

SUN

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EVERY MONDAY

No. 222
May 9, 1953



meet —

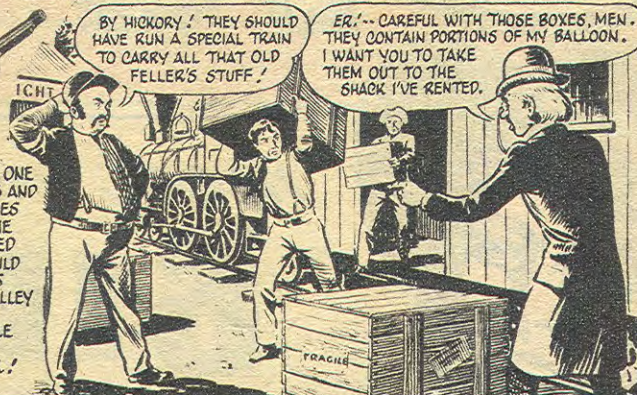
BILLY THE KID

*— IN A
LONG
COMPLETE
PICTURE
STORY
INSIDE*

BILLY THE KID - LONE AVENGER



JOSH CROSBY, THE STATIONMASTER AT GUNSIGHT, SCRATCHED HIS HEAD WHEN HE SAW ALL THE PROFESSOR'S BAGGAGE AND BOXES BEING UNLOADED FROM THE TRAIN--



BY HICKORY! THEY SHOULD HAVE RUN A SPECIAL TRAIN TO CARRY ALL THAT OLD FELLER'S STUFF!

ER!-- CAREFUL WITH THOSE BOXES, MEN. THEY CONTAIN PORTIONS OF MY BALLOON. I WANT YOU TO TAKE THEM OUT TO THE SHACK I'VE RENTED.

PROFESSOR EBENEZER MEEK WAS ONE OF THE EARLY PIONEERS OF FLYING AND HE WANTED SOME WIDE OPEN SPACES TO TEST A NEW BALLOON WHICH HE HAD JUST BUILT. HE ALSO WANTED PEACE AND QUIET SO THAT HE WOULD NOT BE DISTURBED, AND FOR THIS REASON HE CAME TO GUNSIGHT VALLEY

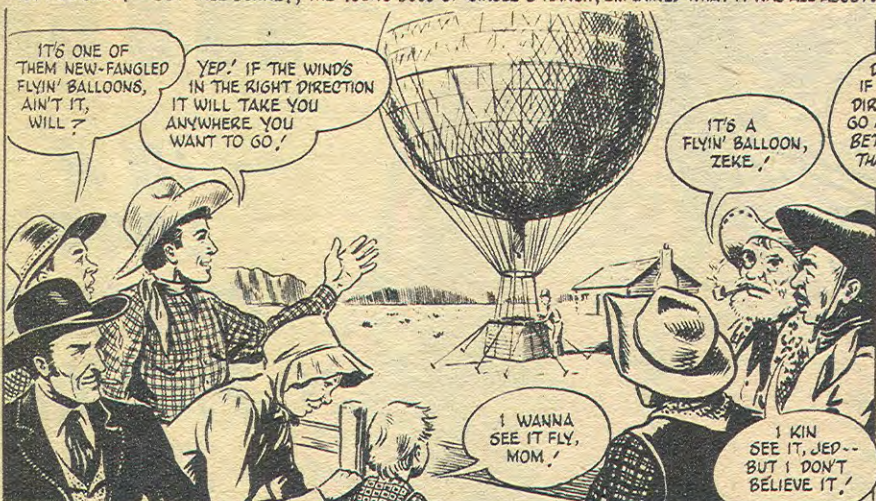
--- IF HE HAD KNOWN THE TROUBLE THAT AWAITED HIM THERE, HE WOULD HAVE STAYED IN NEW YORK!

~ AND WHEN THE NEWS OF THE QUEER STRANGER'S ARRIVAL GOT AROUND, THE FOLKS OF GUNSIGHT FLOCKED TO SEE THE OLD PROFESSOR UNPACKING HIS BALLOON ~



WHAT'S THE OLD GUY DOIN'?

WHEN THE BALLOON WAS INFLATED, LOCAL FOLKS SHOOK THEIR HEADS IN DOUBT--- THEY RECKONED THE PROFESSOR MUST BE CRAZY--- BUT WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG BOSS OF CIRCLE-B RANCH, EXPLAINED WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT.



IT'S ONE OF THEM NEW-FANGLED FLYIN' BALLOONS, AIN'T IT, WILL?

YEP! IF THE WIND'S IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION IT WILL TAKE YOU ANYWHERE YOU WANT TO GO!

IT'S A FLYIN' BALLOON, ZEKE!

DO YOU HEAR, YOU GUYS? IF THE WIND'S IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, THAT BALLOON CAN GO ANYWHERE! WE CAN MAKE BETTER USE OF IT THAN THAT CRAZY PROFESSOR!

I WANNA SEE IT FLY, MOM.

I KIN SEE IT, JED-- BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

A FLASHY-LOOKING CHARACTER NAMED "DUPE" SCORSBY, WHO WAS ALSO LOOKING ON, DREW HIS TWO HENCHMEN ASIDE--



WHAT AN IDEA, BOSS! AFTER WE'VE ROBBED THE GUNSIGHT BANK, WE CAN FLY OVER THE MEXICAN BORDER IN THE BALLOON-- NO POSSE ON EARTH COULD CATCH US THEN!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, PROFESSOR MEEK NAILED A NOTICE ON HIS GATE--



WHAT'S THIS? 'AN ASSISTANT WANTED?' BOYS, THIS IS OUR BIG CHANCE TO LEARN HOW TO HANDLE THAT BALLOON!

NOBODY SEEMED KEEN TO TAKE THE JOB-- UNTIL DUPE SCORSBY PUSHED FORWARD HIS HENCHMAN "BABE" O'LEARY--



PROFESSOR! THIS GENTLEMAN IS WILLING TO OBLIGE!

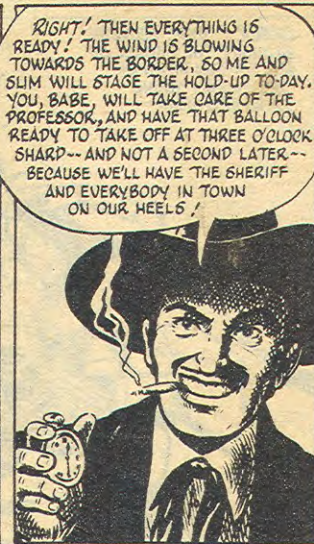
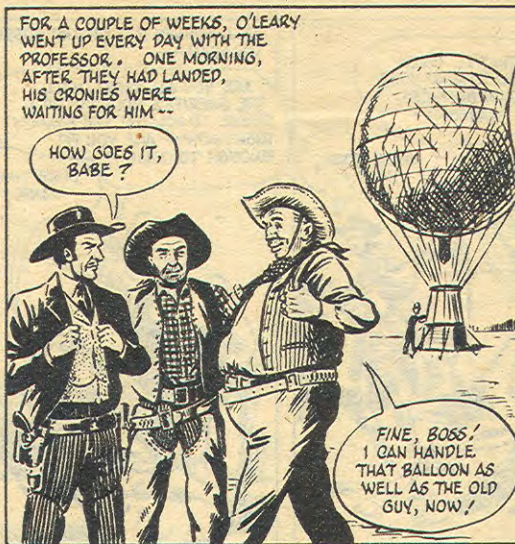
S-SHURE I-I'LL TAKE THE JOB, PROFESSOR!

SOON PROFESSOR MEEK AND BABE O'LEARY WERE RISING ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE CROWD IN THE 'FLYING BALLOON'-- DUPE SCORSBY GRINNED AND RUBBED HIS HANDS AS HE THOUGHT OF THE DAY WHEN THE BALLOON WOULD BE TAKING THEM AND THE GOLD FROM GUNSIGHT BANK ACROSS THE BORDER TO MEXICO!

THERE THEY GO!



