

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

No. 219
April 16, 1953

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BILLY THE KID

BILLY *the* KID *and the* Mexican Lancers

COMPLETE WESTERN
PICTURE ADVENTURE
INSIDE





BILLY THE KID-LONE AVENGER

THIS MAN STRATTON HAS OBTAINED A COPY OF THE FULL PLANS OF OUR INVASION AND IS NOW ON HIS WAY BACK TO THE UNITED STATES!

FOR MONTHS, MEXICAN TROOPS HAD BEEN PREPARING FOR A SURPRISE INVASION OF TEXAS... THE SECRET WAS WELL-KEPT... UNTIL DICK STRATTON OF THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE LEARNED OF IT AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR AND TOOK PROMPT DARING ACTION.



COLONEL FELIPE YOU ARE TO BLAME! TAKE A SQUADRON OF LANCERS AND GET STRATTON... EVEN IF HE HAS CROSSED THE BORDER!

I SHALL NOT FAIL, SENOR GENERAL!



IF THOSE PLANS REACH THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT, ALL SURPRISE WILL BE LOST AND OUR INVASION MUST BE CALLED OFF! IF STRATTON IS NOT BROUGHT BACK TO FACE A FIRING SQUAD, FELIPE, YOU WILL FACE ONE YOURSELF!



TWO HOURS LATER, COLONEL FELIPE AND HIS MEN WERE FORDING THE RIO GRANDE INTO TEXAS...

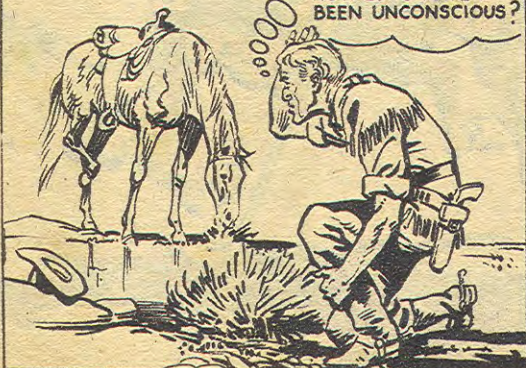
HASTEN, YOU DOGS! WE KNOW NOW THAT STRATTON HAS CROSSED THE BORDER, BUT HE CANNOT BE FAR AHEAD OF US!

WE SHALL CATCH HIM, SENOR COLONEL, AND THERE WILL BE NONE TO SEE, IT IS LONELY TERRITORY AHEAD!



MEANWHILE ON THE TRAIL LEADING FROM THE BORDER TO THE LITTLE TOWN OF GUNSIGHT, DICK STRATTON HAD MET WITH DISASTER...

WHAT HAPPENED? I REMEMBER GOING DOWN WHEN JUPITER PUT HIS FOOT IN A HOLE, BUT...HECK! HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN UNCONSCIOUS?



LAME! AND THERE'S A DUST-CLOUD ON THE RISE WHICH SAYS THE MEXES ARE ON MY TRAIL!

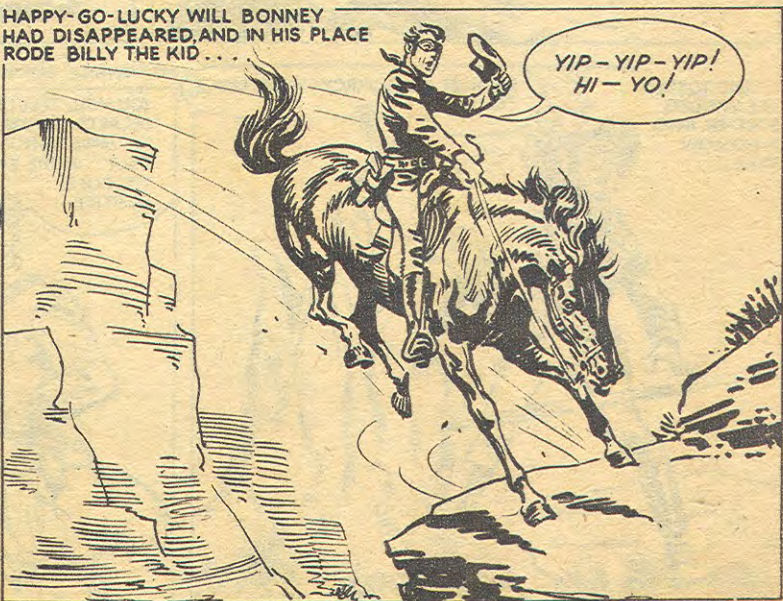


ON YOUR WAY, FELLER! IF I HIDE HERE I MAY BE ABLE TO DODGE THEM!

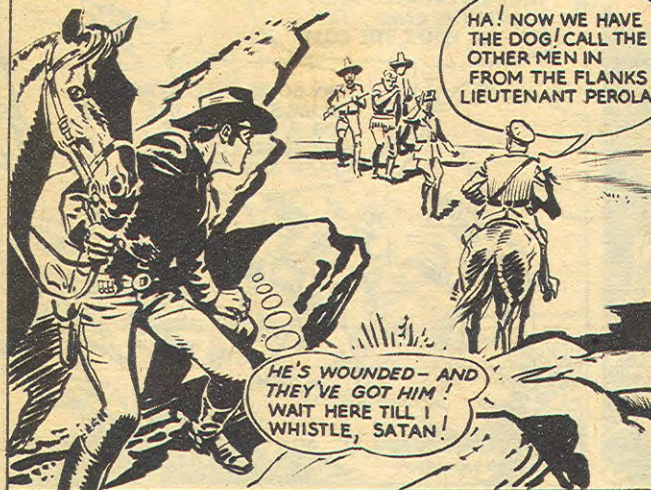




BUT ON A HIGH BLUFF, YOUNG WILL BONNEY, BOSS OF THE CIRCLE B RANCH, HAD HALTED IN HIS QUEST FOR STRAY STEERS TO WATCH THE WHOLE STRANGE SCENE THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS.



WHEN BILLY THE KID REACHED THE SCENE OF THAT HOPELESS FIGHT...



HA! NOW WE HAVE THE DOG! CALL THE OTHER MEN IN FROM THE FLANKS, LIEUTENANT PEROLA!

HE'S WOUNDED—AND THEY'VE GOT HIM! WAIT HERE TILL I WHISTLE, SATAN!

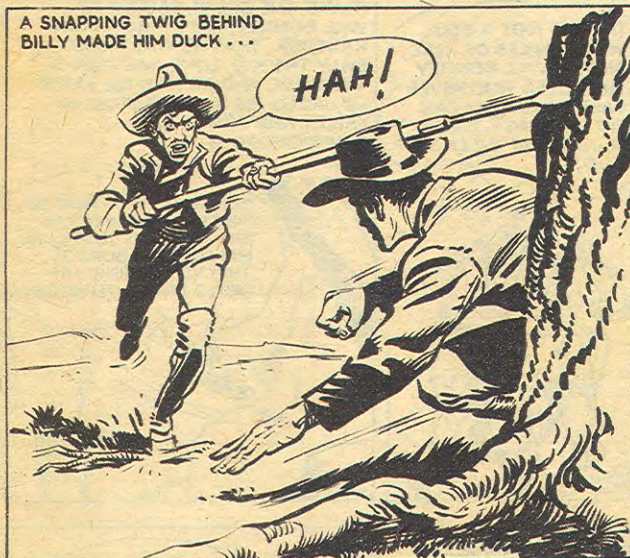
BILLY THE KID STOLE ROUND TO THE WOODED SIDE OF THE CLEARING...

INVASION PLANS! THIS IS BIGGER THAN I RECKONED!

TAKE THE INVASION PLANS FROM HIM AND GIVE THEM TO ME! THEN BIND HIM ON A HORSE. WE RIDE STRAIGHT FOR THE BORDER, AND WE'RE GOING TO TAKE THIS SPY WITH US—TO FACE A FIRING SQUAD!

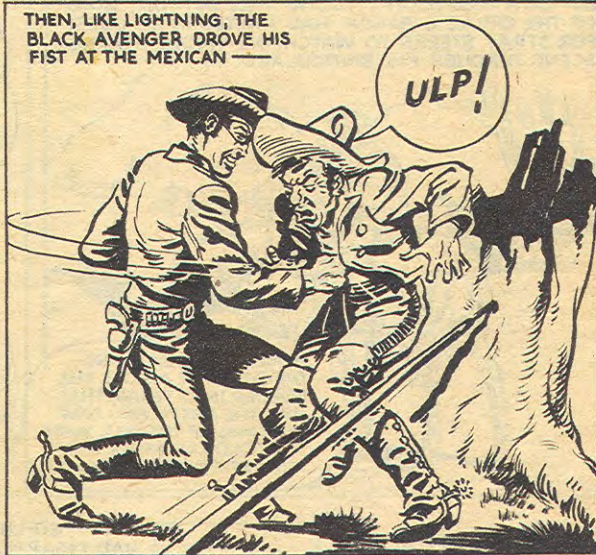


A SNAPPING TWIG BEHIND BILLY MADE HIM DUCK...



