

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

No. 221
May 2, 1953

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BILLY THE KID

GRAND COMPLETE PICTURE-STORY INSIDE

BILLY THE KID

*and the Bandit-
Busting Babe*





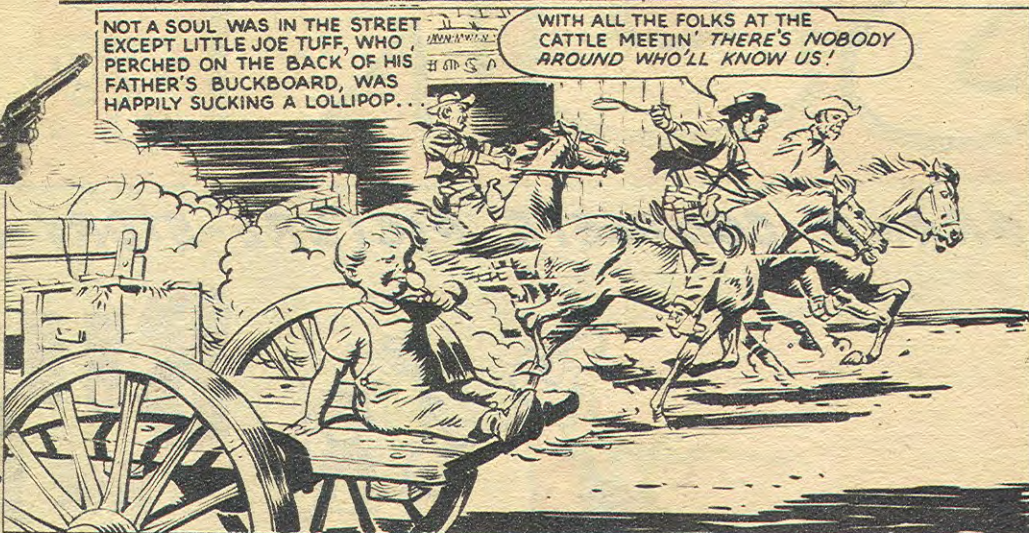
BILLY THE KID-LONE AVENGER

NOT A SOUL WAS IN THE STREET EXCEPT LITTLE JOE TUFF, WHO, PERCHED ON THE BACK OF HIS FATHER'S BUCKBOARD, WAS HAPPILY SUCKING A LOLLIPOP...

WITH ALL THE FOLKS AT THE CATTLE MEETIN' THERE'S NOBODY AROUND WHO'LL KNOW US!

THE THREE HOGAN BROTHERS WERE WELL KNOWN IN SUNSHINE AS TOUGH MEAN BULLIES, BUT NOBODY EVER SUSPECTED THAT THEY WERE A BUNCH OF CROOKS.

ONE AFTERNOON WHEN MOST OF THE CITIZENS WERE ATTENDING A CATTLEMEN'S MEETING, THE THREE RUFFIANS RODE INTO TOWN TO RAID THE BANK...



AS THE CROOKS TURNED UP TO THE SIDE ENTRANCE TO THE BANK, ONE OF THEM NOTICED THE LITTLE LAD.

FORGET HIM! HE'S TOO BUSY SUCKING HIS SWEET TO NOTICE US!

HEY! AIN'T THAT LITTLE JOE TUFF ON THAT BUCKBOARD?



BUT LITTLE JOE TUFF HAD NOTICED THEM, AND TIRING OF SITTING ALONE ON THE BUCKBOARD, DECIDED TO FOLLOW THE MEN... WITH A BUMP HE DROPPED TO THE GROUND...



BY THE TIME HE HAD TODDLED TO THE BANK, TWO OF THE MEN HAD BROKEN IN AND ONLY ONE REMAINED OUTSIDE WITH THE HORSES.

HI YA JOE! RUN ALONG AND PLAY!

GLUG! HALLO!



THE MOVEMENT OF A DOG RUNNING ACROSS THE STREET CAUGHT THE BANDIT'S EYE, AND HE TURNED HIS HEAD READY FOR TROUBLE. AS HE DID SO, LITTLE JOE HAPPILY SCRAMBLED INTO THE OPEN DOORWAY...

WHAT'S THAT? HUH! JUST A DOG!



LITTLE JOE PADDED ALONG A SMALL PASSAGE AND CAME UPON THE OTHER TWO MEN JUST AS THEY OPENED UP THE SAFE...

GLUP! WANNA LICK?



THE TWO BANDITS WHIRLED, THEIR GUNS DRAWN. BUT LITTLE JOE JUST STOOD THERE AND CHUCKLED...

SHUCKS! IT'S LITTLE JOE TUFF!

HA! HA! GUN GUN! BANG-BANG!



THE TWO CROOKS WERE COMPLETELY TAKEN ABACK...

WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THAT NIPPER KNOWS US WELL! HE MIGHT BLAB TO HIS PA!

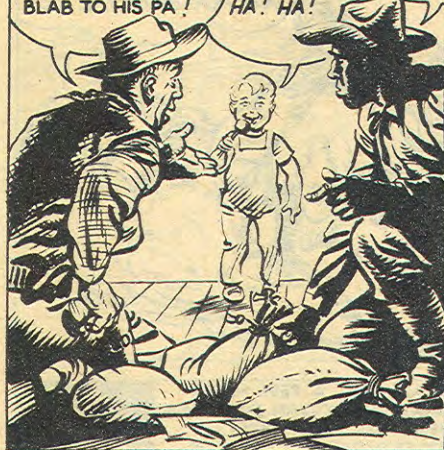
HA! HA!

YOU'RE RIGHT PETE! I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE HIM ALONG WITH US! YOU TAKE THE CASH, I'LL HANDLE HIM!

THE OUTLAW RUSHED FORWARD AND LITTLE JOE WAS LIFTED UP AND CARRIED OUT OF THE ROOM...

GLUG! GLUG!

STOP THAT NOISE KID! YOU'RE COMIN' WITH US!

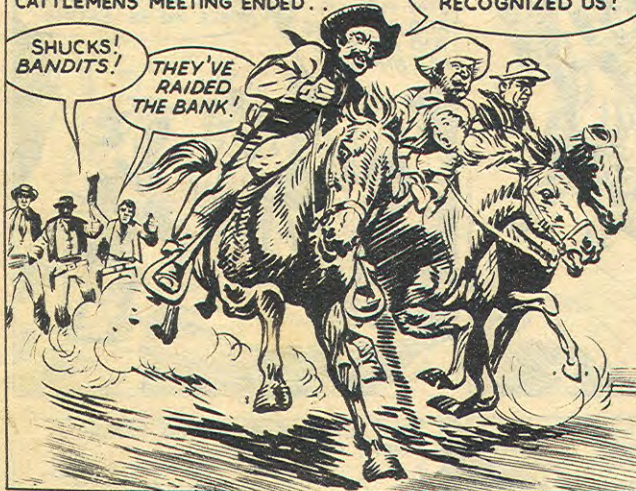


WITH LITTLE JOE AND THE MONEY, THE HOGAN BROTHERS RODE OUT OF TOWN JUST AS THE CATTLEMEN'S MEETING ENDED.

JUST IN TIME BOYS! THEY CAN'T HAVE RECOGNIZED US!

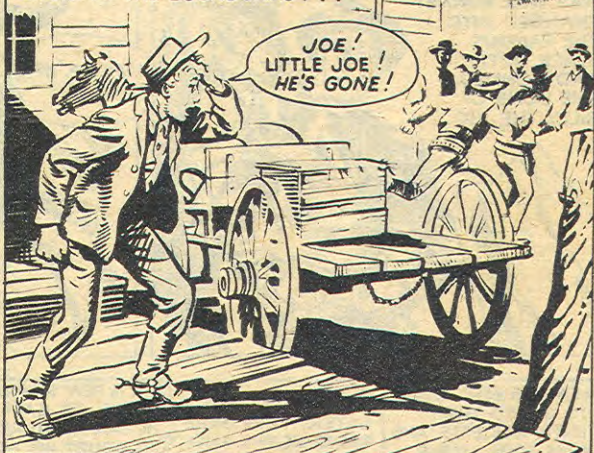
SHUCKS! BANDITS!

THEY'VE RAIDED THE BANK!



LITTLE JOE'S FATHER, WHO HAD BEEN ATTENDING THE MEETING, DASHED OUT WITH THE REST OF THE MEN... BUT HE STOPPED SHORT AT THE BUCKBOARD...

JOE! LITTLE JOE! HE'S GONE!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG BOSS OF THE CIRCLE B RANCH, RODE INTO GUNSIGHT, WHERE HE MET LITTLE JOE'S FATHER... STILL LOOKING FOR HIS SMALL SON...

HOWDY, MR TUFF! YOU'RE LOOKING WORRIED! LOSE YOUR CASH IN THE BANK RAID?

