

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

No. 226
April 25, 1953

3¢



BILLY THE KID

BILLY *the* KID *and the Birdman*

ANOTHER LONG COMPLETE
WESTERN PICTURE-STORY
INSIDE





BILLY THE KID-LONE AVENGER

Big Sam McQuade was a crook who made his living by the unlawful sale of guns to the Redskins.

He had stolen hundreds of old army rifles and hoped to sell them at great profit to the warlike Kiowa Indians. He knew that the Kiowas were always fighting their bitter enemies the Pawnees.

But when Big Sam visited the Kiowa camp he received a shock—for the Kiowas and the Pawnees had just declared a peace treaty.

WE ARE AT PEACE WITH OUR PAWNEE BROTHERS--THE GREAT WHITE SPIRIT OF WAR SLEEPS!

I GUESS WE'VE A LOAD OF RIFLES ON OUR HANDS, BOSS!

LEAVING THE WAGON-LOAD OF GUNS WITH THE REST OF HIS GANG IN THE HILLS, BIG SAM MCQUADE AND HIS SECOND IN COMMAND RODE UNHAPPILY INTO THE NEARBY TOWN OF LITTLE FALLS.

WHAT ARE WE GOIN' TO DO, BOSS? WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THAT SPIRIT TO TURN UP! THOSE GUNS'LL GO RUSTY!

SHUT UP, STUPID! THERE ISN'T ANY SPIRIT! BUT I MUST GET RID OF THOSE GUNS BEFORE THE ARMY CATCHES UP WITH US!

WE SHALL NEVER WAR WITH THE PAWNEES AGAIN--UNLESS THE GREAT WHITE SPIRIT OF THE REDMAN ORDERS US TO DON THE WAR-PAINT. GO--TAKE YOUR GUNS ELSEWHERE!

BIG SAM AND HIS PARTNER WERE NOT THE ONLY VISITORS TO LITTLE FALLS THAT DAY, FOR A SMALL CIRCUS HAD COME TO TOWN--

DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE, BALDY? I'VE A HUNCH OUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! COME ON!

SHUCKS! YOU AIN'T THINKIN' OF THE CIRCUS, ARE YOU, BOSS?

THEY REACHED THE CIRCUS JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE BIRDMAN PERCHED ON TOP OF A HIGH POLE ABOUT TO DO HIS DARING ACT--

GEE! WHAT'S HE AIMIN' TO DO? BREAK HIS NECK?

IF HE DOESN'T HE MIGHT SAVE OURS! NOW SHUT UP AND WATCH!

SLINGSBY'S
SUPER
CIRCUS

WILD ANIMALS
CLOWNS ACROBATS

THE BIRDMAN
THE ONLY MAN
ON EARTH WHO
CAN FLY!

BY USING GREAT WHITE CANVAS WINGS ATTACHED TO HIS ARMS AND LEGS, THE BIRDMAN SOARED OVER THE ASTOUNDED CROWD AND CAME SAFELY DOWN TO EARTH--

COME ON, BALDY! I WANT A WORD WITH THAT GUY!

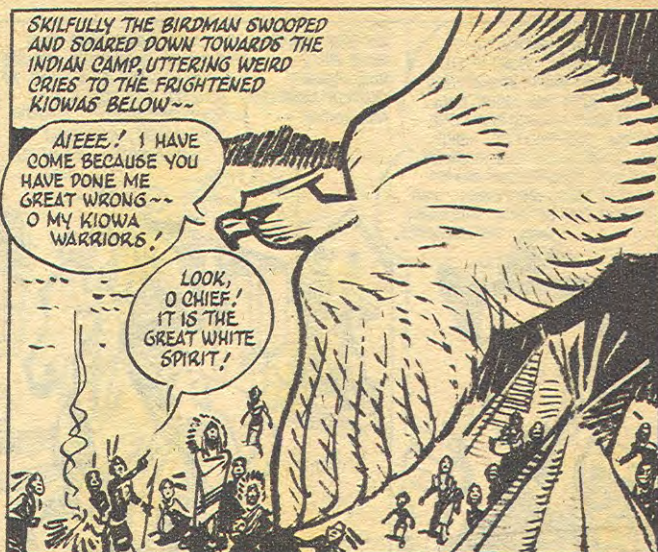
AS SOON AS THE BIRDMAN FINISHED HIS ACT, TWO VISITORS CALLED TO SEE HIM--

HOWDY, MISTER! THAT WAS A MIGHTY FINE STUNT! GEE! WHAT A WAY TO EARN A LIVING!

HUH! IF YOU CAN CALL FIVE DOLLARS A SHOW--EARNING A LIVING--MISTER!

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO DO A COUPLE OF SHOWS FOR ME--AT, SAY--FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A PERFORMANCE?

YOU BETCHA! I'D FLY OFF MOUNT EVEREST FOR THAT MUCH!

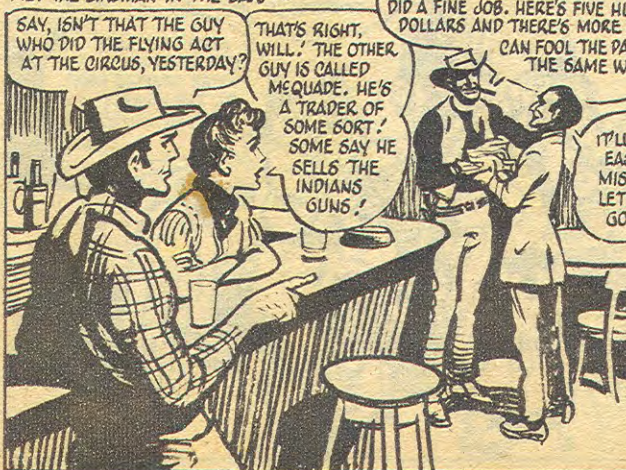


AFTER CIRCLING THE CAMP, THE BIRDMAN LANDED ON A HIGH ROCK AND ADDRESSED THE CRINGING WARRIORS--

EVEN AS THE BIRDMAN SKIMMED OFF THE ROCKS AND OUT OF SIGHT DOWN THE VALLEY, THE WAGON LOADED WITH GUNS RUMBLED INTO THE CAMP--



LATER THAT DAY AS HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, YOUNG BOSS OF THE CIRCLE-B RANCH, WAS TALKING TO SALLY MERRITT, OWNER OF THE SILVER SADDLE SALOON IN LITTLE FALLS, BIG SAM McQUADE MET THE BIRDMAN IN THE BAR--



SOON AFTER THE TWO MEN HAD GONE, WILL BONNEY LEFT THE SILVER SADDLE SALOON. AS HE MOUNTED HIS HORSE, A COWPUNCHER GALLOPED UP TO HIM.

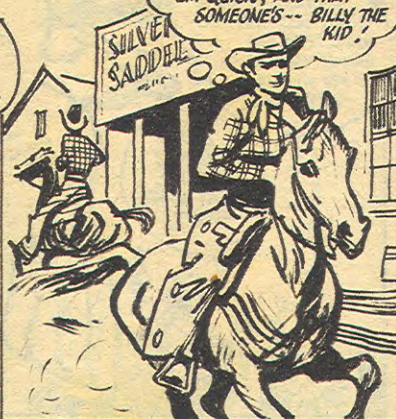
HEY, MISTER! I WOULDN'T RIDE OUT OF TOWN WITHOUT YOUR GUNS. THE KIOWAS ARE ON THE WARPATH AGAINST THE PAWNEES!