HAH!

THEN, LIKE LIGHTNING, THE BLACK AVENGER DROVE HIS FIST AT THE MEXICAN—



ULP!

... AND TOSSED THE WOUNDED SOLDIER INTO A HOLLOW TREE....



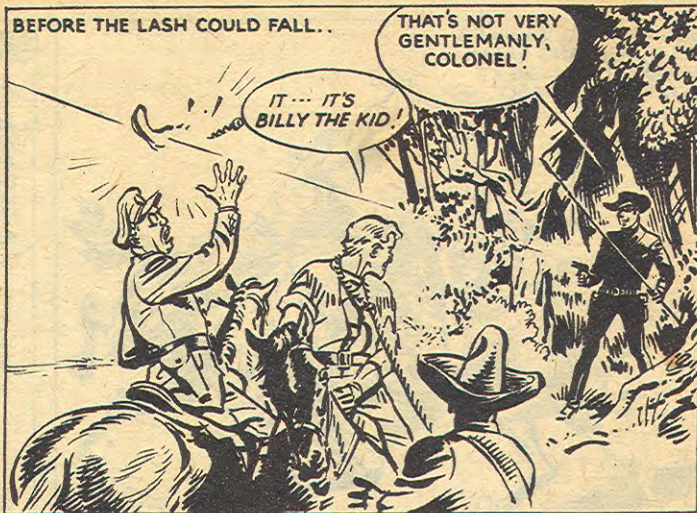
RECKON I'LL BORROW YOUR LANCE, FELLER!

MEANWHILE, DURING THAT BRIEF STRUGGLE...

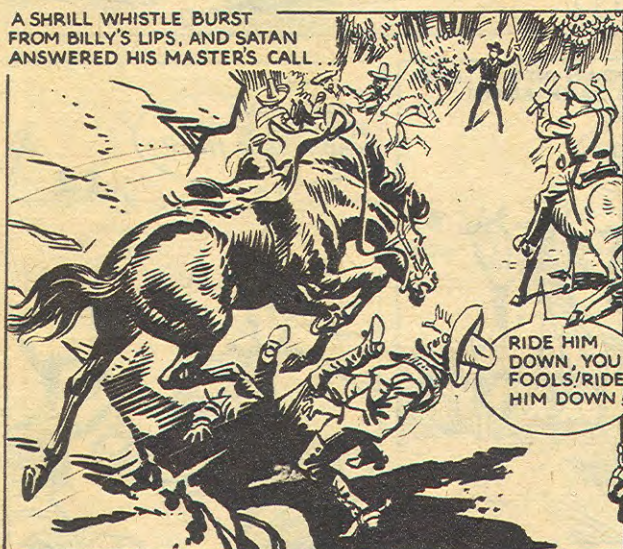
YOU WILL TELL US MANY OF YOUR COUNTRY'S SECRETS BEFORE YOU DIE, GRINGO! WE HAVE WAYS TO MAKE MEN TALK! IN THE END...YOU WILL WELCOME DEATH!

WE AREN'T ALL AS GABBY AS YOU ARE, COLONEL!

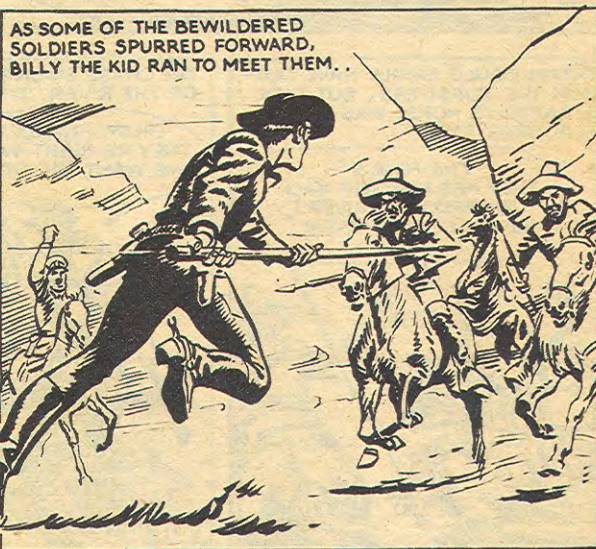




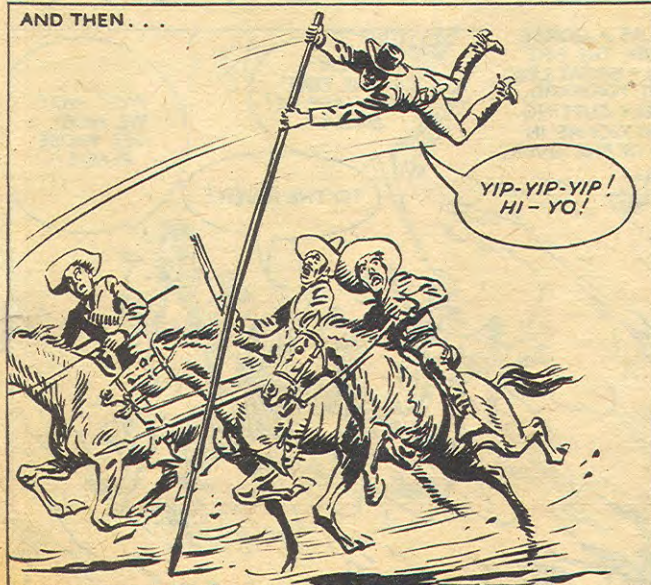
A SHRILL WHISTLE BURST FROM BILLY'S LIPS, AND SATAN ANSWERED HIS MASTER'S CALL...



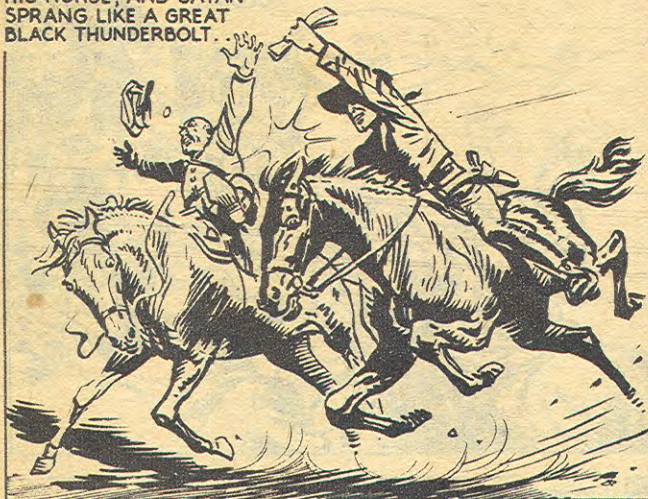
AS SOME OF THE BEWILDERED SOLDIERS SPURRED FORWARD, BILLY THE KID RAN TO MEET THEM...



AND THEN...



BILLY THE KID WHIRLED HIS HORSE, AND SATAN SPRANG LIKE A GREAT BLACK THUNDERBOLT.



BEFORE THE STARTLED MEXICANS COULD RECOVER THEIR WITS...

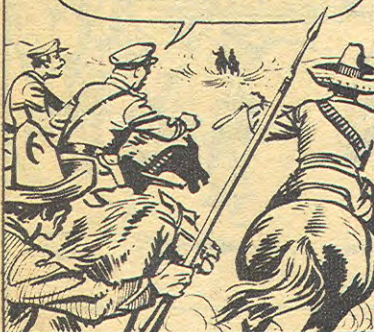
THANKS, BILLY! AND LISTEN... IF WE DON'T GET CLEAR AWAY WITH THOSE DOCUMENTS, IT MEANS THE MEXICANS WILL INVADE TEXAS!

INVADE TEXAS! SMOKIN' COLTS! HERE... YOU'LL BE EASIER WITH YOUR HANDS FREE!



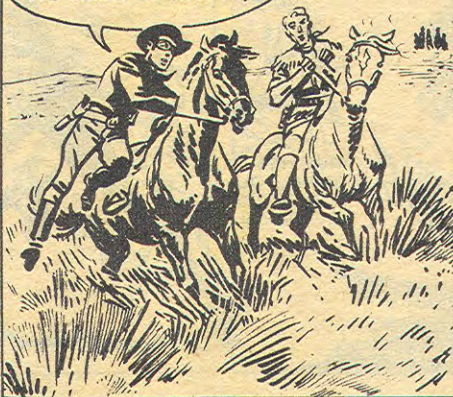
SATAN COULD EASILY HAVE OUT-RUN THE PURSUERS, BUT DICK STRATTON'S HORSE WAS FLAGGING FAST.

THE FOOLS! THEY ARE HEADING BACK TOWARDS THE RIVER! WE SHALL HAVE THEM!



THE CHASE SWUNG DOWN INTO A LOOP OF THE RIVER, THEN BACK AGAIN...

OKAY, FRIEND! THEY'RE RIGHT WHERE WE WANT 'EM NOW!



