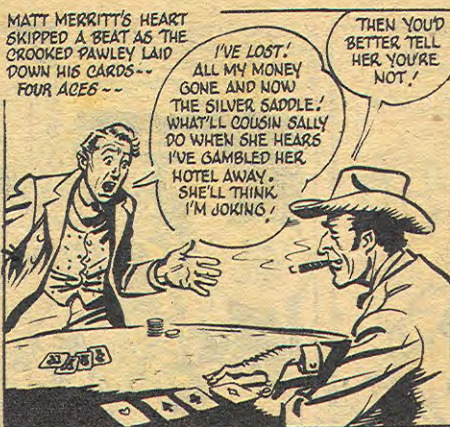
THE CARDS WERE DEALT AGAIN, AND WHEN THE FOOLISH LAD SAW HIS CARDS, HIS SPIRITS ROSE HIGH--



YEAH!
I KNOW,
KID!

O.K., MISTER!
THIS IS WHERE
I PASS MY BAD
LUCK ON TO YOU!
HERE'S FOUR KINGS,
ONLY ACES'LL
BEAT 'EM

MATT MERRITT'S HEART SKIPPED A BEAT AS THE CROOKED PAWLEY LAID DOWN HIS CARDS--
FOUR ACES--



I'VE LOST!
ALL MY MONEY
GONE AND NOW
THE SILVER SADDLE!
WHAT'LL COUSIN SALLY
DO WHEN SHE HEARS
I'VE GAMBLED HER
HOTEL AWAY.
SHE'LL THINK
I'M JOKING!

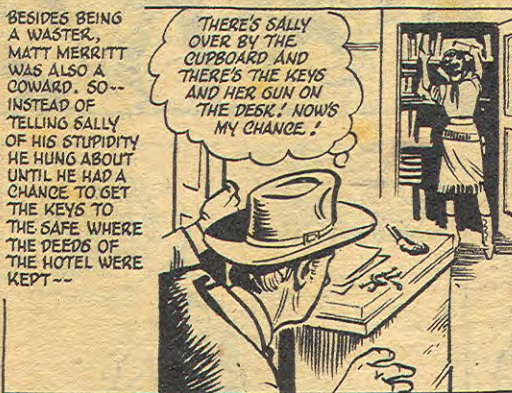
THEN YOU'D
BETTER TELL
HER YOU'RE
NOT!

WITH A GOLD GLINT IN HIS EYE, NED PAWLEY GLARED AT THE TREMBLING YOUTH--



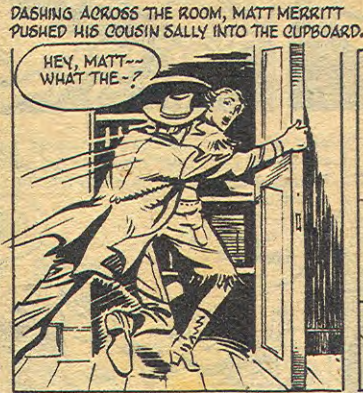
LISTEN, KID!
YOU GET OVER
TO THAT HOTEL
AND COLLECT THE
DEEDS AND PAPERS
FROM YOUR COUSIN.
IF YOU DON'T--
YOU'LL NEVER
LEAVE GUNSIGHT
ALIVE!

BESIDES BEING A WASTER, MATT MERRITT WAS ALSO A COWARD. SO-- INSTEAD OF TELLING SALLY OF HIS STUPIDITY HE HUNG ABOUT UNTIL HE HAD A CHANCE TO GET THE KEYS TO THE SAFE WHERE THE DEEDS OF THE HOTEL WERE KEPT--



THERE'S SALLY
OVER BY THE
CUPBOARD AND
THERE'S THE KEYS
AND HER GUN ON
THE DESK! NOW'S
MY CHANCE!

DASHING ACROSS THE ROOM, MATT MERRITT PUSHED HIS COUSIN SALLY INTO THE CUPBOARD.



HEY, MATT--
WHAT THE--?

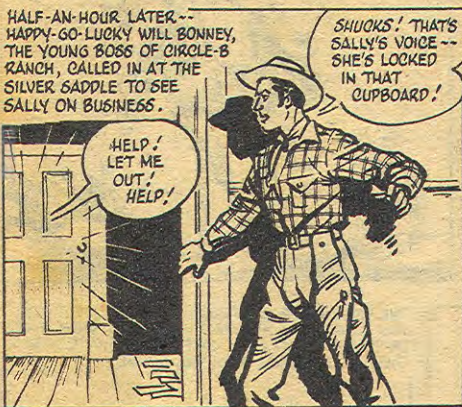
WITH SALLY LOCKED IN THE CUPBOARD, MATT MERRITT OPENED THE SAFE AND COLLECTED THE PAPERS NED PAWLEY DEMANDED



HEY! OUT OUT
THE CLOWNING,
YOU YOUNG ASS!
I'VE GOT AN
HOTEL TO
RUN!

YOU MEAN
YOU HAD AN
HOTEL TO
RUN--

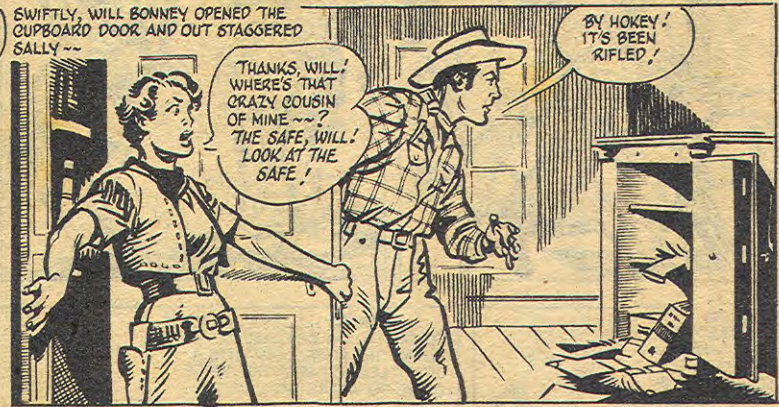
HALF-AN-HOUR LATER--
HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY,
THE YOUNG BOSS OF CIRCLE-B
RANCH, CALLED IN AT THE
SILVER SADDLE TO SEE
SALLY ON BUSINESS.



HELP!
LET ME
OUT,
HELP!

SHUCKS! THAT'S
SALLY'S VOICE--
SHE'S LOCKED
IN THAT
CUPBOARD!

SWIFTLY, WILL BONNEY OPENED THE CUPBOARD DOOR AND OUT STAGGERED SALLY--



THANKS, WILL!
WHERE'S THAT
CRAZY COUSIN
OF MINE--?
THE SAFE, WILL!
LOOK AT THE
SAFE!

BY HOKEY!
IT'S BEEN
RIFLED!

SALLY DASHED TO THE SAFE--



THE DEEDS!
AND THE PAPERS
FOR THE HOTEL--
THEY'VE
GONE!

SUDDENLY A VOICE SPOKE FROM THE DOORWAY, AND TURNING, WILL BONNEY AND SALLY SAW NED PAWLEY--



NED
PAWLEY!

ALL I NEED NOW
BEFORE YOU GO IS
YOUR SIGNATURE TO
THESE PAPERS AND
THE SILVER SADDLE
IS MINE!

I WON'T SIGN
ANY PAPERS, PAWLEY.
GET OUT-- BEFORE
YOU'RE THROWN
OUT!

LOOKIN' FOR
THESE DEEDS,
SALLY MERRITT?
I OWN THE HOTEL
NOW-- I WON IT
FROM YOUR FOOL
COUSIN AT CARDS!



NED PAWLEY'S HAND SLID TO HIS GUN, BUT BEFORE HE HAD A CHANCE TO DRAW, WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, WAS UPON HIM --



A SECOND LATER WILL BONNEY HIMSELF FELL SENSELESS TO THE FLOOR, FELL BY A CRUEL BLOW FROM ONE OF PAWLEY'S LURKING GUNMEN.



QUICKLY NED PAWLEY PICKED HIMSELF UP FROM THE FLOOR.



WITH HIS HANDS BOUND TO THE SADDLE, WILL BONNEY WAS ESCORTED OUT OF GUNSIGHT BY THE TWO RUFFIANS TO A SPOT A FEW MILES AWAY--



WILL DID AS HE WAS TOLD BUT AS HE TURNED HIS HORSE HE DUG HIS SPURS IN THE ANIMAL'S FLANKS CAUSING IT TO REAR UP AT THE GUNMEN.



