

SUN

3^D

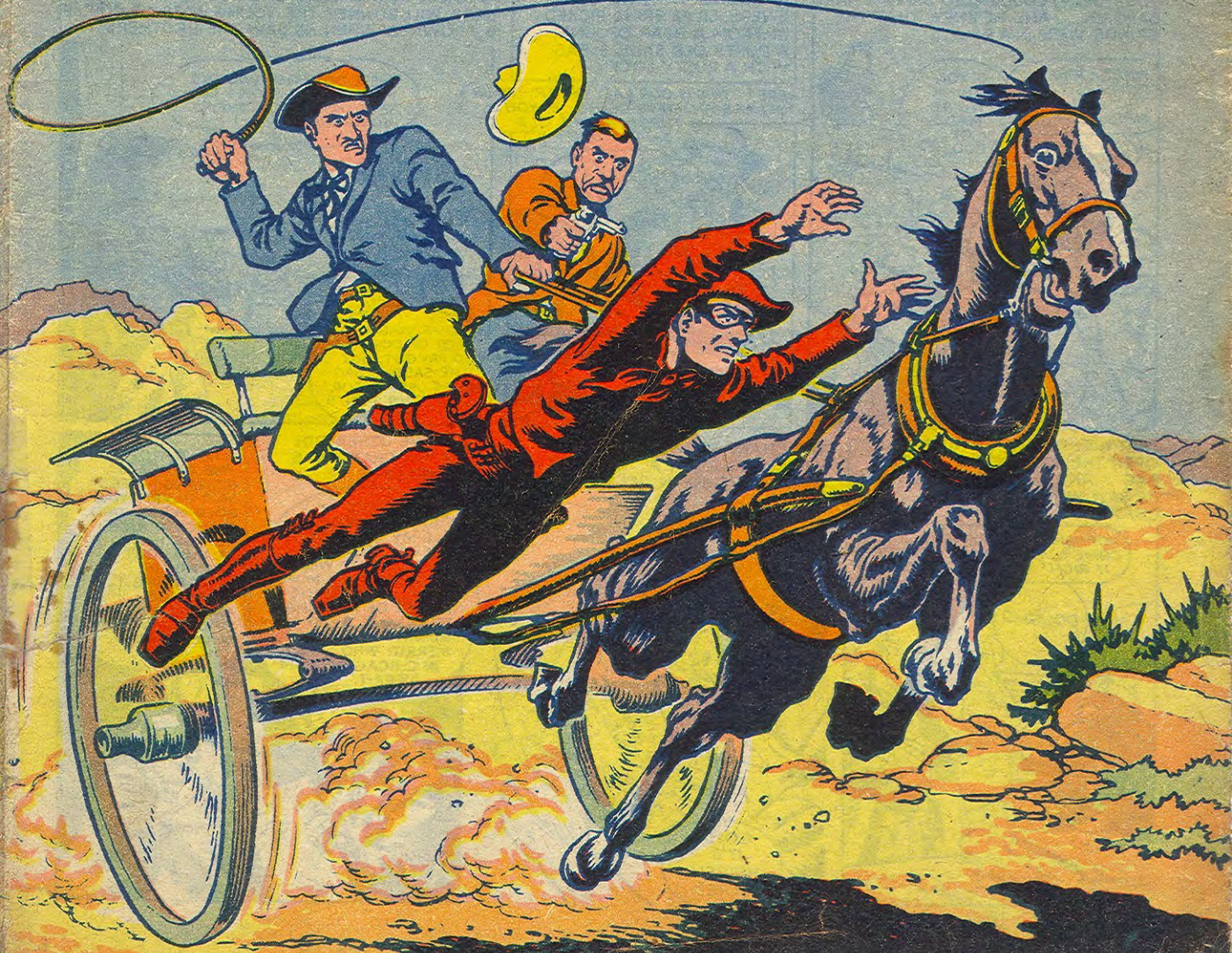
EVERY MONDAY

No. 224
May 23, 1953

BILLY *the* KID

STOPS THE RUNAWAY CROOKS

— IN THE THRILLING COMPLETE PICTURE-STORY INSIDE



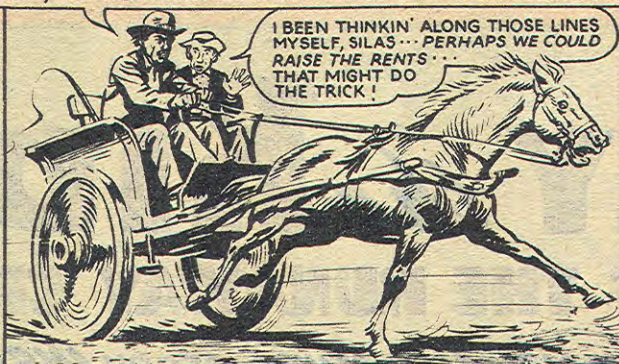


BILLY THE KID-LONE AVENGER

ONE DAY, NED AND SILAS WERE RIDING TO GUNSIGHT IN THE LITTLE CART WHICH THEY ALWAYS USED...

TIMES ARE GETTING HARD FOR US, NED, WE ONLY MADE TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS LAST MONTH. AREN'T THERE ANY MORE STONY-BROKE WIDDERS AN' ORPHANS WHO CAN'T PAY THEIR RENT, SO WE CAN TURN THEM OUT AND TAKE ALL THEIR BELONGINGS?

I BEEN THINKIN' ALONG THOSE LINES MYSELF, SILAS... PERHAPS WE COULD RAISE THE RENTS THAT MIGHT DO THE TRICK!



WHEN THE BROTHERS ARRIVED IN GUNSIGHT THEY FOUND THAT THEIR POOR ILL-TREATED MARE HAD BROKEN HER HARNESS...

TARNATION! MORE EXPENSE!... WE CAN'T GET BACK HOME UNLESS WE BUY ANOTHER!

HERE'S A WAY OUT... WE'LL GET A SECOND-HAND HARNESS AT OLSEN'S JUNK SHOP!



THE BROTHERS NED AND SILAS GRIND LOVED MONEY. THEY WERE THE RICHEST LANDOWNERS IN GUNSIGHT VALLEY. THEY WERE ALSO AS NASTY A PAIR OF SCOUNDRELS AS YOU'D MEET IN A DAY'S RIDE. THEY ILL-TREATED THEIR HORSE, BULLIED THEIR TENANTS, AND WERE UP TO ANY DIRTY SCHEME THAT WOULD BRING THEM MORE MONEY.

BUT OLD KARL OLSEN, WHO OWNED THE JUNK-SHOP, COULD ALSO DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN... AND HE KNEW THAT THE GRINDS WERE IN A FIX...

AFTER NEARLY AN HOUR OF HAGGLING WITH THE OLD SWEDE, SILAS GRIND PICKED UP FROM A HEAP OF JUNK, A DUSTY OLD SADDLE-BAG WITH A RUSTY LOCK.

THE GRINDS SETTLED FOR FIVE DOLLARS FOR HARNESS AND SADDLE-BAG. OUTSIDE THE JUNK SHOP, WILL BONNEY THE YOUNG BOSS OF CIRCLE B, FROWNED WHEN HE SAW THE BROTHERS...



WHAT- FIVE DOLLARS FOR THIS OLD HARNESS--?

D'YOU THINK WE'RE MADE OF DOUGH?

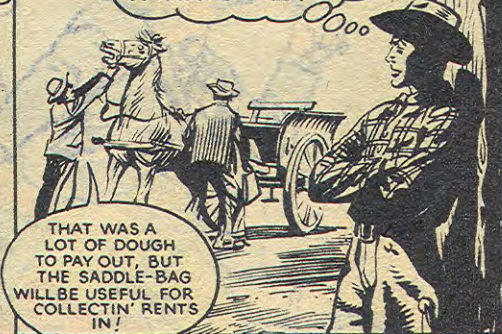
YOU CAN TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, YENTLEMEN! KARL OLSEN AINT IN BUSINESS FOR HIS HEALTH!