NO! WORSE THAN THAT, WILL! LITTLE JOE'S MISSING! HE WAS SITTING ON THE BUCKBOARD SUCKING A LOLLIPOP WHILE I WAS AT THE MEETING... BUT NOW HE'S GONE!



PROMISING TO KEEP AN EYE OPEN FOR JOE, WILL BONNEY RODE UP TO THE CROWD ROUND THE BANK...

NO SIGN OF LITTLE JOE! MAYBE HE'S INSIDE!



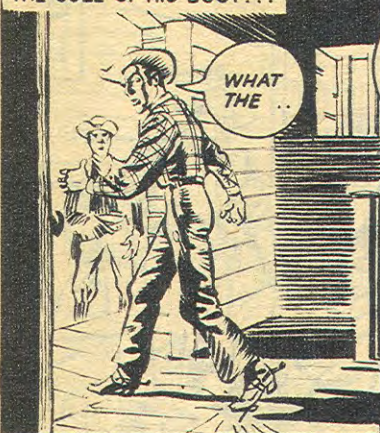
WILL BONNEY PUSHED HIS WAY INTO THE BANK.

ANY IDEA WHO DID IT?

NOT A CLUE, WILL! THEY GOT AWAY WITH THE LOT! THE BOYS HAVE GONE TO FETCH THE SHERIFF OVER FROM LITTLE FALLS!



WILL BONNEY TURNED TO LEAVE THE BANK, WHEN HE FELT SOMETHING STICK TO THE SOLE OF HIS BOOT...



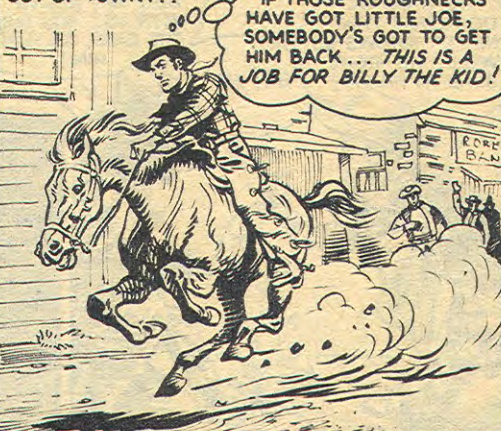
WHAT THE...

WHEN WILL BONNEY REMOVED THE STICKY OBJECT FROM HIS BOOT, HE LET OUT A GASP OF ASTONISHMENT.

BY HOKEY! A HALF SUCKED LOLLIPOP. SHUCKS! LITTLE JOE, HE MUST HAVE BEEN HERE WHILE THEY WERE RAIDING THE BANK AND THEY'VE TAKEN HIM WITH THEM!



A MOMENT LATER, WILL BONNEY LEAPED ON HIS HORSE AND RODE HARD OUT OF TOWN...



IF THOSE ROUGHNECKS HAVE GOT LITTLE JOE, SOMEBODY'S GOT TO GET HIM BACK... THIS IS A JOB FOR BILLY THE KID!

UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, WILL BONNEY THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID THE LONE AVENGER... IN A SECRET VALLEY NEAR THUNDERBIRD PEAK, THE MAN WHO WAS WILL BONNEY CHANGED INTO THE FAMOUS BLACK OUTFIT AND DONNED THE GUNS OF BILLY THE KID...



SATAN! REMEMBER A LITTLE BOY CALLED JOE TUFF WHO ONCE SAVED MY LIFE? THIS IS WHERE BILLY THE KID TRIES TO REPAY HIM!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE VALLEYS ECHOED WITH THE FAMOUS WAR CRY OF BILLY THE KID, AS MOUNTED ON HIS BLACK WONDER HORSE HE RODE OUT TO THE RESCUE OF LITTLE JOE TUFF.



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

MEANWHILE A FEW MILES AWAY, THE HOGAN BROTHERS REACHED THEIR HIDEOUT... AN OLD DISUSED MINE UP IN THE HILLS...

WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE KID? HE CAN'T STAY WITH US AND HE KNOWS TOO MUCH TO LET HIM GO!

WE'LL TAKE HIM INSIDE WITH US AND FIGURE SOMETHING OUT WHILE WE'RE EATING!



LEAVING BEN HOGAN TO GUARD THE ENTRANCE, PETE AND MIKE TOOK LITTLE JOE TUFF FURTHER INTO THE MINE, AND WHILE THEY FIXED THE MEAL, THEY DISCUSSED THE SMALL LAD'S FATE...



WE CAN DO THAT LATER... HERE! GRAB THESE BEANS AND SHUT UP! THE KID'LL BE NO TROUBLE FOR A WHILE!

I RECKON WE OUGHT TO BUMP HIM OFF RIGHT NOW!

BUT A FEW MOMENTS LATER LITTLE JOE GAVE MIKE HOGAN GOOD REASON TO DOUBT HIS BROTHER...



HA! HA! DIN-DIN!

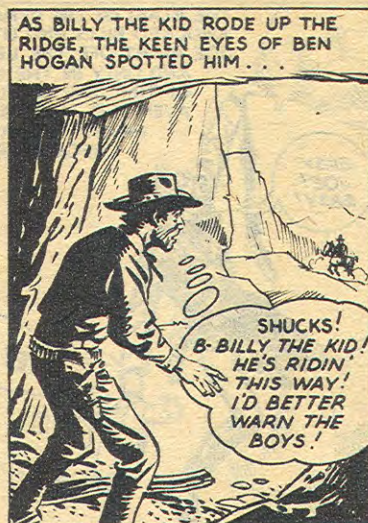
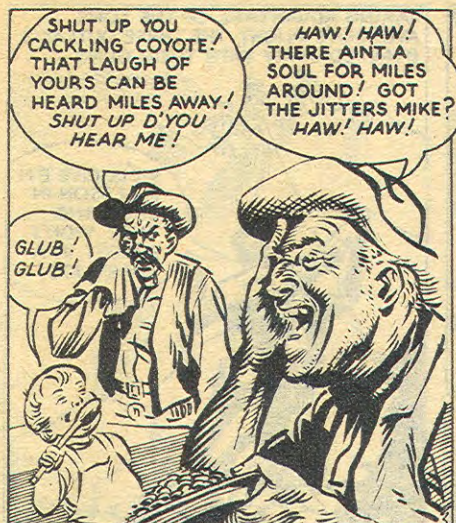
THE BEAN-BESPATTERED BANDIT WENT FOR HIS GUN...



HAW! HAW! TAKE IT EASY, MIKE - HE'S ONLY A KID - HE MEANT NO HARM!

WHY THE LITTLE COYOTE I'LL...

HA! HA!



QUICKLY BEN HOGAN DASHED DOWN THE SHAFT AND WARNED HIS BROTHERS.



REMEMBER WE HEARD ABOUT SOME BRAT SAVING HIM FROM THE INJUNS SOME WEEKS BACK? WELL I RECKON THIS BRAT IS THE ONE WHO SAVED HIM! BUT I'VE GOT A PLAN THAT'LL GET RID OF BOTH OF THEM FOR GOOD AND ALL... WHERE'S THE DYNAMITE, BEN? GET ME A STICK PRONTO!



WHEN HIS BROTHER HAD HANDED HIM THE DYNAMITE... MIKE HOGAN LIT THE LONG FUSE AND HANDED IT TO LITTLE JOE...



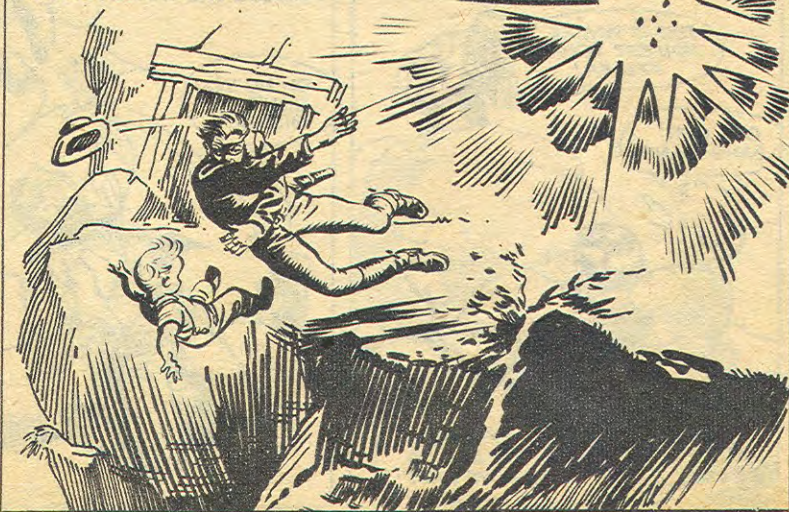
BELIEVING THE DYNAMITE TO BE A CANDLE, THE LITTLE CHAP TODDLED TOWARDS THE MINE ENTRANCE



BILLY THE KID WAS ABOUT TO ENTER THE MINE... WHEN HE SAW LITTLE JOE APPEAR...