SURE! THEY SWORE THAT THEY WOULDN'T FIGHT UNTIL THE GREAT WHITE SPIRIT FLEW DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS! FROM WHAT I HEARD FROM ONE OF 'EM, THIS SPIRIT OF THEIRS CALLED IN ON 'EM THIS MORNING. AND NOW THEY'RE OUT ARMED TO THE TEETH WITH GUNS--AND DECKED OUT IN THEIR WAR PAINT AND FEATHERS.



AS THE COWBOY RODE OFF, WILL BONNEY QUICKLY MOUNTED HIS HORSE--



I'VE A HUNCH THAT THAT McQUADE CHARACTER AND THAT BIRDMAN HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THIS TROUBLE. SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO STOP 'EM QUICK, AND THAT SOMEONE'S-- BILLY THE KID!

UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, THE RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID-- THE LONE AVENGER.

ON LEAVING TOWN, WILL BONNEY RODE FAST TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK, WHERE IN A SECRET VALLEY NEARBY-- WATCHED BY HIS GREAT BLACK HORSE, SATAN, HE DONNED THE BLACK OUTFIT OF BILLY THE KID.

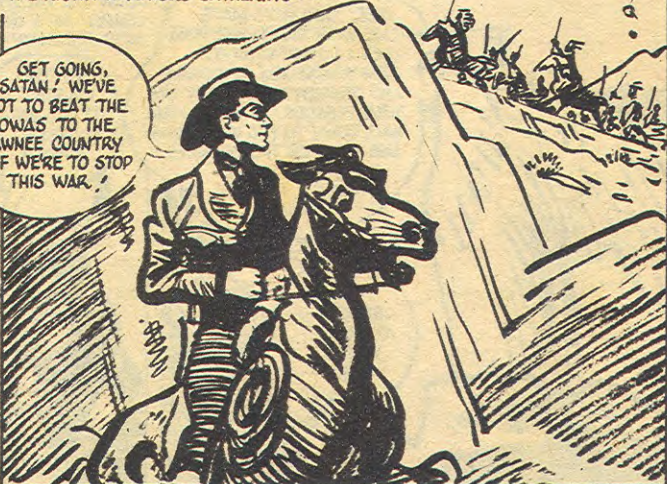
WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF A GUN-RUNNER, SATAN, AND A GUY WHO NEEDS HIS WINGS CLIPPING!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER AS BILLY THE KID, MOUNTED ON HIS GREAT BLACK STEED LEAPED THE GREAT GORGE, THE WAR-CRY OF BILLY THE KID ECHOED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS--

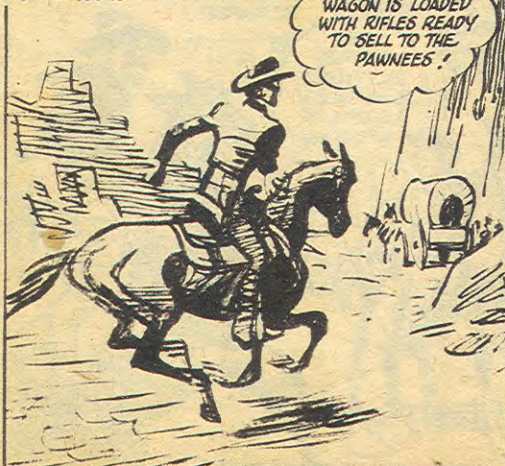


EVEN AS HE RODE THE TRAIL TOWARDS THE PAWNEE COUNTRY, BILLY SAW THE KIOWA WARRIORS GATHERING--



GET GOING, SATAN! WE'VE GOT TO BEAT THE KIOWAS TO THE PAWNEE COUNTRY IF WE'RE TO STOP THIS WAR!

AS BILLY THE KID NEARED THE PAWNEE CAMP, HE SAW A WAGON PARKED CLOSE TO THE ROCKS--



IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THAT WAGON IS LOADED WITH RIFLES READY TO SELL TO THE PAWNEES!

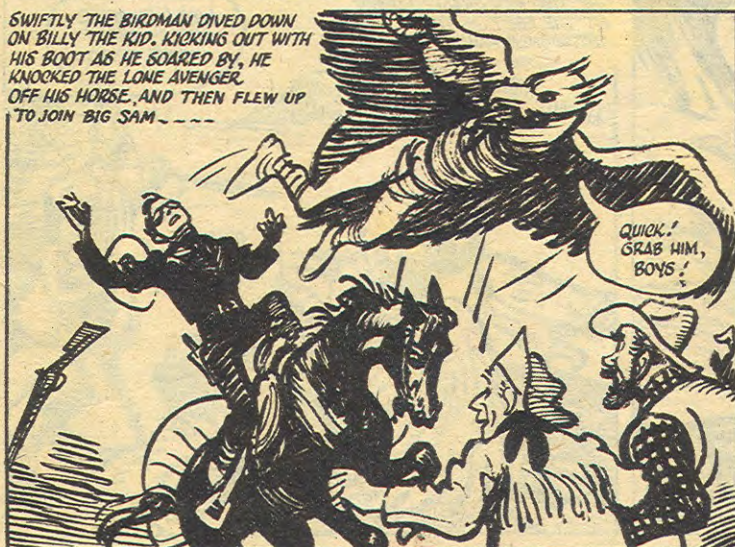
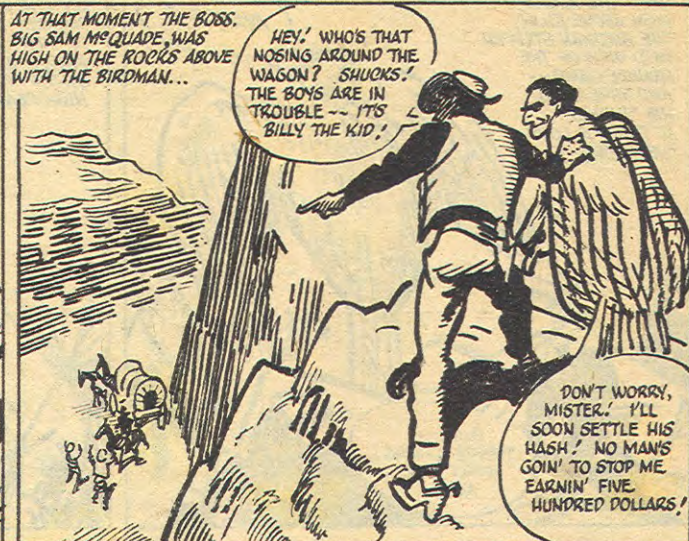
WITH HIS GUNS DRAWN, THE LONE AVENGER, RODE UP TO THE WAGON--

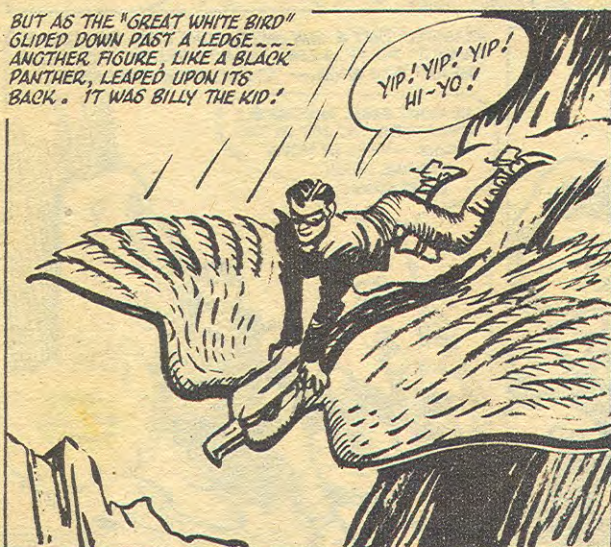
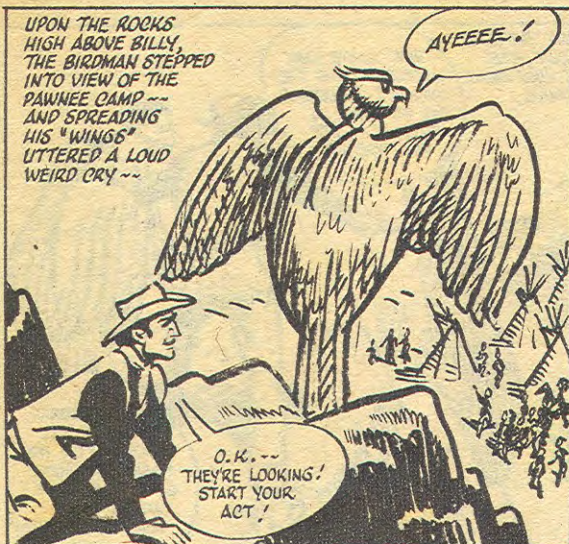


SORRY TO UPSET YOUR PLANS, BOYS, BUT THOSE GUNS AREN'T GOING TO THE PAWNEES!