HERE!-- THIS IS OUR LAST OFFER - FOUR DOLLARS AN' FIFTY CENTS. IF YOU'LL THROW IN THIS OLD SADDLE-BAG!



HMMM!-- I AM SAYING FIVE DOLLARS FOR 'EM BOTH, YENTLEMEN!

THERE GO THOSE TWO OLD MISERS! I BET IF THEY COULD SELL THEIR SLEEP THEY'D GO AROUND TIRED!



THAT WAS A LOT OF DOUGH TO PAY OUT, BUT THE SADDLE-BAG WILL BE USEFUL FOR COLLECTIN' RENTS IN!

THAT NIGHT, SILAS GRIND BROKE OPEN THE LOCK OF THE SADDLE-BAG... AND LET OUT A YELL WHEN HE SAW WHAT WAS INSIDE... A CHART.

THE CHART SHOWED THE WHEREABOUTS OF A GREAT FORTUNE IN GOLD...



HOLY SMOKE! HEY NED! COME QUICK! WE'VE STRUCK IT RICH! WE'RE IN THE DOUGH!

DOUGH?



GOLD! IT'S HIDDEN HERE!

GUNSIGHT
The OLD HICKORY TREE
2000 PACE SOUTH WEST
10000 DOLLARS WORTH OF GOLD BURIED HERE - DEEP.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CHART WAS A MESSAGE...

IT SAYS -- 'I HAVE BURIED ALL MY GOLD TO KEEP IT FROM THE INJUNS, WHO WILL BE ATTACKING MY MINE NOW... I BEG THE FINDER OF THIS CHART TO HAND IT TO MY ONLY RELATIVE, LITTLE SALLY MERRIT, WHO LIVES IN CHICAGO... SAM MERRIT.'

THAT PROVES THE CHART IS GENUINE!... OLD SAM MERRIT WAS A GOLD MINER WHO STRUCK IT RICH... HE WAS KILLED AT GUNSIGHT DURING THE SIOUX RISING, TEN YEARS AGO... AND HIS FORTUNE OF GOLD WAS NEVER FOUND!



THE TWO RASCALS HAD NO INTENTION OF HANDING THE CHART OVER TO SALLY MERRIT, WHO WAS NOW A GROWN GIRL AND THE OWNER OF THE SILVER SADDLE HOTEL IN GUNSIGHT.



AT DAWN NEXT DAY, THE GRIND BROTHERS WERE UP WITH THE LARK AND DRIVING THEIR LITTLE CART TOWARDS GUNSIGHT.

WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT THE WELL-KNOWN OLD HICKORY TREE BY GUNSIGHT CREEK, NED SET OFF TO PACE OUT THE TWO THOUSAND PACES TO THE GOLD... WHILE HIS BROTHER FOLLOWED BEHIND WITH A POCKET COMPASS TO KEEP HIM ON COURSE... THEY EXPECTED TO FIND THE GOLD IN SOME QUIET SPOT JUST OUTSIDE TOWN, BUT THEY WERE IN FOR A SHOCK...



SURE ENOUGH, NED GRIND CAME TO A STOP AT THE FRONT PORCH OF SALLY MERRIT'S HOTEL... SALLY WAS AT THE FRONT DOOR OF SILVER SADDLE, SAYING CHEERIO TO WILL BONNEY, WHO HAD DROPPED IN FOR AN EARLY BREAKFAST...



SALLY NOTICED THE TWO BROTHERS WHISPERING TOGETHER... THOUGH SHE DIDN'T LIKE THEM MUCH, THE GOOD-NATURED GIRL GREETED THEM CIVILLY...



SELL THE SILVER SADDLE?--WHY THE IDEA'S RIDICULOUS--I'VE BUILT UP A MIGHTY FINE BUSINESS HERE--I WOULDN'T SELL OUT FOR--FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS!



THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS WAS A LOT OF MONEY, FOUR TIMES MORE THAN THE PLACE WAS WORTH. SALLY WAS TEMPTED TO SELL ON THE SPOT, BUT SHE PUT THE GRIND BROTHERS OFF UNTIL THE EVENING, MEANING TO ASK WILL BONNEY'S ADVICE... WHEN WILL HEARD THE GRINDS' OFFER, HE SHOOK HIS HEAD...



... BUT WHEN SHE SAW THE WAY THE GRINDS ACTED WHEN SHE TURNED DOWN THEIR OFFER, SALLY WAS GLAD THAT SHE HAD DONE WHAT WILL HAD SAID.



WHEN THEY DROVE OUT OF TOWN, THERE WAS A DANGEROUS GLINT IN THE GRINDS' EYES...



LATE THAT NIGHT WHEN GUNSIGHT WAS QUIET, THE RASCALLY PAIR, ACCOMPANIED BY MOOSE MANTON, A TOUGH GUNMAN WHO THEY HAD HIRED, CREPT ROUND THE SIDE OF THE SILVER SADDLE... AND BEGAN TO THROW PARAFFIN ON THE DRY WOODWORK OF THE BUILDING...



NED GRIND PUT A MATCH TO THE PARAFFIN-SOAKED WEATHERBOARD-- WH-O-O-SH! ... A SHEET OF FLAME SWEEPED UP THE SIDE OF THE SILVER SADDLE.



THERE SHE GOES!

RIGHT! BACK TO THE RANCH, THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US!

THE GIRL'LL BE SAFE ALL BE RIGHT... SHE SLEEPS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BUILDING, DOWNSTAIRS!

WITHIN TEN SECONDS, ALL ONE SIDE OF THE SILVER SADDLE WAS A SEA OF FLAME... AND THE STREETS WERE SOON PACKED WITH HORROR-STRICKEN TOWNSFOLK... SUDDENLY A SHOUT WENT UP AS SALLY MERRIT APPEARED AT AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW... SHE HAD BEEN WORKING LATE ON HER ACCOUNTS IN THE UPSTAIRS OFFICE... NOW SHE WAS TRAPPED.



HELP!

SHE'LL BE OVERCOME BY THE SMOKE, WILL!

THEN THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!

STOP! YOU CAN'T GET UP TO HER! THE STAIRS ARE ABLAZE!

WILL BONNEY CLAWED HIS WAY UP THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING TOWARDS THE NOW UNCONSCIOUS GIRL.



I THINK I CAN REACH HER IN TIME, WITH A BIT OF LUCK!

THE BRAVE YOUNG RANCHER SWUNG SALLY OVER HIS SHOULDER AND STARTED THE PERILOUS DESCENT...



CAN HE MAKE IT?

HE'LL MAKE IT- IF THAT WALL DON'T FALL FIRST!

THEY REACHED THE GROUND... THEN THE WALL FELL!... JUST IN TIME, WILL BONNEY DRAGGED SALLY CLEAR.



MADE IT!

THEN, IN THE CRIMSON GLOW OF HER BURNING HOME, SALLY MERRIT THANKED THE MAN WHO HAD SAVED HER LIFE.



THANKS, WILL, THANKS

IT WAS NOTHING, SALLY! I WISH I COULD HAVE SAVED THE OLD SILVER SADDLE!

AT WILL'S WORDS, THE PLUCKY GIRL BROKE DOWN AND SOBBED BITTERLY AS SHE THOUGHT OF ALL SHE HAD WORKED SO HARD FOR, GOING UP IN FLAMES.



GOSH, SALLY!- IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP!

YOU'VE DONE ALL YOU COULD, WILL!... PLEASE LEAVE ME NOW, I'M TOO MISERABLE TO TALK- EVEN TO YOU!

WILL BONNEY WALKED SLOWLY AWAY... BUT SUDDENLY A WRINKLED BROWN HAND WAS LAID ON HIS SLEEVE.