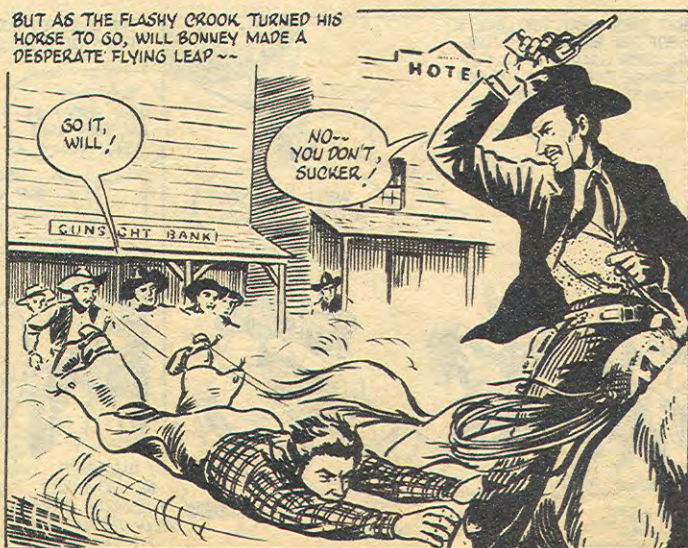
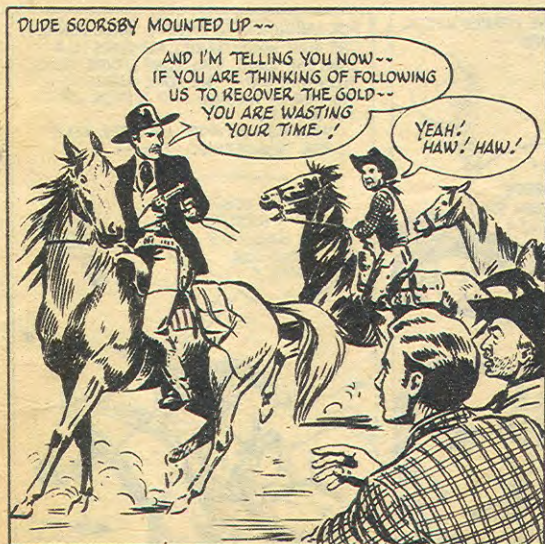
HEH! HEH!-- I HOPE BABE AIN'T TOO SICK WITH ALL THAT SWINGING ABOUT!

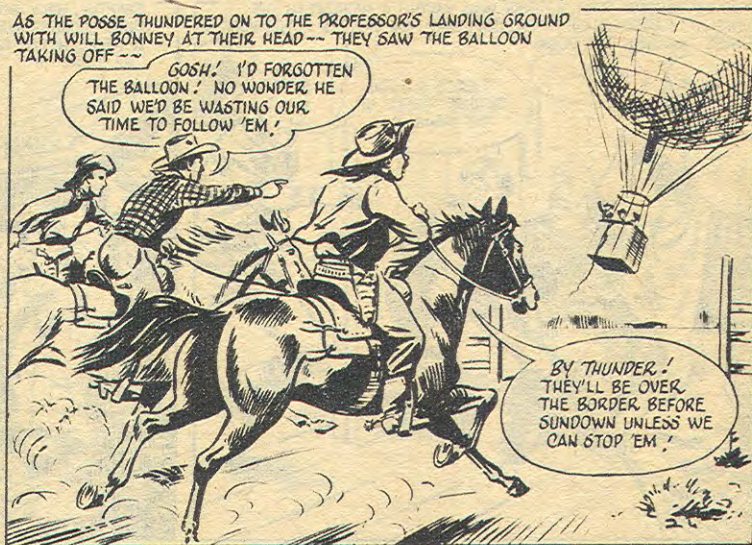


THAT AFTERNOON, WILL BONNEY WAS HAVING A HAIRCUT IN THE GUNSIGHT BARBER SHOP WHEN, SUDDENLY, AN EXCITED COMPUNCHER BURST THROUGH THE DOOR --



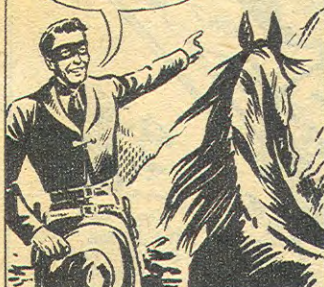
SWIFTLY, WILL AND THE OTHERS JOINED THE CROWD OUTSIDE -- THE RASCALLY DUDE SCORSBY WAS HOLDING THE FOLKS AT BAY WHILE HIS HENCHMAN LOADED A SPARE HORSE WITH BAGS OF GOLD WHICH THEY HAD SNATCHED FROM THE BANK --





IN A HIDDEN VALLEY, GUARDED BY THE MAGNIFICENT BLACK STALLION SATAN, LAY THE BLACK CLOTHES, BLACK MASK AND PEARL-HANDLED SIX-GUNS -- BY WHICH THEIR OWNER WAS KNOWN FAR AND WIDE AS BILLY THE KID!

SEE THAT BALLOON, SATAN, OLD TIMER? WELL -- WE'RE GOING TO CATCH IT SOMEHOW!



OVER THE MIGHTY GORGE SOARED THE BLACK WONDER-HORSE --

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!



-- ON THE TRAIL OF THE STOLEN BALLOON!

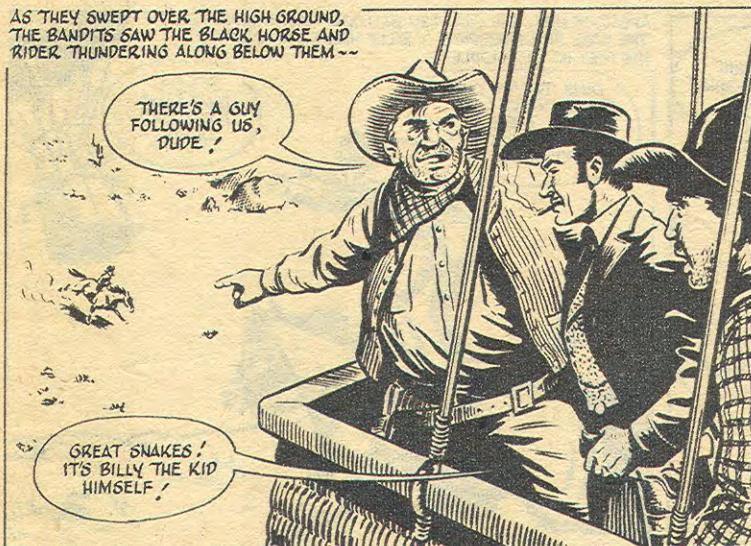
THEY'RE GOING TO BE MIGHTY CLOSE TO THOSE HILLS WHEN THEY CROSS 'EM, SATAN! THIS IS OUR CHANCE!



AS THEY SWEEP OVER THE HIGH GROUND, THE BANDITS SAW THE BLACK HORSE AND RIDER THUNDERING ALONG BELOW THEM --

THERE'S A GUY FOLLOWING US, DUDE!

GREAT SNAKES! IT'S BILLY THE KID HIMSELF!



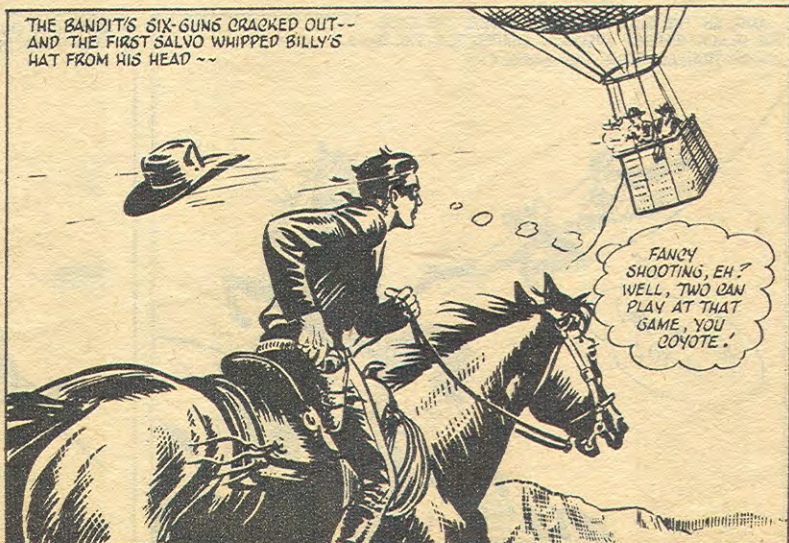
BUT DUDE SCORSEBY WAS UNAFAID. HE SPOKE TO BABE O'LEARY!

BRING THE GASBAG DOWN LOWER, BABE! THIS IS A NICE WAY TO SETTLE FOR THAT INTERFERIN' SNOOPER!

SURE THING, BOSS!