GUNS! WE AIN'T SELLIN' GUNS! WE'RE TRADING FOOD TO THE HUNGRY INDIANS, MISTER!

SHUCKS! IT'S BILLY THE KID!





WITH THE WRETCHED BIRDMAN SLUNG
ACROSS HIS SADDLE, BILLY THE KID
RODE TOWARDS THE SAVAGE
KIOWAS ~~~~

AS THE FIERCELY PAINTED WARRIORS DREW
CLOSE TO HIM, BILLY THE KID DISMOUNTED
AND DRAGGED THE BIRDMAN TO
HIS FEET ~~~

STOP--
O MIGHTY
KIOWA
BRAVES!
STOP!

HERE IS THE GREAT
WHITE SPIRIT THAT CALLED
UPON YOU TO BREAK THE
TREATY WITH YOUR PAWNEE
BROTHERS! SEE-- HE
IS A WHITE MAN!
YOU HAVE BEEN
FOOLED!

BILLY THE KID THEN PROCEEDED
TO TELL THE KIOWAS OF BIG
SAM McQUADE, THE GUN-RUNNER,
AND HOW HE HAD TRICKED THEM
INTO BUYING HIS GUNS ~~~

WE WILL OBEY PALEFACE,
BUT WE KILL WHITE MAN
WHO SELL US GUNS IF HIM
NOT PAY UP!

BIG SAM McQUADE AND HIS MEN THOUGHT AT FIRST IT WAS THE PAWNEES
THAT HAD COME TO BUY THEIR GUNS UNTIL THEY SAW BILLY THE KID--
AND THE GUNS OF THE KIOWAS TRAINED UPON THEM ~~~

THE GAME'S UP,
MISTER! DON'T TRY
TO RUN FOR IT OR
YOU'LL BE DROPPED
BY ONE OF YOUR
OWN RIFLES!

I WILL LEAD YOU TO THE
MAN WHO TRICKED YOU-- AND
HE SHALL REPAY YOU DOUBLE!
BUT ONLY IF YOU LAY DOWN
YOUR ARMS AND RETURN
TO YOUR COUNTRY!

UNDER THE KEEN EYES OF THE WARRIORS, BILLY
THE KID MADE BIG SAM McQUADE PAY BACK DOUBLE
THE MONEY HE HAD TAKEN FROM THE KIOWAS.

WHEN ALL THE RIFLES HAD BEEN LOADED ON TO
THE WAGON, BILLY MADE THE CROOKS HEAD
FOR FORT EAGLE ~~~

WITH THE GUNS RETURNED TO
THE UNITED STATES ARMY AND
THE CROOKS IN THE GUARD HOUSE,
BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER,
RODE BACK TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK.

SHUCKS!
MISTER!
I'LL BE FLAT
BROKE!

YOU WON'T NEED ANY
MONEY WHERE I'M
TAKING YOU, BOYS!
PAY UP-- OR LOSE
YOUR SCALPS!

HIM PAY
FOR RIFLES--
OR HIM
DIE!

GET ROLLING, BOYS!
AND DON'T YOU GET ANY
IDEAS ABOUT FLYING OFF
BEFORE YOU'RE CAGED,
MISTER BIRDMAN, OR
YOU'LL BE JOINING THE
INDIAN'S GREAT SPIRIT
IN THE CLOUDS!

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!

Ride the adventure trail again with the Two-Gun Avenger and Black Satan next week!

SUN—April 25, 1953—7

ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

ROBIN HOOD, MARIAN AND WAT O' THE WHIP ARE TRAVELLING TO SCOTLAND IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY. THEY ARE ACCOMPANIED BY THE TREACHEROUS TRISTAN DE BORS, WHO UNKNOWN TO ROBIN AND HIS FRIENDS WANTS THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF. IN THE CITY OF YORK, THE EVIL SIR GUY OF GIBBORNE IS MUSTERING A FORCE TO PURSUE THE OUTLAWS.

A GREAT PARTY OF KNIGHTS AND MEN-AT-ARMS THUNDERED OUT OF THE GATES OF THE CITY -- WITH SIR GUY OF GIBBORNE AT THEIR HEAD --

THE OUTLAWS HAVE HAD A GOOD START, SIR GUY, AND THEY WILL BE TRAVELLING LIGHTER AND FASTER --

NO MATTER! SOONER OR LATER WE'LL COME UPON THEM -- FOR WITH ALL THESE MEN I CAN SWEEP EVERY YARD OF GROUND BETWEEN HERE AND JOHN O' GROATS

KNOWING THAT THE NORMANS WOULD BE AT THEIR HEELS, ROBIN AND HIS COMPANIONS RODE LIKE THE WIND. NEXT MORNING THEY CAME UPON A LONE GOAT-HERD WITH A WHIMPERING KID IN HIS ARMS --

HO THERE, FELLOW! A SILVER PIECE FOR YOUR HELP -- WHICH WAY TO CARLISLE?

QUIET, BILLY! THANKS, GOOD SIR! FOLLOW THE RIVER THROUGH THE VALLEY -- ANYBODY IN THE VALLEY WILL DIRECT YOU IF YOU MENTION MY NAME -- OLD GEOFFREY OF DARLINGTON!

NEXT DAY, THE OUTLAWS BY-PASSED THE FROWNING WALLS OF CARLISLE AND RODE ACROSS THE BORDER INTO SCOTLAND --

LATER, WHILE CROSSING THE PURPLE HEATHER OF A HILL-SIDE THEY ESPYED SOMETHING WHICH BROUGHT THEM TO A HALT --

LOOK! DOWN IN YONDER GLEN -- SOMETHING IS BURNING!

BY MY WHIP! 'TIS A WHOLE VILLAGE SET AFIRE!

IF THIS WERE ENGLAND -- I WOULD SAY THAT THE NORMAN TAX-GATHERERS HAD BEEN AT WORK!

DOWN IN THE GLEN, THE UNFORTUNATE VILLAGERS WERE STANDING IN TRAGIC GROUPS AMONGST THEIR BURNING COTTAGES --

WHAT IS THIS? WHO HAS SET FIRE TO YOUR VILLAGE?

WHO? WHY, THAT BLACK-HEARTED ROGUE, BLACK IAN OF BEN ALDER, AND HIS WILD HIGHLANDERS! THEY DESCENDED ON US AND TOOK EVERYTHING WE HAD, AND SET FIRE TO OUR HOMES OVER OUR HEADS --

AND WHAT IS WORSE, THEY TOOK AWAY OUR CHILDREN TO SELL AS SLAVES TO THE WILD VIKINGS WHO COME FROM OVER THE SEA IN THEIR DRAGON SHIPS! OH! WHAT SHALL WE DO?