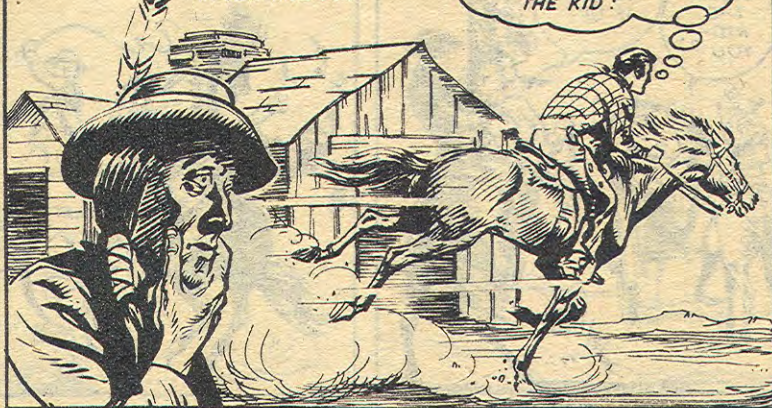


WHY, INJUN JOE! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS SHOCKING BUSINESS?

PLENTY BAD MEDICINE, PALEFACE BONNEY!... THEM GRINDS BURN HOTEL, ME SEE 'EM RUN AWAY!

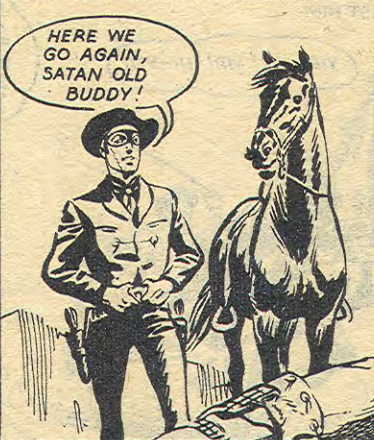


AT THE MENTION OF MOOSE MANTON, WHO WAS A REAL GUNFIGHTING BADMAN, WILL BONNEY LEAPED TO THE SADDLE OF THE NEAREST HORSE AND RODE OFF DOWN THE STREET OUT OF TOWN-- LEAVING INJUN JOE RUBBING HIS CHIN IN SURPRISE...

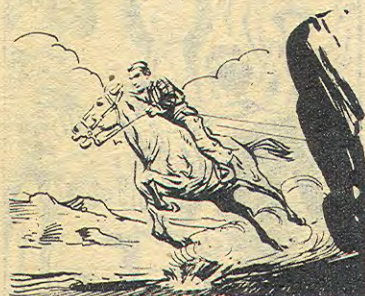


UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY, WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO CARRIED NO GUNS, WAS NONE OTHER THAN BILLY THE KID THE BLACK-GARBED AVENGER, WHO WITH HIS TWO PEARL-HANDLED SIX GUNS UPHELD THE LAW IN THE LAWLESS WEST.... STRAIGHT FOR HIS HIDEOUT IN THE SECRET VALLEY BEYOND THUNDERBIRD PEAK RODE WILL BONNEY....

... WHERE, WATCHED BY HIS WONDER HORSE, BLACK SATAN, HE CHANGED INTO THE BLACK CLOTHES OF BILLY THE KID....

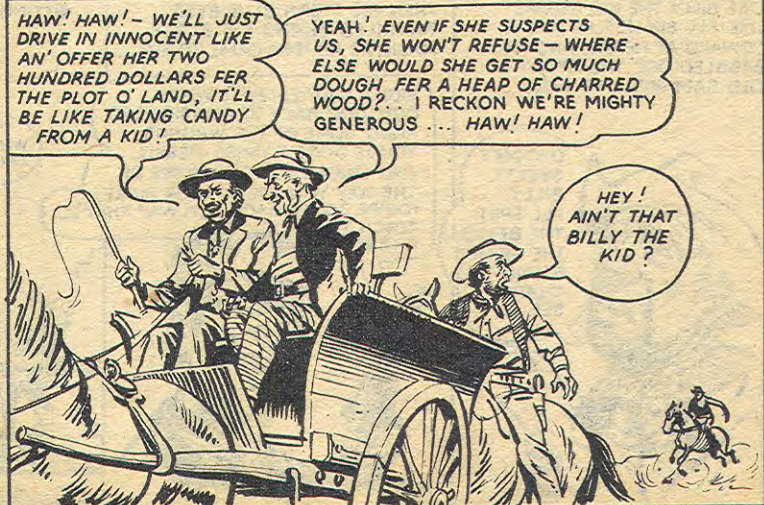


... AND THEN HE LEAPED THE BREATHTAKING GORGE FROM THE VALLEY... AND THE DAWN SKY RANG WITH THE MIGHTY CRY OF BILLY THE KID....

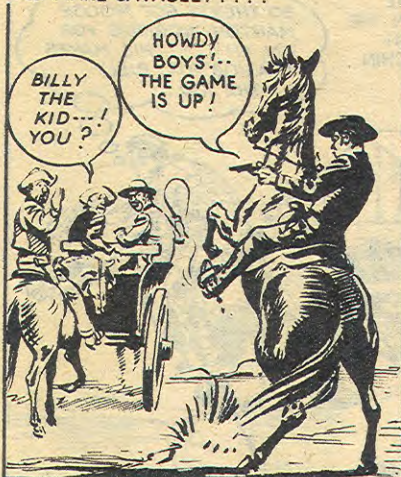


LATER, ON A HIGH BLUFF OVERLOOKING GUNSIGHT VALLEY, BILLY SPOTTED A LITTLE CART HEADING FOR TOWN, ACCOMPANIED BY A LONE RIDER ON A HORSE....

THE GRIND BROTHERS WERE IN HIGH SPIRITS... BUT MOOSE MANTON SAW THE BLACK HORSEMAN GALLOPING UP BEHIND THEM... AND HIS STUBBY JAW DROPPED....



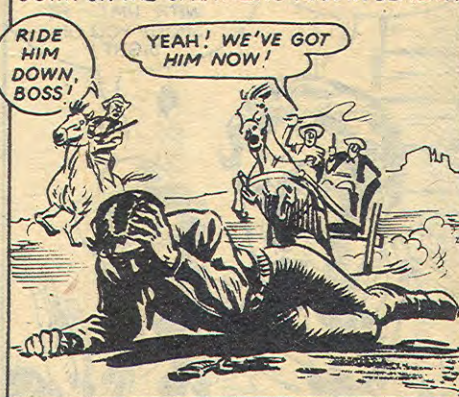
THE LONE AVENGER'S VOICE RASPED OUT, AND NED GRIND REINED IN HIS OLD MARE SAVAGELY . . .



BUT NED GRIND WAS A FAST HAND WITH THE HORSEWHIP HE CARRIED... CRAAAACK!... HE LASHED A CRUEL BLOW ACROSS SATAN'S CHEST, CAUSING THE MAGNIFICENT ANIMAL TO REAR UP VIOLENTLY....



BILLY FELL HEAVILY AND LAY DAZED... SETH GRIND PULLED A DERRINGER PISTOL FROM HIS WAISTCOAT, AND MOOSE MANTON LEVELLED HIS WINCHESTER... WHILE NED GRIND LASHED HIS OLD MARE, AND TURNING THE CART, BROUGHT IT CHARGING DOWN ON THE SPRAWLING MAN IN BLACK...



BUT BILLY THE KID WAS NOT CALLED THE FASTEST GUNFIGHTER IN THE WEST FOR NOTHING!-- HE STAGGERED TO HIS FEET DIZZILY... THEN WITH TWO SHOTS THAT SOUNDED LIKE ONE, HE SENT THE GUNS SPINNING FROM THE CROOKS' HANDS...



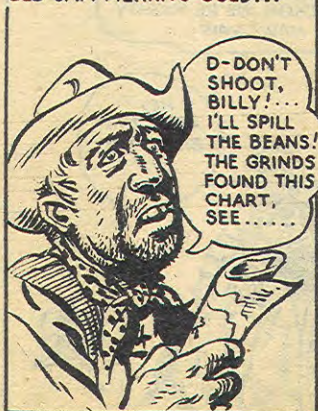
THEN, WITH A MIGHTY SIDEWAYS LEAP, HE AVOIDED THE FLYING HOOVES OF THE GRINDS' HARD-PRESSED MARE AND CLASPED HER ROUND THE NECK AS SHE SWEEP PAST HIM...