BILLY THE KID DASHED AT LITTLE JOE AND WRENCHED THE STICK OF DYNAMITE FROM HIM... EVEN AS HE HURLED IT AWAY, IT EXPLODED IN MID-AIR...





SUDDENLY LITTLE JOE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE BANDIT'S LARGE MOUSTACHE AND GRABBED AT IT.



HA! HA! WHISKERS!

OW! OUCH! LEGGO!

AND THEN BILLY THE KID SWEEPED INTO ACTION...



THANKS LITTLE JOE! HERE'S WHERE WE CLEAN UP ONCE AND FOR ALL!

WITH MIKE HOGAN SENSELESS, BILLY THE KID DROPPED LITTLE JOE... AND DRAWING HIS GUNS FIRED INTO THE MINE.



COME ON OUT YOU COYOTES! AND BRING THE CASH WITH YOU!

MAN SLEEP!

ONLY TOO WILLING TO SURRENDER, PETE AND BEN HOGAN TOTTERED OUT INTO THE DAYLIGHT...



SPARE US BILLY! WE DIDN'T GIVE THE KID THE DYNAMITE, IT WAS MIKE!

YEAH IT WAS HIS IDEA!

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, WITH LITTLE JOE PERCHED ON MIKE HOGAN'S SHOULDERS, BILLY ORDERED THE OUTLAWS TO HEAD FOR GUNSIGHT.



YOU'RE GOING TO RETURN ALL YOU TOOK... AND IF YOU DROP THAT KID, I'LL DROP YOU!

GEE UP!

THE CITIZENS OF GUNSIGHT WERE AMAZED WHEN THE STRANGE PROCESSION ENTERED THE TOWN.



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

LOOK... BILLY'S CAPTURED THE HOGAN GANG, THE GUYS THAT ROBBED OUR BANK!

IT'S BILLY THE KID!

AND LITTLE JOE TUFF!

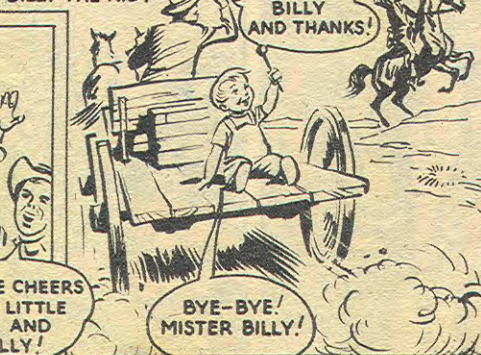
AS THE FOLKS GATHERED ROUND THEM CHEERING WILDLY, BILLY HELD LITTLE JOE TUFF HIGH IN THE AIR...



HERE'S THE GUY WHO SAVED YOUR DOUGH! YOU CAN THANK LITTLE JOE TUFF!

THREE CHEERS FOR LITTLE JOE AND BILLY!

THE HAPPIEST PERSON APART FROM LITTLE JOE HIMSELF WAS HIS FATHER... AND LATER AS THEY LEFT TOWN, AFTER MUCH CELEBRATING, HE AND HIS HERO SON BADE FAREWELL TO BILLY THE KID.



SO LONG JOE OLD PAL!

SO LONG BILLY AND THANKS!

BYE-BYE! MISTER BILLY!

THAT WASN'T ALL, FOR THE FOLLOWING MORNING HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNE CALLED AT THE TUFF HOMESTEAD....



WILL BONNEY WHAT ON EARTH...

A PONY JOE!

A PRESENT FROM ME TO LITTLE JOE, MA'AM, MY SAVINGS ARE IN THE GUNSIGHT BANK, THOSE BANDITS WOULD HAVE STOLEN THE LOT IF IT WASN'T FOR JOE!

NICE GEE-GEE!

ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

ROBIN, MARIAN, WAT O' THE WHIP AND TRISTAN DE BORIS HAVE ARRIVED IN SCOTLAND IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY. WHILE THEY ARE RESCUING SOME CHILDREN FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE TERRIBLE HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN, BLACK IAN OF BEN ALDER, A DOG AROUSES THE HIGHLAND CAMP --

IN AN INSTANT, THE OUTLAWS WERE SURROUNDED BY A RING OF GLITTERING STEEL. ROBIN DREW HIS TRUSTY BLADE AND CALLED TO HIS COMRADES --



SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, COMRADES -- FOR THE HONOUR OF SHERWOOD.

I'LL TEACH THESE SPIES TO ENTER THE CAMP OF BLACK IAN -- OUT THEM DOWN!

BLACK IAN SWUNG HIS GREAT CLAYMORE -- BUT THE LORD OF SHERWOOD'S SWORD WHIPPED DOWN AND SPUN THE TERRIBLE WEAPON FROM THE CHIEFTAIN'S HAND --



I SWORE THAT YOU WOULD FEEL THE STRENGTH OF MY SWORD-ARM, BLACK IAN!

ACH!

MEANWHILE, WAT DRAGGED A BURNING LOG FROM THE FIRE AND FLUNG IT IN THE FACE OF THE ADVANCING HIGHLANDERS.



AAAAGH! UGH!

HA! HA! YOU'LL FIND IT WARM WORK FIGHTING THE LADS OF SHERWOOD, MY BEAUTIES!

BUT THE ODDS WERE TOO HEAVY -- THE OUTLAWS, STILL FIGHTING LIKE LIONS, WERE BORNE TO THE GROUND.



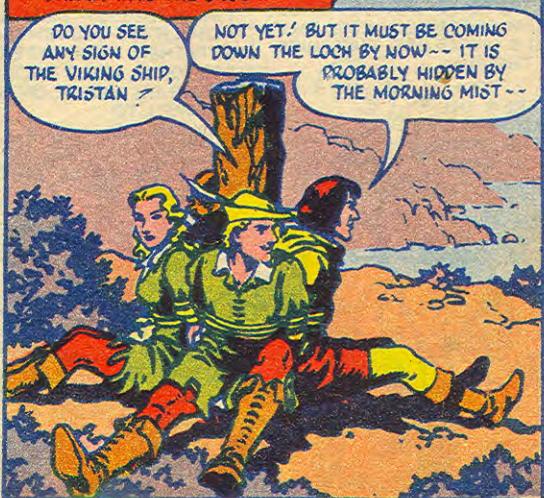
NO! HIT HIM WITH THE FLAT OF THE BLADE! TAKE THEM ALL ALIVE! THESE ENGLISH HAVE FINE SPIRITS -- I KNOW SOMEBODY WHO CAN PUT THEM TO GOOD USE!

ROBIN AND HIS COMRADES WERE BOUND AND DRAGGED BEFORE THE GRINNING BLACK IAN OF BEN ALDER --



HEH! HEH! MY BOLD DOGS! WHEN THE VIKINGS COME WITH THEIR DRAGON SHIP AT DAWN, I AM GOING TO SELL YOU TO THE VIKING CAPTAIN -- YOU WILL MAKE GOOD GALLEY-SLAVES AND HE WILL PAY ME MUCH GOLD! TIE THEM TO A STAKE!

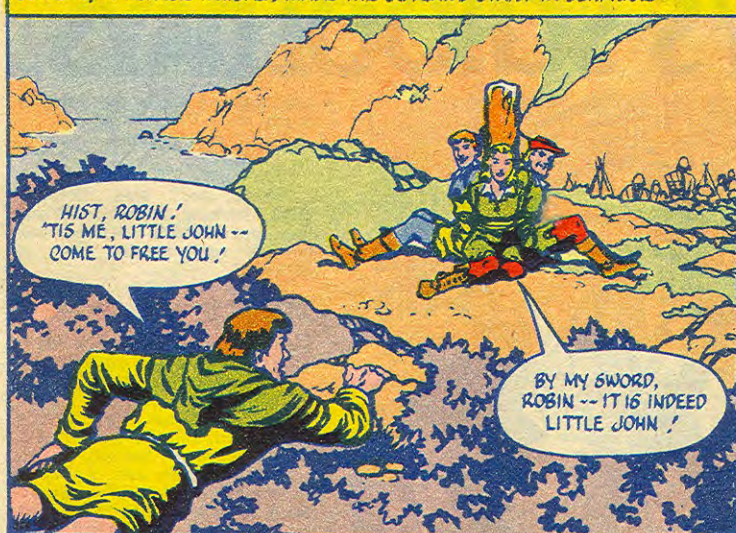
AT SUNRISE, THE OUTLAWS LAY IN THE HEATHER, NEARBY THE CAMP, LACHED TO A STOUT STAKE DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND --



DO YOU SEE ANY SIGN OF THE VIKING SHIP, TRISTAN?