BEFORE THE GUNMEN COULD RECOVER THEMSELVES-- WILL BONNEY TURNED HIS HORSE AND GALLOPED FOR SAFETY TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD PEAK.



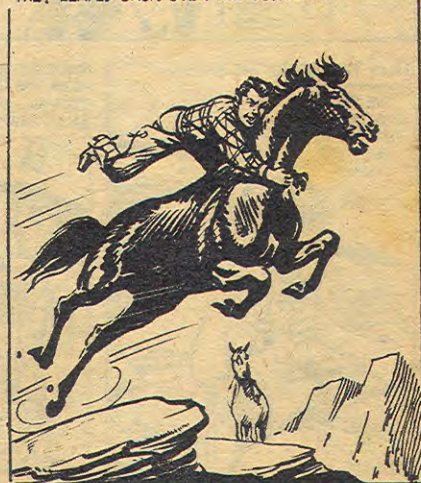
CLOSE TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK WAS A SECRET VALLEY SURROUNDED BY A DEEP GORGE. AS WILL BONNEY REACHED THE RAVINE HE GAVE A WELL-KNOWN WAR-CRY --



IN ANSWER TO THE CALL, A GREAT BLACK STALLION APPEARED FROM BEHIND THE ROCKS AND WITH A GREAT LEAP CLEARED THE GORGE CLOSE TO WHERE WILL WAITED --



THE WISE HORSE BIT THROUGH THE STRONG CORDS, AND AS SOON AS HE WAS FREE WILL BONNEY LEAPED ON TO THE GREAT STALLION'S BACK, AND TOGETHER THEY LEAPED BACK OVER THE GORGE --



UNKNOWN TO ANYONE WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID-- THE LONE AVENGER-- FAMED THROUGHOUT THE WEST FOR UPHOLDING THE LAW IN A LAWLESS LAND.

IN THE SECRET VALLEY-- WILL BONNEY QUICKLY DONNED THE BLACK OUTFIT, AND BUCKLED ON THE GUN-BELT OF BILLY THE KID!

WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO, SATAN--YOU AND BILLY THE KID!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE VALLEYS ECHOED WITH THE FAMOUS WAR-CRY OF BILLY THE KID-- AS MOUNTED ON BLACK SATAN, HE THUNDERED TO THE AID OF SALLY MERRITT--

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!

A SHORT WHILE LATER BILLY THE KID RODE INTO GUNSIGHT AND ENTERED THE SILVER SADDLE HOTEL. BEHIND THE BAR STOOD SALLY'S TREACHEROUS COUSIN MATT--

I HEAR THAT THE SILVER SADDLE'S ABOUT TO CHANGE HANDS! WHERE'S SALLY MERRITT?

WHAT'S IT TO YOU, MISTER? IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS!

SAY, LOOK, THERE'S BILLY THE KID!

THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, SONNY! WHEN ANYONE IS IN TROUBLE, BILLY THE KID MAKES IT HIS BUSINESS TO HELP THEM OUT-- AND SALLY MERRITT'S IN TROUBLE!

SUDDENLY MATT WHIPPED A SHOT-GUN UP FROM UNDER THE COUNTER--

BILLY THE KID! NED PAWLEY SAID YOU MIGHT SHOW UP, AND IF YOU DID, I WAS TO GIVE YOU THIS-- BOTH BARRELS!

BUT BEFORE THE YOUNG CITY GLICKER COULD SQUEEZE THE TRIGGERS BILLY FIRED A BULLET DOWN EACH BARREL--

DROP THAT GUN, SONNY-- BEFORE SOMEONE GETS HURT!

SHUCKS! SEE HIM DRAW!

THE FASTEST MAN IN THE WEST!

SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS-- MATT MERRITT COWERED BEFORE THE LONE AVENGER.

START TALKING! WHERE'S SALLY MERRITT?

N-NED PAWLEY AND HIS BOYS HAVE TAKEN HER OUT TO A SAW-MILL HE OWNS. HE'S GOING TO FORCE HER TO SIGN THE DEEDS OF THE HOTEL OVER TO HIM!

OUT AT THE SAW-MILL, A FEW MILES FROM GUNSIGHT, SALLY MERRITT GAVE HER FINAL ANSWER TO NED PAWLEY'S DEMANDS--

I SAID 'NO' BACK AT THE HOTEL, PAWLEY, AND I'LL SAY THE SAME OUT HERE! I'LL NEVER SIGN!

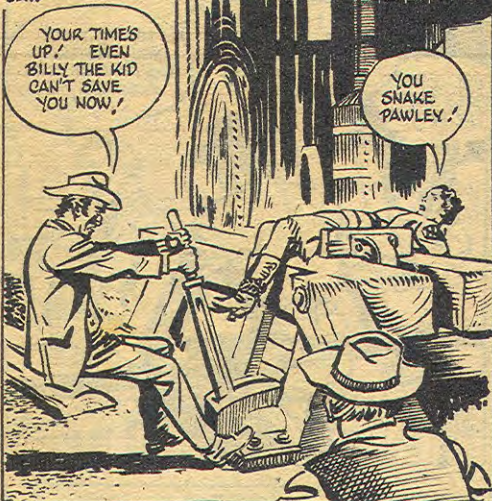
BIND HER HANDS AND FEET, BOYS! AND BRING HER INTO THE MILL! I'LL MAKE HER SIGN!

SALLY WAS BOUND AND LAID ACROSS THE BENCH OF THE GIANT SAW-- THE BLADE OF WHICH WAS ALREADY SET IN MOTION--

I'LL GIVE YOU TEN SECONDS TO CHANGE YOUR MIND! IF YOU DON'T, I'LL PULL THIS LEVER AND SET YOU ROLLING TOWARDS THAT BLADE. WITH YOU OUT OF THE WAY-- THAT DOPE OF A COUSIN OF YOURS WILL SIGN FOR YOU!

DO YOUR WORST, PAWLEY. YOU KILL ME AND YOU'LL BE HOUNDED DOWN BY BILLY THE KID!

WHEN THE TEN SECONDS WERE UP, PAWLEY PULLED THE LEVER AND SALLY BEGAN TO MOVE TOWARDS THE GREAT SAW~~



YOUR TIMES UP! EVEN BILLY THE KID CAN'T SAVE YOU NOW!

YOU SNAKE PAWLEY!

SUDDENLY ABOVE THE DIN OF THE WHIRLING SAW, NED PAWLEY HEARD THE COMMANDING VOICE OF BILLY THE KID~~



PUSH THAT LEVER BACK, PAWLEY~~ OR I'LL DROP YOU!

BILLY THE KID!

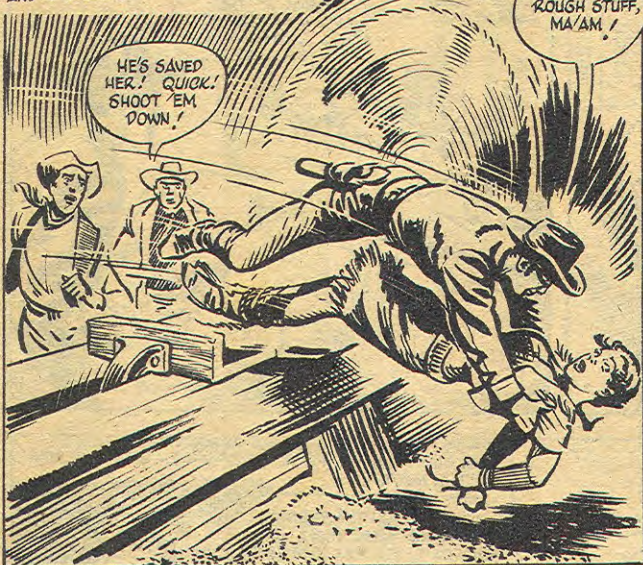
ALTHOUGH THE CROOK SLAMMED BACK THE LEVER~~ SALLY STILL MOVED TOWARDS THE SAW~~



BILLY! HELP!

BY HOKEY! SHE'LL BE FINISHED IF I DON'T ACT QUICKLY!