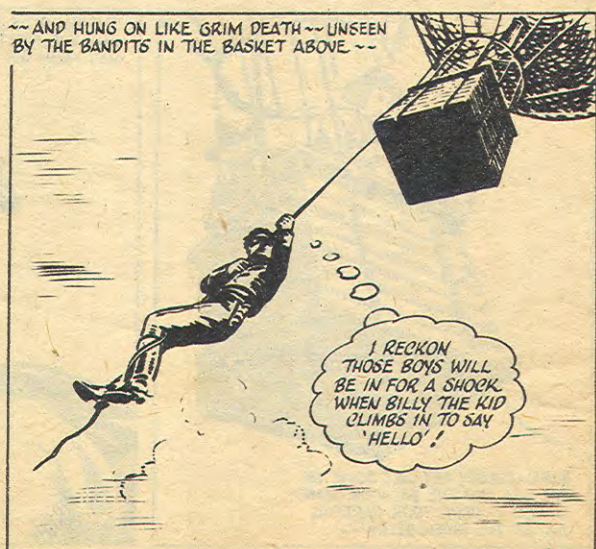
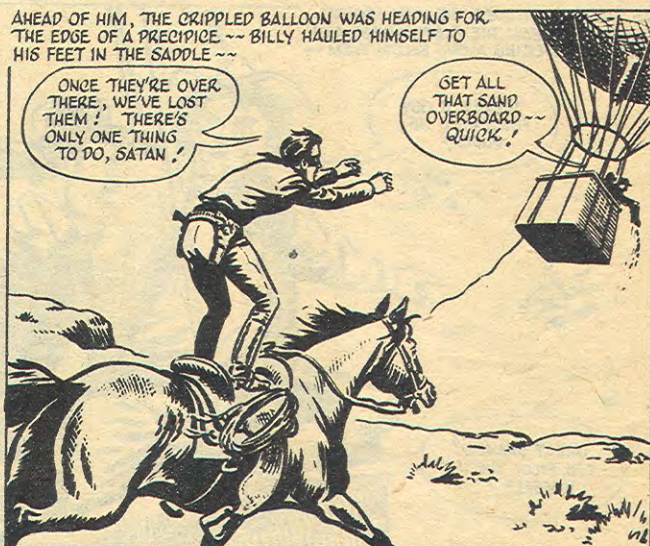
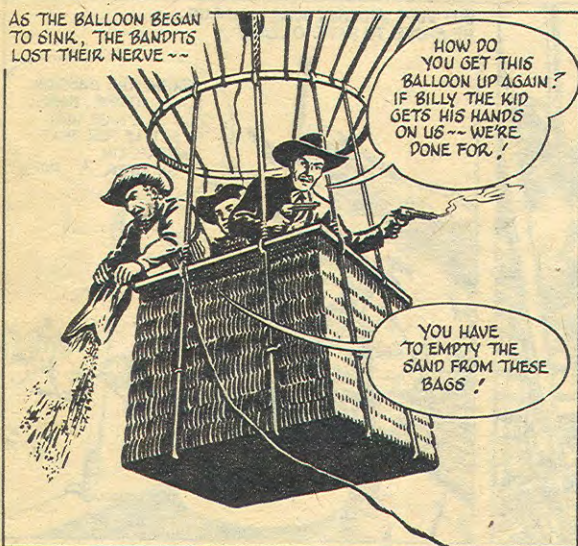
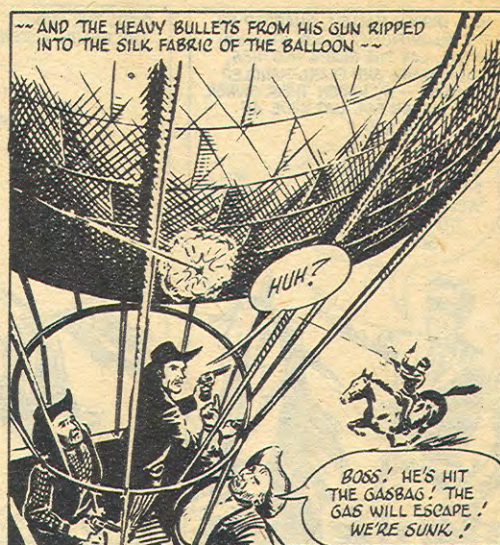
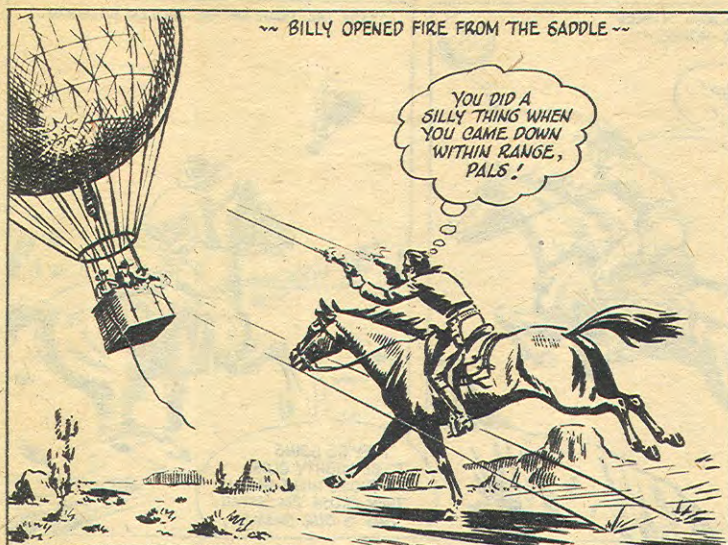


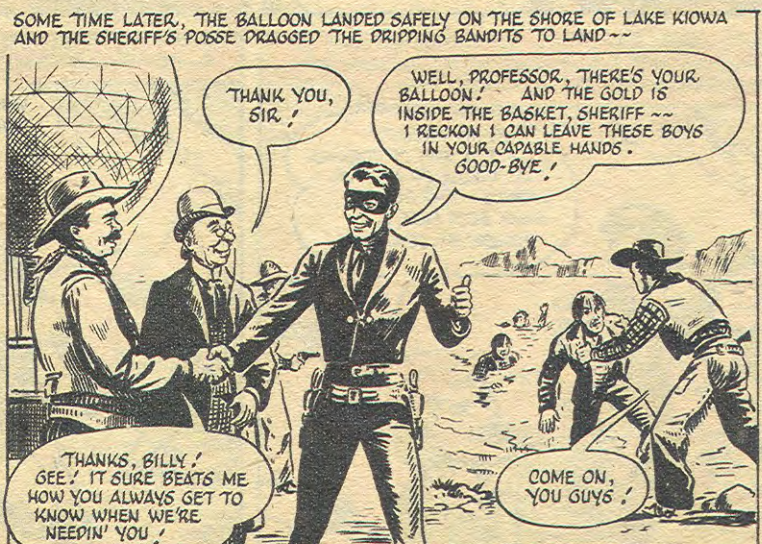
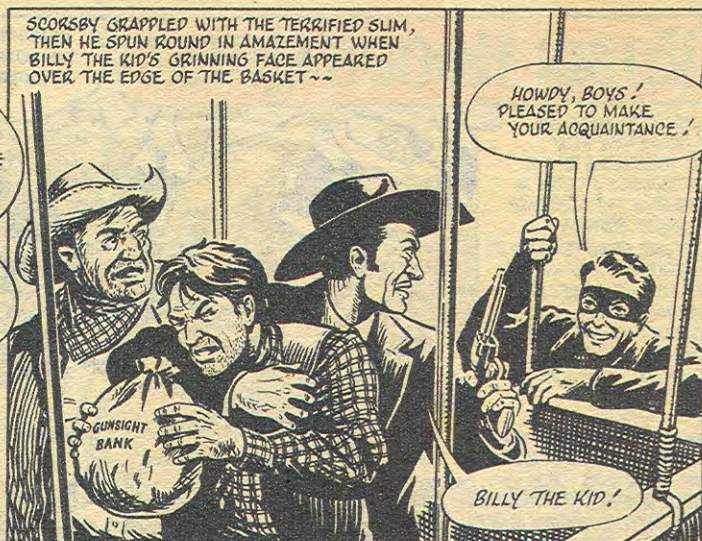
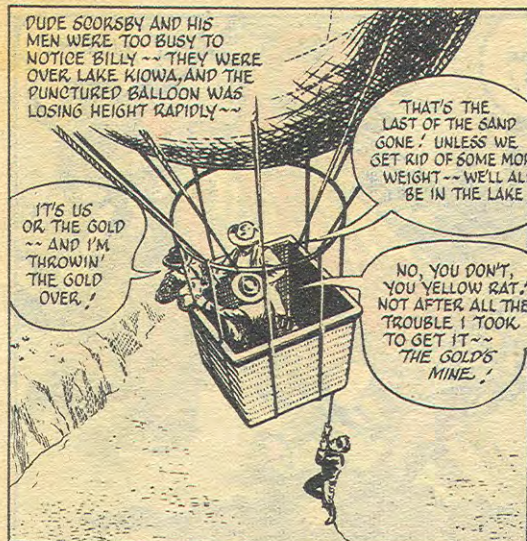
THE BANDIT'S SIX-GUNS CRACKED OUT -- AND THE FIRST SALVO WHIPPED BILLY'S HAT FROM HIS HEAD --



FANCY SHOOTING, EH? WELL, TWO CAN PLAY AT THAT GAME, YOU COYOTE!