NOT YET! BUT IT MUST BE COMING DOWN THE LOCH BY NOW -- IT IS PROBABLY HIDDEN BY THE MORNING MIST --

SUDDENLY A HOARSE WHISPER MADE THE OUTLAWS START IN SURPRISE --



HIST, ROBIN!
'TIS ME, LITTLE JOHN --
COME TO FREE YOU!

BY MY SWORD,
ROBIN -- IT IS INDEED
LITTLE JOHN!

THE GIANT OUTLAW EXERTED ALL HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH
AND HEAVED THE STAKE OUT OF THE GROUND --



BY JUPITER,
LITTLE JOHN, YOU
HAVE ARRIVED IN
THE VERY NICK
OF TIME!

AYE -- I HAVE FOLLOWED
YOU -- UGH -- ALL THE WAY
FROM SHERWOOD -- UGH -- AND
A FINE DANCE YOU HAVE
LED ME -- UGH!

FREED FROM THEIR BONDS, THE OUTLAWS SPRANG TO THEIR FEET --
BUT THEY WERE SPOTTED BY A KEEN-EYED HIGHLANDER --



THE ENGLISH
HAVE GOT FREE!

AFTER THEM!

UNARMED AS THEY WERE, THERE WAS NOTHING THE MERRIE MEN COULD
DO BUT RETREAT -- AS THEY RACED UP THE HILL WITH THE YELLING
HIGHLANDERS AT THEIR HEELS, A LINE OF ARMOURD KNIGHTS
APPEARED ON THE CREST --



BY MY SWORD --
NORMAN KNIGHTS!

-- AND THAT IS GISBORNE HIMSELF!
OUT OF THE WAY, ROBIN, WE'LL
LET THE HIGHLANDERS
DEAL WITH GISBORNE --

WHEN HE SAW THE ARRAY OF KNIGHTS FACING HIM,
BLACK IAN OF BEN ALDER, RAISED HIS GREAT CLAYMORE
AND TURNED TO HIS CLANSMEN --



NORMANS! FORWARD,
MY MEN! FOR THE
HONOUR OF THE
HIGHLANDS!
CH-A-A-RGE!

DEATH TO
THE NORMAN
INVADERS!

FROM THE COVER OF THE HEATHER, THE OUTLAWS SAW NORMANS AND
HIGHLANDERS MEET WITH A JARRING CLASH OF ARMS ON THE HILLSIDE --



HA! GISBORNE IS IN TROUBLE!
HE COMES ALL THIS WAY FOR US, ONLY
TO FIND HIMSELF SET ON BY A PACK
OF SAVAGE HIGHLANDERS!

GISBORNE'S TROUBLES
HAVE ONLY JUST BEGUN.
ANY TIME NOW, THE
VIKINGS WILL BE
ARRIVING!

Next Week: THE DRAGON SHIP!

SUN—May 2, 1953—9

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



Mellish pointed. "This is the place where the gold and silver plate is kept," he said. Thurnel gave a start of surprise.

Thurnel, the strange new junior at St. Jim's, is making himself unpopular with his schoolfellows, and although he is slightly built, he has already licked Kangaroo, the brawny Australian junior. Now it is the turn of Jack Blake to tackle Thurnel . . . and the fight is on!

THIS THURNEL FINDS WEEK: A FRIEND

THE new boy met Jack Blake's attack with a sneer upon his face.

As they sparred, it was seen that he was considerably longer in the reach than Blake, and this gave him a great advantage.

For a couple of minutes they boxed fiercely, and Blake succeeded in putting in two or three good blows upon the fallow face of the new boy.

Then came Thurnel's opportunity.

He drove in his right under Blake's chin, and as the Fourth-Former whirled and staggered, he followed it up with his left, catching the boy on the temple. Blake fell like a log.

He did not rise again.

Digby and Tom Merry ran to him at once. Blake blinked at them dazedly. His head was swimming, and he could hardly see them.

"Blake!"

"I—I'm all right!" muttered Blake.

He could not realise that he was defeated. He made a gallant effort to stagger up, but he sank

back again, his head whirling.

"Keep still, Blake," muttered Tom Merry.

"I—I—"

"Don't try to wise," urged D'Arcy.

"I—"

"Leave it for a bit, Blake," said Digby. "You can tackle him again another day. You'll have to chuck it now."

Blake gasped painfully.

"I—I won't chuck it! I'll lick him! Help me up."

"You can't—"

"I tell you I will!"

Blake tried to scramble up, but it was in vain. As he stood on his feet his senses swam, and Tom Merry helped him to the armchair. He sank into it with a gasp.

Thurnel looked on with a sneering smile.

"Well, are you finished?" he asked.

Tom Merry glanced at him with a flash in his eyes.

"Blake is finished for the present," he said. "But this won't be the end of it."

Thurnel shrugged his shoulders. "I'm willing to give him another licking whenever he likes," he exclaimed. "And I'm ready to give you one, too, for that matter."

"I'll remind you of that tomorrow," said Tom Merry, quietly. "I don't think I ever saw a fellow I should more enjoy licking."

"I'm ready any time."

"Licked!" said Mellish, looking at Jack Blake in wonder and satisfaction. "Licked, by heavens!"

"Hold your tongue!" said Digby savagely.

"Licked!"

Mellish went grinning out of the study. This was an item of news to tell in the common-room!

LICKED!

"RATS!"

"Bosh!"

"Rubbish!"

"Tell that to the marines!"

Such were the polite remarks that greeted Mellish when he announced in the junior common room in the School House that Jack Blake had been licked by the new boy.

Mellish and his yarns were well-known, and nobody believed for a moment that the tale was true, and they said so with Lower-School frankness.

"Well, you can see for yourselves!" said Mellish spitefully. "Go and look at Blake, and you'll see that he's in a bad way."

"Rot!"

"Well, go and see!"

"Hallo, here's the new kid!" exclaimed Clifton Dane of the Shell.

Thurnel came into the common-room.

He glanced about him, and strolled over towards the fire, where Mellish immediately joined him. Mellish meant to lose no time in making up to the new power in the Fourth. If he succeeded in becoming the toady and chum of the new fellow, he could hope to repay some of the little debts he owed Study No. 6—with interest, too.

"Hallo, Thurnel!" said Glyn of the Shell. "Is it true you have

been fighting one of the chaps in Study No. 6?"

"Yes," said Thurnel.

"Licked?"

"Do I look it?"

"Well, no," said Bernard Glyn, looking at him. "Your face looks a little battered, but not so very much. How is Blake?"

Thurnel laughed.

"Better go and look at him."

"He's licked Blake," said Mellish, "and he could lick you."

"That's what you think!"

"Go and look at Blake."

"Well, I will for one," said Kerruish. "I'll ask Blake if he's been licked, and if it's a yarn I'll tweak your nose, Mellish."

And Kerruish and a dozen more juniors rushed off to Study No. 6 to look at Jack Blake, and see whether he really had been licked or not.

But Study No. 6 was in darkness and the Fourth-Formers were gone.

"Nobody's here!" exclaimed Kerruish, looking in.

"Oh, they'll be in Tom Merry's study," said Mellish.

"Come on, then!"

They rushed away down the passage and turned into the Shell quarters, and Reilly kicked at Tom Merry's door.

"Oh, buzz off!" said Tom Merry from within.

But Kerruish opened the door instead of buzzing off. The chums of Study No. 6 were in the room, along with the Terrible Three.

Blake was sitting in the arm-chair with his face turned towards the fire, looking very silent and gloomy. He did not look up as the juniors crowded in at the doorway. Mellish grinned insolently at Tom Merry and Co. "I say, Merry, isn't it a fact that—"

"Get out!"

"That Blake has been licked by the new kid, Thurnel?"

"Buzz off!"

"Is it true?" asked Reilly.

"Run away!"

"Ask Blake," sneered Mellish.

"Blake, Blake!"

"Is it true?"

"Have you been licked?"

Jack Blake looked up.

"Yes," he said quietly, "I've been licked, if you're particularly interested to know."

"Licked hollow!" said Mellish. Blake was silent.

"By the new kid?" asked Kerruish.

"Yes."

"He doesn't look as if he could lick a blinking grasshopper," said Hancock. "What were you thinking about, Blake? Are you going to fight him again?"

"Yes."

"But—"

"Buzz off!" said Tom Merry. "You're bothering us," said Digby.

"But—"

"Get out!"

"Yes, let's get out," said Mel-lish. "You're satisfied now, I suppose? Blake simply couldn't stand up to the new fellow. He had no chance."

"He could stand up to you, Mellish, as easily as ever," said Tom Merry, with a dangerous look. "So keep your mouth shut."

Mellish hastily retreated into the passage.

Manners slammed the door after the mystified juniors, and they returned to the common-room to discuss the startling news.