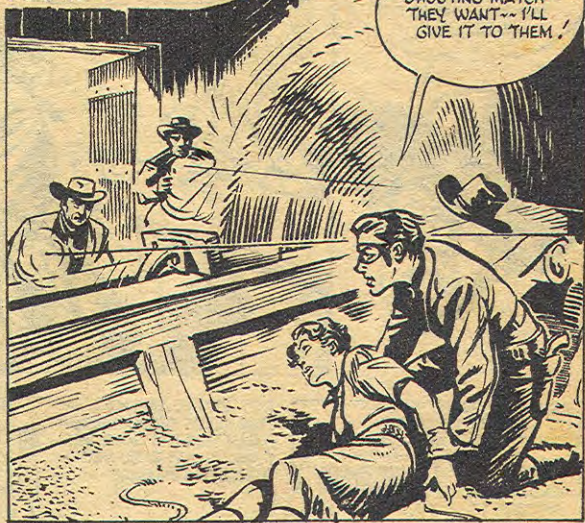
LIKE A BLACK STREAK OF LIGHTNING THE LONE AVENGER LEAPED FROM HIS HORSE AND~~



HE'S SAVED HER! QUICK! SHOOT 'EM DOWN!

EXCUSE THE ROUGH STUFF, MA'AM!

EVEN AS BILLY THE KID AND SALLY DROPPED TO THE GROUND, BULLETS SCREAMED AT THEM FROM THE GUNS OF NED PAWLEY AND HIS GANG~~



KEEP DOWN MA'AM! IF IT'S A SHOOTING MATCH THEY WANT~~ I'LL GIVE IT TO THEM!

THE ACCURATE SHOOTING OF BILLY THE KID SENT THE CROOKS SCODDING FOR SHELTER~~



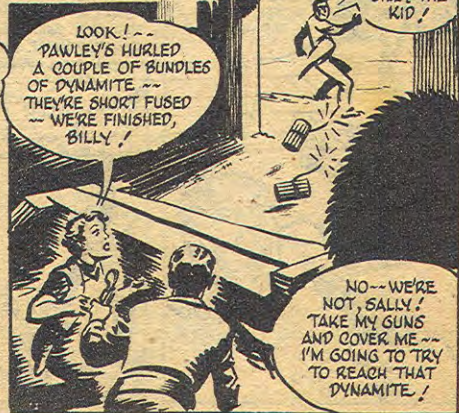
GET BEHIND THOSE WOOD PILES, YOU GUYS, AND KEEP 'EM IN THE MILL. I'LL SOON FIX THE PAIR OF 'EM!

NED PAWLEY HURRIED TO A SMALL HUT NEARBY~~ WHERE HE KNEW THE DYNAMITE FOR TREE BLASTING WAS KEPT~~



NOW TO BLAST 'EM, SKY HIGH!

NED PAWLEY LIT THE FUSES AND HURLED THE TWO BUNDLES OF DYNAMITE INTO THE MILL~~

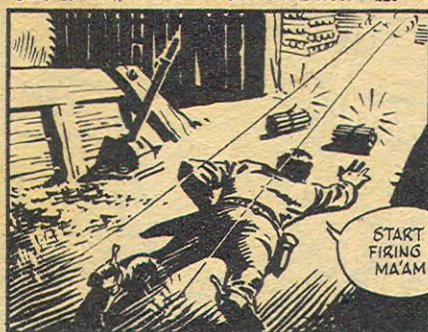


LOOK!~~ PAWLEY'S HURLED A COUPLE OF BUNDLES OF DYNAMITE~~ THEY'RE SHORT FUSED~~ WE'RE FINISHED, BILLY!

HERE'S YOURS~~ BILLY THE KID!

NO~~ WE'RE NOT, SALLY! TAKE MY GUNS AND COVER ME~~ I'M GOING TO TRY TO REACH THAT DYNAMITE!

AS BILLY THE KID WRIGGLED OUT TOWARDS THE SIZZLING STICKS OF DYNAMITE, NED PAWLEY'S MEN BLASTED AWAY AT HIM FROM BEHIND THE WOOD-PILES--



START FIRING MA'AM!

SALLY MERRITT WAS AN EXPERT WHEN IT CAME TO MARKSMANSHIP AND SHE SOON MADE THE GUNMEN DUCK FOR COVER--



BACK--YOU COYOTES! BACK!

ONLY IN THE NICK OF TIME DID BILLY THE KID MANAGE TO HURL THE DYNAMITE CLEAR--



HERE PAWLEY, YOU CAN HAVE THIS BACK!

THE FUSES DETONATED THE DYNAMITE AS IT HURTL THROUGH THE AIR, AND THE TERRIFIC BLAST SENT THE PILES OF TIMBER TUMBLING LIKE NINE-PINS--



WHEN BILLY THE KID AND SALLY MERRITT STEPPED OUT OF THE MILL THEY FOUND NED PAWLEY AND HIS GANG PINNED BENEATH THE FALLEN TIMBER.



NOW TO EXTRACT THE NIGGERS FROM THE WOODPILE, MA'AM, AND TAKE THEM TO JAIL--ON A RAIL!

PRESENTLY, WITH THE CROOKS LASHED TO A LONG POLE BETWEEN SALLY'S AND HIS OWN HORSE, BILLY MOUNTED UP READY TO RETURN TO TOWN.



GET GOING, MA'AM. A FEW BUMPS WON'T HURT THESE COYOTES!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, BILLY THE KID AND SALLY STRODE INTO THE SILVER SADDLE HOTEL. THERE, COWERING IN A CORNER OF THE BAR, WAS MATT MERRITT, THE YOUNG UPSTART WHO HAD CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE--

I DIDN'T MEAN TO HARM SALLY! I'LL GO STRAIGHT--I'LL DO ANYTHING SHE WISHES!

O.K., YOU SNIFFLING COYOTE! STEP OUTSIDE AND JOIN PAWLEY AND HIS BOYS. I'M TAKING YOU ALL OVER TO LITTLE FALLS JAIL! YOU'RE NOT FIT TO BE A RELATIVE OF SALLY MERRITT!



SUDDENLY SALLY SPOKE UP--

MAYBE I'M SOFT-HEARTED BILLY, BUT LET HIM STAY. HE'LL NEVER LEARN TO WORK IN JAIL! I'LL SEND HIM TO WORK FOR WILL BONNEY AT THE CIRCLE-B--HE'LL KNOW HOW TO MAKE A MAN OF HIM!

MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, MA'AM!

TH-THANKS S-SALLY! I'LL WORK! HONEST, I WILL!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, WITH NED PAWLEY AND HIS ROUGHNECKS LINED UP BEFORE HIM, BILLY THE KID TOOK HIS LEAVE OF SALLY MERRITT--

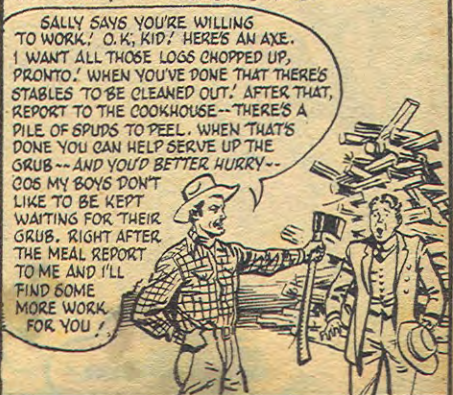
THANKS AND GOOD LUCK, BILLY! MAYBE ONE DAY I'LL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU!

SO LONG, SALLY! YOU'LL GET NO MORE TROUBLE FROM PAWLEY!



NEXT DAY, WHEN MATT MERRITT REPORTED TO WILL BONNEY AT THE CIRCLE-B RANCH--

SALLY SAYS YOU'RE WILLING TO WORK! O.K., KID! HERE'S AN AXE. I WANT ALL THOSE LOGS CHOPPED UP, PRONTO! WHEN YOU'VE DONE THAT THERE'S STABLES TO BE CLEANED OUT! AFTER THAT, REPORT TO THE COOKHOUSE--THERE'S A PILE OF SPUDS TO PEEL. WHEN THAT'S DONE YOU CAN HELP SERVE UP THE GRUB--AND YOU'D BETTER HURRY--GOS MY BOYS DON'T LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING FOR THEIR GRUB. RIGHT AFTER THE MEAL REPORT TO ME AND I'LL FIND SOME MORE WORK FOR YOU!