BABE O'LEARY LET OUT SOME OF THE GAS AND THE BALLOON CAME LOWER -- DUDE TOOK CAREFUL AIM AT THE RIDER BELOW --





ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

ROBIN HOOD AND SOME OF HIS MERRIE MEN ARE TRAVELLING TO THE SCOTTISH ISLE OF IONA IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY. THEY ARE BEING PURSUED BY A GREAT PARTY OF KNIGHTS AND MEN-AT-ARMS LED BY SIR GUY OF GISBORNE, BUT THE NORMANS HAVE SUDDENLY BEEN SET UPON BY BLACK IAN OF BEN ALDER AND HIS WARLIKE HIGHLANDERS --

WITH FIERCE WAR-cries ON THEIR LIPS, THE YELLOW-SHIRTED CLANSMEN DRAGGED THE HEAVILY-MAILED NORMANS FROM THEIR HORSES --



WHEN GISBORNE SAW THAT THE BATTLE WAS GOING AGAINST HIM, HIS FACE TURNED AS PALE AS HIS SURCOAT. HE SNARLED ANGRILY AT HIS HENCHMAN -- MORTAIN OF THE BLACK HAND --

FROM THEIR HIDING PLACE ON THE HEATHER-COVERED HILLSIDE, ROBIN AND HIS COMRADES WATCHED THE BATTLE -- SUDDENLY, MARIAN GAVE A SHOUT --



ROBIN HOOD'S EYES LIT UP. THE VIKINGS HAD COME TO TAKE AWAY INTO SLAVERY SOME VILLAGE CHILDREN WHO HAD BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE HIGHLANDERS --

CREEPING STEALTHILY PAST THE BATTLING WARRIORS, THE OUTLAWS REACHED THE FRIGHTENED CHILDREN IN THE HIGHLANDERS' CAMP --



MEANWHILE, BY THE GLEAMING, BURNISHED FIGUREHEAD OF HIS GREAT DRAGON SHIP, STOOD THE TALL VIKING CAPTAIN WHO WAS KNOWN AND FEARED ALONG ALL THE SHORES OF THE NORTHERN SEAS AS "GUTHRUM, THE FEARLESS, THE LAST OF THE VIKINGS".



BY WODEN!
THIS IS WHERE WE TAKE
A HAND, MY WARRIORS!
THERE IS MUCH PLUNDER
TO BE WON FROM THE
NORMAN KNIGHTS!

INTO THE ICEY SHALLOWS OF THE LOCH LEAPED THE TERRIBLE NORSEMEN, WITH GUTHRUM AT THEIR HEAD --

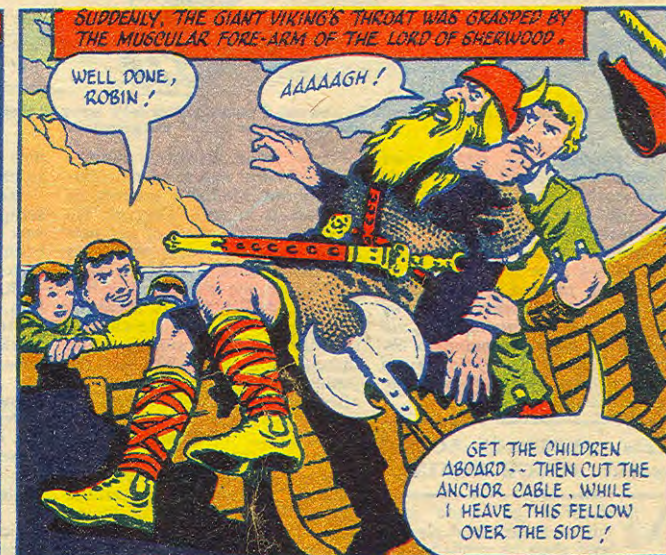


FOLLOW GUTHRUM!
GUTHRUM THE FEARLESS!

ON THE DECK OF THE DRAGON SHIP, THE VIKING WHO HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND ON GUARD, ROARED WITH LAUGHTER FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS GREAT CHEST -- UNAWARE THAT ROBIN HOOD WAS CLIMBING THE ANCHOR CABLE --



YOU TOO WILL SOON
HAVE SOMETHING TO
THINK ABOUT, MY
FINE HORNED FRIEND!



AAAAAGH!

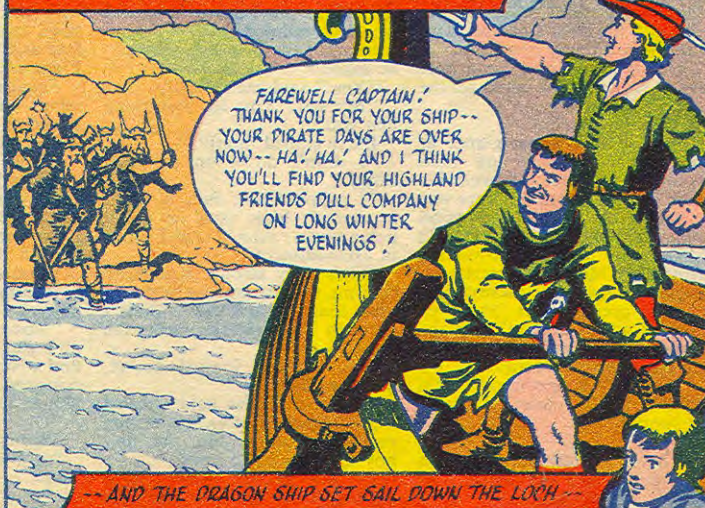
GET THE CHILDREN
ABOARD -- THEN CUT THE
ANCHOR CABLE, WHILE
I HEAVE THIS FELLOW
OVER THE SIDE!

A FEW SECONDS LATER, GUTHRUM THE FEARLESS FOLLOWED HIS LIEUTENANT'S SHAKING SWORD WITH FURIOUS, ASTOUNDED EYES --



BY WODEN!
SHE IS SETTING SAIL!
BACK TO THE BEACH --
WE'LL DEAL WITH THE
NORMANS LATER!

ROBIN HOOD GAILY WAVED A CAPTURED SWORD AT THE ANGRY, SHOUTING VIKINGS --



-- AND THE DRAGON SHIP SET SAIL DOWN THE LOCH --

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



Chasing the ball, Wally accidentally shoved Thurnel. Thurnel's eyes blazed with sudden temper. "You cheeky young cub!" he growled.

A strange new boy named Thurnel has arrived at St. Jim's—he starts off on the wrong foot by smoking in his study and generally behaving badly; and although he is only a small chap, he manages to lick Jack Blake!

Mellish, the cad of the fourth, chums up with Thurnel and shows him the safe containing the gold and silver plate belonging to St. Jim's. Thurnel is very interested and he asks, "Has anyone ever tried to steal the plate?"

This THURNEL ACTS week: TOUGH AGAIN!

MELLISH gave the new junior a surprised glance, and then he replied—"Yes—twice, I think. But they couldn't get at this safe, you know. It's made of iron, and sunk in the solid stone of the wall, and the door's of iron, too, under this dummy bookcase." "Not much chance for a burglar, then, unless he could get the key?"

"You're right." Thurnel took a last glance at the bookcase door, and then turned away and followed his guide from the library. There was a very thoughtful expression upon the new boy's face. He listened in an absent-minded fashion to Mellish's description of other objects of interest; but it was pretty clear that his thoughts were running upon the hidden safe behind the bookcase and the treasure it contained.

"Well, it's supper-time," said Mellish, a little later. "Do you eat supper?"

"Yes." "There's bread-and-cheese in the dining-room for those that want it. Come along!"

They went into the dining-room. There was a new brightness about Mellish's manner as he walked in with Thurnel. He was evidently proud of his new friend, and pleased with his friendship with the fellow who had licked the champion of the Fourth. Mellish did not leave the new boy to himself. He chatted to him during supper, and linked arms with him as the juniors went up to the dormitory afterwards. Mellish meant to make the most of his new friend.

The next morning Thurnel made his appearance in the Form-room with the rest of the Fourth, and the New House juniors had a chance of seeing him. Figgins & Co. had heard about the new fellow who had licked Jack Blake, and they were very anxious to see him. Figgins looked at Thurnel the moment he came into the Form-room, and was disappointed.

"Is that the new kid, Blake?" he asked.

"Yes!" said Jack shortly. "My hat! You let that thing lick you?"

Blake smiled faintly. "I didn't do it on purpose, Figgys."

"I suppose not. But, hang it, he doesn't look as if he could lick a white rabbit!" said Figgins in astonishment.

"He's jolly strong. Kangaroo told me that he got the better of him, too," said Blake. "There's more in Thurnel than meets the eye."

Mr. Lathom looked round, and the talk ceased.

The other fellows paid Thurnel a great deal of attention during morning lessons, but the new boy didn't seem to mind.

He had proved himself as a fighting-man; but as a pupil the

new Fourth-Former did not shine.

He knew about enough to scrape into the Fourth, and that was all, and he was soon at the bottom of the class, and he looked as if he would stay there.

But that did not seem to trouble him, either.

He got through the morning's work, and listened with indifference to some sharp remarks from Mr. Lathom on the state of his knowledge.

When the Fourth Form left the room after lessons, Mellish joined the new fellow in going out. The cad of the Fourth evidently intended to cultivate his friendship with the new junior. Nobody else showed any desire to do so, though most of the fellows were civil enough to him.