THEN, BRINGING THE CART TO A HALT, HE COVERED THE COWERING CROOKS!



MOOSE MANTON HAD NEVER COME UP AGAINST A MAN LIKE BILLY THE KID BEFORE... LIKE ALL BULLIES, HE WAS A COWARD AT HEART, AND HE BABBLER OUT THE STORY OF OLD SAM MERRITS GOLD...



BILLY LISTENED TO THE STORY AND TOOK CHARGE OF THE CHART. THEN HIS STERN BLUE EYES TWINKLED BEHIND HIS BLACK MASK, AS AN IDEA CAME TO HIM...



.... AND SO, BACK TO GUNSIGHT IN STYLE! ... WITH THE GRINDS ILL-TREATED MARE SITTING IN THE CART.



EXCITEMENT RAN HIGH IN GUNSIGHT WHEN BILLY RODE IN WITH HIS THREE PRISONERS --- WHEN THEY HEARD OF THE GRINDS' CONFESSION, THE FOLKS OF GUNSIGHT WERE MIGHTY ANGRY --- SOME OF THE BOYS WERE FOR THROWING THE RASCALLY BROTHERS AND THEIR HENCHMAN IN THE RIVER STRAIGHT AWAY ---

BUT BILLY HAD A JOB FOR HIS PRISONERS. HE PACED OUT THE TWO THOUSAND PACES FROM THE OLD HICKORY TREE ---

... WHICH NOW BROUGHT HIM TO A SPOT IN THE MIDDLE OF SALLY MERRIT'S CHARRED KITCHEN FLOOR ---



IT TOOK THE THREE SWEATING CROOKS ALL DAY TO REACH THE GOLD --- AND NO BREAKS FOR FOOD OR REST. . .



A BULLET FROM BILLY'S GUN SMASHED THE LOCK ... AND THE HEAVY LID WAS LIFTED UP. . .

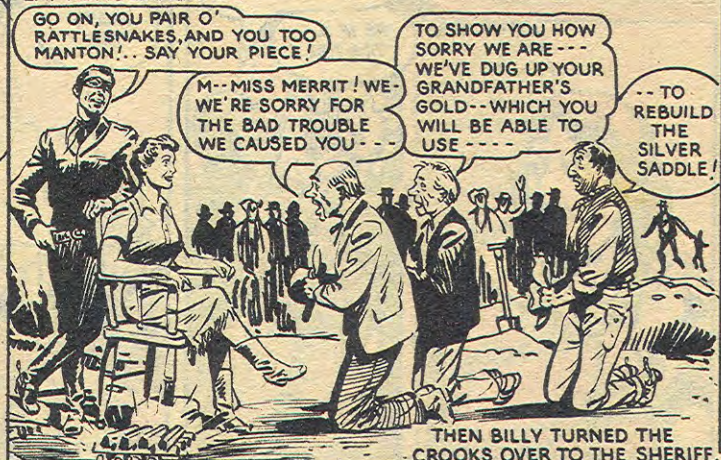


FROM THE CROWD CAME THE WAILING VOICE OF KARL OLSEN.

TEN YEARS! TEN YEARS! I AM HAVING THAT OLD SADDLE-BAG IN MY SHOP -- SOLD TO ME IT WAS BY A MINER WHO PICKED IT UP NEAR SAM MERRIT'S BODY --- AND I NEVER KNEW WHAT WAS IN IT!



THEN BILLY THE KID LED THE ASTONISHED SALLY MERRIT TO A DAMAGED ARM-CHAIR IN THE MIDDLE OF HER WRECKED HOTEL DINING ROOM --- AND BEFORE THE CHEERING TOWNSFOLK, BILLY MADE THE WICKED GRIND BROTHERS AND MOOSE MANTON EAT HUMBLE PIE ---



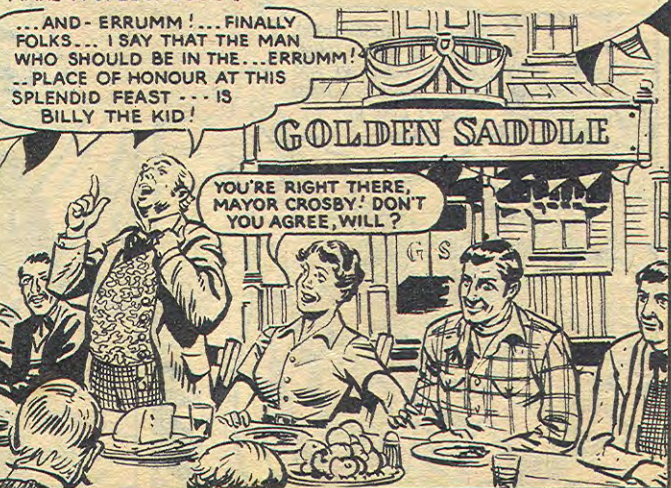
... AND, NOT WAITING TO RECEIVE ANY THANKS, THE TWO-GUN AVENGER OF THE WEST RODE OUT OF TOWN. . .



SALLY NEEDED ONLY A SMALL PART OF HER GRANDFATHER'S GOLD TO REBUILD THE SILVER SADDLE. . . AND ON THE ADVICE OF WILL BONNEY, SHE CALLED IT THE GOLDEN SADDLE. . .

SHE SENT THE REMAINDER OF THE GOLD TO A BIG ORPHANAGE IN DALLAS, FOR SALLY WAS A SIMPLE HARD-WORKING GIRL WHO ONLY ASKED FOR A CHANCE TO MAKE GOOD BY HER OWN EFFORTS. . .

CAME THE GREAT DAY OF THE OPENING OF THE GOLDEN SADDLE! EVERYBODY IN TOWN HAD A FREE MEAL AT A GREAT TABLE LAID OUT IN THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL. . . MAYOR CROSBY CAME ALL THE WAY FROM DALLAS TO MAKE A SPEECH. . .



Billy the Kid will be riding again next week. . . Ride with him!

SUN--May 23, 1953--7

ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

AFTER MANY DESPERATE AND PERILOUS ADVENTURES, ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN AND A YOUTH NAMED TRISTAN DE BORS HAVE REACHED THE END OF THEIR QUEST FOR THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY. SUDDENLY, TRISTAN DE BORS SNATCHES UP A RICHLY-JEWELLED CROWN FOR HIMSELF AND LOCKS THE SECRET TREASURE CHAMBER. BUT HIS TREACHERY IS DOOMED TO FAILURE --

STRICKEN WITH SURPRISE, DE BORS FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING INTO THE STERN FACE OF A BRAWNY, ARMED FRIAR, --

WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?

I AM FRIAR TUCK OF SHERWOOD, YOU YOUNG RASCAL! OPEN UP THAT DOOR -- OR IT WILL BE THE WORSE FOR YOU!

TREMBLING -- TRISTAN DE BORS DID AS HE WAS TOLD --

BY MY SWORD! FRIAR TUCK! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

I TRAILED YOU ALL THE WAY TO SCOTLAND -- AND SOME MIGHTY FINE MEALS I HAVE EATEN ON THE WAY, BUT MORE OF THAT LATER. YESTERDAY I MET THE VILLAGERS WHOSE CHILDREN YOU RESCUED. WITH THEIR HELP I FOLLOWED YOUR DRAGON SHIP TO IONA IN A FISHING BOAT.

WHILE FRIAR TUCK WAS SPEAKING, DE BORS EDGED HIMSELF TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE GROUP --

-- AND AS FOR THIS YOUTH HERE --

HE IS A TRAITOR!