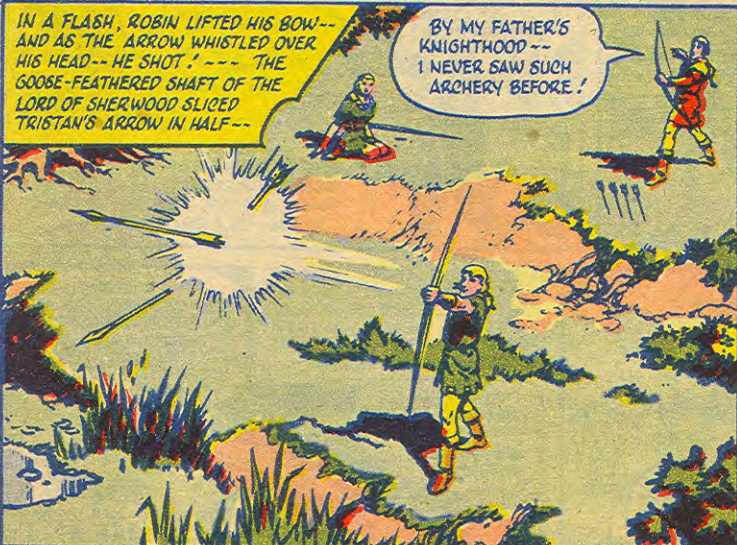
ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

ROBIN AND MARIAN ARE TRAVELLING TO SCOTLAND IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY. TRISTAN DE BORS, WHO WANTS THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF, IS WITH THEM. AMBUSHED BY SIR GUY OF GISBORNE'S MEN, THE THREE COMPANIONS ESCAPE THROUGH A SWAMP BUT LOSE THEIR WEAPONS WHILE DOING SO --

BOTH ROBIN AND MARIAN WERE EXPERT BOW-MAKERS AND THEY SOON FASHIONED THREE TRUSTY LONGBOWS AND A SUPPLY OF ARROWS FROM THE BRANCHES OF A YEW TREE --

IN A FLASH, ROBIN LIFTED HIS BOW-- AND AS THE ARROW WHISTLED OVER HIS HEAD-- HE SHOT! -- THE GOOSE-FEATHERED SHAFT OF THE LORD OF SHERWOOD SLICED TRISTAN'S ARROW IN HALF--

BY MY FATHER'S KNIGHTHOOD -- I NEVER SAW SUCH ARCHERY BEFORE!



NOW, TRISTAN -- WE'LL SEE IF OUR BOWS SHOOT STRAIGHT AND TRUE. STAND A FEW PACES BEHIND ME AND SHOOT AN ARROW AT YONDER TREE.

Z-U-U-U-NG -- DE BORS'S ARROW LEFT HIS BOW --



YOU MUST COME AND LIVE WITH US IN SHERWOOD, TRISTAN. I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO HANDLE THE LONGBOW-- AND NOW, TO WORK! MARIAN WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO CATCH SOME FISH WHILE I GO OUT AND HUNT SOME GAME. WE HAVE A STERN TASK AHEAD OF US, AND THERE IS NO TELLING WHEN WE SHALL HAVE OUR NEXT MEAL --



PRESENTLY THEY WERE SITTING DOWN TO A FINE MEAL OF ROAST PIKE AND ROAST HARE --

YOU WERE SAYING THAT WE MUST GO INTO YORK TO OBTAIN HORSES FOR THE JOURNEY --

AYE -- BUT IT WILL BE DANGEROUS. I'LL WARRANT THE CITY WILL BE TEEMING WITH GISBORNE'S MEN -- AND THEY WILL BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR US!



EAT YOUR FILL -- BOTH OF YOU THERE'S PLENTY MORE!

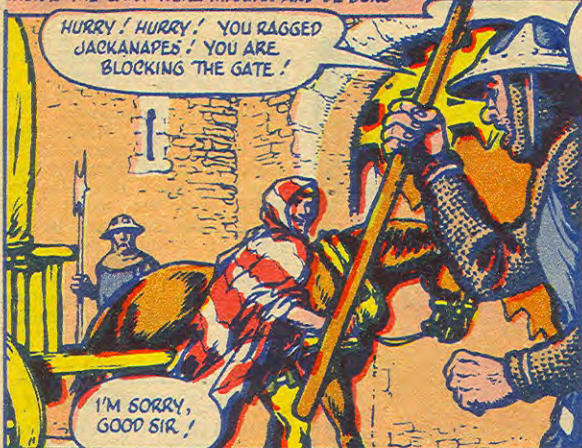
AFTER THEY HAD EATEN, THE THREE COMPANIONS SET OFF FOR YORK. AN HOUR LATER, ON THE ROAD APPROACHING THE CITY, THEY OVERTOOK A FAMILY OF GYPSIES. ROBIN HOOD ADDRESSED THE STALWART FATHER OF THE FAMILY --

HO, THERE! MASTER ROMANY -- ARE YOUR CLOTHES AND YOUR CART WORTH A PURSE OF SILVER, FOR I HAVE NEED OF THEM?



A PURSE OF SILVER! MARRY, GOOD SIR, YOU MAY TAKE ALL I HAVE IN EXCHANGE FOR A WHOLE PURSE OF SILVER!

THE BORED MAN-AT-ARMS AT THE GATE OF THE CITY GLARED IN CONTEMPT AT THE GYPSY CART WHICH CREAKED PAST HIM. LITTLE DID HE KNOW HOW NEAR HE WAS TO FAME AND A KNIGHTHOOD AT THAT MOMENT, FOR THE "GYPSY" LEADING THE CART WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE FAMOUS LORD OF SHERWOOD HIMSELF, AND INSIDE THE CART WERE MARIAN AND DE BORS--

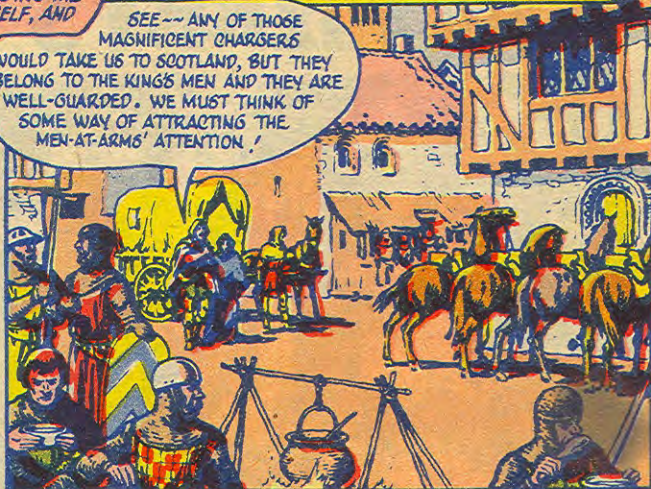


"HURRY! HURRY!" YOU RAGGED JACKANAPES! YOU ARE BLOCKING THE GATE!

"I'M SORRY, GOOD SIR!"

ROBIN LED THE CART INTO THE MARKET PLACE. THERE HE FOUND WHAT HE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR-- HORSES!

SEE-- ANY OF THOSE MAGNIFICENT CHARGERS WOULD TAKE US TO SCOTLAND, BUT THEY BELONG TO THE KING'S MEN AND THEY ARE WELL-GUARDED. WE MUST THINK OF SOME WAY OF ATTRACTING THE MEN-AT-ARMS' ATTENTION!

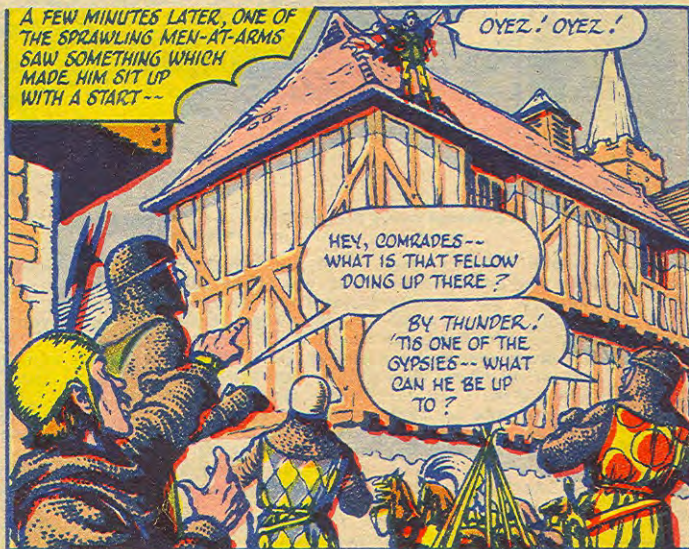


SUDDENLY, ROBIN'S EYES LIT UP WITH EXCITEMENT-- A SURE SIGN THAT HE HAD A DARING AND ADVENTUROUS PLAN IN MIND--



I HAVE IT-- I'LL GIVE THOSE NORMANS THE SURPRISE OF THEIR LIVES-- AND WHILE I'M DOING IT, YOU CAN SEIZE THREE OF THE HORSES.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, ONE OF THE SPRAWLING MEN-AT-ARMS SAW SOMETHING WHICH MADE HIM SIT UP WITH A START--



OYEZ! OYEZ!