In the passage, Figgins paused with Kerr and Wynn to take a good look at the new boy in the free and easy manner natural to Figgins.

Figgins & Co. planted themselves in Thurnel's path, and stared at him.

The new boy stopped. "Well, you'll know me again," he remarked.

"I was wondering how you did it," said Figgins. "Blessed if I can see much of the fighting-man in you."

"You can try if you like." Figgins waved his hand warningly.

"None of your cheek, my son, or I will," he remarked. "You'll find a New House chap a tougher customer to tackle than a School House fellow."

"Oh, rats!" Figgins turned pink.

"Did you say rats to me?" he asked.

"Yes," said Thurnel. "I

suppose you're not deaf?"

"My hat!" said Kerr, "of all the cheeky blighters, I think this new kid takes the cake. It will be a friendly action to knock some of the cheek out of him."

"Just what I was thinking," said Figgins.

"Hold on," remarked Fatty Wynn. "Perhaps it would be rather rough to hammer a new kid. Suppose we make him stand a feed at the tuckshop instead?" "Oh, ring off!" laughed Figgins.

"I think it's a jolly good idea," insisted Fatty Wynn. "I'm hungry, and dinner will be some time yet. What do you say, Kerr?"

"Rats!"

"Now, look here, you chaps—"

"Would you mind getting out of the way?" said Thurnel.

"You're blocking my path."

"You can go round, I suppose," said Figgins.

"Get aside!"

"Bosh!"

"Move, I say."

"Rubbish."

"Then I'll jolly soon move you!" said Thurnel fiercely.

"Right-ho! Start, then!"

Figgins did not move. The new boy strode at him, and grasped him. Figgins returned his grip with interest, and they closed.

There were few juniors in the school who could have licked the sturdy, long-limbed Figgins. Even Tom Merry would have had plenty to do. But the new boy was a surprise in every way.

Figgins felt himself in a grasp harder and stronger than his own, and he was swept off his feet almost before he knew that the struggle had begun.

"My hat!" gasped Kerr.

"Phew!" said Fatty Wynn.

Fair play held the two chums back, though they would gladly have gone to Figgins's assistance. For it was perfectly plain that Figgins had no chance. Though he was nearly a head taller than Thurnel, Thurnel handled him as if he had been an infant.

Round went Figgins, swept off his feet in the grasp of the new boy, and he was hurled away across the passage.

He bumped against the wall, and dropped to the floor in a heap, completely knocked out.

At the same moment, Mr. Railton came down the passage from the direction of the Sixth Form room.

He stopped and stared at the scene in blank amazement.

"What—what does this mean?" he exclaimed.

Thurnel did not reply.

Kerr ran to his chum, and helped him up, and Figgins stood dazed and tottering, with one hand on the wall, and the other on Kerr's shoulder.

He blinked in an uncertain way at the amazed House-master. Figgins hardly knew yet

what had happened.

Mr. Railton glanced from one boy to the other.

The amazing exhibition of strength on the part of the new boy had not escaped him, and he could not conceal his astonishment.

"Thurnel! What do you mean by this?" he gasped.

"Sorry, sir," said Thurnel. "Figgins began it," said Mel-lish eagerly.

Mr. Railton did not take the least notice of the cad of the Fourth. He was the last man in the world to encourage sneaking.

Figgins passed his hand over his brow. He was beginning to collect his wits.

"I—I—I'm sorry, sir," he gasped. "I—I started it, sir. I wouldn't let the new kid pass. I began it."

"You will take fifty lines, Figgins."

"Yes, sir."

Figgins walked away dazedly with Kerr and Wynn. Mr. Railton fixed his eyes upon the new boy. Thurnel looked at the floor.

"I hardly understand this, Thurnel," said Mr. Railton. "You appear to possess extraordinary strength for a lad of your years. What is your exact age?"

"Fifteen, sir."

"You look older."

"Do I sir?"

"You seem to be remarkably strong for your age," said Mr. Railton. "I should advise you to be careful how you use your strength, or it may cause trouble."

"Yes, sir."

"As Figgins told me that he began the quarrel, I have nothing to say now, except that your action was brutal, whether Figgins began it or not. You have hurt him very much."

Thurnel looked sullen.

"I advise you to keep a guard over your temper and over your actions," said Mr. Railton. "This school is not a place for hooligans."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Railton walked on. As soon as he was gone, an ugly sneer came upon the sallow face of the new boy. It showed exactly how much respect he felt for the opinion of the School House-master.

"It was jolly good," said Mel-lish, in a low voice, as he walked on with his new friend. "You've licked Figgins now. He won't dare to tackle you again after that."

"I rather think not."

"You'll be cock of the Fourth now," said Mel-lish, with an eager chuckle. "I'm jolly glad you came to St. Jim's. It will take those rotters down a peg or two. I say, will you come to the tuckshop and have some ginger-pop?"

"No thanks."

"They've got some jolly good jam-tarts there, too."

"I don't like them."

"Don't like them?" said Mel-lish, in amazement. "I say, I mean to stand there, you know. I've got some money."

"I don't want any jam-tarts or

ginger-pop," said Thurnel. "I don't mind having a smoke if there's a quiet spot where a chap can be safe from prying."

Mel-lish grinned.

"I can show you a place—Gore and I used to smoke there; but Gore has chucked it now. Come on."

And in a corner of the old tower of St. Jim's, the two juniors were soon smoking the forbidden cigarettes, with doubtful enjoyment on Mel-lish's part, but apparently real on the part of the new Fourth-Former.

WALLY D'ARCY BUTTS IN!

"BLESSED IF I understand it!"

Tom Merry made the remark. Monty Lowther, who was making toast in the study, glanced up with a ruddy face.

"What is it you can't understand?" he asked.

"It's about that new chap."

"Oh, Thurnel! What's fresh about him?" asked Monty Lowther. "I've heard about his chucking Figgins across the passage as if he were a sack of potatoes."

"Yes," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "He's licked both Blake and Figgins, and he's cock of the Fourth now."

"He'll be cock of the whole Lower School if he's not put down a bit," said Manners, looking up from the interesting task of extracting jam from a nearly empty jar with a tablespoon. "Mel-lish is trying to egg him on to tackle you, Tom."

"I'm ready, if he wants to."

"Do you think you could lick him?"

"I don't know, but I jolly well know I'd try hard," said Tom Merry. "I don't like the airs he gives himself any more than the Fourth Form do; but I don't much like being put in the position of going for a new kid. Let him begin it, though, and I'll see what I can do. But there's another thing—"

"The thing you can't understand?" said Lowther. "What is it?"

"I've just heard it from Reilly. He says he went into the dorm. just a few minutes ago, and Thurnel was there."

"Nothing very strange in that."

"No, ass. It was what Thurnel was doing that was strange."

"What on earth was it?"

"Shaving."

"What?"

"Shaving!"

Monty Lowther jumped up and dropped the toast he was making in the grate. Manners paused with the jam spoon poised in the air. Both of them stared in blank astonishment at the hero of the Shell.

"Shaving?" cried both together.

Tom Merry nodded.

"So Reilly says. He saw him."

"Reilly must have been kidding!"

"Well, I thought so at first, but I asked him, honour bright, and he said yes. So he was telling the truth."

"Shaving!" repeated Monty Lowther. "But what on earth was he shaving for? A fellow of fifteen!"

"I remember noticing that he had a sort of hairiness about his chin," Manners remarked. "It was just as if he had a beard on the way. I know some chaps grow hair on their faces early. There was a fellow in a circus once who had a big beard at sixteen."

"But it's amazing."

"Yes, there's no doubt about that."

Tom Merry continued, "Reilly says that Thurnel was doing it secretly. You see, just at tea-time, it was not likely that anybody would be going to the dormitory. It was a safe time for Thurnel to choose if he wanted to keep it secret. But I don't see why he should want to keep it secret. If he's bothered with an early beard, there's nothing to be ashamed of. Most fellows, in fact, would feel rather cocky about having a moustache coming at fifteen."

"I imagine so."

"But he was keeping it dark because he gave a jump when Reilly came in, and in doing so he cut his face," said Tom Merry. "Then he bundled Reilly out, and kicked him down the passage."

"My hat!"

"Now, what do you make of that?"

"I don't know what to make of it," said Manners, resuming operations on the jam jar. "Is it possible that there's some swindle?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, suppose a chap was going to enter for a prize, or an examination or something, with an age limit," said Manners. "He might make out that he was younger than he really was, you know, especially if he was an undersized chap. I know that sort of thing is sometimes done."

"But I don't see what a fellow could have to gain by it in this case," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "There's no prize to be won in the Fourth here, except the usual school prizes—not money ones. Of course, he might be going to enter for one of the junior scholarships, but—"

"Well, that's possible."

"He doesn't seem the kind of chap who swots for a scholarship," said Tom Merry, with a shake of the head. "You see, he doesn't know more than enough to just scrape into the Fourth. He's not a studious chap. He's been in hot water with Mr. Latham this afternoon. Dig told me, for inattention to his lessons. He's about the last chap in the world to swot for a scholarship."