Up to now, Blake's only rival for the leadership of the Fourth Form had been Figgins of the New House, now the new boy had come all was changed.

Blake's reign was over.

Dick Thurnel was to be Cock of the Fourth, and from what the fellows had already seen of him it did not seem likely that he would be a particularly pleasant fellow to get on with.

Jack Blake turned his gaze upon the fire again as the door of Tom Merry's study was closed.

His expression was gloomy. "It's no good bothering about it, Tom," Lowther remarked. "After all, everybody gets a licking every now and then."

"Yes, that's vewy twue," said D'Arcy.

"Buck up, Blake, old man!"

Jack looked up.

"It isn't the licking," he said. "I suppose I can take a licking as well as anybody. But to be licked by a fellow like that!"

"Yes, he's a nasty piece of work!"

"It might have been Figgins, or Kerr, and I wouldn't have minded a bit," said Blake. "That would have been different—they're decent chaps. But to be licked by a fellow who drinks and smokes—well, that's enough to make any chap feel down in the mouth."

"Yes, that's twue enough!" said D'Arcy.

Tom Merry nodded thoughtfully.

"It's a curious thing," he remarked. "There's a lot I don't understand about that new chap. He's a puzzle."

"He certainly is!"

"He doesn't look so strong, and yet he's as strong as a horse. He must have heaps of muscle."

Blake nodded.

"I can't understand it, either," he said. "I am going to tackle him again, but I know I've got no chance. I shall be licked again. But he'll have a fight on his hands every day—regularly if he tries to be cock of the walk in Study No. 6."

THE SAFE

MELLISH looked round for Thurnel as he came into the common-room. The new boy was standing by the fire. He glanced up at Mellish as the cad of the Fourth came up, with a soapy smile upon his narrow and cunning face.

"I'm jolly glad you licked Blake," Mellish began. "He's a rotter, and I've never liked him!"

"Oh!"

"You'll be cock of the walk now in the Fourth."

"Oh!"

"You may have to lick Figgins of the New House, you know; but if you can lick Blake you can lick Figgins. They're both about the same build."

"Oh!"

Thurnel's replies were hardly encouraging, but Mellish was not easily beaten.

"You'll find Study No. 6 down on you after this," he remarked.

"I suppose so," said Thurnel, with a slight laugh.

"They all stand together, you know, as thick as thieves," said Mellish, encouraged. "You won't get much friendship there."

"I don't want any."

"Of course you don't. A chap like you can find friends anywhere," said the cad of the Fourth. "I'd like to chum with you myself, for that matter. I say, would you like to have a stroll round the school, as it's your first day here?"

Thurnel nodded.

"I should, very much," he said.

"Then come with me."

Thurnel followed him from the common-room.

Mellish showed Thurnel over the School House, explaining to him the plan of the various quarters, the passages, the studies and the form-rooms.

"By the way," said Thurnel, "where do they keep the school silver, and things?"

"Oh, you've heard about the St. Jim's plate?"

Thurnel coloured a little.

"The St. Jim's plate is famous, so I've heard."

"I should think it is," said Mellish. "Why, the plate is more valuable than that belonging to any other school in England! They say that the whole lot is worth over five thousand pounds."

Thurnel's eyes glistened.

"That's a great deal of money."

"Yes, rather!"

"I suppose it's kept in a safe place?"

Mellish grinned.

"You bet it is!"

"I should like to see it. Have you ever seen it?"

"Yes, I had a peep at it once," said Mellish. "It's only used on special occasions. You jolly well can't see it, though!"

"Why not?"

"Because it's kept safely locked up, of course!"

"I'm curious to see it. I've heard such a lot about it," said Thurnel. "Where do they keep the stuff?"

"Oh, it's in the library!"

"Well, let's go and have a look at the library, then."

"This way!"

Thurnel followed the cad of the Fourth into the library. It was a long, lofty apartment, with the high walls covered with book-cases. Thurnel looked up and down the room. He was not interested in books, but he wondered where the plate was stowed away.

Mellish watched him with a grin.

"Well, where is the silver?" asked Thurnel.

"Guess."

"In one of those cabinets?" asked Thurnel doubtfully. "They don't look strong enough to keep valuables in."

"Ha, ha! No. They only contain manuscripts and antiques and things," said Mellish. "Look here!"

He led the way to a bookcase, in no way different in appearance from the rest, on the top of which stood a bust of Shakespeare.

"Well?" asked Thurnel, puzzled.

"This is the place."

"This bookcase?"

"It's not a bookcase really," said Mellish, with a grin. "It's an imitation, you see. There are

only the backs of the books there, but as it's always kept locked, nobody can find out the difference. I only knew by watching the Head when he was putting the silver away after it had been used."

Thurnel looked at the dummy bookcase with great interest.

It was designed to look exactly like the rest of the cases that lined the walls, and the only thing that distinguished it from the rest was the bust above.

"Is it well fastened?" he asked.

"I should say so. There's a special lock on it, and another on the iron door inside, opened by a different key."

"I suppose the Head keeps the keys?"

"Yes."

"On him?"

"I don't know. I should think so."

"I should like to see the plate," Thurnel remarked regretfully.

"It must be worth seeing."

"Rather!" said Mellish. "Gold and silver plate, you know—heaps of things, worth a lot of money!"

"It would be good fun to get the keys some day, and have a look at the things," Thurnel remarked, with a sidelong glance at Mellish.

The junior shook his head.

"It couldn't be done."

"Why not?"

"Well, no one knows where the Head keeps the keys, for one thing; and then there's the risk."

"It would only be a licking if one was found out."

"I don't know. It might mean being expelled. The Head wouldn't like to risk having the keys get into anybody's hands," said Mellish. "I know jolly well that I shan't try to do anything of the sort!"

"Nor I," said Thurnel, laughing. "Of course, it was only just an idea that passed through my mind. It would be too risky altogether."

"I should say so."

"I suppose there has never been any attempt to steal the silver?" Thurnel remarked, looking at the hidden safe with a curious eye.

What is Thurnel's game? . . . Why is he so interested in the St. Jim's plate? . . . Read next week's gripping instalment.

The Story of WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum

1. the Mayas

CONTINUING THIS EXCITING STORY . . . YOUR 2nd TAKES YOU BACK TO WHEN THE SPANIARDS REACHED CENTRAL AMERICA IN THE 17th CENTURY. THEY DISCOVERED THE WONDERFUL MAYA CIVILISATION — AND THE SAPODILLA TREE.

Here is a typical Maya

THE MAYAS TREASURED THIS TREE FOR ITS MILKY SAP, CALLED 'LATEX'. WHEN BOILED 'LATEX' BECOMES A VELVETY-SMOOTH GUM WHICH THE MAYAS CHEWED.

SO YOU SEE, YOUR 2nd BUYS A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY AS WELL AS A PACKET OF WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM!

Cut this out for your Scrapbook

DICK TURPIN

and the Mystery of Misty Moor



Dick Turpin's arch-enemy, "Creepy" Crawley, is holding some farm lads in captivity in King Arthur's castle and using them to do some mysterious work. One of "Creepy's" henchmen arrives with the news that Dick is in the castle. Dick, who is disguised as one of "Creepy's" guards, is now in great danger. . .

SM-A-A-CK! The snarling "Creepy" Crawley brought his white and taloned hand across his henchman's blubbery face! . . . Dick grinned to himself. . .

BUNGLING FOOL! . . . THANKS TO YOUR FOLLY, MY ARCH-ENEMY IS HERE TO PRY INTO MY SECRET!

OH! . . . SO THE ROGUES ARE GOING TO FALL OUT, EH? . . . THIS IS A GOOD THING FOR US!

AAAAGH!



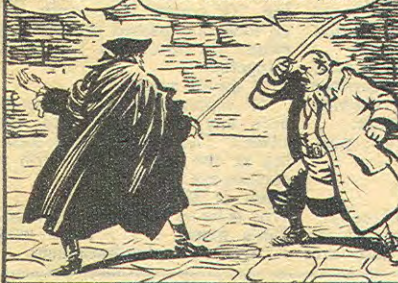
Fuming with rage, the old sea-captain rubbed his smarting cheek . . .

BY THE GREAT SEA-SERPENT! . . . NOBODY DOES THAT TO CAP'N JONAS WHALE AND LIVES! . . . YOU GREAT BLACK STREAK O' TARRED STRING! . . . I'VE KEEL-HAUL'D BETTER MEN THAN YOU FER LESS THAN THAT!



Whereupon, Captain Jonas Whale drew his cutlass and "Creepy" Crawley his rapier. . . CLASH! . . . Their ringing blades resounded

INSOLENT DOG! . . . G-R-R... WAIT TILL I GET ME BROKEN-DOWN PIRATE! . . . CUT-AND-SLASH ON THAT SLIMY BLACK HIDE O' YOURS!