THE TRAITOROUS YOUTH RAN DOWN THE BEACH TO WHERE FRIAR TUCK'S FRIENDS, THE SCOTTISH VILLAGERS, WERE WAITING BY THEIR BOAT --

WHAT'S THIS?

STAND CLEAR OF THAT BOAT, YOU DOGS -- UNLESS YOU WANT TO FEEL THE EDGE OF MY BROADSWORD!

-- BUT TRISTAN DE BORS WAS MAKING GOOD HIS ESCAPE!

THE UNARMED VILLAGERS OBEYED -- AND DE BORS PUSHED THE BOAT OUT INTO THE SURF AND LEAPED ABOARD --

CURSE YOU, ROBIN HOOD, THANKS TO YOU, I HAVE LOST MY TREASURE FOR EVER -- THERE IS NOTHING FOR IT NOW BUT TO ESCAPE!

ROBIN HOOD CLAMBERED TO THE STERN OF THE DRAGON SHIP WHICH HE HAD CAPTURED FROM THE VIKINGS AND HAILED THE FURIOUSLY ROWING YOUTH --

COME BACK -- COME BACK, YOU FOOL -- YOU'LL NEVER HANDLE THAT BOAT SINGLE-HANDED! YOU ARE HEADING FOR THOSE ROCKS!

BUT TRISTAN DE BORS WAS IN A BLIND PANIC TO ESCAPE THE VENGEANCE OF THE LORD OF SHERWOOD-- TOO LATE, HE SAW THE RAZOR-EDGED ROCKS UNDER THE BOWS OF HIS FRAIL CRAFT--



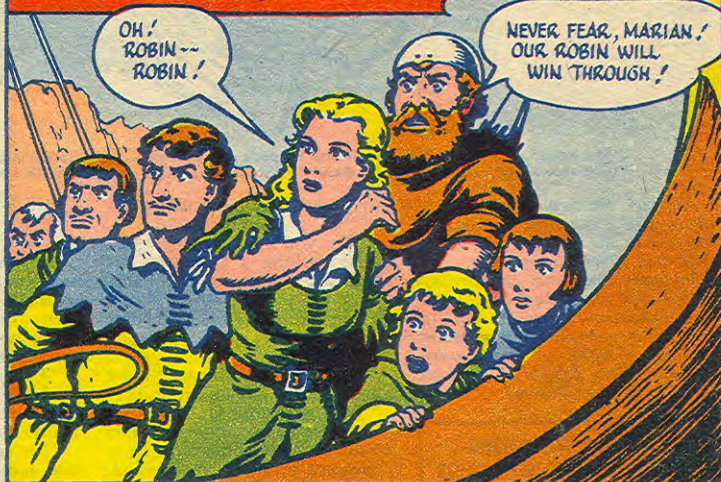
IN AN INSTANT, THE FALSE, DECEIVING COMRADE OF ROBIN HOOD WAS FLUNG INTO THE CRUEL BREAKERS WHICH DASHED THEMSELVES IN FURY UPON THE FATAL ROCKS.



LIKE A SWOOPING SEA-BIRD, THE PRINCE OF OUTLAWS DIVED FROM THE STERN OF THE VIKING SHIP--



WITH THEIR HEARTS IN THEIR MOUTHS, MARIAN AND THE MERRIE MEN WATCHED THEIR MAGNIFICENT LEADER, BATTLING HIS WAY TO SAVE THE YOUTH WHO HAD SO FALSELY DECEIVED HIM--



SUDDENLY A TERRIBLE SIGHT CHILLED THE BLOOD OF THE WATCHING OUTLAWS--



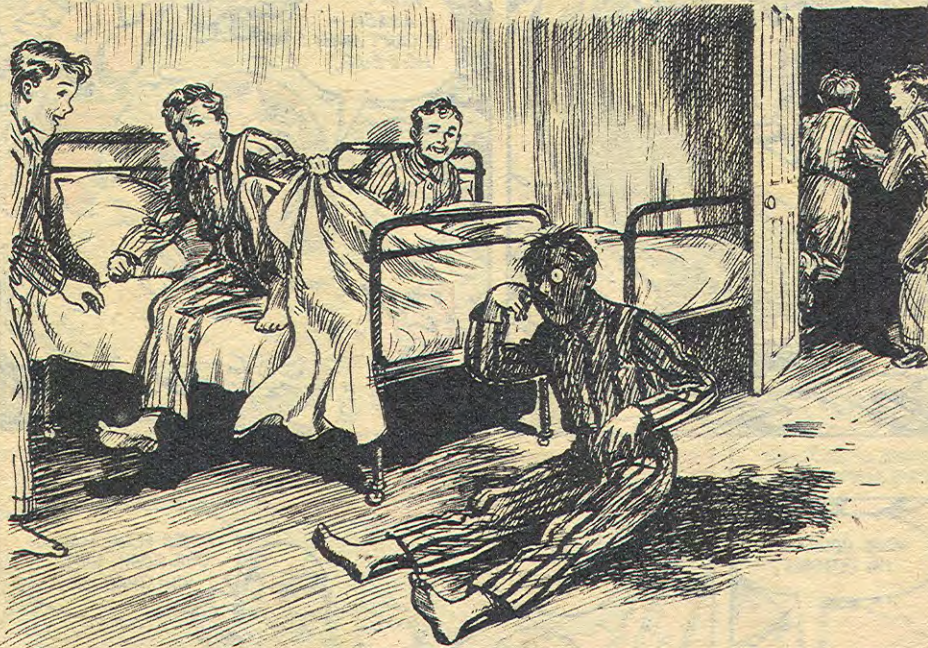
-- THE FEROCIOUS HEAD OF A STRANGE SEA-BEAST ROSE FROM THE BROKEN WATER BEYOND THE STRUGGLING FIGURES OF ROBIN AND TRISTAN DE BORS--



Don't miss the final instalment of this magnificent picture story next week.

SUN--May 23, 1953--9

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



"My hat!" cried Jack Blake. "Look at poor old Gussie . . . he looks a bit sunburnt!"
 "Gooooo-o-oh!" spluttered the dandy of St. Jim's, "I'm covered with soot!"

Thurnel, the strange new junior at St. Jim's, is taking an unusual interest in the valuable St. Jim's gold and silver dining plate. . . . This queer chap, who has already fought and beaten Jack Blake and has challenged Tom Merry to a fight, is now planning to break bounds at night . . . but young Wally D'Arcy has got plans of his own for Master Thurnel. . . .

**This A SURPRISE
week: FOR MELLISH**

GUSSY GETS THE SOOT

"QUIET!"
 "Quiet yourself!"
 "Don't make a row, young Jameson!"
 "Who's making a row?"
 "You are!"
 "Rats!"

Wally D'Arcy breathed hard through his nose. Three shadowy forms had stolen along the corridor in the School House, and stopped outside the door of the Fourth Form dormitory.

They were D'Arcy minor, Jameson, and Curly Gibson, of the Third.

The three fags were half-dressed, and Wally D'Arcy carried a bag in his right hand, which he was taking extraordinary care of.

"Will you shut up?" he demanded, in a fierce whisper. "It would make too much row to bang your head against the wall now."

"It would take too much trouble, too," said Jameson.

"Anybody that tried it would get hurt."

"Why you cheeky—!" said Wally, making a clutch at his discontented follower, and banging the bag against him. "There! Now you've made me spill some of the soot!"

Gibson gave a howl.

"You dangerous lunatic! Have you spilled it over my trousers?"

"Well, I suppose some has gone over your trousers," said Wally. "I think some must be in Jameson's slippers. Never mind; there's a lot left."

"Never mind!" breathed Jameson. "Oh, you ass!"

"Look here—"

"I'm smothered," said Gibson

—"smothered!"

"Well, I don't see why you can't be smothered quietly," grunted Wally. "I never saw such a chap for complaining!"

I—Hullo!"

"Look out!"

There was a sound of footsteps in the passage, and a glimmer of light. It was half-past ten, and all the boys ought to have been in bed. The three fags guessed at once that it was a master going his rounds.