"Then what could be his reason for pretending that he's only fifteen, if he's really older?"

"I can't say."

"It's more likely that he's really the age he says, and afflicted with an early crop on the chin," remarked Manners. "Reilly says he cut himself when he was caught shaving?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll take a squint at his face next time I meet him, and see whether he's cut. I can't help thinking Reilly may have been kidding."

The subject was a puzzling one. The Terrible Three settled down to their tea, but the new boy was still in their minds. After tea the chums of the Shell left their study, and they looked round for Thurnel. The new fellow was in the quadrangle, chatting with Mel-lish, who was the only boy with whom he had made anything like a friendship as yet. The Terrible Three looked at him.

"Look at his chin!" murmured Lowther.

Tom Merry nodded.

On Thurnel's chin there was a cut such as might have been made by a razor hastily jerked. It was pretty clear that Reilly's story was true. The new fellow was in the habit of shaving himself—!

It was astonishing! The new Fourth-Former had been a puzzle from the first; it was a greater puzzle than ever now.

"I give it up," said Tom Merry, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It's no good trying to make him out."

There was a shout from the quad, which was growing dusky. Three fags of the Third Form came racing along after a football. Wally D'Arcy, the younger brother of the great Arthur Augustus, was punting the ball about in the dusk with Jameson and Gibson. The footer came bounding along towards the School House steps.

"Get out of the way!" yelled Wally.

Thurnel did not move. The footer passed close to him, and the next moment Wally had shoved against him, unintentionally, but rather roughly.

The new boy's eyes blazed with sudden temper.

He reached out after Wally, caught him by the ears, and swung him back. The scamp of the Third Form yelled.

"Here, leggo!"

"You cheeky young cub—"

"Leggo, you ass, or I'll kick your shins!" gasped Wally.

"Do you think you're going to pull my blessed ears out? Leggo!"

"I'll—"

"Take that, then, you beast!"

And Wally kicked out. Wally was about the last fellow at St. Jim's to submit quietly to having his ears pulled by a Fourth-Former.

Thurnel uttered a cry of pain. He grasped Wally savagely, and rained angry blows upon him. Wally yelled and struggled.

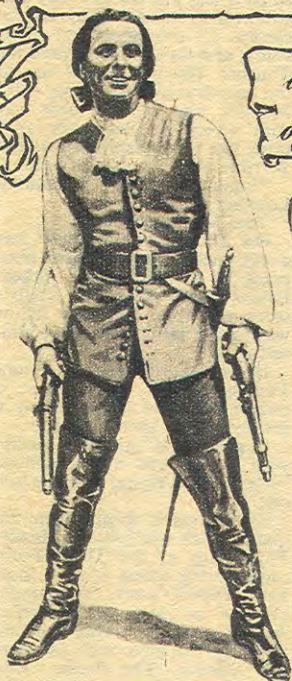
The toughest specimen of a Third-Form fag at St. Jim's could have given a good account of himself in a tussle with most of the Fourth-Formers at St. Jim's. But in the grasp of the new boy he was as helpless as a baby.

"Stop it!" he howled. "Rescue! Ow!"

What will happen now? Read next week's instalment of this thrilling yarn of St. Jim's.

DICK TURPIN

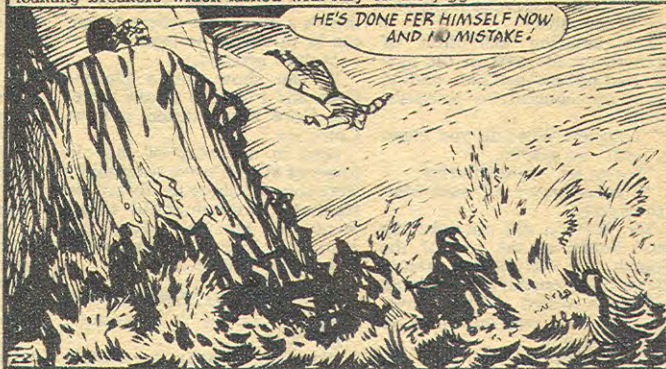
and the Mystery of Misty Moor



Dick Turpin and Moll Moonlight have smuggled themselves into King Arthur's ruined castle on Misty Moor. Here Dick's old enemy, "Creepy" Crawley, has imprisoned some young country lads and is using them for some mysterious work. . . . The two comrades of the road are discovered, but after a tremendous fight Dick manages to escape by jumping off a cliff. . . .

Like a descending hawk, the King of Highwaymen swooped down towards the foaming breakers which lashed with fury on the jagged rocks beneath. . . .

HE'S DONE FER HIMSELF NOW AND NO MISTAKE!



By a miracle of skilful judgment, Dick landed in a patch of water. . . . But the water was shallow, and to his horror his leg became wedged between two pieces of rock. . . . He was trapped under water!

BY JUPITER! . . . UNLESS I CAN FREE MYSELF, THIS SPOT WILL BE MY GRAVE!



With his lungs stretched to bursting point, Dick tugged and wrenched to free his trapped leg. . . .



With his strength all but gone, Dick managed to free himself from his awful prison. . . . He bobbed to the surface behind a wave-swept rock and looked upwards towards the grim silhouette of King Arthur's castle. . . .



"Creepy" Crawley's men reported as much to their chief when he arrived on the scene. . . .

WELL? I SEE YOU CAPTURED THE GIRL! WHAT OF TURPIN HIMSELF? . . . HE FOUGHT LIKE A DEMON, YER HONOUR! . . . BUT WE FINALLY DROVE HIM HOWLING FOR MERCY OVER THE CLIFF! HE'S SAFE IN DAVY JONES' LOCKER NOW, NEVER FEAR!



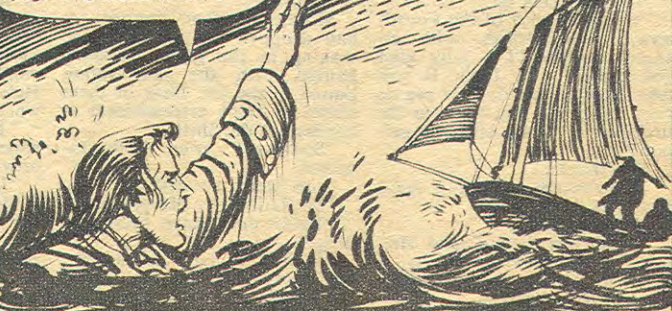
"Creepy" Crawley's face twisted with terrible mirth. . . . and his high-pitched laughter echoed through the granite passages. . . .

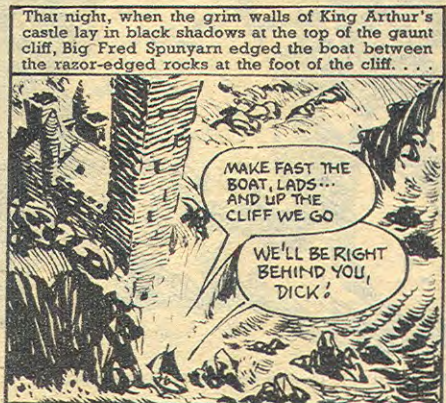
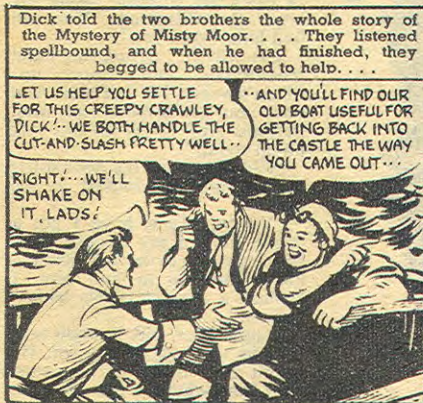
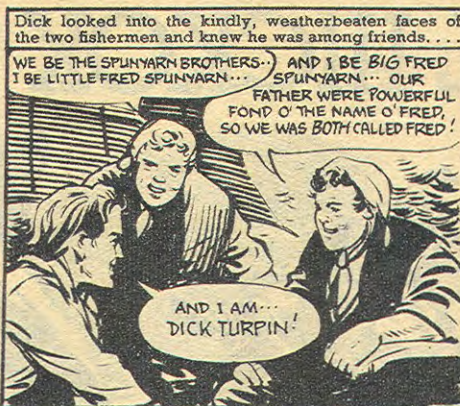
HEH! HEH! HEH! SO I'VE BEATEN DICK TURPIN AT LAST! . . . NEVER MORE WILL HE INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS! . . . HEH! HEH! HEH! TAKE THAT GIRL AWAY! . . . I'LL DECIDE HOW TO DISPOSE OF HER LATER. . . .



Meanwhile, Dick was being swept out to sea by the tide. . . . when suddenly. . . .