As Whale retreated before Crawley's blade, Dick signalled to his comrade, Moll Moonlight, who was hiding in the shadows nearby. . .

QUICKLY, MOLL! . . . THROUGH THIS DOOR WHILE THE RASCALS ARE BUSY!



The old sea-captain tripped and fell. Then he shouted a warning to his master. . .

LOOKY THERE! . . . THERE THEY ARE! . . . THAT'S 'EM!

HA!

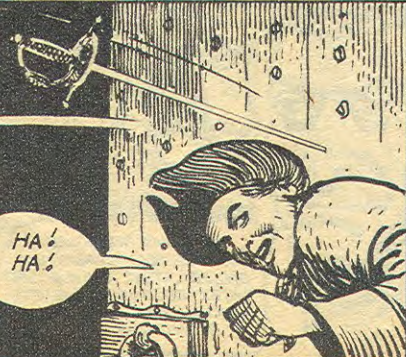


With a snarl, the sinister figure in black drew his rapier back like a javelin. . . !

TAKE THIS, TURPIN!



Dick Turpin ducked . . . and the glittering blade thudded into the woodwork above his head. . . !



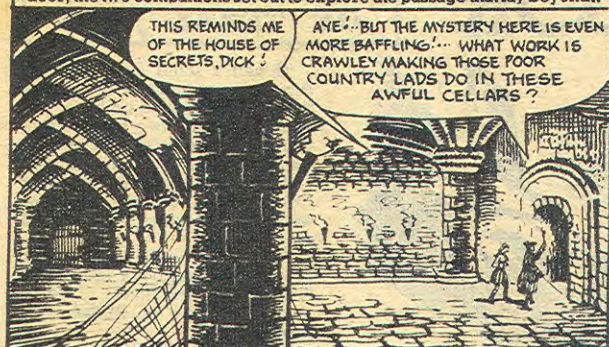
HA!
HA!

Then, quick as a flash, Dick plucked the needle-pointed rapier from the door. . .

MANY THANKS FOR THE RAPIER, CRAWLEY! . . . 'TIS THE FINEST I'VE EVER SEEN!



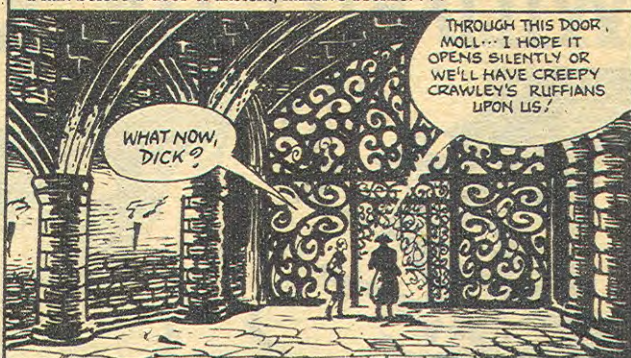
Dick slammed the heavy door and shot home the bolts on the inside. Then, while the two villains thundered angrily on the other side of the door, the two companions set out to explore the passage that lay beyond..



THIS REMINDS ME OF THE HOUSE OF SECRETS, DICK!

AYE!... BUT THE MYSTERY HERE IS EVEN MORE BAFFLING!... WHAT WORK IS CRAWLEY MAKING THOSE POOR COUNTRY LADS DO IN THESE AWFUL CELLARS?

They crept silently down that dank and eerie passage until they came to a halt before a door of ancient, massive bronze...

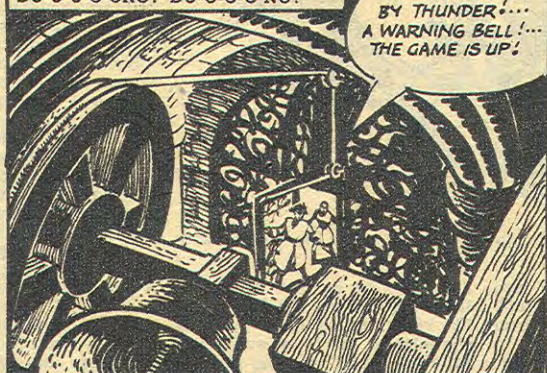


WHAT NOW, DICK?

THROUGH THIS DOOR, MOLL... I HOPE IT OPENS SILENTLY OR WE'LL HAVE CREEPY CRAWLEY'S RUFFIANS UPON US!

Dick Turpin lifted the heavy latch and swung open the grim door... Then, too late, the comrades saw the rope attached to the top of the door!... They heard the whirr of a bell-wheel!... And then the deafening clang of a monster bell shattered the breathless silence...!

DO-O-O-ONG! DO-O-O-ONG!



BY THUNDER!... A WARNING BELL!... THE GAME IS UP!

No sooner had Dick Turpin spoken than, with a clatter of heavy boots, a dozen armed men appeared on the scene!



LOOKY THERE! STRANGERS ABOARD!... GET THE SWABS!

BACK, MOLL!

The two comrades raced down the passage, with the angry rascals at their heels...!



'TIS DICK TURPIN HIMSELF!

To run slap into yet another party of armed men!... Dick and Moll drove forward shoulder to shoulder...



TAKE THAT!

AAACH

HOLD 'EM, MATES!... WE'RE COMING!

But the odds were too heavy even for the Prince of Swordsman and his comrade...



COME ON, YOU DOGS! COME ONE, COME ALL!... 'TIS ALL THE SAME TO DICK TURPIN!

NEVER MIND FENCING FANCY, MATES!... PULL HIM TO THE GROUND!

Three brawny sailors grabbed Dick Turpin... But he broke free, sending men sprawling left and right...!



BREAK AWAY, DICK!... GET OUT OF THIS PLACE SOMEHOW!

ACH!

The King of the Highway raced towards the opening at the end of the passage... Then he halted and looked down to see, in the chill light of dawn, the angry waves breaking against the rocks below...!



WE'VE GOT HIM, MATES!

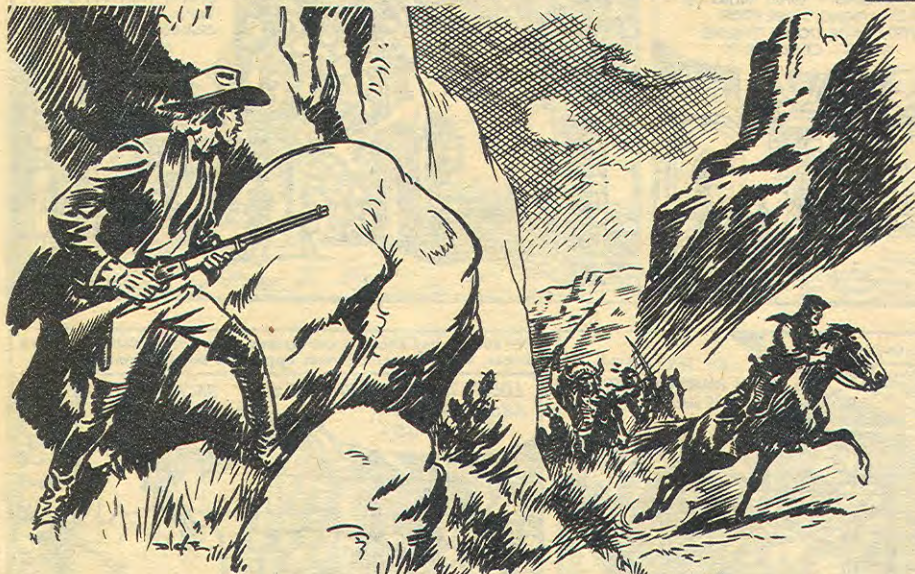
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY!... HERE WE GO!

Next week: OVER THE CLIFF!

SUN—May 2, 1953—13

WILD BILL HICKOK

TO THE RESCUE OF TEXAS JACK



Wild Bill peered down into the ravine to see a cavalry officer riding for his life . . . with a horde of painted Redskins at his heels. . . .

THE COWARDLY OFFICER

WILD BILL HICKOK, the fearless frontier marshal of the Golden West, was riding through the badlands of Montana. His watchful eyes scanned the valley through which he was crossing, for he was in Bannock Territory, and the Bannocks were out on the war-path.

The circle of hills surrounding the valley showed no sign of Indian activity, but the marshal warily eyed the narrow canyon ahead which opened out on to the valley. Its rocky sides offered perfect cover for an ambush, making it an ideal place for an Indian attack.

And as Gypsy, his sorrel mare, raced towards the canyon there came the sound of approaching war-whoops and the crackle of gunfire.

Instantly Wild Bill guided his mount over to a clump of large boulders lining the opening of the ravine. Vaulting out of the saddle he whipped his rifle from the saddle-boot, and leaving his mare hidden behind a huge boulder, he leapt nimbly up the rocks.