For a moment they stood dismayed.

There was no escape from the wide, long corridor, and the footsteps were coming towards them. But Wally was seldom caught napping. He quickly and quietly opened the door of the Fourth Form dormitory, and dragged his comrades in.

Then, as quickly and quietly, he closed the door behind them.

"Hush!" he whispered.

"Hush yourself!" whispered Jameson.

The footsteps approached the door, and passed. The juniors breathed more freely. Wally had been afraid that the passer-by might notice the spilt soot, but apparently he had not done so.

"All safe now," muttered Curly Gibson.

"Good! Now, which is Thurnel's bed?"

"Better find out for certain," said Jameson. "We don't want to bung the stuff on the wrong chap by mistake."

Wally chuckled softly.

"No; that would be hard lines. Got a match?"

"Of course I haven't. I thought you would have sense enough to bring a match."

"I haven't one."

"Have you a match, Gibson?"

"No."

"Well, of all the idiots—"

"Shut up!" whispered Jameson. "I can hear somebody moving."

The three fags remained still and breathless.

There was a sound in the dormitory of somebody moving in bed, and a grunt as a sleeper settled down into a more comfortable position.

"It's all right," whispered Wally. "He's not awake."

"Hush!"

"I say—"

"Hark!"

A voice came through the gloom—a voice the fags knew well. It was that of D'Arcy major—Arthur Augustus D'Arcy

of the Fourth Form.

"Who's that talking there?"

The fags made no sound.

"I heard somebody moving about. Is it a burglar?"

Wally chuckled silently.

"Well, don't make a wow!" said D'Arcy drowsily. "I believe something woke me up."

And he breathed deeply and regularly again.

The fags did not dare to move for some minutes.

Then Wally groped through his pockets carefully in search of a stray match. He found one at last, sticking to a chunk of toffee. He separated the match and the toffee, and struck the former, with some difficulty. It flared up, and the light glimmered in the long, dark dormitory.

Wally hastily looked up and down for Thurnel.

"My only Aunt Jane!" he exclaimed.

"Hullo! What's the matter?"

"There's a bed empty—and another!"

"What!"

"By Jove! I am sure I can hear something," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, sitting up in bed. "I am quite certain of it, Blake."

"Gr-r-r!"

"Blake!"

"Br-r-r-r!"

"Blake! I wather think there are some burglars here. Wake up!"

There was a grunt from Blake's bed. The match was out, and the three fags were as silent as mice.

"Oh, go to sleep, Gussy!"

"I welfuse to go to sleep. There is somebody moving about in the dorm."

"Well, let 'em move."

"It may be a burglar."

"Rubbish!"

"Weally, Blake, you wemember that an attempt was made to burgle the school silver once, and we cannot be too careful, you know."

"Rats!"

"Well, I intend to investigate anyway."

"Investigate, then, and shut up!" said Blake.

"Weally, Blake—"

"Br-r-r-r!"

Arthur Augustus rose silently from his bed. He was convinced that somebody was moving about in the dormitory, and as that somebody had refused to speak, D'Arcy was inclined to think that it was a burglar. The fags stood silent. If they were discovered, there would be no chance of carrying out the rag on Thurnel.

Arthur Augustus groped for a matchbox, but did not find one. He felt his way through the dark towards his washstand, where he remembered there was a box, and ran right into Jameson, who gave a gasp.

"Oh!"

"By Jove!"

Arthur Augustus grabbed the fag at once.

"I've got him, Blake!" he cried.

"Got who?"

"The burglar!"

"Then keep him!" said Blake.

"Don't bother me!"

"Help!"

"Oh, dry up!"

"I tell you I've captured the burglar! Help!"

Jameson made a desperate effort to tear himself loose, and dragged Arthur Augustus over, and went down sprawling with him. D'Arcy gave a yell.

"Ow! Oh! Help! Burglars!"

There was no doubt that there was somebody in the dormitory, and a dozen Fourth-Formers jumped excitedly out of bed.

"A light! A light!"

"Got a match!"

"Help!" yelled D'Arcy.

"Rescue!" gasped Jameson.

Wally and Gibson groped towards him in the darkness. Wally seized a pair of ears, to drag D'Arcy off the bag, but a yell from Jameson revealed the fact that the ears belonged to him.

"Leggo!" he shrieked.

"Heavens! I thought——"

"Wally!" gasped D'Arcy, recognising his brother's voice.

"Yes, ass!"

"Weally, Wally——"

D'Arcy, in his amazement, had relaxed his hold upon Jameson. The bag wrenched himself away, and leaped clear of the Fourth-Former. D'Arcy made a wild grasp after him, and grasped Wally. They staggered and fell together; and there was a yell from Arthur Augustus as the bag of soot banged upon his head and burst open.

"Ow! Groo-o-o-o-oh!"

"My only Aunt Jane!" gasped Wally.

He tore himself away.

Lights were being struck on all sides, and the three young rascals had barely time to escape.

"Sorry, Gussy!" gasped Wally. "It was meant for Thurnel, but you will shove your silly head into things!"

"Groo!"

"Let's get out of here!" exclaimed Jameson.

The fags made for the door. They darted out of the dormitory, and raced away down the passage before a hand could be stretched out to seize them.

Jack Blake switched on the light to reveal Arthur Augustus as he staggered to his feet.

For a moment the Fourth-Formers gazed at him in silence.

Then there was a wild yell of laughter.

Arthur Augustus was simply smothered with soot!

Had the juniors not known who it was, they would never have recognised the swell of St. Jim's.

His head, his face, his elegant pyjamas had all disappeared under a coat of blackness.

A wild black figure had taken D'Arcy's place. From under the clouds of soot came a gasping voice.

"Gweat Scott! Oh! Yow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake.

"Yow-wow!"

"I feel howlid!"

"Ha, ha! You look horrid!"

gaped Herries. "My hat! Where did you get that soot?"

"Ow! It was that young wascal Wally broughed it here to throw over Thurnel!" gasped D'Arcy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better clean yourself down,"

said Hancock. "You can't get into bed again in that state."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A lucky escape for Thurnel," grinned Blake. "He—— Why, where is he?"

He glanced towards Thurnel's bed.

It was unoccupied.

The glances of a dozen juniors followed Blake's. Thurnel's bed was empty, the clothes turned back where the junior had crept out of it. Mellish's bed, which was next to it, was empty also. Both of them were gone.

The juniors forgot even the sooting of Arthur Augustus in their surprise. Where had the new boy and the cad of the Fourth gone together at that hour? They had sneaked out of the Fourth Form dormitory, and their absence would never have been discovered but for the Third Form raid.

What did it mean?

A MYSTERIOUS MEETING

"MIND how you drop!"

"All right!"

Mellish whispered the warning as he stood at the foot of the wall in the shadow of the thickly hanging ivy.

Thurnel had just clambered out on the window-sill.

He took a strong grasp of the ivy, and swung himself down to the ground much more actively than the cad of the Fourth had done.

He joined Mellish on the ground, and laughed slightly.

"Nothing much in that."

"This way," said Mellish.

"I'm following you."

Mellish led the way across the dark quadrangle.

Thurnel walked quickly, following Mellish without a pause through the darkness, never losing sight of him for a moment. As a matter of fact, the new boy seemed more at home getting about in the dark than Mellish was, though he was a stranger to the place.

The cad of the Fourth halted abruptly.

"Here's the wall."

"Good!"

Thurnel peered about him in the gloom. Close to the wall grew a thick old oak with a trunk slanting towards the wall, over which the branches hung, shadowing the road outside.

"You see?" whispered Mellish. "You have to climb up between the trunk and the wall—you squeeze your way up. Do you think you can do it?"

"Oh, yes; that's easy!"

"Shall I wait for you?"

"No need, now you've shown me the way," said Thurnel. "You can go back, only leave the window unfastened for me."

"Right you are!"