THEY HAVE STOPPED! WHAT MADNESS IS THIS?



THE WIND'S JUST RIGHT. IT WILL SWEEP THE FIRE STRAIGHT BACK TO THE RIVER!

YEAH! AND THIS GRASS IS LIKE TINDER!

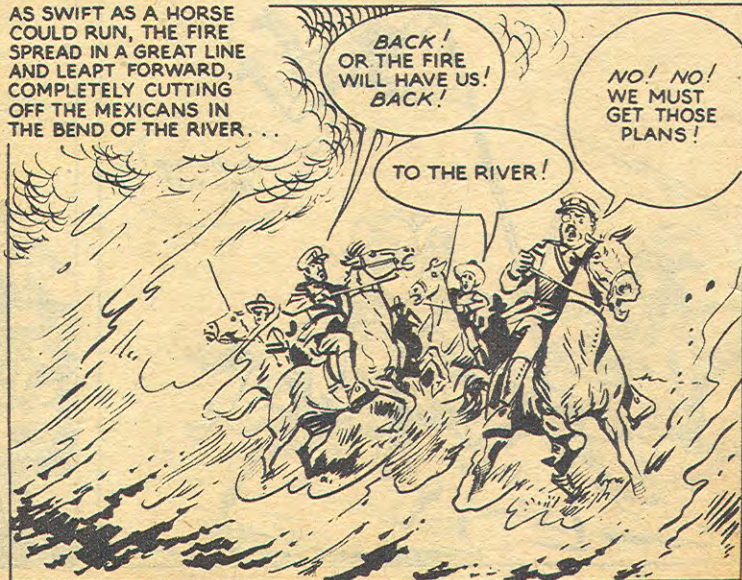


AS SWIFT AS A HORSE COULD RUN, THE FIRE SPREAD IN A GREAT LINE AND LEAPT FORWARD, COMPLETELY CUTTING OFF THE MEXICANS IN THE BEND OF THE RIVER...

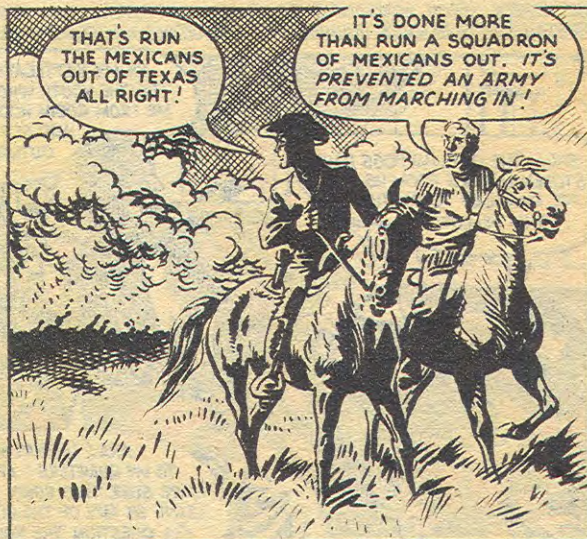
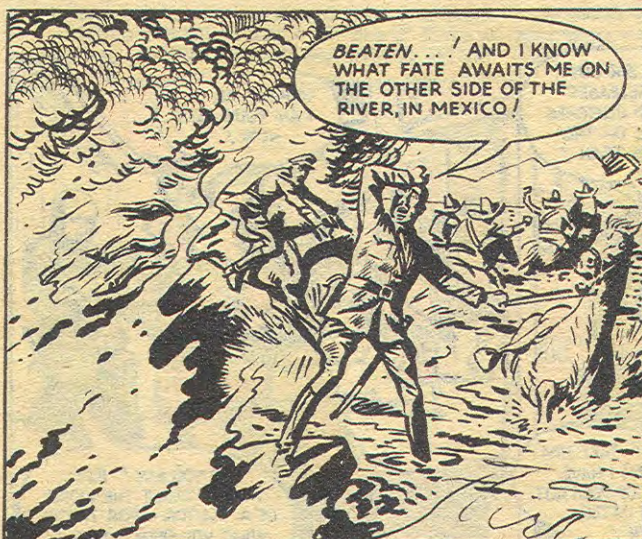
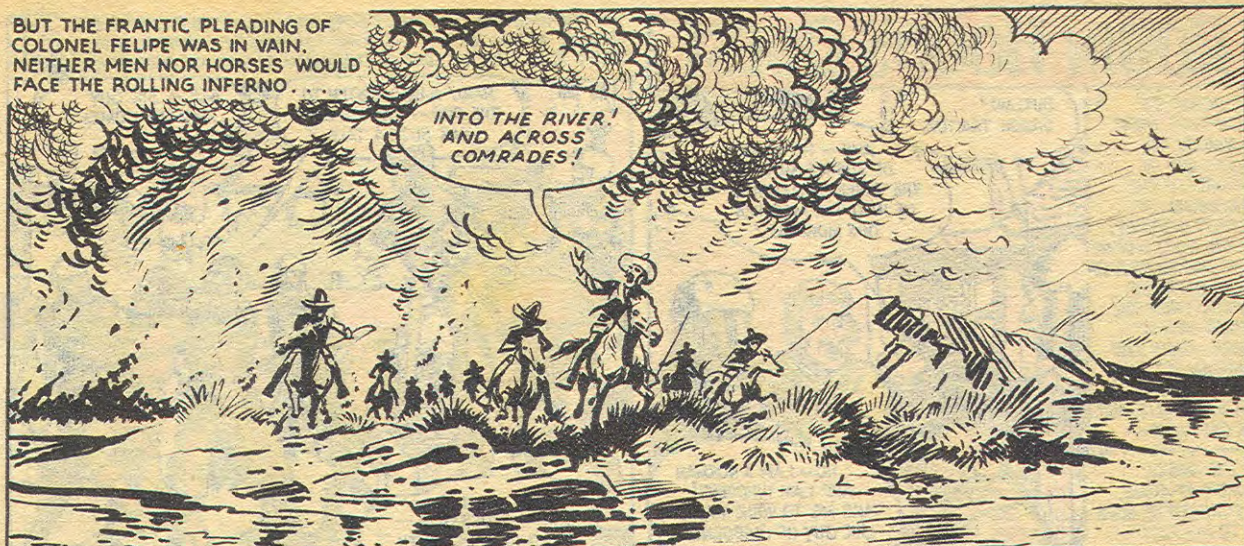
BACK! OR THE FIRE WILL HAVE US! BACK!

NO! NO! WE MUST GET THOSE PLANS!

TO THE RIVER!



BUT THE FRANTIC PLEADING OF COLONEL FELIPE WAS IN VAIN. NEITHER MEN NOR HORSES WOULD FACE THE ROLLING INFERNO.



BILLY RODE WITH DICK STRATTON TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF GUNSIGHT, HEARING HIS STRANGE STORY ON THE WAY.



Another thrill-packed complete adventure of the Lone Avenger next week.

SUN—April 18, 1953—7

ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

IN ORDER TO CONTINUE THEIR JOURNEY TO SCOTLAND IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY, ROBIN HOOD, MARIAN AND TRISTAN DE BORS HAVE CAPTURED HORSES FROM THE KING'S MEN IN YORK. ROBIN AND MARIAN GET AWAY SAFELY -- BUT TRISTAN FALLS, AND IS CAPTURED --

THE ANGRY MEN-AT-ARMS DRAGGED DE BORS TO HIS FEET --

OUTLAW!
SAXON TRAITOR!

AYE -- HE IS ONE OF ROBIN'S MEN. ONE OF THE THREE WHO ESCAPED FROM US INTO THE MARSHES THIS MORNING!

NO -- I AM A NORMAN AND I AM INNOCENT! TAKE ME TO YOUR MASTER, SIR GUY OF GISBORNE!

THE TREACHEROUS TRISTAN DE BORS HAD ONLY ACCOMPANIED ROBIN BECAUSE HE WANTED THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF -- NOW HE WAS READY TO BETRAY THE LORD OF SHERWOOD TO SAVE HIS OWN SKIN.

HAW! HAW! LISTEN TO THE DOG -- DID YOU EVER HEAR SUCH A TALE?

SEE -- SIR GUY HIMSELF COMES!

WHAT IS ALL THIS DISTURBANCE -- WHO IS THIS YOUTH?

THE ROBBER BARON, MORTAIN OF THE BLACK HAND, SPOKE TO HIS FRIEND GISBORNE, TRISTAN FELT GISBORNE'S CUNNING EYES REGARDING HIM SEARCHINGLY --

GISBORNE AND HIS RETAINERS MOUNTED AND RODE OFF IN HASTE TO GIVE THE ALARM TO THE CITY GATES -- TRISTAN DE BORS WAS DRAGGED AWAY --

SIR! THE OUTLAW DOGS HAVE STOLEN HORSES FROM US BUT WE MANAGED TO CAPTURE THIS FELLOW!