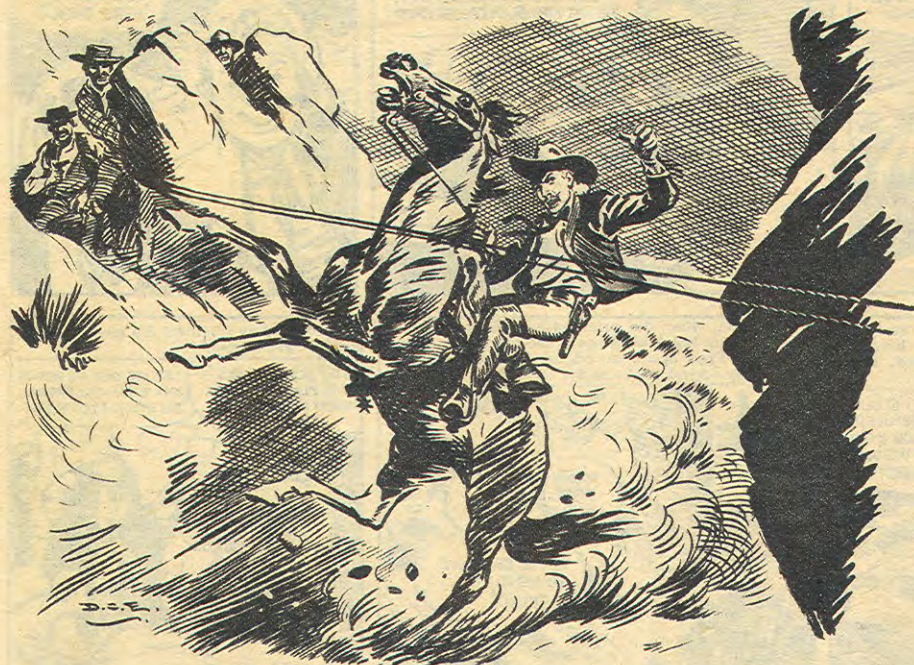
A BOAT! . . . AHoy THERE! . . . FISHING BOAT AHoy!





WILD BILL HICKOK

**CAPTURED BY
BANDITS!**



Gypsy reared up and Wild Bill was thrown heavily to the ground.

WILD BILL'S MISSION

WILD BILL HICKOK, the famous fighting marshal of the Wild and Woolly West, was spending a few days in the little town of Prairie Dog City. He was standing on the rough wooden sidewalk one morning talking to his friend Sheriff Lyons, when a shabbily dressed little old white-haired lady passed by.

"Good morning, sheriff," she said, giving him a pert, birdlike smile.

"Howdy, Ma Perkins," returned Lyons in a friendly tone. "And how are you this lovely morning?"

"Jes' fine, thank you, sheriff. And who might you be, young man?" she asked, turning her wrinkled face up towards Wild Bill. "I don't recollect seeing you round here before. My, but you're tall, and I sure like your nice clothes. They're a treat to look at."

"Why, thank you, ma'am," grinned the marshal. "I'm just passing through town. Stopped off to pay my friend, the sheriff here, a visit."

"This is Marshal Hickok," explained the sheriff. "The famous Wild Bill of the lightning guns."

"My, my, so you're Wild Bill? I've heard tell of you," quavered the old lady. "But you don't look at all fierce and wild. Why, I think you're a real nice young man. You don't scare me one bit. Well, I must be on my way. Good day to you both."

"Goodbye, ma'am," chuckled the marshal, removing his sombrero with a graceful sweep.

"So long, Ma," called the sheriff as the little old lady moved off. "And the marshal doesn't go about scaring ladies—only badmen! She's a sweet old soul," he added to Wild Bill. "Everybody loves her."

"Isn't she tiny!" Hickok remarked. "Why, she can't be five feet tall! She certainly seems a dear old lady, but I thought she looked rather wistful and sad, somehow."

"She has cause to be, Bill. She's a widow, and has one son, but unfortunately he got off on the wrong track and went to the bad. Got mixed up with some outlaws. She hasn't heard from him for years. She has a tough time of it, for she has no money, and if the townsfolk didn't take pity on her and look after her, she'd be completely destitute."

"Well now, isn't that sad? Poor old soul. I—"

But the marshal never finished his sentence. He had been watching Mrs. Perkins as she wandered along the sidewalk. Suddenly, without looking, she crossed the street and stepped right in front of a moving stagecoach.

Like a flash the marshal raced towards her, shouting a hurried warning. But he was too late, and the horses had knocked her down before he reached her.

The stage driver pulled up with a jerk as the marshal lifted the frail limp little form from under the wheels of the coach.

"She stepped right out in front

of me," wailed the distressed driver. "I jest couldn't pull up in time. Is she hurt bad? Poor Ma Perkins!"

"She's badly hurt all right," replied the marshal. "Someone get the doctor quickly!"

"Ma's shack is just round the corner, Bill," said the sheriff. "You'd better take her there. Poor little lady," and he looked miserably down at the still form cradled in Hickok's arms.

Wild Bill and the sheriff waited while the doctor examined Mrs. Perkins. It was a long time before he came out to speak to them. His kindly face looked grave.

"Is there any hope, Doc?" asked the sheriff quickly.

The doctor shook his head. "Very little, I'm afraid. She is very seriously injured. I've given her something to ease the pain, but whether she'll pull through I don't know. She asked to see you," and the doctor turned to Hickok. "She was most insistent about it. Don't stay with her long. She's in no state to do much talking."

"I understand," said Wild Bill quietly, and went into Mrs. Perkins' bedroom.

She managed a weak smile as he sat down on a chair beside her bed and gently took one of her tiny, toil-worn hands in his.

"The doc says you want to see me," he said. "But you mustn't tax your strength by talking much."

"I—I'd like to see my son. You're a marshal, you can find him. Will you do that for me?"

she pleaded.

"I'll try my best to find him, ma'am," promised the marshal. "You've no idea whether he's in this territory, I suppose?"

The old lady shook her head. "No, I don't know where Harry is. In my bag over there you'll find a faded photo of him taken when he was a boy. And when you find him, give him this brooch. He'll know it's mine and he'll come with you." And Mrs. Perkins pressed into Wild Bill's hand a little gold brooch with the name 'Lucy' engraved across it. "I can't die without seeing my boy," she whispered. "You will find him, won't you?"

The marshal patted her hand reassuringly and stood up. "Don't worry, I'll find him. And now you get some sleep, Mrs. Perkins. And forget all this talk about dying."

Wild Bill closed the door softly behind him and looked at the sheriff.

"Whew, Mark, have I got a tough job on my hands? Mrs. Perkins wants to see her son and has asked me to find him. I haven't a clue as to his whereabouts."

"Good grief, Bill, it might take months to track him down. He hasn't been heard of for years. And from what the doc says, the old lady might die at any moment."

Wild Bill shook his head sadly. "Well, I'd better get going right away. You know this territory, Mark. Where do you suggest I make a start? Where do most of the outlaws hang out?"

"Well, a lot of hold-ups take place on the road to Leadville; some fifty miles south of here; and Dead Man's Gulch, about thirty miles due east of Leadville, is known to be an outlaw town. It's so tough that no self-respecting, law-abiding man would dare to set foot in the place. Maybe you'd better make for there, but for goodness' sake be careful, Bill. I think you'd better take a posse with you. I can easily round up a dozen good men. It would be safer."

"Thanks, Mark. But I'll go alone. I'm more liable to pick up scraps of information if I'm on my own. A posse would immediately arouse suspicion. Well, I'll be seeing you."

CAPTURED!

AND so the marshal set out to find an unknown man who might be anywhere in the vast territory. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack!

Night was falling as Gypsy, his sorrel mare, streaked along the lonely trail to Leadville. Suddenly, before the marshal realised what was happening, a rope was stretched tightly across his path, level with his mare's chest. She reared up instantly and Wild Bill was thrown heavily to the ground.

Dazed and shaken by the fall, he struggled to a sitting position. But before he could sit up, three men pounced on him from behind some boulders. His arms were pinioned to his sides, while his twin Colts were wrenched from their holsters. He struggled violently, but the odds against him were too great, and he sank into a sea of blackness as one of the assailants cracked him sharply over the head with the butt of a revolver.

When the marshal came to, he found he was lying on a bunk in a broken-down shack. A hurricane lamp stood on a rough wooden table, around which were seated three tough-looking men.

"I tell you he's Wild Bill Hickok," the marshal heard one of them say. "We sure made a mistake this time. Imagine holdin' up a peace officer!"

"Then there's only one thing to do," growled a second voice. "And that's get rid of him. We can't let him go—he'd only hunt us down. We'll jest have to shoot him."

"How much did he have on him?" asked the third and younger man.

"Ten bucks!" replied one of his companions in disgust. "An ordinary silver watch, and a gold pin! Not exactly the kind of a haul we're used to gettin'."

"Oh, so you've come round, have you?" snarled one of the men, looking over at the marshal, who was regarding them coldly. "Where did you get this gold pin?" he demanded roughly, holding out Mrs. Perkins' brooch.