THERE IS A GRAND PHOTOGRAPH OF ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN ON PAGE 11. CUT IT OUT AND KEEP IT!

THE LORD OF SHERWOOD WAS NOT A MAN TO ALLOW INNOCENT PEOPLE TO BE ILL-TREATED. HIS EYES FLASHED WITH ANGER AS HE SWORE A MIGHTY OATH --

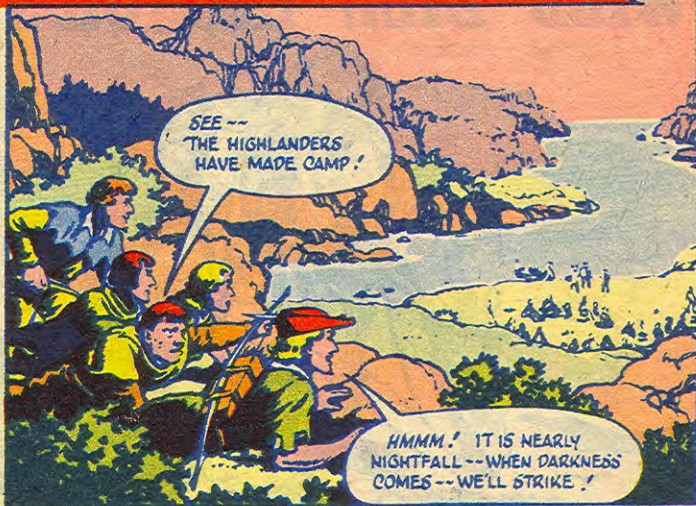
THE VILLAGER LED THE OUTLAWS ACROSS THE RUGGED MOUNTAIN TRACKS UNTIL THEY CAME AT LENGTH TO A GLEN AT THE END OF A GREAT SEA-LOCH --



BY MY KNIGHTHOOD! I, ROBIN HOOD, EARL OF LOCKSLEY, WILL RESCUE YOUR CHILDREN -- AND BLACK IAN SHALL LEARN THE STRENGTH OF MY SWORD-ARM!

ROBIN HOOD OF SHERWOOD! YOUR FAME HAS EVEN REACHED US IN SCOTLAND!

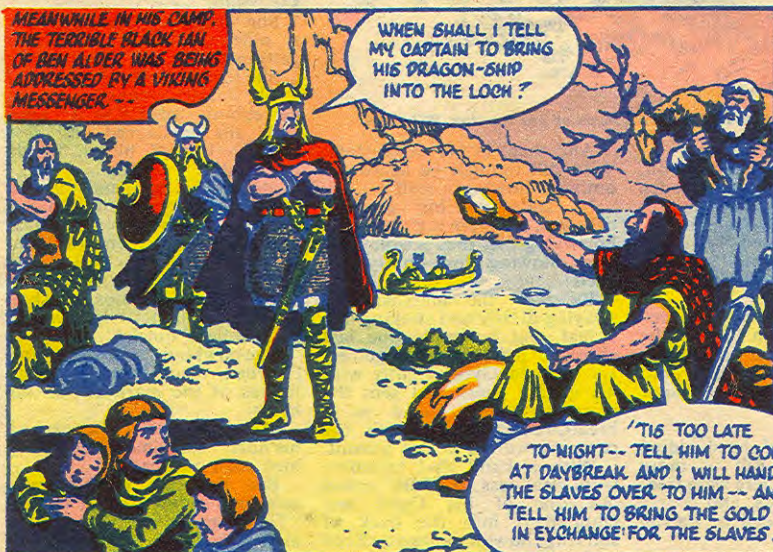
I WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY BLACK IAN WENT, BOLD ROBIN!



SEE -- THE HIGHLANDERS HAVE MADE CAMP!

HMMM! IT IS NEARLY NIGHTFALL -- WHEN DARKNESS COMES -- WE'LL STRIKE!

MEANWHILE IN HIS CAMP, THE TERRIBLE BLACK IAN OF BEN ALDER WAS BEING ADDRESSED BY A VIKING MESSENGER --



WHEN SHALL I TELL MY CAPTAIN TO BRING HIS DRAGON-SHIP INTO THE LOCH?

'TIS TOO LATE TO-NIGHT -- TELL HIM TO COME AT DAYBREAK AND I WILL HAND THE SLAVES OVER TO HIM -- AND TELL HIM TO BRING THE GOLD IN EXCHANGE FOR THE SLAVES!

LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE HIGHLANDERS LAY ASLEEP ROUND THEIR FIRES, FOUR FIGURES CREPT STEALTHILY INTO THE CAMP --



SILENCE THE GUARD, WAT, WHILE I GO AND WAKEN THE CHILDREN!

AYE, ROBIN!

THE GUARD WAS NOT ABLE TO UTTER A SOUND WHEN WAT WRAPPED HIS BRAWNY ARM ROUND THE FELLOW'S THROAT -- BUT THE HIGHLANDER'S CLAYMORE FELL WITH A THUD ON THE HEATHER --



-- AND AWAKENED A DOG, WHOSE WILD BARKING BROUGHT THE CAMP TO ITS FEET.



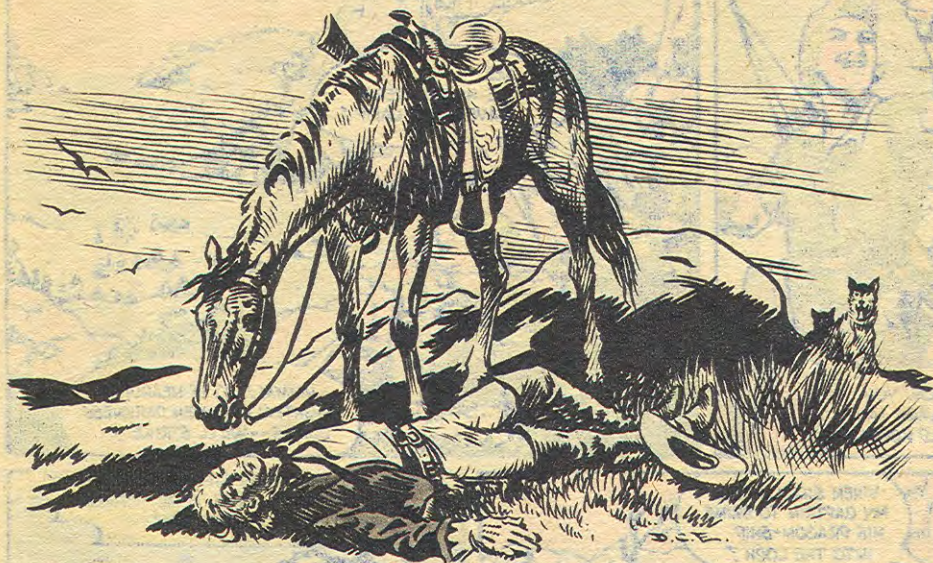
WHAT IS IT?

SPIES IN THE CAMP! SEIZE THEM!

Next week -- BROADSWORD AGAINST CLAYMORE!

SUN--April 25, 1953--9

WILD BILL HICKOK'S WONDER HORSE



With a pitiful whinny, Gypsy bent her handsome head over the still form of her master, Wild Bill.

WILD BILL HICKOK, the fastest shooting marshal on the frontier, thought the world of Gypsy, his sorrel mare. She was a real pal, a friend who would never let him down, who would die for him if necessary—as this story will show.

The fighting marshal, who had been out on the trail for many weeks, was crossing a wide stretch of rocky, barren country one day when he came to a water-hole. As his canteen was empty and he was thirsty, he decided to stop and have a drink.