The narrow gorge suddenly vibrated with the sharp crack of rifle fire and the heavy pounding of thunderous hooves. Peering out cautiously from behind an overhanging boulder, the marshal looked down into the ravine and saw a United States cavalry officer galloping furiously along. He was bent low over his saddle, riding for his life, for close behind him came a horde of painted, yelling Redskins.

As the cavalryman streaked out of the gorge, the marshal jerked up his Winchester repeater

and began to pour rapid fire into the ranks of the Bannock warriors as they started to stream out through the rocky opening in hot pursuit of the cavalry officer.

The Bannocks were thrown into instant panic as a dozen of their leading warriors were suddenly downed. As Hickok's lightning bullets sent the Indians pitching headlong from their ponies' backs, the riderless mounts blocked the exit of the narrow gorge. They milled round and round, neighing shrilly and colliding with mounted Indians who, following, were unable to pull up in time.

The gorge echoed with the confused yells of the Redskins as they tried to sort themselves into some semblance of order and return Hickok's fire.

But Wild Bill rapidly skipped along the rocks to another spot, reloading his Winchester as he went.

As he again raked the Bannocks with a withering volley of lead, he began shouting out orders at the top of his voice as though he had a party of men with him.

And the Indians, hearing the shouts and seeing five more of their party shot off their ponies, believed that they had been ambushed by a detachment of white soldiers. Hastily gathering up their dead and wounded, they turned tail and bolted in disorder up the gorge as fast as their fleet-footed ponies could carry them.

The marshal returned to Gypsy. Shoving his rifle back into its scabbard, he swung into his saddle and dashed after the cavalry officer.

The officer, puzzled by the increased firing and the fact that he was no longer being pursued, had slowed up his exhausted

horse. As he crossed the valley the firing in the gorge died away. He kept looking back over his shoulder to see if he was being followed. And then he gave a start of surprise as he saw a white man racing towards him, signalling him to stop.

He reined in his mount and stared at the beautifully dressed rider.

"You must be Marshal Hickok," he greeted, as Wild Bill drew up.

The marshal smiled. The officer before him was a young and obviously inexperienced lieutenant. And Hickok could see that he had been badly scared by the Bannock war-party.

"Right first time, lieutenant," he replied. "And you are?"

"My name's Summers—Jack Summers. But what happened back there in the gorge?" asked the officer.

"Nothing much," grinned the marshal. "I happened to see you coming—you didn't look any too happy with that yelling pack at your heels—so I did a bit of shooting from the rocks. The Bannocks thought they'd been ambushed and high-tailed it back up the gorge."

"You mean you drove off that large war-party single-handed?" returned the lieutenant in amazement. Wild Bill grinned and nodded.

The young officer was speechless with admiration.

"How come you got mixed up with that war-party, anyway?" Wild Bill asked.

"I was detailed to carry the terms of a peace treaty to the Bannock Chief, Bright Knife, at his camp."

"What, alone?" asked the marshal in surprise.

"I had a scout with me. The Bannocks wanted a guarantee that we meant them no harm and asked that only two men be sent with the peace terms. They promised not to harm the messengers. Colonel Davis at Fort Reno, my Commanding Officer, complied with the Bannocks' request and sent me."

"Hmm," said Wild Bill, thoughtfully studying the boyish face of the lieutenant. "This is your first taste of Redskins, I imagine."

"It is," smiled the lieutenant sheepishly. "I only joined the fort last month from West Point Military Academy. The Colonel at Fort Reno is a pal of my father's, and dad wanted my first job to be a fairly tough one. Guess he wanted to find out whether I could gain rapid promotion. Dad's a retired Brigadier. It's not going to be easy living up to his standard."

"I imagine not," smiled the marshal. "But what happened when you delivered the peace treaty to Bright Knife?"

"The crafty dog didn't agree to any of the terms, and he and his warriors turned nasty. Say, marshal, I believe the scout who went with me is a pal of yours. His name is Texas Jack."

"Texas Jack! I should say he is—he's one of my closest friends. And the finest scout you could have taken along with you. But what happened to him?" asked the marshal quickly.

"I—I don't rightly know. The Bannocks got nasty as I told you, and started to attack us. I managed to leap on to my horse and made a dash for it. Some of the warriors chased me—as you saw."

"And do you mean to tell me you ran out on Tex and left him behind to fight alone?" asked Wild Bill sharply, giving Summers a contemptuous look.

"I—I thought he'd be right behind me," stammered the lieutenant. "How did I know he'd be foolish enough to stay behind and fight?"

"Foolish!" exploded Hickok, his steely blue eyes flashing in anger. "Why, you whippersnapper, Texas Jack has more courage in his little finger than you have in your whole body. He's not a coward who runs away at the least sign of danger, and leaves his companion to the mercy of the enemy. And you dare to call him foolish!"

The marshal's words were like a whiplash, and Summers flushed uncomfortably as he met Hickok's angry gaze.

"May I remind you, marshal," he said pompously, "that you are addressing a cavalry officer?"

"You've a lot to learn before you become a good one," retorted Wild Bill. "And now you had better return to the fort and report to your Commanding Officer. I shall go to the Bannock

camp and try to rescue Tex. I only hope I shan't be too late."

"You mean you're going back there alone?" asked Summers in a startled tone. "But you'll get killed. I'd better come with you."

"Thanks," returned Hickok coldly. "But you'd be more of a hindrance than a help." And wheeling Gypsy round, the marshal raced off.

THE BATTLE IN THE GORGE

It was dusk when Wild Bill reached the Bannock camp. Leaving Gypsy safely hidden in a thicket, he edged his way over to the centre of the encampment, where the flames of a huge campfire were leaping skyward.

Ever since he had left the young lieutenant, an anxious thought had been in his mind. Would he be in time to save his pal, or had the Bannocks already killed him?

There was a chance that they might keep him prisoner until nightfall and then kill him. In which case there would be great celebrations in the camp—feasting and dancing—before their prisoner was put to death. And the marshal was banking on that chance. His hopes lifted a little as he saw the large camp fire. And as he drew nearer and saw the squaws busily preparing a feast, and warriors donning their ceremonial costumes, he felt sure that Texas Jack was still alive.

And then suddenly the whole camp sprang into life. Warriors rushed out of their lodges wearing hideous masks, their bodies smeared with sacred medicine paint, and decked with tribal finery. The drums began to beat and as the weird Bannock Death Dance commenced, a tall, broad-shouldered giant of a white man was dragged from one of the tipis by half a dozen Indians.

It was Texas Jack Omohundro. His arms were bound tightly to his sides, his round, cheery-looking face was cut and bruised, and his curly black hair flopped over his forehead in an unruly mass. His fringed buckskin suit was soiled and tattered.

Wild Bill heaved a sigh of relief as he saw that his friend was still very much alive. From his hiding place he saw the Bannocks drag the struggling Texan over to a brightly coloured, grotesquely carved totem pole, and lash him securely to it.

As the dancing warriors started to circle the totem pole, the marshal noticed a tall Medicine Man emerging from a nearby tepee. His long body was completely covered by a white buffalo robe, and over his head he wore a large, fantastically painted mask.

"Here we go!" murmured the marshal, and glided swiftly and silently up behind the Medicine Man who was standing erect before his lodge, watching the wildly-dancing warriors.

With the agility of a wild cat, Hickok sprang at the Medicine Man. He flung one arm round the Indian's neck and with his other hand he ripped off the head mask. The next second the Medicine Man slumped down unconscious from a sharp crack over the head with the butt of one of Wild Bill's guns.

Hurriedly the marshal dragged the inert Indian round to the back of his tepee and removed his buffalo robe. Wild Bill wrapped it tightly round himself, and slipped the weird

mask over his head.

"Thank goodness the old boy is tall," he murmured. "His robe covers me completely." And slipping his bowie knife from the sheath hanging from his belt, he stepped round to the front of the tepee.

The dancers were whirling round the totem pole in a mad frenzy, thrusting their weapons close to the scout's face as they passed him. They took no notice of the 'Medicine Man' as he too joined in the wild prancing. He leapt about and yelled as loudly as the rest. As he passed the totem pole he got close to the Texan.

"Tex," he hissed as loudly as he dared. "It's Wild Bill. Next time round I'll slash your bonds!"

The scout gave no start of surprise at hearing his friend's voice, but he gave a wink to let Wild Bill know that he had heard.

The next time round, Wild Bill's hand shot out from beneath the buffalo robe. He made several rapid movements and slashed all the Texan's bonds. Thrusting one of his Colts in his friend's hand, he raced towards the tipis with Texas Jack close on his heels.

Wild Bill had acted so quickly the Bannocks were taken by complete surprise, and it was several seconds before they realised just what had happened. And those brief seconds enabled the two white men to reach the trees behind the tipis. As the marshal led the way to where Gypsy was waiting, he shed his mask and robe.