BY MY BATTLEAXE, SIR GUY! 'TIS THE YOUTH WHO RELEASED ME FROM ROBIN HOOD'S CLUTCHES AND SET US ON THE OUTLAW'S TRAIL!

AHA! IS THAT SO? TAKE HIM TO MY QUARTERS! AFTER I HAVE MADE SURE THAT ROBIN HOOD DOES NOT LEAVE BY ANY OF THE CITY GATES, I'LL QUESTION THE YOUTH!

UNHAND ME -- I AM YOUR ALLY NOW!

SO YOU SAY! BUT I DON'T TRUST THE WORD OF A TRAITOR -- FOR THAT'S WHAT YOU SEEM TO ME!

SUDDENLY -- CR-A-A-OK! THE LASH OF A MIGHTY WHIP SPUN ONE OF THE MEN-AT-ARMS OFF HIS FEET.

WHAT--?

AAAGH!

A BURLY FIGURE ASTRIDE A POWERFUL STALLION BORE DOWN ON THE REMAINING SOLDIER AND SENT HIM SPINNING -- IT WAS WAT O' THE WHIP, ONE OF ROBIN HOOD'S OUTLAWS.

UP WITH YOU, LAD!

WHO--?

BEFORE TRISTAN HAD TIME TO THINK, HE WAS SLUNG ACROSS THE MIGHTY OUTLAW'S SADDLE AND THEY WERE CHARGING ACROSS THE SQUARE TO THE SOUND OF WAT'S BATTLE CRY.

THE WHIP! THE WHIP -- HA! HA! HA!

WAT GALLOPED THROUGH THE NARROW STREETS UNTIL THEY WERE OUT OF SIGHT OF THE NORMANS. SUDDENLY THEY CAME FACE-TO-FACE WITH ROBIN AND MARIAN, WHO HAD JUST MISSED TRISTAN AND WERE RETURNING TO SEE WHAT HAD BECOME OF HIM--

THEY RODE TO THE GREAT NORTH GATE OF THE CITY-- WHICH WAS JUST BEING CLOSED BY A PARTY OF SOLDIERS--



WAT O' THE WHIP?
HOW CAME YOU
TO YORK?

WHY, ROBIN, DID YOU
THINK YOU COULD LEAVE
ME OUT OF FUN LIKE THIS?
I FOLLOWED YOU ALL THE WAY
FROM SHERWOOD. I WATCHED YOUR ESCAPE
FROM THE MARKET SQUARE, AND I TOOK A HAND
WHEN I SAW THE NORMANS ARREST THIS GOOD YOUTH!



LOOK--
THEY'RE CLOSING
THE GATES!

SPURS!
SPURS!
THERE'S STILL
A CHANCE!

THE OUTLAWS BORE DOWN ON THE GATE WITH FLASHING STEEL AND THE THUNDER OF FLYING HOOVES--

THE SHOCK OF THE OUTLAWS' HEADLONG CHARGE PROVE THEM THROUGH THE PACKED NORMANS LIKE A KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER--

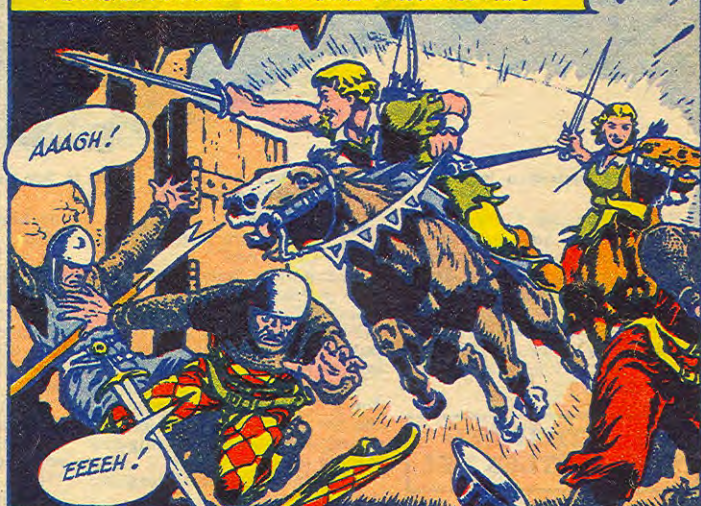


SHERWOOD
FOR EVER!

THE WHIP!
THE WHIP!

THE OUTLAWS!
THE OUTLAWS!

BAR THE WAY! STOP THEM!
IF THEY GET PAST, SIR GUY
WILL HANG US ALL!

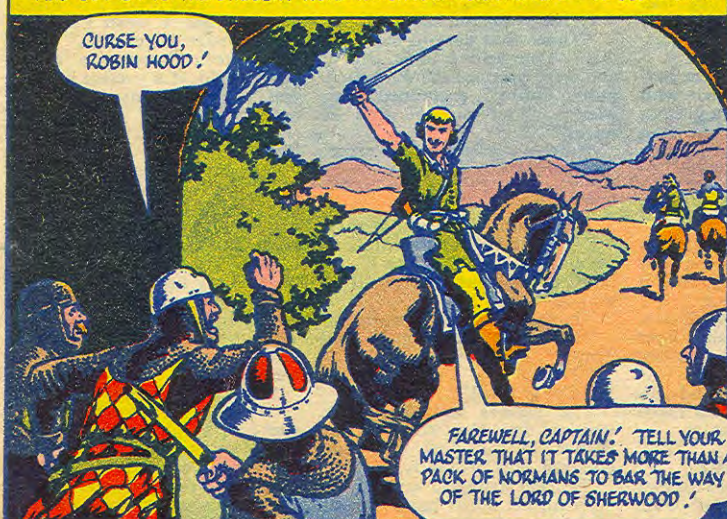


AAAGH!

EEEEH!

-- AND OUT ON TO THE STRAIGHT ROAD WHICH RAN NORTHWARDS-- TO SCOTLAND!

WHEN SIR GUY OF GISBORNE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE, HIS RAGE WAS TERRIBLE TO BEHOLD!



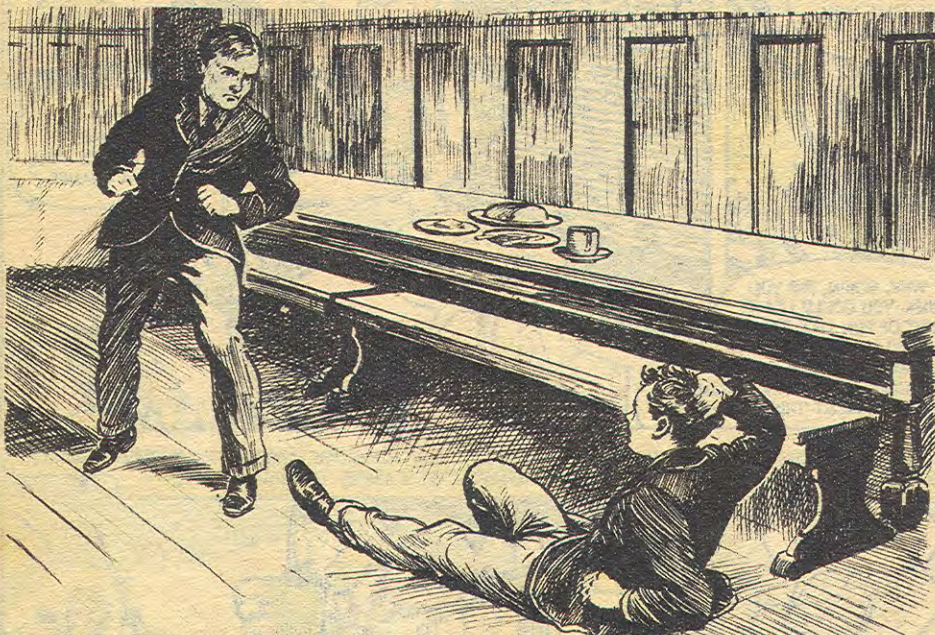
CURSE YOU,
ROBIN HOOD!

FAREWELL, CAPTAIN! TELL YOUR
MASTER THAT IT TAKES MORE THAN A
PACK OF NORMANS TO BAR THE WAY
OF THE LORD OF SHERWOOD!



THRICE-CURSED BUNGLERS! HOW DARE YOU
STILL BE ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE? CAPTAIN OF
THE GUARD-- ISSUE AN ORDER THAT ALL KNIGHTS
AND MOUNTED MEN-AT-ARMS IN THE CITY WILL
ASSEMBLE AT THIS GATE WITHIN THE HOUR,
WITH WAR-GEAR, AND PROVISIONS FOR A
RIDE TO SCOTLAND! I'LL CATCH
THE ARCH-TRAITOR, ROBIN HOOD
IF IT'S THE LAST THING
I DO!

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



The tough Australian junior sat up and rubbed his head. "Like to try again?" growled Thurnel, clenching his fists.

Tom Merry and Co. and Jack Blake and Co. have gone down to the station to meet Thurnel, a new boy who is to share Study No. 6 with Blake and Co. When the juniors arrive at the station they cannot find Thurnel. They are in for a shock, because the strange new boy has gone into a public house. . . .