It was mid-day and very hot, and any hopes Wild Bill had of a cooling drink vanished as soon as he plunged his hands into the water and found that it was lukewarm. After splashing his face, he cupped his hands in the water and swallowed several long draughts.

"Hm!" murmured Hickok, rolling his tongue round his mouth while he unscrewed the top of his canteen. "That didn't taste any too fresh. Seems to have a slight alkaline taste about it."

He filled his canteen, and after splashing his wrists and face again, turned to mount Gypsy. To his surprise she was standing at the edge of the pool sniffing suspiciously.

"What's wrong with you, old girl?" laughed Wild Bill. "Don't be so fussy! It's not exactly pure mountain water, but at least it's wet."

But the mare lifted her head and moved away from the water without even tasting it.

"Well, please yourself, Gypsy," said Hickok. "You can't be very thirsty after all," and with a shrug of his broad shoulders, he swung into the

saddle.

As the marshal galloped off, he failed to see a rough wooden board lying on the ground, partly concealed by sage brush. On it was printed in crude lettering the words: *DANGER—THIS WATER IS POISONOUS.*

A severe sandstorm the week before had blown down the warning notice and had sent it spinning along the ground until it had landed in a clump of sage brush.

TWO hours of hard riding found Wild Bill in more fertile country. There were trees instead of boulders, and coarse prairie grass instead of barren sandy soil.

The bitter water had seemed to increase Hickok's thirst instead of quenching it, and he kept taking sips from his canteen. Pretty soon he felt sharp, gripping pains in his stomach. His head started throbbing and he felt horribly sick.

Suddenly, the realization of what was wrong dawned on him.

"Ye gods," he muttered hoarsely, "that water was poisonous! What a fool I was not to have been warned by the alkaline taste. No wonder Gypsy wouldn't touch it!"

Knowing that shortly he would probably collapse from the deadly effects of the poisoned water, he urged his mare on at a faster gallop. The noble creature responded gallantly, but the nearest township was many miles off.

Everything began to swim before Hickok's eyes. He broke out in a sea of perspiration and his throat and mouth felt as though they were on fire. He doubled up with pain.

And then, in his dazed state, Wild Bill thought he heard the ominous howl of a wolf.

In spite of his growing delirium, his brain registered the horrifying fact that a wolf pack was following close on Gypsy's heels!

By now the marshal was swaying dizzily and shaking like a leaf, but he made one last effort to pull himself together. He touched Gypsy lightly with his golden spurs and sent the mare streaking ahead in a breath-taking gallop with the ravaging wolves in hot pursuit.

With a hand that trembled from weakness, Wild Bill jerked out one of his Colts and emptied it into the pack of starving, howling animals. Even with so unsteady an aim his bullets found their mark and the savage beasts slowed down long enough to attack and kill their fellow wolves whom the marshal had wounded.

Gypsy soon left the wolves behind, but Wild Bill slumped forward in his saddle, the reins dropping from his senseless hands. And then, with all the strength drained from his body, he fell heavily to the ground.

At once Gypsy halted and turned back to Wild Bill, who lay still on the ground. She nuzzled him several times but he did not move. And then she let out a shrill whinny as the wolves, who had resumed their chase, suddenly appeared over a hillock and rushed down towards her.

Instinctively protecting her master, Gypsy plunged and kicked out at the snapping, snarling, grey wolves who were wildly leaping up at her.

She snorted and squealed in rage as she fought off the lean, snapping beasts. Their vicious

fangs and sharp claws sank and tore into her shining, sleek coat and gashed her graceful, slim legs. But she bravely pranced and reared, and her flying hoofs wounded some of the wolves. As two of them leapt up and tried to fasten themselves on her neck she dug her teeth sharply into their backs, causing them to howl with pain.

The fight lasted several minutes, but at last the mare managed to drive off the wolves, and the ugly brutes slunk away, licking their wounds.

Gypsy was in a bad state. Her body, head and legs were badly lacerated, but in spite of her pain and discomfort, the noble animal bent down and, catching hold of the collar of Wild Bill's jacket with her teeth, she dragged him along as best she could.

She struggled valiantly on for a mile or more, each step getting slower and slower.

She tottered over the brow of a hill, but the incline had taxed her ebbing strength to the limit and she collapsed at last through loss of blood, beside her master.

Now it so happened that a few yards away a band of half a dozen roving cowboys had just made camp, and one of them saw Gypsy drop. Running across to her, he saw and recognised the unconscious marshal.

"Hey, fellers," he yelled. "Come here, quick!"

The cowboys rushed over and crowded round the prostrate figures of the marshal and his horse.

"Gee—Wild Bill Hickok and his hoss!" exclaimed one. "They look nigh on dead!"

But the first cowboy was anxiously feeling Hickok's pulse. "Thank goodness the marshal's alive," he said. "Look at his mouth, fellers. Looks like he's been drinkin' poisonous water. Do you reckon we can save him?"

"You bet we can," another cowboy replied. "Now, fellers, one of you boil some water as quick as you can and mix it with salt and mustard. Once we can force that down the marshal's throat, he'll be O.K. Two of you take care of his hoss. She's in a bad way. Savaged by wolves I reckon, by the look of her wounds. The rest of you guys help me to carry the marshal over to the tent."

And so, thanks to the kindness of the good-hearted cowboys, Wild Bill recovered from the water poisoning and Gypsy's wounds began to heal cleanly.

But the marshal really owed his life to his brave and faithful mare who, on that hot summer's day, forged another link in the affection and loyalty between herself and her master.

Another ripping Wild Bill Hickok adventure next week.



Robin Hood and Maid Marian

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



Mellish opened the door to see Jack Blake and Thurnel going at it hammer and tongs. "Get out, Mellish!" yelled Blake's chums.

Thurnel, a strange new boy at St. Jim's, is already causing trouble with his schoolfellows. Although he does not look very tough, he has already licked Kangaroo the brawny Australian junior, who afterwards shows him to his new study which he is to share with Blake and Co.

This THURNEL week: FIGHTS AGAIN!

STUDY No. 6 was dark and deserted.

Blake and his chums had not returned yet. They were walking back to the school from Rylcombe.

Kangaroo stepped into the study and switched on the light. There was a low fire still burning in the grate. Thurnel followed him in, and cast a contemptuous glance round the study.

"Is this the room?" he asked.

"Yes, this is it."

"And there are four other fellows besides myself here?"

"Yes, Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy."

"Pretty close quarters?"

"Some of the studies are smaller."

"Well, I suppose a chap must put up with what he can get," said Thurnel.

Kangaroo did not reply. Thurnel raked the fire and piled on more coal. Then he dragged the armchair to the hearth, sat down, and put his feet on the fender. Then out came the cigarette-case.

"I don't want to force my advice upon you," said Kangaroo quietly. "It's no business of mine. But I warn you once more not to smoke in here."

"Thank you for nothing." "If Blake and Co. find you smoking when they come in, there will be trouble."

"Oh, hang Blake and Co."

"Very well; it's your business."

Kangaroo left the study. Thurnel grinned, stretched himself in the chair, and lighted his cigarette. He lighted another when it was smoked, and then another. A haze of tobacco-smoke filled the study. The new boy was still smoking, in a haze of blue smoke, when Blake and Co. returned.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy stood at the open door of Study No. 6.

"Heavens!" he muttered.

And then, after a moment's pause, the dandy of St. Jim's exclaimed:

"G'weat Scott!"

He peered into the blue haze of the study.

Blake, Herries, and Digby were a little behind him. They saw the dandy of the Fourth stop and stare, and heard his exclamation without knowing the cause.

"What's the matter, Gussy?"

"G'weat Heavens!"

"Anything wrong in the study?"