But by the time they reached the mare the whole camp was in an uproar and the warriors were racing in hot pursuit.

"I sure am glad to see you, pal," said Texas Jack, swinging up behind Wild Bill as Gypsy set off down the trail. "How did you know the Bannocks had me? Say, this is going to be tough going on Gypsy," he added. "She'll not be able to run at her usual speed, carrying a double load."

"Double! It's more like treble!" returned Hickok with a grin. "You weigh almost as much as two men, Tex. But I reckon Gypsy can stand it for a few miles, anyway. Let's hope we can give those varmints the slip somewhere along the trail. I ran into Summers—he was having trouble with a war-party! That's how I knew you had been captured."

Gypsy, in spite of the weight she was carrying, sped swiftly along through the night, followed closely by the enraged Bannocks. The marshal was headed for the narrow gorge where he had driven off the war-party some hours before. If he could reach it before the Bannocks caught up with him, then he and the Texan stood a chance of fighting off the Redskins.

Steadily the fleet-footed Indian ponies gained on the now tiring mare. But the noble animal summoned up all her great strength, and putting on a final burst of speed, reached the entrance to the dark gorge just ahead of the whooping Bannocks.

As Gypsy passed into the shadows of the canyon, a shot rang out and a bullet whizzed past the cheek of the warrior leading the party into the gorge. Several more shots rang out, causing the Bannocks to pull up sharply. They began muttering angrily as they realised it was a repetition of what had happened that afternoon at the other end of the canyon.

Hearing the shots, Wild Bill and Texas Jack hurriedly dismounted and led Gypsy over to some boulders where she would be safe from flying bullets. Then they scrambled up the rocks to where the hidden marksman was firing, moving with caution in case he should prove to be an enemy.

Suddenly the rifleman ran from the cover of one rock to another, and as he did so a ray of moonlight flitted across his face.

"Summers!" cried Hickok and Texas Jack in surprised unison as they recognised the young lieutenant.

"Well, just don't stand there, fellows. Help me to drive off that war-party," ordered Jack Summers, with a grin.

"Hear what the lieutenant says Tex?" chuckled the marshal as he began pumping his Winchester rifle. "Start shooting."

The three white men had the advantage of being in the dark shadows, while the Indians were milling round below them in bright patches of moonlight. But this time the Bannocks were not going to be driven off. They decided to make a stand and fight it out. They took up their positions on the opposite side of the canyon and started firing in the direction of the white men's shots.

"We'll have to go easy on our ammunition," cautioned the marshal during a lull in the firing. "Tex, you take both my Colts and leave the long shots for the lieutenant and me. I never expected to find you here, Summers," added Hickok. "How come?"

"Well, marshal, that dressing-down you gave me hit home. As I headed back to Fort Reno I thought over what you said, and I sure began to feel ashamed of myself for running out on Texas Jack. I'd really fallen down on my first job. Suddenly I knew what I had to do, and at the risk of being a hindrance, I turned round and headed for the Bannock Camp. I was almost out of this gorge when I heard hoof beats. I hoped it might be you and Tex. And then I heard some Indian cries. So I climbed up here and followed your example of this afternoon."

"Thanks, Summers," returned the marshal quietly. "I spoke to you pretty harshly this afternoon. But let's forget it. You've proved yourself a man and an officer tonight."

"Actually I'm grateful for what you said, marshal. It stung me into action. And Tex, will you accept my apologies for running off and leaving you as I did? I'm very ashamed."

"Forget it, lieutenant," beamed the Texan. "A young man fresh out of school can't be expected to act like a

seasoned veteran. I . . ." But he broke off suddenly and jerking up his revolver, fired just above Summers' head.

A painted body crashed down and lay still at his feet.

"He was about to knife you, lieutenant. Reckon I got him in time," murmured the Texan.

"Thanks," grinned Summers, looking down at the dead Bannock.

"We'd better split up and keep quiet," said the marshal briskly. "And keep our eyes and ears open for stalking Redskins. We'll save our ammo until dawn when we can see just what we're shooting."

They spent the rest of the night tensed up and on the alert.

As the first rays of dawn streaked across the morning sky, the Indians began firing at the three white men from all directions.

"By glory, they've got us surrounded!" exclaimed the Texan as he fired at a nearby Indian and downed him. "Ouch!" he added a second later as a bullet bit into his shoulder and sent him pitching forward. Ignoring the pain, he continued firing until both Colts were empty and he had no more cartridges left.

Summers was lying still behind a boulder, his empty rifle beside him. He had stopped two bullets. One in the arm and the other in his leg. But not a single cry of pain escaped his tight lips.

Grimly Wild Bill Hickok fought on, downing every exposed Indian who came within his sights, until he, too, ran out of ammunition. He started to crawl across to Summers when he felt a sharp, red hot, searing pain as a bullet entered his thigh.

"Reckon we're all done for now," he gritted.

But even as he spoke a clear clarion call of a bugle echoed through the gorge.

Within a few minutes a squadron of cavalry, their guidons fluttering proudly, surged through the canyon, raking the rocky sides with a withering fire.

The Bannocks let out frantic cries of "Long-knife soldiers," and made a wild dash out of the canyon. But the troopers were too strong for them, and soon all the Indians who were not killed or wounded, were rounded up and taken prisoner.

Colonel Davis, anxious over the delay of Lieutenant Summers, had sent out a cavalry squadron from Fort Reno to look for the officer and his scout.

Summers, Hickok and the Texan were taken back to the fort on rough stretchers. Fortunately none of their wounds was mortal.

The Colonel expressed his grateful thanks to the marshal and the scout. And in his report to his old pal, Brigadier Summers, he stated that his son Jack showed the makings of a fine officer, and that he was putting his name through for early promotion.

Jack Summers and the two fighting frontiersmen became life-long friends, and years later, when Summers was promoted to General for gallantry in the field, he good-naturedly reminded Hickok of that far-distant day when the marshal had given him such a dressing-down.

Ride the adventure trail with Wild Bill Hickok next week!

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

3^p

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 7s. 6d., the remainder receive 5s. How about a joke from you? Send it 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

1ST PRIZE

HEY! DON'T WALK ON MY CLEAN FLOOR!

I'M SORRY, BUT I CAN'T WALK ON THE CEILING.



FROM FRED BUCK-ROSS.

DON'T MAKE SUCH UGLY FACES AT THE DOG TOMMY!

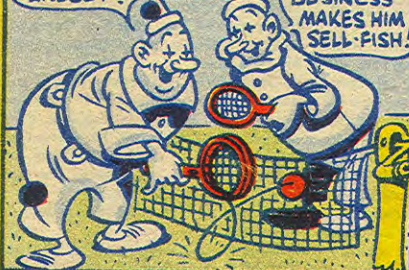
WELL, HE STARTED IT!



FROM BRIAN BLABER, LONDON, S.W.8.

WHY IS A FISHMONGER GREEDY?

BECAUSE HIS BUSINESS MAKES HIM SELL FISH!



FROM DAVID SAND'S, ASHFORD.

AND WHAT D'YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING SMITH?

YOU TOLD ME TO STAY IN AND RUN THROUGH MY LESSONS SIR!



FROM ROGER BAXTER, NEW BARN.

BUT WHY ARE YOU SACKING ME? - I'VE DONE NOTHING!

THAT'S WHY YOU ARE BEING SACKED!



FROM DAVID THOMAS, NEWPORT, MON.

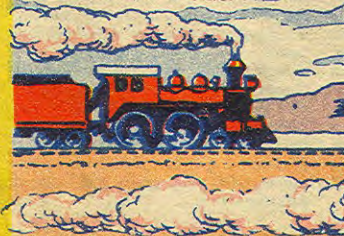
Barry Ford's

WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



RED PARTING THE CHEYENNES PARTED THEIR HAIR IN THE MIDDLE AND PAINTED THE PARTING LINE A BRIGHT RED ~

lassoing - AS SOON AS NAVAJO CHILDREN COULD WALK, THEY WERE TAUGHT TO USE A LASSO. THEY PRACTISED WITH A STRING OR A SHORT ROPE, AND LASSED CATS, DOGS, CHICKENS, AND ANYTHING THEY LAID THEIR EYES ON.



FAST RIDER

BOB HASLAM, A WELL-KNOWN PONY EXPRESS RIDER, WAS SAID TO HAVE BEATEN AN EXPRESS TRAIN IN A RACE FROM RENO TO VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA. HIS HORSE DID THE TWENTY-THREE MILE JOURNEY IN ONE HOUR.



COWBOY LINGO

IF A COWBOY WAS THROWN FROM HIS HORSE HE WAS SAID TO BE "SUNNING HIS MOCCASINS"