HEY, COMRADES-- WHAT IS THAT FELLOW DOING UP THERE?

BY THUNDER! 'TIS ONE OF THE GYPSIES-- WHAT CAN HE BE UP TO?

WITH A MERRY LAUGH, ROBIN HOOD THREW OFF THE GYPSY'S COAT AND SHOUTED A BOLD CHALLENGE ACROSS THE SQUARE--



I AM ROBIN HOOD, LORD OF SHERWOOD! KING JOHN HAS PROMISED A KNIGHTHOOD FOR THE MAN WHO CATCHES ME-- WOULD ANY OF YOU RASCALS LIKE TO TRY?

THEN, WITH THE BATTLE-ORY OF SHERWOOD ON HIS LIPS, HE LEAPED DOWN INTO THE SQUARE.



FOR SHERWOOD AND LIBERTY!

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



The anxious juniors gathered round the still figure of the young keeper. "Is he badly hurt?" asked Blake in a low voice.

Young Wally D'Arcy has broken bounds and gone into the woods to look for his runaway dog. He runs into trouble when he is captured by Barberry, the rascally head gamekeeper, and his gang of poachers. Barberry has knocked out Lynn, the young gamekeeper who has been taking the blame for the head keeper's crimes. The poachers are just deciding what to do with Wally when they hear something.

This **BRAVO**
week: **ST. JIM'S!**

THERE was a sound in the wood. The poachers started and listened. Barberry, with his hand on the gun, stood as if suddenly turned to stone. Who was racing at top speed through the dark wood towards the glade?

Wally tried to shout again, but the rough hand on his mouth choked his cry.

"Better run for it!" muttered one of the poachers. "The game's up, Mr Barberry!"

The keeper did not reply; he seemed almost stunned. The poachers looked at him impatiently, and then, suddenly releasing Wally as the footsteps came closer, they darted into the wood and ran. The sack of poached rabbits lay in the grass where they had dropped it. Wally reeled against a tree, his dog still in his arms.

"Help!" he gasped.

"St. Jim's to the rescue!"

It was Tom Merry's voice, and Tom Merry & Co. were bursting from the thickets into the glade. There was a strange sound from Barberry, something between a sigh and a groan. He dropped the gun and plunged into the wood. He knew that all was lost now—that only arrest remained—arrest and imprisonment, from which only prompt flight could save him.

"Wally!" cried Arthur Augustus. "Wally! Where are you?"

"Here I am, Gus!" said Wally, all his coolness returning as he found himself with the chums of St. Jim's. "Fancy meeting you!"

"Who was that bolting?" asked Tom Merry breathlessly.

"A couple of poachers and Mr. Barberry."

"What!"

"It's a fact! He was in league with them. Look at that sack."

"My hat!"

"By Jove! Pewwaps you will admit now, Blake, that I was right."

"I never said you weren't, Gussy."

"I am vewy glad I decided to look into the matter. It has had most fortunate results."

"It was you yelled for help, I suppose, Wally?" said Tom Merry.

"Yes. They had collared me, you see, and Barberry was picking up his gun. I don't know whether he was going to pot me or not, but he looked like it. Much obliged to you for coming up like this. But I say,

look at that poor chap, he's in a pretty bad state, I think."

"Who—what? Why, it's young Lynn!"

"Yes, Barberry socked him on the head with the butt of his gun."

Tom Merry knelt beside the young man. The moonlight gleamed on his white face as Tom raised his head. The junior shuddered. For a moment he thought that Lynn was dead, but he was breathing, though faintly. A huge bruise was forming on his forehead where the blow had fallen. The juniors gathered round anxiously. Most of them knew Lynn, and liked him.

"Is he badly hurt?" asked Blake in a low voice.

"I can't tell. He's stunned, and doesn't show any sign of coming to. We must get him to a doctor."

"The village is a long way off."

"There's Sir Neville Boyle's place, that's not half a mile from here," said Tom Merry.

Blake gave a start.

"Sir Neville has sacked him, you know."

"He couldn't refuse to take in a wounded man. Besides, it's pretty clear now how the facts of the case stand."

"Jolly clear!" said Wally.

"I heard the rotters talking, and I can tell the whole story. Barberry won't dare to show up again, you can bet on that."

"Well, we'll get him to Sir Neville's place," said Blake.

"We can carry him between us. He's not light weight, though."

Lynn was indeed a good weight. But there were seven juniors, none of them weak. They raised Lynn in their arms. He was still unconscious.

"Good," said Wally, "and the doctor can attend to my dog at the same time. Barberry shot him, but I think he isn't badly hurt. He seems lively enough. Do you notice how he keeps on trying to get at you, Gus?"

"You—you young wascal! Keep the bwute away from my trowsers," replied Wally's brother.

SIR NEVILLE BOYLE PUTS THINGS RIGHT

LIGHTS were gleaming from the drawing-room windows of Sir Neville Boyle's house. The baronet had company that evening, and the juniors heard the sounds of music coming from the lighted rooms. The french windows upon the terrace were open and the portly form of Sir Neville Boyle, in evening dress, could be seen there.

The baronet uttered a sudden exclamation. He had caught sight of the procession on the drive. He came quickly forward to the steps of the terrace and peered down into the darkness.

"What is that?"

"Excuse this unbecomingly visit at such an hour," came a polite voice from the gloom, "but—"

"Dry up, Gussy."

"I refuse to dry up. I am explaining the matter to Sir Neville Boyle. We have an injured man here who is in need of medical attention."

"What?" exclaimed Sir Neville in amazement.

A number of Sir Neville's guests had come out at the french windows. A crowd of men and women in evening dress looked down on the juniors in amazement. The boys from St. Jim's carried Lynn on to the terrace, and there was an exclamation of horror from the guests when they saw the injured man.

"In heaven's name," cried Sir Neville Boyle, "what has happened?"

"This is Lynn, sir," said Tom Merry quietly. "He was knocked down and stunned by your head keeper, Barberry, in the wood."

"Bless me! He was poaching, I suppose?"

"No, Barberry was poaching, and Lynn discovered him—"

"What! You are dreaming!"

"There are plenty of proofs, including an eye-witness to the whole matter," said Tom Merry. "But at present this chap needs care. He has had a nasty crack. Will you send for a doctor?"

"Of course. Whatever the truth is, he shall have proper attention," said the baronet.

A BIG "HOW-DO" FROM YOUR EDITOR!

Dear Chums,

Every now and then I like to write you a personal letter. This week there's something I'd like you to do for me. Will you write to me and tell me what you think of SUN? In particular I would like you to tell me what you like and if there is anything you don't like. Only in this way can I find out what you, the readers of SUN, think of my paper.

You will find my address at the bottom of this letter, and I will reply to you all personally.

By the way, owing to the Easter holidays, your next week's copy of SUN will be on sale next Thursday, April 2, instead of Monday, April 6, so be sure to get your copy if you want to read SUN during the holiday.

Cheerio chums,

I shall be looking forward to receiving and reading all your letters,

Your old pal,

"SUN", The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.



The Editor

And in less than a minute one of Sir Neville's guests drove off for a doctor. The injured man, who was still unconscious, was carried into the house.

"This matter will need explaining," said Sir Neville.

"It's all right!" broke in D'Arcy minor, who had been anxiously examining his dog.

"Indeed," said the baronet drily. "Is it?"

"I was speaking of Pongo, Sir. It's all right."

"What does the boy mean?" "He means his dog is all wight, sir," said Arthur Augustus.

"That's it, he's all right," said Wally gleefully. "He's only been grazed. There's a lump of skin gone, and he's lost a lot of blood, but he's all right. I can wrap him up in my jacket and carry him home. I say, we'd better be off. The sooner I get poor old Pong comforted to bed, the better it will be for him."

"Shut up, Wally. Sir Neville is speaking."

"You boys had better come into the library and explain this matter," said Sir Neville. And excusing himself to his guests, he led the way. He asked the juniors a lot of questions in the library and learned the whole story.

"Poor Lynn!" he said. "I have wronged him. When Barberry is found he shall be arrested. I had not the slightest suspicion that he was such a rascal. I will send you boys back to the school in the car with a note to your master, which may save you from punishment."

"We should like to hear what the doctor says about young Lynn first, sir," said Tom Merry.