"Look!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy adjusted his monocle, and stared into the study. He was too amazed for words. The others joined him, and they stared in too. Thurnel turned his head in

the armchair and glanced at them.

"Oh, come in!" he said.

"My hat!"

"G'weat Scott!"

Thurnel grinned.

"Oh, come in, and shut the door!" he said.

"Come in!" said Blake abruptly.

The juniors entered the study, coughing in the smoke. Blake hastily closed the door. He did not want the new boy's strange manners and customs to attract attention. Blake felt quite up to dealing with Master Thurnel himself. He crossed to the window and opened it to its fullest extent.

Then he turned to the new boy and regarded him angrily.

"Now, what does this mean?" he demanded.

Thurnel yawned.

"I don't quite follow you," he said. "If you mean, what does my being here mean—why, this is my study. I have been told that I'm to share it with you chaps!"

"That's bad enough!" said Blake.

"Fancy having to have to share a study with you!"

"Oh, come off it!"

"But what I want to know is, what do you mean by turning the study into a smoke room?" demanded Blake fiercely. "Don't you know the juniors are not allowed to smoke at this school?"

"I've just heard so!"

"And even if they were allowed, do you think we want our study smelling of tobacco?"

"I really haven't thought of it," said Thurnel.

"Then it's time you did!" burst out Blake angrily.

"Yes, wather!"

"I'm not going to change my habits to please anybody," said Thurnel.

"You jolly well are!" said Blake.

"Throw that cigarette into the fire!"

"No!"

"Throw it in, I tell you!"

"Rubbish!"

Blake wasted no more time in words. He ran straight at Thurnel and jerked him out of the armchair. Thurnel was hardly prepared for that attack, and he rolled out of the armchair on his back.

The next moment there was a choking yell.

The cigarette had slipped into the new boy's mouth, and he was choking and spluttering wildly.

"Groo—oo!—yah!—yow!—oooh!"

He spluttered. The cigarette came out; but it had burnt the inside of Thurnel's mouth, and he danced with pain.

There was a yell of laughter from the chums of the Fourth. The cigarette had avenged them on the smoker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow!"

"Ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow!"

"Ha, ha! Vewy funny!"

gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ow! You rotters!" yelled Thurnel.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The new boy rubbed his mouth. Jack Blake was waving a newspaper to and fro to waft the smoke out of the window.

"You ass!" he exclaimed. "I suppose you think it's manly to play the giddy goat like this?"

You wouldn't look so manly if a prefect collared you, and laid a cane round your legs!"

"Ow!"

"If you're hurt, it serves you right! If a senior came along and found this study reeking with smoke, he'd think we were all in it, and it would mean trouble all round."

"Ow!"

"For your information," went on Blake, "I can tell you that boys are not allowed to smoke at this school because it checks their growth, spoils their wind, and makes silly young duffers of them!"

"Groo!"

"And finally no one is allowed to smoke in this study, because it spoils the atmosphere."

"Yow!"

"And you'd better stop making that row, and chuck all your cigarettes into the fire and try to be decent."

"Yes, I should stwongly wecommend you to twy to be decent, Thurnel."

The new boy rubbed his mouth and glared at them.

"Mind your own business!" he

growled.

"Weally——"

"I shall smoke if I like!"

"You jolly well won't," said Digby.

"And I won't throw my cigarettes into the fire!"

Jack Blake's face set hard.

"Won't you?" he said. "Now, look here, we'd better have a clear understanding to begin with, Thurnel. You've been put into this study against our will. But we know it's no good kicking, and we're prepared to make the best of it, and we're ready to chum with you if you like to be decent. But if you don't, you'll have to look out for trouble. That's plain English."

"Yes!"

"In the first place, no more drinking in public houses; and secondly, no more smoking in the study," said Blake. "In the study I'm chief. You're a new fellow, and you've got to toe the line."

"Rats!"

Blake's face went scarlet with anger.

"So that's how you take it, is it?" he said. "Very well—we'll begin the discipline now. Throw your cigarettes into the fire!"

"I won't!"

"Then we'll jolly well do it for you! Collar him!"

Four pairs of hands were laid upon Master Thurnel.

He resisted savagely, and hit out. Digby dropped on the floor, dazed, and Herries rolled over him. Then Blake closed with the new boy, hooked his foot behind Thurnel's leg, and brought him to the floor with a crash, that made the furniture in the study jump.

"Got him!" he gasped.

"By Jove! What a stwong beast!"

"Let me up!" yelled Thurnel.

"Sit on him!"

"Pin him down!"

"You hounds!" gasped Thurnel. "I'll fight any two of you!"

Blake snapped his teeth.

"You shall fight any one of us, any time and any place you choose," he said. "But this isn't a fight—it's a punishment. We're teaching you discipline."

"Ow!"

"Sit on him, Herries. Now then, which pocket are your cigarettes in, Thurnel?"

"Yah!"

"Which pocket—do you hear?"

"Find out!"

"That's just what I'm going to do," said Blake coolly. "Hold him down, while I turn out his pockets."

Thurnel changed colour.

"Stop!" he yelled. "Stop! I—I won't have my pockets turned out! Don't you dare to go through my pockets."

Blake's eyes blazed.

"Well, of all the cheek!" he exclaimed. "Do you think I want to spy into your things? I'm going for the cigarettes."

"Let me get up——"

"Rats!"

"I tell you——"

"We've got him!"

Jack Blake went through the

new boy's pockets in search of the cigarette-case. He turned the pockets out one by one, laying the contents on the floor. All kinds of things were turned out, including a matchbox, two or three loose cigars, and letters. Thurnel was resisting all the time. The idea of the St. Jim's junior going through his pockets seemed to be worrying him.

"Lemme gerrup!"

"Not just yet, my lad. I want the cigarettes."

"They're in my breast pocket."

"Hullo! What's this?"

Blake had dragged a paper out of one of the inner pockets.

The juniors could not help looking at it in their surprise.

It was a sketch plan of a building, and fellows who knew St. Jim's so well were not at a loss to recognise it.

It was a plan of St. Jim's.

"Let it alone!" howled Thurnel.

The juniors stared at him.

"My hat!" said Blake. "You must take an interest in the school when you bring a plan of the place along with you!"

"What on earth were you doing with that, Thurnel?"

"Mind your own business."

"Weally, Thurnel——"

"Oh, where's the cigarette-case?"

Jack Blake dragged the case out to the light. He opened it, took out the cigarettes, and threw them into the fire in a heap.

They blazed up, and the new boy, helpless in the grasp of the juniors, watched them burn with a sullen face.

"That's done," said Blake. "They'll do you more good taken that way, Thurnel."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let him get up now," said Blake.

The new boy was released.

He rose gasping to his feet, and then collected up the various articles that had been removed from his pockets, and stowed them back where they had been taken from. His eyes were glittering with anger.

The juniors watched him curiously. They wondered how he was going to take the rough handling he had had—not that they much cared. They were quite able to deal with Master Thurnel if he cut up rough.

Thurnel turned to them at last.

"Now then," he said, between his teeth, "which one of you is going to be licked first?"

A TOUGH CUSTOMER

JACK BLAKE grinned.

"Perhaps you'd better begin with me," he remarked. "It would give me a great deal of pleasure to dust up the floor with you."

"Put up your hands, then."

"Hold on a minute, Blake. I regard it as my place to give this fellow a thrashing."

"Dry up, Gussy."

"I wefuse to dwy up. As the wupincial person in the studay——"

"Rats!"

"If you say wats to me, Blake——"

"Well, I did say rats to you."

"Then I shall have to fight you as well! Put up your hands and I will thrash you before I thrash Thurnel."

"Ass!"

"I wefuse to be called an ass."

"Are you going to take off your jacket?" asked Thurnel.