THIS WEEK: THURNEL SETTLES IN!

"HERE'S Thurnel's twunk in the cab," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "It's all right. He can't be gone yet." "He's not gone, Master D'Arcy," said the porter. "Good. Where is he?" The porter pointed to the glass doors of the public-house a dozen yards away. "He's there, Master Merry." "Oh, don't be funny! Where is he?" "It's the truth, sir." Tom Merry stared. "He's gone into that public-house!" "Yes, sir." "What for?" "To get something to drink," he said. "What do you mean?" exclaimed Blake. "They don't sell ginger-pop or lemonade there." "That's what he said, sir," said the Rylcombe porter stolidly. "He's an odd-looking boy, sir. He's smaller than you young gents, but he looks a lot older." "We'd better look into this," said Tom Merry abruptly.

Blake nodded. "I don't understand it," he said. "Come on."

The juniors hurried towards the public-house into which Thurnel had disappeared a few minutes before; and Tom Merry pushed open the glass doors and looked in.

He saw the new boy at St. Jim's. Thurnel was standing at the bar. A barman was leaning across the counter, grinning and talking to the new boy.

The juniors stared at the scene dumbly for a time.

There were many kinds of boys at St. Jim's; good, bad, and indifferent; but they had never seen one like this before.

"The young rotter!" muttered Blake at last.

Tom Merry strode into the bar. His face was flushed with indignation. The new boy was a disgrace to the school, but Tom Merry didn't intend to let him disgrace St. Jim's in public.

Thurnel was just raising a glass to his lips as the indignant Shell fellow strode in.

Tom Merry stepped quickly towards him and struck the glass with his open hand, sending it whirling through the air.

Thurnel gave a startled cry. Half the liquid splashed over his jacket and the rest was lost on the floor.

Thurnel whirled round towards Tom Merry, who faced him with flashing eyes.

CHUCKED OUT

THURNEL clenched his fists ready to spring, but Tom Merry was so evidently ready

for him that he hesitated. The other juniors, too, were crowding in behind Tom. They were ready to seize Master Thurnel, and dust the floor with him, and they would have been glad of an excuse to do it. And the new boy read it in their faces, and retreated a step towards the bar.

"What—what do you mean?" he exclaimed savagely.

"The question is, what do you mean?" said Tom Merry. "How dare you act like this? You are the new junior for St. Jim's, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Richard Thurnel?"

"That is my name."

"Then what do you mean by this? You belong to St. Jim's, and here you are drinking in a public-house!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "Get out of this at once!"

Thurnel gritted his teeth. "I won't!"

"You won't?"

"No."

Tom Merry's face set grimly. "I'll give you two seconds to get out," he said. "Then if you don't go on your feet, you'll go on your neck."

Thurnel hesitated a moment. "Now, are you going?" said Tom.

"No!"

"Collar him!"

The juniors had only been waiting for the word. They rushed at the new boy, and collared him promptly.

Thurnel struggled savagely. From his slight build no one had expected him to show much

strength, but there was a surprise in store for the juniors of St. Jim's!

He fought like a tiger, and half a dozen of them had plenty to do to drag him to the door. But they got him to the door, and Tom Merry held it open while they hurled him through.

Thurnel went spinning into the street.

He staggered across the pavement and collapsed into the road sitting down in a puddle left by the rain.

The panting juniors followed him more slowly.

"By Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "What a strong beast! I should never have expected it from his looks."

"Nor I," said Blake.

Thurnel staggered to his feet. His jacket was splashed, and his trousers caked with mud. His face was red with rage.

"What do you mean by this?" he yelled. "Who are you, and what do you mean by interfering with me?"

"We're from the school," said Tom Merry. "We've been sent to meet you."

"Well, you needn't have come!"

"I'm jolly glad we did come," said Tom. "We've saved you from disgracing the school you're going to join."

Thurnel laughed sneeringly.

"Oh, don't be a fool!" he said. "I suppose I can drink what I like, without asking your permission."

"That's just what you can't do," said Tom. "You would never be allowed to enter St. Jim's at all, if I reported what I saw just now."

Thurnel's expression changed.

"I suppose you're not going to tell tales?" he said hastily.

Tom Merry smiled scornfully.

"We're not likely to sneak," he said. "You needn't be afraid of that. But I warn you that you'd better be careful. Quite apart from it being a rotten thing to do, if a prefect spotted you in a public-house, you would be expelled."

"Yes, and serve you jolly well wight!"

Thurnel shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose it's no good asking you to mind your own business," he said. "I'd better get to the school. Are you fellows coming back in my taxi?"

"No, there isn't room for so many, and we don't particularly want your company either," said Tom scornfully. "We shall see you safely off and follow."

"Do as you like."

Thurnel stepped into the taxi and told the driver to start. He pulled out a cigarette case, and the juniors saw him lighting up as the taxi rolled away.

They looked at one another in surprise and alarm.

"My hat!" said Jack Blake. "What sort of a fellow is he? He's coming into the Fourth Form and he drinks and smokes."

"That's what makes him look so old, I suppose," remarked Digby. "He's got a face that might be any age."

"And he's coming into our study!" said Herries. Jack Blake snorted.

"Just our luck!"

"There's one thing," said Jack. "He won't play any of his tricks in Study No. 6. Let me catch him smoking there!"

"I can foresee a high old time for that merchant," said Tom Merry. "I'm blessed if I know what to make of him!"

And the juniors looked very thoughtful as they strolled in the direction of St. Jim's. It was hard to know what to make of the new boy, and the rest of the School House was soon to be in the same state of doubt.

THURNEL ARRIVES

MR. RAILTON came into the hall as the new boy entered the School House at St. Jim's. Thurnel glanced at the Housemaster, and the Housemaster glanced at him, and then looked at him fixedly.

"You are Richard Thurnel?" he asked.

"Yes, sir!"

"I am Mr. Railton, your Housemaster. This will be your House here," said Mr. Railton. "I suppose you are hungry after your journey. Noble!"

A sturdy junior came up at Mr. Railton's call. It was Harry Noble, otherwise called Kangaroo, the Australian junior.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you take Thurnel to the dining-room, where supper is laid for him? Do anything you can for him, please, and show him his quarters. He will share Study No. 6 in the Fourth-Form passage, with Blake and the others."

And Mr. Railton retreated into his study.

Noble glanced at the new boy. He didn't much like the looks of Master Thurnel; but he was good-natured, and prepared to do anything he could to make a new boy comfortable.

"This way," he said.

"All right."

Thurnel followed the junior to the dining-room of the School House where a cold supper was laid. The new boy sat down at the table.

"Hungry?" said Kangaroo.

"Yes, a little. I had a smoke in the train, though."

Kangaroo stared.

"You had a what?"

"A smoke."

"You'd better not talk about it here, then," said Kangaroo.

"Juniors are not allowed to smoke at this school—nor seniors either, for that matter. You'll get into a row."

Thurnel shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, yes, I know I shall have to keep anything like that dark."

"You'll do better to drop it altogether," said Kangaroo, warningly. "We don't approve of that sort of thing here."

"Oh, rubbish!"

The Australian's eyes gleamed.

"I'm not in the habit of being cheeked," he said quietly.

"You'd better be a little more careful, or—"

"Or what?" asked Thurnel.

"Never mind," said Kangaroo, swallowing his anger. "I won't hammer a new boy on his first night at school."

"You won't hammer me!"

"I've said I won't," said Noble, keeping his temper with difficulty. "Have you come to St. Jim's to look for trouble? It looks like it."

"Not at all," said Thurnel, attacking his supper with a good appetite, "so long as I'm left alone, I shan't trouble anybody. I suppose a fellow can have a smoke in his own study if he likes."

"It's against the rules."

"I suppose you always obey all the school rules, don't you?" sneered Thurnel.

"Well, no. I suppose I break as many as most chaps," said Kangaroo. "But there are some rules one doesn't break, and there's an unwritten law that smoking in secret is a rotten trick."

"Thank you!"

"Besides, you can't do it. You won't have a study to yourself, you know. You will share No. 6 with four others—four decent

chaps, too—and they wouldn't stand it."

"They may have to."

Kangaroo laughed.

"Well, I don't think I can see them doing it, that's all. If you smoke in Study No. 6, Jack Blake is just the chap to send you out on your neck."

"We shall see."

"Now, be a sensible chap, and don't begin by getting your study-mates against you," urged Kangaroo, kindly enough.

"That's a bad start to make."

"They had better let me alone, then."

"Well, you'll get hurt, I expect, that's all."

Thurnel laughed.

"You think I cannot take care of myself?"

Kangaroo surveyed the thin, wiry form and the face with its curiously old expression.

"Well, you don't look like an athlete," he said.

"Appearances are sometimes deceptive," said Thurnel. "I could put you on your back in two minutes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Kangaroo's hearty laugh rang through the dining-room. Thurnel's eyes glinted green, but he went on quietly eating his supper.