Wild Bill raised himself up on one elbow and looked up at the speaker, who was slightly younger than his companions. There was something vaguely familiar about his features.

"It was given to me by an old lady in Prairie Dog City who

met with an accident and is now very ill. She might even die," he replied. "She begged me to find her long-lost son and take him to her. She told me to give him her brooch as proof that she needed him."

"Of all the screwy tales! Expect us to believe that?" rasped one of the men.

"Shut up, Curly," ordered the younger man. Looking down at Wild Bill, he asked, "What's the name of this old lady—and what does she look like?"

The marshal gave him a straight look. "Her name is Lucy Perkins. She's tiny and frail. She has snowy white hair and bright blue eyes. Her son's name is Harry, and why she wants to see him again, I can't imagine. He's a no-good outlaw who hasn't seen her for years, or bothered to support her. She would have starved to death long ago if it hadn't been for the kindness of the townsfolk who look after her."

The man flushed at the marshal's scornful tone. "I'm Harry Perkins," he said quietly.

"I thought as much," returned Hickok, swinging his legs over the side of the bunk. "You resemble the photo your mother has of you, taken when you were a youngster."

"Say, Harry," broke in the man called Curly, "You don't believe what this guy's been tellin' you, do you? Why, he's jest stringin' a line."

"As a United States Marshal, I am not given to lying," retorted Wild Bill in an icy voice.

"Hickok isn't lying," snapped Perkins. "And if my old ma is ill, and wants to see her worthless son, then I'm goin' to her bedside, and nobody's gonna stop me."

"Hold on there, Harry," said Blackie, the third member of the trio. "You can't do that. If Hickok has been sent out to look for you, all of Prairie Dog

City must know about it. If you turn up and Hickok's missing, the sheriff will nab you at once because he'll know that Hickok has found you and delivered your ma's message. And he'll want to know what has happened to the marshal. And we can't risk you giving us away to the law."

"Sure is a mess, ain't it?" muttered Curly, glaring at Wild Bill. "Never had this trouble before when we've held up folks."

"What you say is true, Blackie, but all the same I'm goin' to see my mother. If the sheriff arrests me, well, that's jest too bad. I'll have to take that risk. Anyway, he can't pin anythin' on me."

As Harry Perkins turned towards the door, Curly reached for his gun.

"Blackie and me says you're not goin'," he yelled. "And that's final. What we says goes, don't it, Blackie?"

"Yep," replied his companion. "We'll kill you first, Harry, an' then Hickok."

Harry Perkins' glance flicked over the two road agents, and rested fleetingly on the marshal, who still sat on the bunk. And as Curly's gun cleared its holster, Harry made an incredibly swift draw, and his six-shooter barked before Curly could squeeze his trigger.

At the same instant Blackie's hand made a downward movement towards his hips. But even as he jerked out his gun, Wild Bill gave a sudden spring from the bunk and hurled himself at Blackie, knocking him off his feet and sending his gun flying out of his hand.

The man reeled backwards and, crashing against the wall, slumped to the floor. Hickok swooped on his gun and, snatching it up, levelled it at Blackie.

"Raise your hands above your head," he ordered briskly. "And keep 'em there."

Curly was lying on the floor a

few feet away loudly groaning with the pain of his bullet wound, as Harry kicked his gun out of reach and turned to open the door of the shack.

"Thanks, marshal," he said. "I'll leave you to look after these two. I'm high-tailin' it into Prairie Dog City. I sure hope my ma is still alive. So long."

"You fool, Hickok," screamed Blackie from the floor as Perkins dashed out of the shack. "You've let him go. He's left us to take the rap! You don't think you'll ever see him again, do you?"

"Somehow I think I shall," replied the marshal. "I don't think Harry's bad all the way through, like you and Curly. He's just weak, and I think that seeing his old mother again will be a turning-point in his life. I may be wrong—but I don't think I am. And now I'll tie up you two and take you into Prairie Dog City, where there's a nice new jailhouse just waiting for you!"

As a matter of fact, Wild Bill was right. Mrs. Perkins didn't die. The sight of her long-lost son brought a fresh lease of life to her, and after several weeks in bed she was up and about again, happier than she'd ever been.

Harry, her son, went to prison for his misdeeds, but Wild Bill used his influence to shorten the term of his imprisonment.

"After all, Harry," said the marshal to the young man on the day of his release, "you did save my life that day. Now you've paid for your past foolishness, go straight in future and take care of your mother. She's the best pal you'll ever have."

And Wild Bill smiled as he watched Mrs. Perkins and her son walk slowly away together from the prison gates.

Another smashing Wild Bill Hickok yarn next week.

SUN STARS FOR YOU TO KEEP



AUDIE MURPHY (M.G.M.)



JACK HAWKINS (Ealing Studios)

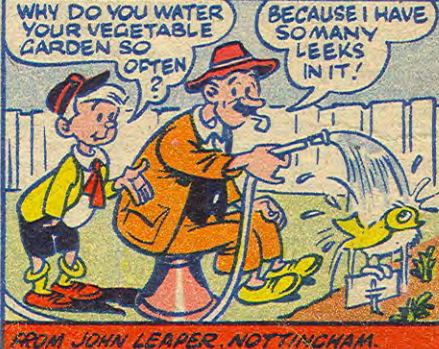
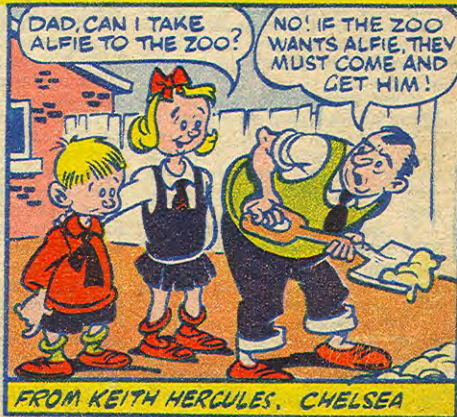
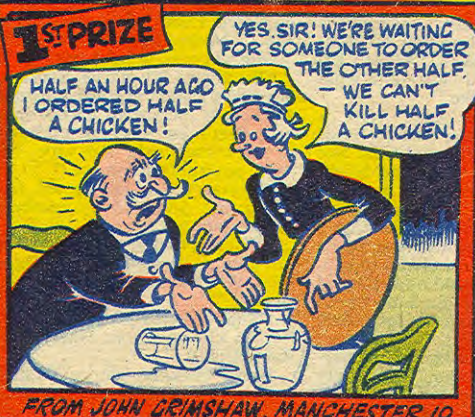


GARY COOPER (Warner Bros.)

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

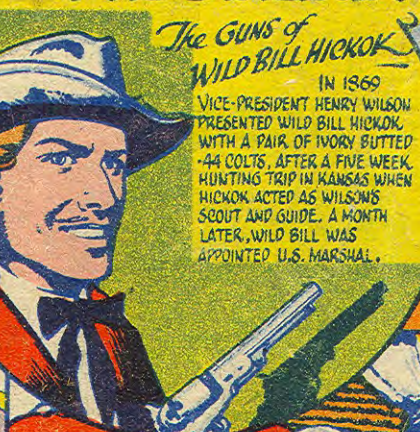
This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 7s. 6d., the remainder receive 5s. How about a joke from you? Send it, TOGETHER WITH THIS J.F.P. COUPON, to The Joker, 8 Carnarville St., London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

J. F. P. COUPON



Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK

UNSHOD HORSES. INDIANS NEVER SHOD THEIR PONIES. ON EXCEPTIONALLY ROCKY GROUND THEY WOULD WRAP PIECES OF BLANKETS OR OLD BUFFALO ROBES ROUND THEIR MOUNTS' FEET.



The Guns of WILD BILL HICKOK

IN 1869 VICE-PRESIDENT HENRY WILSON PRESENTED WILD BILL HICKOK WITH A PAIR OF IVORY BUTTED .44 COLTS. AFTER A FIVE WEEK HUNTING TRIP IN KANSAS WHEN HICKOK ACTED AS WILSON'S SCOUT AND GUIDE. A MONTH LATER, WILD BILL WAS APPOINTED U.S. MARSHAL.



COUNTING -

THE HIGHEST NUMBER THE COMANCHES COULD UNDERSTAND WAS TEN. FOR THEY COUNTED ON THEIR FINGERS. THEY USED THE TEN AS THE WHITE MAN USES A HUNDRED - THAT IS - TWO TENS, THREE TENS, ETC.

TRUTH BATHS -

SOME INDIAN TRIBES SELDOM BATHED FOR CLEANLINESS, BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF WINTER THEY WOULD TAKE A SWEAT BATH - THE EQUIVALENT OF A TURKISH BATH OF TO-DAY - AND THEN RUSH STRAIGHT FROM THE INTENSE HEAT OF THE STEAM INTO AN ICE KIVER, AND YET THEY NEVER CAUGHT COLDS.