"I warn you that I mean business. You kids have got to understand your place in this study."

Blake stripped off his jacket and turned back his cuffs.

"I'm ready," he remarked.

"Weally, Blake——"

"Stand aside, Gussy."

"I wefuse to stand aside."

"Collar him!"

"I wefuse to be collared! I——Oh!"

Herries and Digby seized the dandy of St. Jim's and whirled him to the armchair and sat him down in it with a bump. Then Herries sat on his knees and Digby on his shoulders and the elegant junior struggled in vain to rise.

"Ow! Yow! Leggo! Gerroff!"

"Keep quiet, then."

"I wefuse to keep quiet."

"Sit on him," said Blake.

"We're sitting on him," grinned Digby. "Now then, go ahead and show that new chap how you can box, Jack."

"I'm going to."

The study door opened and Tom Merry looked in. He glanced in surprise at the junior in his shirt sleeves and at the angry face of Thurnel.

"Hullo! Trouble?" he asked.

"Just a little argument," said Blake. "We're just going to begin."

"Good. I looked in to ask you fellows to come along to our study. Manners is roasting chestnuts and there's a lot of them."

"We'll come in a minute," said Digby.

"Right-ho. I'll stay and watch."

"Ready, kid?" said Blake, advancing towards the new junior.

Thurnel nodded savagely.

"Yes, come on."

"Here you are," said Blake cheerfully.

And he led off by an attack. Blake was one of the best boxers in the Fourth Form at St. Jim's and almost a match for Tom Merry of the Shell. That the new boy would be able to stand up against him for two minutes, he never imagined. But a surprise was waiting for him.

Jack's attack was met grimly, and to his surprise his guard was swept away and a heavy fist crashed upon his jaw.

He staggered back and sat down with a bump that raised the dust from the study carpet and brought an ache into his bones.

"Oh!" he gasped.

"By Jove!"

Blake sat looking dazed, holding his jaw in his hand.

Herries and Digby jumped up in their surprise and ran to help him up. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy rose from his armchair. He was looking very worried now.

"By Jove, Blake——"

"I'm all right," muttered Blake.

But he did not feel all right.

His jaw was aching horribly, as if it had received a drive from a hammer, and his head was a little dizzy. Where did the slightly built new boy get the strength from that he had put into that blow?

Tom Merry stared. There were several things about Master Thurnel that surprised him, but this exhibition of strength surprised him more than anything else.

"Well, get up," said Thurnel. "I suppose you haven't had enough yet?"

Blake staggered to his feet with the assistance of Herries.

"Not much," he said. "I shall take a little more knocking out than that."

"Come on, then."

A thin, narrow face with sly eyes peeped in at the door—it belonged to Mellish of the Fourth, the cad of the School House. He had heard the row in Study No. 6 and, having seen Tom Merry enter, he imagined that the hero of the Shell was fighting with the Fourth-Formers.

He stared in astonishment at the new boy and Jack Blake. Mellish would as soon have tackled a lion in its den as have faced Jack Blake, of the Fourth. And what he saw made it clear that Jack was getting the worst of the tussle.

"My hat!" said Mellish, in amazement.

"Get out!" said Herries, curtly.

Mellish shrugged his shoulders. He was up against the chums of Study No. 6 all the time, and he was not likely to miss an opportunity like this if he could help it. He came in and closed the door.

"Why shouldn't I see the fun?" he demanded.

"Stay if you like," said Thurnel, with a glance. "This is my study, and you can stay here if you like."

"Thanks," said Mellish, and he stayed.

Herries made an angry movement towards the cad of the Fourth, but Blake signed to him to let Mellish alone. One row at a time was enough.

"Well, are you coming on?" asked Thurnel, with a sneer. Blake's eyes blazed.

"Yes!"

"Well, I'm waiting."

And Jack Blake came on, his eyes gleaming, and his teeth set. Blake intended to lick the new boy, or to be licked himself, and he wouldn't give in as long as he had strength enough to keep upon his feet.

What will be the result of this new fight? Don't miss next week's instalment of this grand story.

DICK TURPIN

and the Mystery of Misty Moor



Dick's enemy, "Creepy" Crawley, has been getting his gang to kidnap farmers' lads and take them to King Arthur's Castle. No one knows why... Dick and Moll disguise themselves as yokels and allow themselves to be brought to the castle so they can solve the mystery. Inside the castle they turn on their two captors...

When they saw the King of the Highway advancing towards them with the glittering rapier in his hand, Jeremiah Grogg and Gabriel Handspike dashed into the dungeon and slammed the door behind them...

SHUT THE DOOR! KEEP HIM AWAY!...
DICK TURPIN'S THE DEADLIEST
SKEWER-MAN I EVER SEED IN MY LIFE!...



Laughing merrily, Dick Turpin bolted the door on the two cowardly rascals. This done, he dragged off the rough smock, knotted his tousled hair in its splendid silk bow at the back, and took the gleaming rapier again between his strong fingers. He turned to Moll, magnificent and determined... the King of the Highway, Prince of Gentlemen Swordsmen.

YOU HAVEN'T BEEN IN CORNWALL LONG, DICK, BUT YOU'VE STRUCK TERROR INTO THE WRONGDOERS ALREADY!... WHAT NEXT?

NEXT WE EXPLORE THE CASTLE... AND TREAD CAREFULLY, MOLL! CREEPY CRAWLEY'S MEN ARE NOT ALL LIKE THOSE TWO IN THE DUNGEON... THEY'RE DESPERATE MEN WHO'D STOP AT NOTHING LIKE THEIR MASTER HIMSELF!



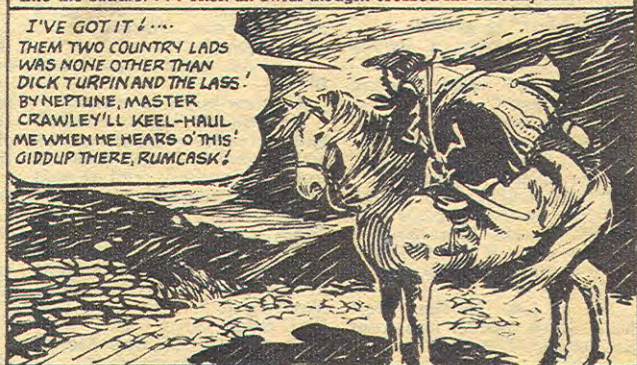
Meanwhile, back at the "End of the World" inn, Captain Jonas Whale found the drugged wine that Dick and Moll had thrown on the floor!...

WHAT'S THIS?... WINE?...
I'VE BEEN TRICKED!
THE LUBBERS NEVER
DRANK THE STUFF!...
I'M OFF TO KING
ARTHUR'S CASTLE TO
TELL MASTER
CRAWLEY!



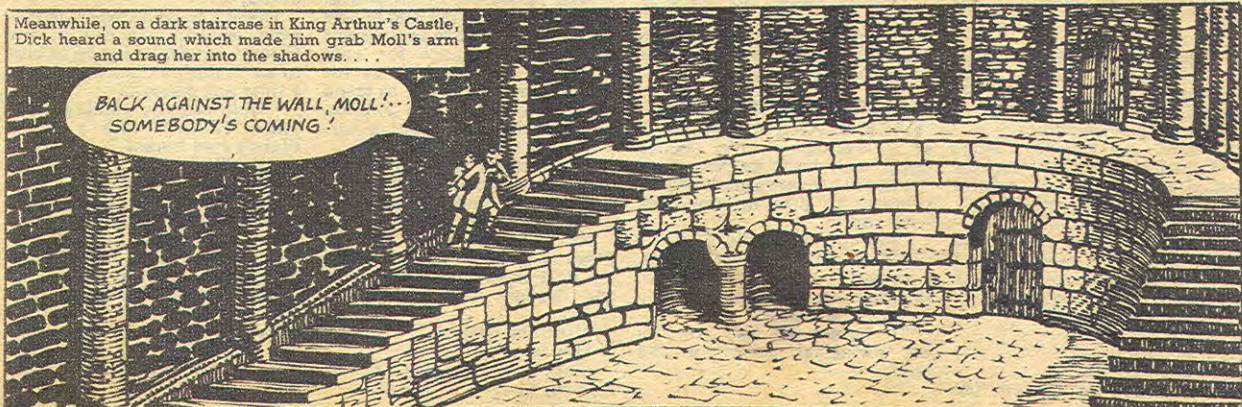
He harnessed up his plump old mare and clumsily swung his great bulk into the saddle... Then an awful thought crossed his rascally mind...