"That amuses you, does it?" he asked.

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"You think I couldn't do it?"

"I know you couldn't," said Kangaroo impatiently.

Thurnel stood up.

"Let's try!" he said.

Kangaroo gave a shrug.

"Well, we'll try if you like, but what's the use?"

Thurnel did not reply. He faced Kangaroo, and they grasped one another. They closed, and struggled for a few seconds, and then the Australian's feet were swept from under him, and he was laid with a bump on the floor.

Thurnel sat down and went on with his supper. Kangaroo sat up, and watched him with a dazed expression.

He had been put down with the greatest of ease, and the new boy had not turned a hair.

Noble staggered to his feet.

"Well?" said Thurnel, looking up.

"I—I don't know how you did it!" said Kangaroo heatedly.

"I'd like to try that over again!"

"Oh, all right."

Thurnel stood up, and stepped away from the table. Kangaroo grasped him more carefully this time, and they wrestled.

The Australian junior put all he knew into that tussle. His blood was up now—all he could do, he did. And Noble was a tough customer. He was one of the finest athletes in the Lower School, and the only fellow who could hold his own against Tom Merry. But he could not hold his own against the surprising new boy.

He was forced backwards, resisting desperately till he collapsed, and his head was rapped on the floor.

Then Thurnel rose and left him there.

Kangaroo scrambled up.

His face was red with shame and anger. Kangaroo could take a defeat like a man; but to be defeated by this thin, undersized, smoking, and unfit-looking new boy—that was too much.

Thurnel grinned.

"Like to try again?" he asked.

Kangaroo shook his head.

"No; it's no good. You're stronger than I am."

Thurnel sat down to finish his supper. Kangaroo sat on the edge of the table and watched him. He could not understand it. He realised that he was no match for this fellow, and he could not understand it at all.

Thurnel finished his supper. Then he drew a leather cigarette-case out of his pocket. He caught Kangaroo's glance and replaced it.

"It won't do here, I suppose?" he remarked.

"Nor anywhere at St. Jim's," said Kangaroo.

Thurnel rose to his feet.

"Where's my study?"

"This way."

Kangaroo led the way in silence up the stairs to the Fourth-Form passage. He stopped at the door of No. 6, and pushed it open.

What is the explanation of the new junior's queer behaviour? He acts like a grown man . . . but surely he cannot be that . . . or can he? Don't miss next week's gripping instalment.

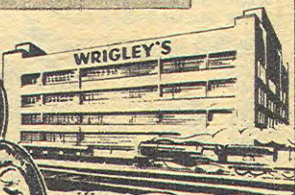
The Story of WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum

Cut this out for your Scrapbook

I AM THE WRIGLEY SPEARMAN AND I AM GOING TO TELL YOU AN EXCITING STORY OF ADVENTURE AND DISCOVERY. IT IS A LONG STORY, SO I WILL TELL IT IN TWELVE EPISODES. CUT THEM OUT FOR YOUR SCRAP-BOOK.



THE KEY TO MY STORY IS THIS 2¢ WHICH IS THE SMALL SUM YOU PAY FOR A PACKET OF WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM. THIS 2¢ WILL TAKE YOU TO MEET A STRANGE PEOPLE WHO LIVED NEARLY 300 YEARS AGO.



TODAY WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM IS MADE AT A WONDERFUL MODERN FACTORY NEAR LONDON FROM INGREDIENTS GATHERED FROM DISTANT PARTS OF THE WORLD... BUT IT WAS IN THE STEAMING JUNGLES OF CENTRAL AMERICA THAT CHEWING GUM WAS DISCOVERED, AND I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT THE STRANGE PEOPLE AND HOW THEY DISCOVERED IT NEXT TIME!



WHEN NEXT YOU BUY YOUR PACKET OF WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM, REMEMBER ALL THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURE THAT YOUR 2¢ BUYS AS WELL!

DICK TURPIN

and the Mystery of Misty Moor



Dick and Moll Moonlight have again crossed the path of their enemy, Creepy Crawley. . . . The landlord of the inn on Misty Moor is one of Creepy's gang. . . . Several country lads have gone to the inn and never been seen since. One night, two more country lads arrive at the inn. . . .

The rascally landlord rubbed his big hairy hands and beamed at his guests.

COME ABOARD, MY LADS! . . . COME ABOARD! AND REST YOUR WEARY BONES . . . I WARRANT YOU'LL BE WANTING A DRINK AND A BITE TO EAT AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK IN THE FIELDS, EH?

AYE!



Chuckling merrily, the villainous old sea-captain poured them each a drink from a black bottle. . . .

AYE! . . . AND HERE'S THE STUFF TO PUT NEW HEART INTO YOU . . . AND IT'LL NOT COST YOU A PENNY! . . . THE GRAPES FOR THIS WINE WAS GROWN IN MY VERY OWN VINEYARD IN TIMBUCTOO! KEEL-HAUL ME IF I TELL YOU A LIE! . . . AIN'T THAT RIGHT, JEREMIAH GROGG?

HEH! HEH! . . . AYE, THAT'S RIGHT, CAP'N!



Leaving his two guests to their meal, the captain drew his servant aside. . . .

HAW! HAW! . . . DRINK DEEP, ME HEARTIES! . . . JEREMIAH GROGG, COME INTO THE GALLEY, I'VE GOT WORK FOR YOU TO DO!

HEH! HEH! RECKON I KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO, CAP'N!



But the "country lads" were none other than Dick and Moll! Dick sprang to the door and listened to the two rascals plotting.

THEY WON'T NEED TO DRINK MUCH O' THAT DRUGGED WINE BEFORE THEY'RE SLEEPING LIKE BABES, CAP'N!

QUITE RIGHT, JEREMIAH GROGG! . . . YOU'RE A SHARP 'UN AND NO MISTAKE! . . . NOW, HARNESS THAT BROKEN-DOWN OLD MARE O' YOURS TO THE CART AND STAND BY TO TRANSPORT THEM LUBBERS TO KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE AS SOON AS THEY'RE ASLEEP! . . .

AHA!



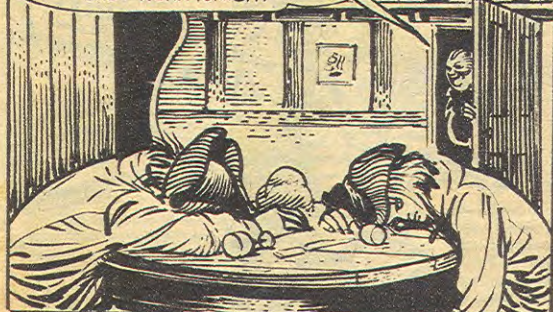
Dick Turpin's mind worked in a flash. . . .

WHAT ARE THEY UP TO, DICK? THE WINE IS DRUGGED! . . . POUR IT UNDER THE TABLE AND PRETEND TO FALL ASLEEP!



Later, Captain Jonas Whale stuck his grinning face round the door.

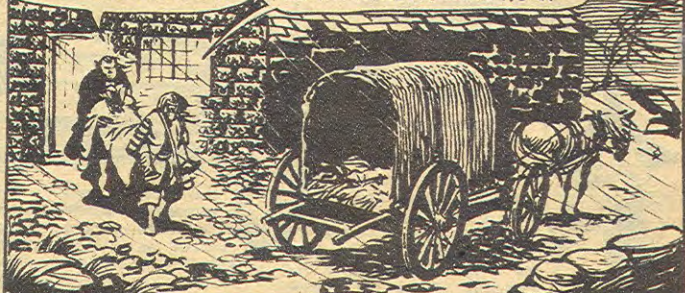
HAW! HAW! . . . SLEEPING LIKE A COUPLE O' BABES THEY BE! . . . BY NEPTUNE! THIS WAS EASY WORK TONIGHT!

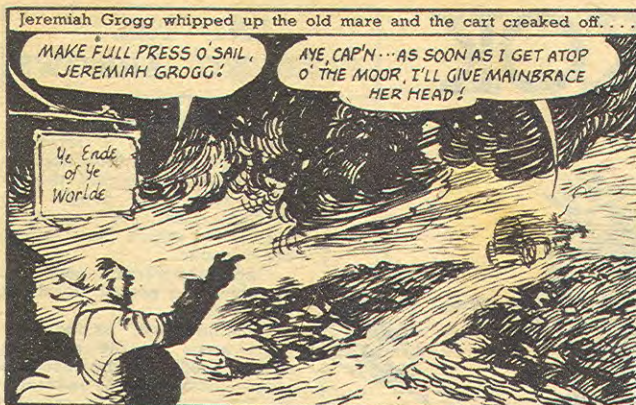


Chuckling at the imagined success of their plan, the two rascals carried Dick and Moll out to the waiting cart. . . .