"Yes! I want to be able to tell Mawly, the housemaid, that I have looked into the matter, and that it is all wight."

"I can hear the doctor now,

I think," said Sir Neville. "I will come back and tell you what he says."

He left the juniors in the library. In ten minutes he returned. Tom Merry looked at him eagerly.

"How is Lynn, sir?"

"He has had a nasty knock, but the doctor says he will be himself again in a week, I am glad to say. And now the car is ready for you."

"Thank you, sir!"

"One more thing, sir," said D'Arcy. "Did you know that Lynn was engaged to Mawly, the housemaid in the School House at St. Jim's?"

"No, I cannot say I was aware of it," said Sir Neville, with a smile.

"It is wather an important matter to her, sir. You see, they were going to be mawwied at Easter, and when you gave young Lynn the order of the boot it mucked up their mawwiage awwangements. I promised her to look into the matter and set it wight, and I am glad that my efforts have turned out so successfully. But may I tell Mawly that it is all wight, sir—that you are going to take Lynn on again, and they can be mawwied at Easter all the same?"

Sir Neville laughed.

"Certainly, my lad. And you may tell Mary that I am going to make William Lynn my head keeper to repay the wrong I did him."

"That is good news! Thank you vewy much, Sir Neville."

The baronet showed the boys to the waiting car, and shook hands with all of them. Wally was still nursing his injured pet.

"I think I managed that affair pwetty well," D'Arcy remarked, as the car drove back to the school. And as the others were too sleepy to argue, nobody contradicted him.

They arrived at St. Jim's at last. Taggles was so amazed at the sight of the juniors in Sir

Neville Boyle's car that he forgot to grumble at the trouble of opening the gate. Tom Merry rang the bell of the School House, and Mary the housemaid came to the door to open it. The girl was looking very quiet, and she looked as if she had been crying.

Mr. Railton, the house-master, came out of his study with a very severe expression on his face. Tom Merry took off his cap and gave him Sir Neville's letter. Meanwhile, Arthur Augustus was explaining matters to Mary, and Wally was taking his pet away to the kennel.

"It's all wight, Mawly," said D'Arcy. "You wemember I promised you to look into the matter. I have pwoved Lynn's innocence. Barbewy has bolted—and Sir Neville is going to make Lynn his head keeper."

The girl looked astounded.

"But—but—"

"It's all true, Mary," said Blake. "We'll tell you all about it tomorrow, but every word Gussy says is the truth, except that he didn't—"

"Ahem!" said Mr. Railton, having read the letter. "Under the circumstances, you will be pardoned, boys. Go to bed at once."

"Yes, sir."

"Mary, I am glad to tell you that William Lynn is cleared of the charge against him, and that Sir Neville has taken him into favour again," said Mr.

Railton kindly. "There, don't cry, it will be all right now."

Mary was crying, but it was from happiness now. She went away with her apron to her eyes.

A moment later, D'Arcy minor came in with Herries. The new junior presented a shocking sight. He was covered with mud and dog hairs, and Mr. Railton gave him a glance.

"You had better take your brother to a bathroom before he goes to bed, D'Arcy," he said.

And D'Arcy did. The juniors were glad to get to bed again.

And glad, too, to escape the caning they had expected—and which Skimpole had not escaped on his return an hour or two earlier. The next day St. Jim's was buzzing with the story, and Figgins & Co. came over from the New House to hear all the details, and to growl at Tom Merry and Blake for leaving them out of the fun. Arthur Augustus told the story right and left, saying that he had looked into the matter and set it right. And he was very indignant when he found that most of the fellows were more inclined to give the credit to D'Arcy minor, who was now the most popular junior in the school.

Watch out next week for the first instalment of another grand St. Jim's story about the strangest new boy who ever came to the school. . . .



TASTE
THE
CREAM!

Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate—scrumptious chocolatey chocolate with the creamy taste! There's a glass-and-a-half of full-cream milk in every half-pound.

You can get it in penny and twopenny bars too!

DICK TURPIN

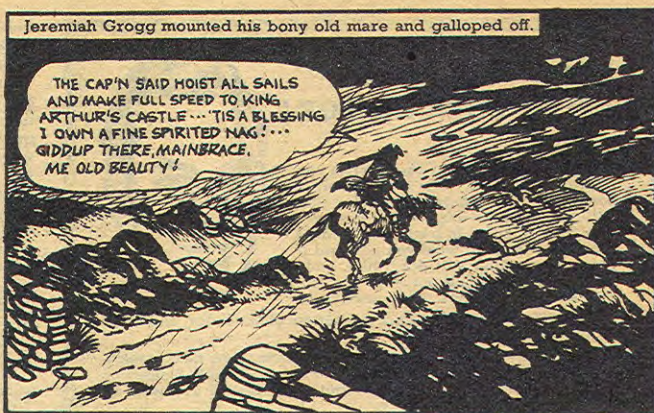
and the Mystery of Misty Moor



Dick Turpin and Moll Moonlight have taken shelter in a lonely inn. The innkeeper discovers Dick's identity and sends his servant, Jeremiah Grogg, to inform a mysterious person known to be Dick's mortal enemy. . . .

Jeremiah Grogg mounted his bony old mare and galloped off.

THE CAP'N SAID HOIST ALL SAILS
AND MAKE FULL SPEED TO KING
ARTHUR'S CASTLE... 'TIS A BLESSING
I OWN A FINE SPIRITED NAG!...
GIDDUP THERE, MAINBRACE,
ME OLD BEAUTY!



Presently Grogg came to the grim granite tower known as King Arthur's castle.

THIS IS WHAT I ALLUS
DREAMED OF... A NICE COSY
BILLET OVERLOOKING THE SEA...
A GRAND SPOT FOR AN OLD SAILOR
TO REST HIS BONES, KEEL-HAUL
ME IF IT AIN'T!



Jeremiah Grogg knocked at the door of the castle and a face appeared. . . .

HUH!...
'TIS YOU?

AYE, 'TIS ME,
GABRIEL HANDSPIKE...
LET ME IN, I HAVE AN URGENT
MESSAGE FOR... HIM!

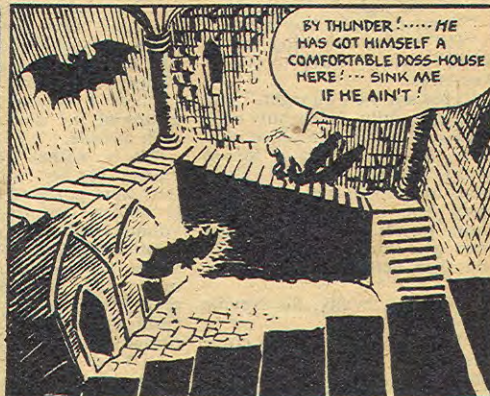


The great door opened. . . and Grogg entered.

FOLLOW ME... HE HAS JUST
AWAKENED AFTER HIS
LONG DAY'S SLEEP



BY THUNDER!... HE
HAS GOT HIMSELF A
COMFORTABLE DOSS-HOUSE
HERE!... SINK AEE
IF HE AIN'T!



When they reached the top of the grim tower, Gabriel Handspike knocked at a small door.

JEREMIAH GROGG TO SEE YOU, YER HONOUR...
SAYS IT'S URGENT!

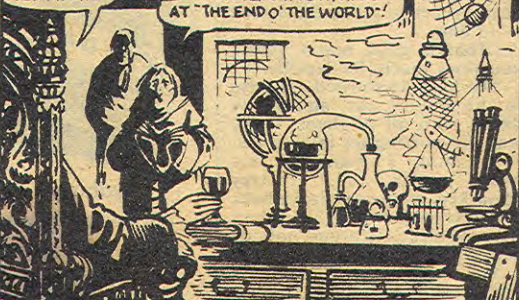
BRING
HIM IN



His teeth chattering with fear, Jeremiah Grogg gave his message to the man in the great carved chair. . . .

WELL, WHAT IS IT?...
SPEAK UP, YOU SNIVELLING
OLD PIRATE

THE CAP'N SENT ME,
YER HONOUR... HE'S GOT
DICK TURPIN STAYING
AT 'THE END O' THE WORLD'!



DICK TURPIN! THAT INTERFERING
DOG!... HAS HE STEPPED INTO MY
CLUTCHES AT LAST?... I'LL GET HIM
NOW!... I'LL MAKE HIM PAY!...
HE'LL CURSE THE DAY THAT HE
CROSSED THE PATH OF SEBASTIAN
CRAWLEY AGAIN!