I'VE GOT IT!...
THEM TWO COUNTRY LADS
WAS NONE OTHER THAN
DICK TURPIN AND THE LASS!
BY NEPTUNE, MASTER
CRAWLEY'LL KEEL-HAUL
ME WHEN HE HEARS O' THIS!
GIDDUP THERE, RUMCASK!



Meanwhile, on a dark staircase in King Arthur's Castle, Dick heard a sound which made him grab Moll's arm and drag her into the shadows...

BACK AGAINST THE WALL, MOLL!...
SOMEBODY'S COMING!

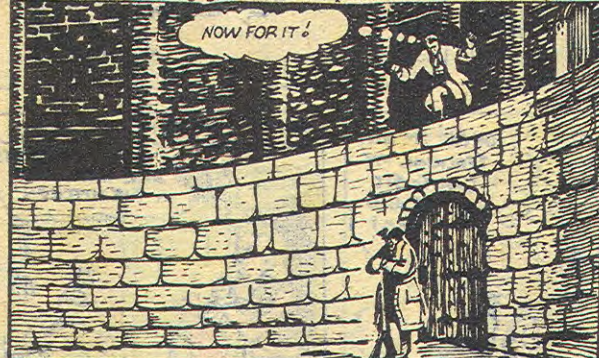


While Dick and Moll watched from the shadowy staircase, a line of chained and miserable prisoners was led towards a grim door in the wall of the great chamber...



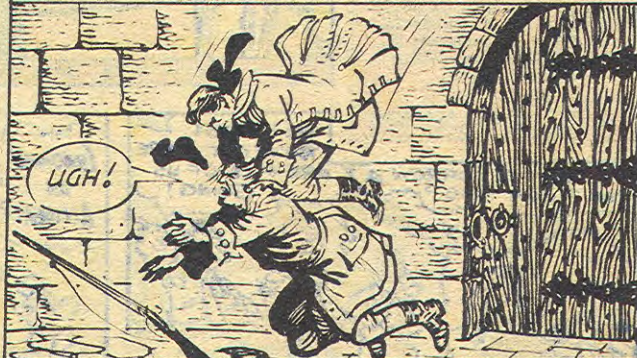
OPEN THE DOOR, DAN'L!...
AND STAND GUARD THIS SIDE
OF IT IN CASE ANY O' THESE
YOKELS TRY TO
ESCAPE!

When the pitiful prisoners were all through, the door slammed to and a villainous-looking guard took his place with loaded musket...



NOW FOR IT!

And then... CRASH!... The guard was borne to the ground by the swooping figure of the King of Highwaymen!



UGH!

Quickly Dick Turpin pulled the unconscious seaman's brass-buttoned coat over his own and dragged the greasy hat low over his brows...



NOW TO SEE WHAT
LIES BEHIND THAT
DOOR. IF ANYBODY
SPOTS ME THEY'LL
TAKE ME FOR
THE GUARD...

DICK!... I HEAR FOOTSTEPS...
SOMEBODY'S COMING!

Moll slipped out of sight, dragging the unconscious guard with her... The footsteps drew closer... it was "CREEPY" CRAWLEY!



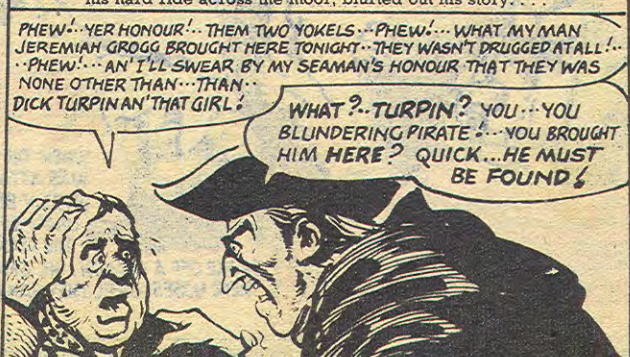
OPEN THE DOOR!...
I'M GOING TO SEE
HOW THE WORK
IS PROGRESSING

Keeping his face lowered, Dick turned to obey... Suddenly the sound of running feet resounded through the gloomy hall...



JONAS WHALE! WHAT IS
THAT OLD FOOL
DOING HERE?

Captain Jonas Whale, trembling in every limb and panting for breath after his hard ride across the moor, blurted out his story...



PHEW... YER HONOUR!... THEM TWO YOKELS... PHEW!... WHAT MY MAN
JEREMIAH GROGG BROUGHT HERE TONIGHT... THEY WASN'T DRUGGED AT ALL!...
PHEW!... AN I'LL SWEAR BY MY SEAMAN'S HONOUR THAT THEY WAS
NONE OTHER THAN... THAN...
DICK TURPIN AN' THAT GIRL!

WHAT?.. TURPIN? YOU... YOU
BLUNDERING PIRATE!... YOU BROUGHT
HIM HERE? QUICK... HE MUST
BE FOUND!

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

3^d

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers. The First Prize is 7s. 6d., the remainder receive 5s. Now 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



FROM A. SIVITER - STOURBRIDGE



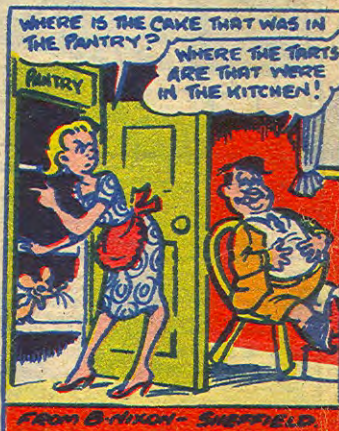
FROM H. LEE - OLD TRAFFORD



FROM R. WARD - MURFIELD



FROM D. ALLPORT - PONTEFRAC



FROM B. NIXON - SHEFFIELD

Barry
Ford's

WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



MAINLY USED BY GAMBLERS. THEY WERE EITHER SUPPORTED BY A STRAP ROUND THE SHOULDER. IF THE GUN WAS A HEAVY COLT-45 OR ATTACHED TO THE WEARER'S BRACES IF THE PISTOL WAS A SMALL DERRINGER.



WHEN THE FAMOUS SCOUT WAS ATTACKED BY TWO GRIZZLY BEARS, HE WAS UNARMED, SO HE CLIMBED THE NEAREST TREE AND BROKE OFF A BRANCH. HE SMACKED THE BEARS ON THEIR NOSES, UNTIL THEY RAN OFF, HOWLING WITH PAIN.



THIS WAS A LIGHT WOODEN FRAME PULLED BY A PONY ON WHICH INDIANS TRANSPORTED THEIR BELONGINGS.



GOLD WAS DISCOVERED IN CALIFORNIA ON THE LAND OF JOHN SUTTER, A SWISS TRADER. HIS PROPERTY WAS SOON OVER-RUN BY GOLD SEEKERS AND SUTTER DIED IN POVERTY.