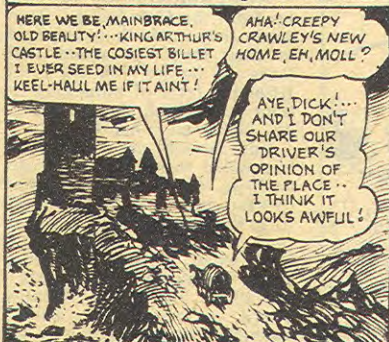
T'OTHER WERE BUT A SLIP OF A BOY, BUT THIS LUBBER IS A FINE-BUILT SON OF A GUN!

AYE, CAP'N! . . . CREEPY CRAWLEY WILL GET A LOT O' WORK OUT O' HIM. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THESE COUNTRY YOKELS FOR HARD WORK! . . .

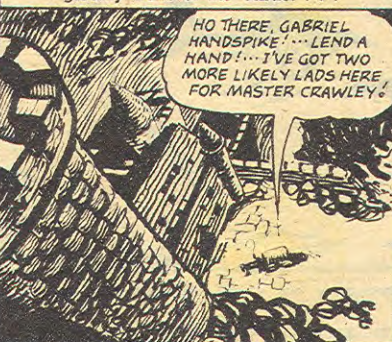




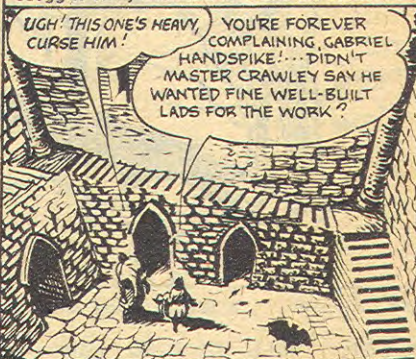
Soon, there came the booming sound of great breakers thundering against the craggy cliffs. And the cart drew near King Arthur's Castle.



The cart creaked to a standstill and the cracked voice of the old sailor echoed against the gloomy walls of the Castle...



Grumblingly, the giant doorkeeper helped Grogg to carry Dick and Moll into the castle...



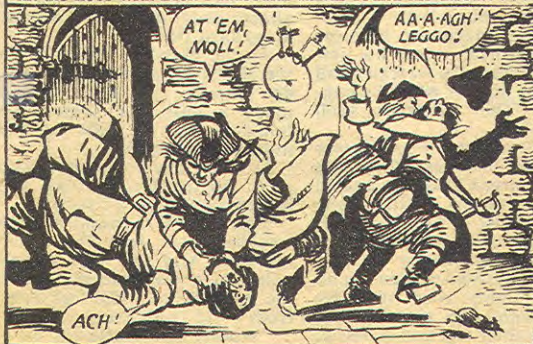
... And down a dank, gloomy flight of steps until they came to...



... a heavily-barred door in a passage lined with gleaming weapons...



Suddenly, without warning, disaster struck the two rogues! Dick Turpin went into action! CRA-A-A-SH! Gabriel Handspike hit the floor with Dick's muscular hands round his throat!



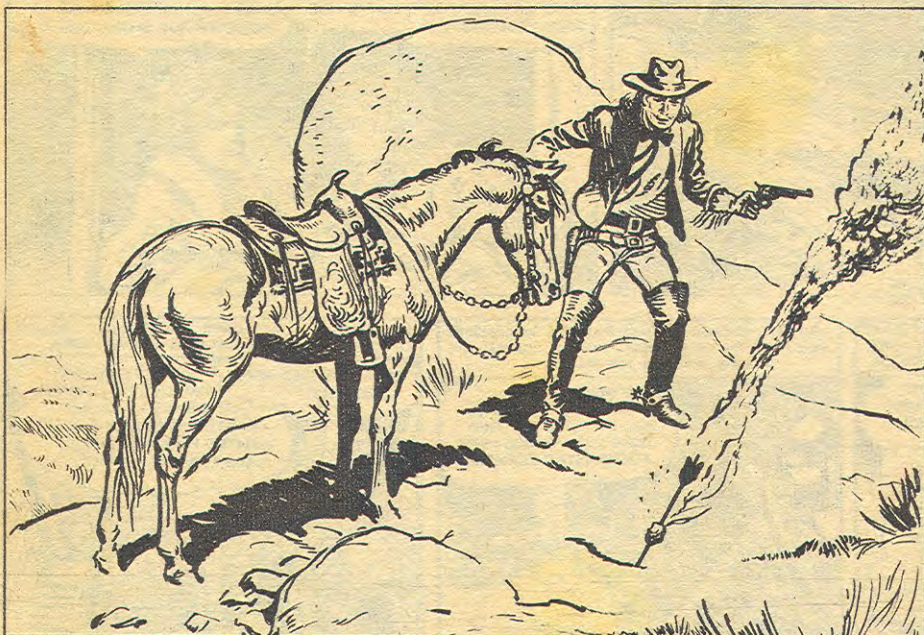
When the two thunderstruck ruffians struggled to their feet, they found themselves looking at the glittering point of a rapier which Dick had snatched from the wall. With a mocking smile on his bronzed face and a fighting light in his fine blue eyes the great swordsman advanced towards them...

NOW THEN!... YOU FIRST, GROGG!... I HEAR YOU WERE ONCE THE FINEST CUTLASS-MAN IN THE NAVY!... A PIRATE NAVY, I FANCY...



Next week—THE DOOR OF SECRETS.

WILD BILL HICKOK

AND THE
FLAMING ARROWS

WH-O-O-OSH! . . . A flaming arrow struck the ground a few yards from the Fighting Marshal's feet!

WILD BILL HICKOK, the two-gun, frontier marshal of the Golden West, sped across the wide Kansas plains on Gypsy, his sorrel mare. He was headed for the town of Singing Falls. A few miles outside of town there was a large Comanche reservation, and trouble was brewing within the Indian camp. There were rumours that the Comanches were about to sound their war drums again and take the war-path against the whites.

Some months previously, the Comanches had been raiding white settlements and attacking wagon trains. They struck with such fury and force all over the entire state of Kansas that the Army had been called out to quell the warring Redskins. After several vicious battles, the Comanches had been finally beaten. They had been rounded up and placed on a large reservation near Singing Falls, where they settled down surprisingly quickly and lived peaceably.

The white authorities were congratulating themselves on the way the situation had been handled, when suddenly a mysterious horseman appeared from out of the blue. Time and time again he would swoop down on the Comanche villages, setting fire to their wigwams and storage tents and killing the warriors. The lone rider always used the same type of weapon—flaming arrows.

The sudden and unexpected attacks on the Comanche camp stirred up anger against the whites, because although the

mysterious attacker used flaming arrows, he was a white man. Several times the Comanches had spotted him and given chase, but each time he gave them the slip and disappeared.

The authorities in Singing Falls became alarmed over the rising unrest on the Comanche reservation. They decided that something must be done at once, or else they would have another big Indian war on their hands. They realised that this time it was not a matter for a squadron of cavalry to handle. Someone whom the Indians respected would have to convince them that the white raider would be tracked down and caught by the white authorities and punished.

There was only one man who could handle the situation as it should be handled—Wild Bill Hickok. For all Indian tribes knew that the word of Man-who-shoots-fast was to be trusted.

When the marshal reached Singing Falls, he rode straight out to the Comanche reservation.

He decided to scout round before he made himself known to the chief. Keeping well under cover of the boulders and trees, he managed to creep, unobserved, close to the centre of the huge camp. He saw that the squaws were making great preparations for a feast, and gathered from bits of conversation he picked up that a large war council was sitting that night.

"Hmm," mused the marshal thoughtfully. "If the Comanches

are holding a pow-wow tonight, I'm willing to bet the unknown raider will be on hand to strike again. And if he does—wham! The Comanche war drums will be heard throughout all of Kansas! Reckon I'll keep out of sight and keep an eye for 'Mr. X' tonight."

When darkness fell, the flames from a score of camp fires lit up the Comanche camp. Firelight flickered on the impassive faces of the huge circle of warriors seated cross-legged on the ground. The old chief, Running Foot, raised a hand wrinkled with age and shook a war hatchet above his head.

"Sub-chiefs and warriors," he cried. "We have been betrayed. We are being attacked by a paleface. Our white brothers want to kill us off. But they are afraid to attack us openly, so they send one man. One man who uses flaming arrows and strikes like a hawk, silent and swift, at any time, at any place."

The chief picked up his pipe of war and held it near his lips.

"The Comanche warriors will smoke the pipe of war," he continued. "The palefaces shall feel—"

But Running Foot never finished his sentence. There was a sudden streak of flame, and he fell back on his buffalo robe with an arrow in his chest. The Comanche chieftain was dead.

The warriors gaped at their dead chief in stunned silence, and then a mighty roar of anger swept round the circle. They leaped to their feet and stared at the heights above from where

the arrow had apparently come. But no figure of a horseman could be seen silhouetted on the rim of the heights, though their keen ears caught the muffled sound of retreating hoof-beats, which grew fainter every second.

One of the warriors bent over the chief and peered closely at the arrow.