YES! It was Sebastian Crawley! ... old "Creepy" Crawley ... the rogue who had once spread terror as "The Phantom Highwayman" until the gallant Dick Turpin unmasked him. ...

"Creepy" Crawley sprang to his feet his deep-set eyes blazing with hatred!

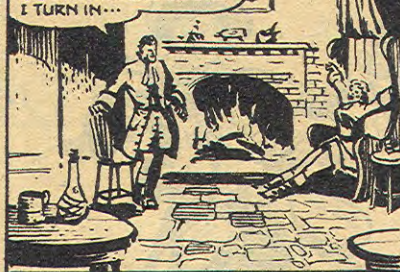
GATHER ALL MY MEN! ... GIVE THEM PISTOLS AND CUTLASSES! ... WE RIDE TO "THE END OF THE WORLD" ... TO HORSE! TO HORSE!



Meanwhile, back at the inn, Dick and Moll were still warming themselves. ...

OH-H-H ... I'M YAWNING, DICK! I'M OFF TO BED

GOOD IDEA, MOLL! ... BUT I'M GOING TO SEE IF THE HORSES ARE COMFORTABLE BEFORE I TURN IN...



In the stable a few minutes later, Dick was surprised to hear the angry shouts of armed men arriving at the inn door. ...

WE'LL SOON HAVE DICK TURPIN, YER HONOUR!

AYE! OPEN THE DOOR! OPEN THE DOOR, JONAS WHALE, YOU PIRATE DOG!

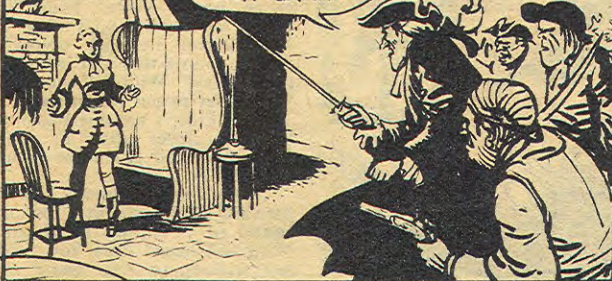
HERE'S TROUBLE, BESS!



Moll Moonlight sprang to her feet as "Creepy" Crawley burst into the inn, a glittering rapier in his hand!

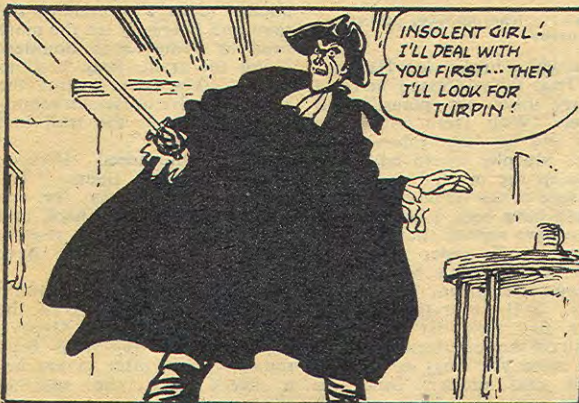
CREEPY CRAWLEY! ... YOU!

WHERE IS HE?... WHERE IS MY ENEMY? WHERE IS THAT DOG, DICK TURPIN?



For answer, Moll snatched up a chair. ...

ANOTHER STEP NEARER, CRAWLEY! ... AND YOU'LL FEEL THE WEIGHT OF THIS CHAIR!



INSOLENT GIRL! I'LL DEAL WITH YOU FIRST... THEN I'LL LOOK FOR TURPIN!

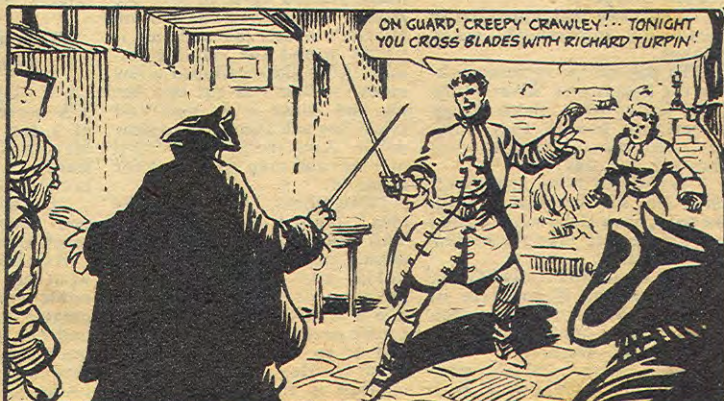
Suddenly ... CR-A-A-A-AASH! In a shower of flying glass and splintered woodwork, the King of the Highway leaped into the room!



NO NEED TO LOOK FAR, "CREEPY" CRAWLEY! DICK TURPIN IS HERE!

With a carefree smile on his lips and a dangerous glint in his handsome blue eyes, Dick Turpin drew back the lace ruffle from his sword wrist. ...

and advanced towards his enemy!



ON GUARD, 'CREEPY' CRAWLEY! ... TONIGHT YOU CROSS BLADES WITH RICHARD TURPIN!

And so Dick Turpin meets his old enemy with the clash of glittering blades! Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment of this swash-buckling yarn.

SUN—April 4, 1953—13

WILD BILL HICKOK

TAKES A RISK

BRETT ELDER'S SCHEME

THE familiar velvet-coated figure of Wild Bill Hickok rode up the main street of Dakota City. As he pulled up outside the one and only hotel in town, the marshal saw his old friend Jim Murphy, the Pony Express Agent, walking slowly along the rough wooden sidewalk. Murphy's face wore a worried look and his forehead was creased in a deep frown.

"Howdy, Jim!" Hickok hailed cheerily as he swung lightly out of his saddle and tossed his mare's reins round the hitching rail.

The Pony Express Agent looked up with a start, and then he held out his hand to the marshal.

"Well, if it isn't Wild Bill Hickok! Haven't seen you for months! How are you, Bill?"

"Just fine, Jim," grinned the marshal. "But you're looking pretty glum. What's wrong?"

"Plenty. Come along to my office and I'll tell you."

As the marshal and Jim Murphy walked the few yards to the Pony Express Office they did not see the shifty-looking man standing across the street who regarded them through narrowed lids. As they entered the office the man slowly crossed over the road.

"It's like this, Bill," began Murphy when they were seated in his office. "I've two sacks of money to be delivered tomorrow to the Wells Fargo Office in Deadwood. A couple of hours ago Bob Trent, one of my best riders, was thrown from his horse and is now in bed with a broken leg! Can't think what got into his horse. Bob had no sooner slung the moneybags across his saddle and mounted, than the critter suddenly reared skywards and sent Bob flying out of the saddle."

"Surely you've other riders, Jim?" said the marshal.

"Not here in town, they're all out on their scheduled runs. I just daren't trust anyone else to carry those moneybags," replied Murphy.

"Why must the money be in Deadwood tomorrow?" asked Hickok.

"To pay off the miners working the Deadwood Silver Mine. You know what those tough miners are like—if they don't get their money on pay day, they'll wreck the town!"

"Yep—they'd do just that," chuckled the marshal. "Well, we can't have Deadwood busted up. I'll have to take the money there myself."

"Bill, would you really? Gosh, I'd be grateful. If you take it, then I'll know it will reach Wells Fargo safely. It sure is good of you—thanks."

After a hearty meal, the marshal set off for Deadwood with the Pony Express moneybags



Thundering hooves and blazing six-guns! . . . The peerless pistoleer rides the Pony Express!

slung across his saddle. But as he rode out of town he failed to notice a pair of ferret eyes regarding him from behind a curtained window in the hotel.

"There he goes, boys," rasped Brett Elder, the shifty-looking owner of the ferret eyes. "But he won't get far."

"How come he won't, Brett?" asked one of Elder's companions. "Hickok's got the fastest nag in the West."

"Even the fastest nag in the West has to slow down when its leg begins to swell," chortled Brett. "I overheard Hickok and Murphy talking in the Pony Express office. As soon as I heard Hickok agree to take the money I pulled a hair from Hickok's horse's tail and tied it tightly round the critter's fetlock. After she's galloped a few miles the hair will cut into her leg and cause it to hurt and swell. She will then have to slow down. And that's when we'll nab him and take the money for ourselves."