Thurnel clambered up between the tree trunk and the wall. Mellish stood watching him, the darkness hiding the cunning smile on his face.

Mellish was suspicious by nature, and he flattered himself that few fellows could succeed in pulling the wool over his eyes.

Thurnel's expedition to the village that night, at so much risk, for the simple purpose of smuggling cigarettes into the school, seemed to Mellish's cunning mind to be an excuse for doing something much more sinister. True, he knew that Jack Blake had destroyed the new boy's cigarettes. But that was not a sufficient reason for Thurnel running this risk and taking so much trouble.

There was more in the new boy than met the eye—Mellish knew that. He was quite convinced that Thurnel had some dark reason for leaving the school at night; something other than buying cigarettes.

What that reason might be Mellish could not guess, but he had a dim suspicion that the new boy had already found some shady friends in Rylcombe, and intended to visit them—perhaps to spend a jolly time.

Mellish had no scruples about spying and listening, and he was only waiting for Thurnel to get over the wall to follow him.

He heard the new boy clamber over and drop into the road, and then he himself climbed quickly to the top of the wall.

He peered over in the darkness, and caught a glimpse of Thurnel's figure disappearing in the gloom, but Thurnel was not going towards the village. He had started off in the opposite direction.

As the new boy disappeared up the road, Mellish dropped silently from the wall, and crept after him.

On the other side of the road was a ditch, separating the road from the borders of a wood, and crossed at some distance by a plank bridge.

Mellish heard the creaking of the planks as the new boy crossed it into the wood.

The cad of the Fourth was puzzled.

What Thurnel could be penetrating into the deep, silent wood for at that hour was a mystery to him.

The cad of the Fourth was more curious than ever.

He stole along the road to the bridge, and crept silently over it, and found himself in the darkness of the footpath under the trees.

He was about to feel his way forward when he heard a voice, and he stopped dead, his heart beating like a hammer.

"Is that you, Dick?"

Mellish hardly dared breathe. Dick was Thurnel's name, and he understood in a flash now what it all meant. Thurnel had come out to meet someone in the shadows of the wood—a man, to judge by the voice.

"I'm here!" said Thurnel's voice.

He was so close that Mellish could have touched him by holding out his hand. The cad of the Fourth, hardly daring to breathe, and with his heart thumping painfully, backed away. The blackness of the path completely hid him from sight, but he was afraid that his breathing would betray him.

But he did not go too far to hear the voices of the two speakers. Mellish was more curious than ever, and he did not mean to lose a single word if he could help it.

"Good!" went on the harsh voice Mellish had first heard. "I've been waiting for you ten minutes, Dicky."

"I came as near half-past ten as I could."

"Good! But I've been anxious, Dick."

Thurnel chuckled softly.

"There wasn't so much for you to be anxious about, dad, as for me."

Mellish could hardly avoid an exclamation.

Then this was Thurnel's father!

The mystery was deeper than ever. Why should the new boy's father follow him to St. Jim's and meet him in this way, at such a time and place, instead of coming up to the school in the light of day?

"Well, we're both in it pretty deep, Dick, though I admit you ran most of the risk. But it went off all right?"

"Yes."

"Nobody suspects you're older than you make out?"

"No one, as far as I know."

"Good! How have you got on with the boys?"

"Oh, that's all right! I've licked some of them—they were astonished to find a chap like me lick them so easily." And Thurnel chuckled.

The other uttered an exclamation.

"That was a bad move, Dick—a very bad move!"

"I don't see it," said Thurnel sullenly. "I wasn't going to stand any cheek from the young brats, I suppose?"

"Yes, but you must have attracted attention now, and caused remarks to be passed upon your strength," said the other. "You make up wonderfully well as a boy on account of your small size, but your face looks older, and if you give away the thing like this you will be found out. It would have been wiser for you to avoid all rows and put on a pretence of being weaker, not stronger, than the others."

"Oh, that's all right!"

"It's not all right!" said the other irritably. "It was a false move. You must keep clear of rows in the future."

"Oh, all right, but——"

"But what?"

"I've got a row on now—I'm to fight to-morrow with a chap named Merry, in the Shell."

What is Thurnel up to? . . . See next week's exciting instalment of this grand school story.

DICK TURPIN

*and the Mystery
of Misty Moor*

Dick Turpin's arch enemy, the villainous "Creepy" Crawley, has been forcing kidnapped country lads to do some mysterious work in the sinister dungeons below the ruined King Arthur's Castle on Misty Moor. . . . Accompanied by his staunch comrades, Big Fred and Little Fred Spunyard, Dick Turpin frees the country lads and then sets out to rescue Moll Moonlight, who is also in Crawley's clutches . . . and now in "The Tower of Echoes"

Desperately the three comrades looked this way and that. . . . While Moll's voice echoed all around the weird tower. . . .



Suddenly, Little Fred spun round and pointed to one of the dark staircases which led upwards into the sinister blackness. . . .



With the King of Highwaymen at their head, they bounded up the dank and cobwebby steps!



Suddenly from behind them . . . CL-A-ANG! . . . A heavy iron portcullis crashed down and sealed off their retreat!



Dick's brow set in a hard line above his piercing blue eyes, and he took a firmer grip on his rapier. . . .

They crept stealthily to the top of the stair and found themselves in a high gallery overlooking the gloomy well of the strange tower. . . . Still Moll Moonlight's cries resounded in their ears. . . . But the "Tower of Echoes" was so cunningly constructed that, although they followed the sound, it seemed to get no nearer!

SO THAT BE THE SORT O' MONKEY TRICK CREEPY CRAWLEY GETS UP TO EH, DICK?

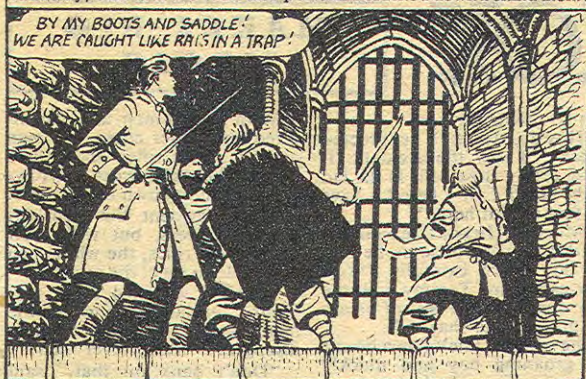
AYE!... MOLL MOONLIGHT AND I KNOW HIM OF OLD!... I'LL WARRANT THAT THERE'LL BE MORE OF SUCH VILLAINY BEFORE WE'VE GONE MUCH FURTHER!... PRESS ON, LADS!... BUT TREAD CAREFULLY!...



Then, suddenly some sixth sense made Dick step back a pace . . . and not a split second too soon! . . . For, with a deep rumble, a great stone slab fell away, leaving a yawning pit before his very feet!



Suddenly, CLA-A-A-NG! Another portcullis crashed down behind them!



BY MY BOOTS AND SADDLE!
WE ARE CAUGHT LIKE RATS IN A TRAP!

The ghostly silence which followed was broken by an outburst of wild high-pitched laughter!... Laughter that Dick knew of old!



CREEPY
CRAWLEY!

The sinister owner of King Arthur's castle glared down on Dick and his comrades in triumph. While his henchmen raised their muskets...



AYE TURPIN!... CREEPY CRAWLEY...
AND I HAVE GOT YOU AT LAST...
HEH! HEH! HEH!... THROW
DOWN YOUR WEAPONS, OR
I'LL TELL MY MEN TO
SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE
THE DOGS YOU ARE!

Presently, Crawley and his men came down, dragging Moll with them, and the four comrades were chained hand and foot...



MOLL, YOU WERE CALLING FOR
HELP... ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
AYE, DICK!... THIS BIG BULLY WAS
TWISTING MY ARM... BUT I GAVE
HIM A PUNCH ON THE EAR WHICH
HE'LL NOT FORGET IN A HURRY!