"Bad medicine," he muttered. "The arrow is the same as others used by the paleface killer—feathered with owl feathers. Such arrows make no noise in flight. They are used only for silent killings, not for war. Very bad medicine."

At his words, a loud wail went up from the Comanches. Resolutely they made their way over to their teepees to smear their faces and bodies with war paint. After the feast of mourning for their dead chief, they would go out and avenge his death.

But though the Comanches had failed to see the lone rider dash up to the rim of the bluff overlooking the Indian village, Wild Bill had seen him. The marshal was on a neighbouring bluff when he saw a flaming arrow streaking down towards the circle of sitting Indians. There was no time to utter a warning. The swift arrow found its target even as the marshal spotted it. Urging Gypsy into an instant gallop, Hickok tore after the unknown horseman.

It was no easy matter to trail a man at night. Although the moon was out and it helped Wild Bill to see a good distance ahead, there was always the risk that the rider might stop and hide in the dark shadows of the trees, and send an arrow into the marshal in the same silent, deadly way as he had sent one into the chief.

But his frontiersman's instinct led him on, and he was sure that the rider was still somewhere ahead of him, riding for his life.

The chase went on all through the night. Gypsy covered mile after mile at a steady, even pace. And as dawn broke, Wild Bill was rewarded by the sight of a rider some distance ahead of him. The horse was faltering, almost dead on its feet from its long, hard ride.

As the marshal closed in on the rider, the man made a sudden leap out of his saddle and made a dash for some high boulders on the side of the mountainous trail.

Drawing one of his silver and ivory butted Colts, Wild Bill leaped from Gypsy's back.

The rider slid round a huge boulder some feet above the marshal. And the next second a flaming arrow suddenly struck the ground not three feet away from Wild Bill's feet.

"Whew!" he muttered, darting behind a rock. "That was

close! Never even heard it coming! The varmint must be using silent arrows. He's sure handy with his bow!"

Hickok dodged nimbly from rock to rock as the silent, fiery arrows continued to land all round him. They seemed to come from out of nowhere, for the marshal had not once seen the rider after he had dismounted and dashed behind a boulder.

Wild Bill had not so far fired a shot, for he did not want to give his position away, though the archer seemed perfectly aware of his exact position! The thought brought a wry smile to Hickok's mouth.

Flattening himself against an overhanging rock, he stood still and waited. Several minutes went by and then he tossed his hat on to the top of the rock. The next second a flaming arrow streaked through his hat. "So," thought Bill, "he must be just above me, a little to the left."

He waited a minute more, and then cautiously edged his way round the side of the boulder. Looking up he saw a man bob up suddenly, a flaming arrow fitted to his bowstring.

The marshal promptly squeezed his trigger and the mountain-side echoed with the report of the shot. His bullet smashed the bow out of the man's hand, and the shock threw the man off his balance.

He pitched forward, toppled over a rock and, falling several yards, landed on some boulders near the marshal.

As Hickok ran over to him, he saw that the man had been fatally injured by the fall. He was middle-aged, with a ragged beard and an untidy mop of long, matted hair. His clothes were in rags, and his face and hands were streaked with dirt.

As the marshal bent over him the man opened his eyes. To Wild Bill's surprise they did not have the hard, ruthless expression of a badman killer. His lips twitched pathetically as he struggled against the pain to get out the words he wanted to say.

"Reckon—I'm—done—for," he gasped. "Who—might—you—be?"

"Marshal Hickok," replied Wild Bill. "Don't talk any more now. You're badly hurt. I'll get you some water from my canteen."

"I don't—need—water," whispered the man. "I'm dying. I'm glad to go." He closed his eyes for a second as though gathering strength for his next sentence. "Name's Jim Nelson. Six months ago I was a settler, livin' peaceably—with my family—mindin' my own business—when a bunch of Comanches came along and—" Here his voice died away as a spasm of pain shook his frame. When he was able to speak again his eyes were filled with tears. "I—saw—

them—kill—my—lovely—wife—and—two—children. The devils killed them with arrows, and the chief I killed last night, Runnin' Foot, led the party."

"Take it easy, Nelson," cautioned the marshal gently.

"It—was—wrong—to—do—murder," murmured Nelson so softly that Hickok had to bend down to catch the words. "But I jest had to avenge my loved ones' deaths. I jest had to, marshal. And now I'm ready to die. Mebbe—mebbe—I'll—see—Molly—and—the—boys—again." And with a deep sigh, Jim Nelson closed his eyes for the last time.

"Maybe you will," murmured Hickok, but Nelson never heard him, for he was dead.

"There's a tragedy," said the marshal sadly, getting to his feet. "Well, I can't bury you here, old fellow, I'll have to take you back to the Comanches. It's the only way to stop a big Indian uprising."

Dusk was falling that evening when the marshal rode into the Comanche encampment with the dead pioneer strapped across the saddle of his horse.

The mourning feast for the late chief was over and the warriors were in the midst of a war dance when Hickok arrived on the scene, for they planned to go on the war-path the following dawn.

Silence fell over the camp as the tall, dignified marshal dis-

mounted and walked up to the newly appointed chief.

"Greetings, chief," he said in the Comanche tongue. "I am sorry to hear of the death of Running Foot. But you can put away your war drums, for there is the man who set fire to your lodges and killed your chief and fellow warriors. His flaming arrows will never again speed silently through the air, for he is dead."

A great shout went up at the marshal's words.

"Man-who-shoots-fast brings us good tidings," said the new chief. "We know now that the palefaces were not trying to betray us. We thank you for bringing our dead enemy to our camp."

"He was not your enemy until you made him so," returned Hickok sharply. "A band of your warriors raided his shack and killed his innocent wife and children. For that he swore vengeance on your tribe. If you wish to live at peace with your white brothers, see that such a thing never occurs again."

And Wild Bill turned and walked over to Gypsy. Silently the Comanches watched him ride slowly out of their camp, leading the horse of the dead white man who had carried out his vow of vengeance, and paid the penalty.

Tell your chums about the Fighting Marshal who rides in the pages of SUN every week.

A PISTOLEER AND A GALLANT SWORDSMAN

Here are two grand pictures of famous film-stars for you to cut out and keep



Burt Lancaster (Warner)



Tyrone Power (M.G.M.)

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 2s. 6d., the remainder receive 5s. How about a joke from you? Send it TOGETHER WITH THIS J.F.P. COUPON, to The Joker, 6 Carmelite St., London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

J. F. P. COUPON

SPEEDING, EH? HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BEEN BEFORE ME?

TRIED TO PASS YOU ONCE OR TWICE, BUT MY CAR WON'T GO FASTER THAN 65.



FROM T. COOPER - BOLTON-ON-DEARBNE

NEVER, YOUR HONOUR! I'VE

LOOK OUT FOR THE WORMS, SONNY!

WHEN I EAT AN APPLE, THE WORMS HAVE TO LOOK OUT FOR THEMSELVES!



FROM A. NORWOOD - MARGATE

FIRST PRIZE

WHAT ARE YOU GIVING YOUR BROTHER FOR HIS BIRTHDAY?

I DON'T KNOW - I GAVE HIM MEASLES LAST YEAR!



FROM RONALD A. LIMER - TIMMABY-ON-TEES

AND HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR NEW SCHOOL, BOBBY?

CLOSED!



FROM B. GOODWIN - SCUNTHORPE

WHAT MEAT IS NEVER CHEAP?

VENISON! - IT'S ALWAYS 'DEER'!



FROM S. ROBSON - CARSHALTON

IF I MISS WITH THE FIRST SHOT I ALWAYS GET IT WITH THE SECOND!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU FIRE THE SECOND SHOT FIRST?



FROM R. HADFORD - SHEFFIELD

AND HERE ARE THE FOOTBALL RESULTS....

1

2



FROM M. BETELL - BATTERSEA, S.W.

NO! I DON'T WANT TO BUY A TON OF ICE! WHAT WOULD I DO WITH IT?

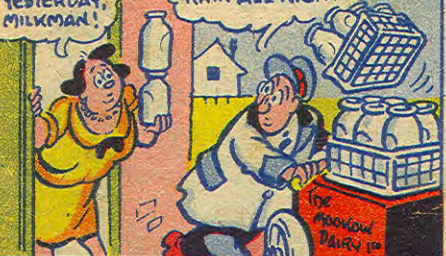
MELT IT DOWN! - MAKES SMASHING WATER!



FROM T. CARVER - COVENTRY

THE MILK WAS VERY WATERY YESTERDAY, MILKMAN!

SORRY MA'AM! THE FARMER LEFT THE COW OUT IN THE RAIN ALL NIGHT



FROM RUTH LEGGE - POOLE

WHAT BONES NEVER HAVE MEAT ON THEM?

TROMBONES!



FROM ELSE CHUNG - MANCHESTER

LAST TIME I CAME HERE I HAD A HAIR IN MY SOUP! NOW THERE'S SOUP IN MY HAIR!



FROM J. GOULD - EDGBASTON