"Gee, boss, that's a nifty idea," praised one of his gang. "All the same, it's a pity there wasn't time to remove Hickok's saddle and slip some prickly thorn under the saddle blanket, like you did with Bob Trent. I ain't never seen a horse rear so fast or so high as that one of Trent's. He had no sooner climbed in the saddle than he was stretched out flat in the

road with a broken leg. Ha, ha."

"That fancy-dressed marshal nearly upset our plans," said Elder. "With Trent out of the way and no other riders available, Murphy would have had to keep the miners' payroll in his safe at the office tonight. It would have been kid's play for us to have robbed that safe and skipped off under cover of darkness. I wasn't plannin' on anyone else carryin' the moneybags. Still, everythin's O.K. after all. Now let's go and finish off that interferin' marshal and mind you boys do the job good and proper, otherwise you'll get no share of the miners' money, see?"

WILD BILL RIDES THE PONY EXPRESS

AS Gypsy, the marshal's sorrel mare, sped along at a fast steady gallop which ate up the miles, Wild Bill leaned forward and gave her neck a friendly pat.

"Gypsy, old girl," he said, "if you keep this pace up we'll reach Deadwood before dawn."

As though understanding what her master had said, the noble animal put on an even greater burst of speed. But she had not gone far before she let out a sharp whinny of pain and slowed down. The marshal instantly drew rein.

"What's wrong, Gypsy?"

asked Wild Bill in a puzzled tone. Dismounting, he looked down at her right foreleg. "Good grief!" he exclaimed. "That looks bad."

The mare watched her master with trusting eyes as he lifted up her leg and examined it. At the first glance all he could see was the ugly red swelling.

"What could have caused it?" he wondered. And then, bending lower, he looked more closely. This time he saw the tightly tied horse hair which was practically hidden under the swollen flesh. His eyes narrowed in anger against the unknown person who had dared to inflict pain on his beloved mare.

Using the utmost care, he cut the hair with the point of his sharp bowie knife. Then he gently massaged Gypsy's leg.

"Whoever tied up Gypsy's fetlock knows that I'm carrying this money," Wild Bill thought. "And they're out to get me."

Brett Elder's scheme had not been so clever after all. The horse hair had given the game away to Wild Bill.

Gypsy's ears suddenly jerked forward as she caught a distant sound of pounding hoofbeats. Wild Bill heard them too, and not wishing to risk being involved in a fight because of the miners' money, he grabbed the reins and hurriedly led the mare over to some large boulders lining the trail. They had no sooner taken cover behind the rocks than five horsemen rounded the bend in the trail and thundered past.

"So," murmured Hickok, recognising the riders. "The Elder Gang! Lucky for me Gypsy slowed down here, and not along a wide open stretch, otherwise they would have spotted me."

Although the swelling would take some time to go down, the pain had quickly left Gypsy's leg once the hair had been removed, and after giving her a short rest, the marshal remounted.

"It's no use following this trail, Gypsy," he said. "The Elder Boys will soon find out they've missed us. We'll have to take the long trail to Deadwood."

The marshal galloped back a couple of miles and took another route to Deadwood. It was slightly longer, and was not one used by the Pony Express riders, but Wild Bill knew there was every chance of reaching his destination safely.

And he did. He reached the outskirts of Deadwood at dawn the following morning without having encountered anyone along the trail.

The marshal did not ride into town straight away, for he had one or two things to figure out first.

GUN-FIRE!

A COUPLE of hours later Wild Bill rode into Deadwood, the moneybags hanging firmly from his saddle. In spite of the early hour, several people were about, and they gazed with interest at the handsome rider on the superb sorrel mare. The early morning sun shone on the enormous silver buckle of his heavily embossed gumbelt, and pin-pointed each of the golden spurs decorating his glossy thigh-length cavalry boots.

The marshal had almost reached the Wells Fargo Office when there came a sudden sharp crack of a revolver shot from behind, and a bullet passed clean through his white sombrero.

At the same instant two shots came at him from ahead, one drilling a hole through the sleeve of his natty velvet jacket, and the other ripping away part of his neatly-tied black cravat.

"I thought so!" muttered Hickok, dropping both gauntleted hands down to his greased cut-away holsters. With lightning speed they came up with a pair of blazing Colts, and the

marshal started pumping lead into his attackers.

It was the Elder Gang, who, unable to find the marshal along the route, had ridden on into Deadwood, determined to kill him when he finally arrived with the miners' payroll.

Two of them had rushed out into the street to fire at him from behind, while the other three were blazing away at him from up ahead.

Brett Elder was determined to kill Wild Bill Hickok, and he did not see how he could possibly fail when he had the marshal right between cross-fire.

"Let him have it, boys," roared Elder as he squeezed his trigger.

But before he could fire a second time there was a spurt of flame from one of Hickok's silver- and ivory-butted Colts, and to Elder's fury, he found his six-gun blasted from his grip.

The speed and cool courage of the marshal's handling of the attack was incredible. Guiding Gypsy only by the pressure of his knees, Wild Bill made her whirl round and round in the swirling dust so that he could

fire at both parties of men. He seemed to take no notice of the bullets flying all round him, just missing him by inches.

He downed one of the men behind him, wounding him in the leg and blowing his rifle to smithereens.

In a flash, as Gypsy wheeled round, Wild Bill dropped the third bandit. His companion made a dash for one of the buildings, firing wildly as he ran, but the marshal was too quick for him and a bullet in the ankle laid him low.

The fifth and last man, behind Hickok, took careful aim but just as he fired Gypsy whirled round again and his bullet rushed past the marshal's cheek, clipping off a lock of his long fair hair. The next instant Hickok's bullet felled him.

The fight had lasted just sixty seconds. Five men against one. And the five had lost! Wild Bill's clothes were somewhat tattered from bullet holes, but his deadly gunplay and masterly horsemanship had saved his life.

Through the gun-smoked street ran the sheriff and the townsfolk. They crowded round the marshal as he dismounted, congratulating him on his mag-

nificent shooting.

When the sheriff learned that Wild Bill was taking the place of Bob Trent, the Pony Express rider, in order to deliver the miners' money, he frowned.

"You were taking a chance with other people's money, weren't you, Marshal?" he asked. "Supposing the Elder Gang had shot you down and made off with the cash?"

Hickok gave a quiet smile. "I'd already figured that out, Sheriff. At dawn this morning I crept into town on foot and delivered the money to the Wells Fargo Agent. Then I sneaked back to Gypsy, filled the empty money-bags with stones, and rode in. I knew the Elder Gang would ambush me as they'd failed to get me on the journey here, and I wanted to bring them in."

The sheriff gasped. "You rode into an ambush deliberately, Marshal? What a risk!"

"In my job, Sheriff, I've got to take risks sometimes—that's what makes it interesting." And Wild Bill's steely blue eyes twinkled merrily.

Another stirring Wild Bill story next week.

Barry Ford's

A Coup Stick
PRONOUNCED "COO"

THIS STICK OR ROD WAS DECORATED WITH EAGLES FEATHERS—A FEATHER FOR EACH FEAT OF BRAVERY. IT WAS THE RECORD OF A WARRIOR'S BATTLE HONOURS. ONE OF THE BRAVEST DEEDS AN INDIAN COULD PERFORM WAS TO BE THE FIRST MAN IN BATTLE TO RUSH IN AND TOUCH AN ENEMY WITH HIS COUP STICK, MAKING HIM A PRISONER.

THE MILK TEETH OF AN ELK

THE MOST COSTLY ADORNMENTS AMONG THE PLAINS INDIANS WERE THE MILK TEETH OF AN ELK.

PRAIRIE SCHOONERS

COVERED WAGONS WERE SO NAMED BECAUSE THEIR WOODEN BODIES WERE SHAPED LIKE A BOAT TO ENABLE THEM TO FORD RIVERS; AND BECAUSE FROM A DISTANCE A LONG TRAIN OF THEM CROSSING THE GRASSY PLAINS WITH THEIR CANVAS TOPS BLOWING IN THE BREEZE RESEMBLED A FLEET OF SCHOONERS.

LARIAT

A LARIAT MADE OF BRAIDED HORSEHAIR WILL KEEP RATTLESNAKES AWAY IF A COWBOY STRETCHES IT AROUND HIS BLANKETS WHEN SLEEPING IN DESERT COUNTRY ---

SUN
STARS
FOR
YOU
TO
KEEP



High jinks at Bagshot Academy, when schoolmaster Ronald Shiner tries to cane the fat boy of the school, in the screamingly funny film "Top of the Form."



Errol Flynn, as he appears in his grand new film "The Master of Ballantrae," based on the famous book by Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 1s. 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.