YOU
WILDCAT!

Chained but with a devil-may-care grin on his face, Dick Turpin eyed his rascally enemy



YOU SEEM TO
HOLD ALL
THE CARDS,
CRAWLEY...
WHAT NEXT?

HEH! HEH! HEH!
NEED YOU ASK,
DICK TURPIN?
NEED YOU ASK?
...YOU WHO HAVE
CROSSED MY
PATH AND
THWARTED MY
PLANS SO MANY
TIMES!

...BUT YOU HAVE
INTERFERED
FOR THE LAST TIME!...
OH YES... YOU WILL
NEVER DISCOVER
THE SECRET OF
MISTY MOOR...
BECAUSE YOU AND
YOUR FRIENDS
ARE GOING ON A
LONG JOURNEY
FROM WHICH YOU
WILL NEVER RETURN!
... JONAS WHALE!
TAKE THESE
RABBLE AND
THROW THEM
OVER THE CLIFF!



Jonas Whale took the prisoners away to do his master's bidding.



QUICK MARCH, YOU LUBBERS! HO! HO!... THIS IS YOUR LAST
VOYAGE, YOU SWABS!... A-THROWIN' OFF A CLIFF'S TOO GOOD
FER THE LIKES O' YOU... IF YOU'D BEEN ON MY LAST SHIP,
"THE PIRATE'S JOY", I'D HAVE HAD YOU KEEL-HAULED,
SINK ME IF I WOULDN'T!

The Spunryarn brothers had no regrets, and they said so, out aloud...



I'M SORRY
IT'S COME
TO THIS,
LADS!

THINK
NOWT
OF IT,
DICK, LAD!
IT'S ALL IN
THE GAME
THE SMOOTH,
AIN'T THAT
RIGHT, BIG FRED?

On hearing Little Fred's remark, Jonas Whale sprang forward... tears welled in his bleary eyes... and with a hoarse voice choked with emotion, he cried out...

SPUNYARN?... BIG FRED AND LITTLE FRED
SPUNYARN?... BOYS... DON'T YOU KNOW ME?...
ME AS CHANGED ME NAME FROM JONAS SPUNYARN
TO JONAS WHALE AND WENT TO SEA, LEAVING YOU
TWO POOR LITTLE MITES IN AN ORPHANAGE...
DON'T YOU REMEMBER YER PORE
OLD FATHER?



Next week: THE SINISTER BEDCHAMBER OF "CREEPY" CRAWLEY.

SUN—May 23, 1953—13

WILD BILL HICKOK

MAKES BIG MAGIC



Jerking up his Winchester, Wild Bill took careful aim at the snarling bear. . . .

WILD BILL HICKOK, the fearless frontier marshal who kept law and order with his lightning guns, reined in Gypsy, his magnificent sorrel mare, and looked about him. He was on the ridge of a rocky mountain, and below him, winding its way to the summit through clumps of sun-baked trees and dazzling white boulders, was a road—if a dusty track full of ruts and holes could be called a road.

And along that road rumbled the Sundance Valley Stagecoach. It swayed perilously as it tore round the sharp curves, and from the sweat gleaming on the coats of the team of horses, it was evident the driver was in a hurry to get out of the mountain pass.

The marshal was about to move off when he gave a sudden start. As he watched the stage disappear behind a large, overhanging boulder, his sharp eyes noticed that the left rear wheel was wobbling dangerously. But there was no time to warn the

driver. As the coach swung into view again, it gave a sickening lurch and turned over on its side, while the wheel rolled down the trail and smashed to pieces against a tree. The startled neigh of the horses echoed through the pass as the impact of the overturning coach pulled the team up with a sharp jerk, and caused two of them to stumble and fall.

In a flash, Wild Bill was heading Gypsy down the trail. The stage was about half-way up the mountain pass and it took several minutes of hard riding before the marshal reached it.

As he pulled up in a cloud of dust and vaulted lightly out of his saddle, the driver, with the help of one of the male passengers, was lifting a little boy out of the coach. A woman was standing nearby wringing her hands and silently crying, while her companion was spreading a blanket out on the ground in the shade of a boulder.

Wild Bill took his first aid kit from his saddle bag and stepped

over to the driver.

"Howdy, Hank," he greeted quietly. "I saw the accident. It was a pretty close call! Is the lad badly hurt? Can I help? I have my first aid kit here."

"Marshal Hickok!" exclaimed the driver in surprise as he laid the boy down carefully. "You sure can help. Tommy was the only one hurt, the rest of us are just bruised and shaken."

The marshal knelt down beside the groaning boy and quickly examined him. He had a large bump on his head and his right arm appeared to be broken. As Hickok deftly bound the arm up tightly to hold the bone in place, he silently hoped the blow on the head had caused no serious injury. The boy's face was a chalky white, and his breathing was irregular.

"We must get him to a doctor as soon as possible," he murmured. "Try not to worry, ma'am," he added kindly to the sobbing mother. "Tommy will be O.K., but naturally, I'm no doctor, and he needs proper medical treatment. I've made him as comfortable as I can. When he comes round, give him one of these little pills, it will ease the pain and make him sleep for a while. There's water in my canteen."

The marshal waved aside the mother's grateful thanks, and walked across to the stage. The three men passengers and the driver were trying to get the coach into an upright position, and with Wild Bill's added strength it was soon righted.

By a lucky chance, the coach was carrying a spare wheel. And in about a quarter of an hour the wheel was in place and the coach was ready to get on its way. The men had wasted no time, for the marshal had quietly told them that it was most necessary for the boy to have proper medical attention as soon as possible.

"You can git back inside now, ladies," called the driver to Tommy's mother and her companion, who were sitting beside the unconscious boy. "That job didn't take us long, thank goodness. We'll be in town in a couple of hours. Thanks for your help, marshal."

But as the women got to their feet there was a sharp hissing sound, and an arrow struck the ground at the driver's feet.

"Cheyennes!" yelled Wild Bill, throwing a rapid glance above him and seeing several feathered headdresses on the mountain summit. "Get the ladies and Tommy behind that boulder. Quick!"

WILD BILL MAKES A BREAK FOR IT

IN two strides Wild Bill reached Gypsy, and jerking out his Winchester repeating rifle, began firing at the Redskins outlined on the ridge above.

With the women and the injured boy under cover, the men grabbed their rifles and joined the marshal as showers of arrows began raining down on all sides.

It was evident the Redskins meant business, but with their quick-firing rifles, the white men were able to repel the attack.

"Reckon we fixed those varmints," exclaimed one of the men, as the Cheyenne warriors disappeared hastily over the rim.

"Don't bank on that," said Wild Bill, his handsome face grimly set. "See that whiff of smoke curling up from the mountain top? That's a smoke signal. The Cheyennes are signalling for reinforcements."

"But what'll we do?" asked the driver anxiously. "If I make a dash for it, the red demons will be waitin' for me at the top of the pass. If I go back, they'll only give chase, and it's almost a day's journey back to the last town we stopped at. They'd catch up with us in no time. And what about young Tommy?"

"There's only one way to get this coach safely out of the pass," returned the marshal. "We need a cavalry escort. And what we need even more at the moment is a doctor for the boy. I'm going to make a break for it over the other side of the pass. I was on my way to Fort Jasper, which as you probably know, is on the other side of this range. I'll have to go on foot, but I should make it in a couple of hours. In three hours at the latest I should be back with a troop of cavalry, and a doctor."

"If we go carefully with our ammo, we should just about be able to hang on that long," said the driver solemnly. "Good luck to you, marshal. And thanks again for everything."

"Keep well under cover," cautioned the marshal. "Put your team under those trees yonder, they'll be safer there, and take care of Gypsy for me. Try to find yourselves an overhanging rock to shelter under, then the Indians can't fire down on you. Be seeing you, fellows."

"We'll cover you as long as we can," promised the driver as the marshal started to clamber up the side of the mountain.

The watching Cheyennes instantly spotted Wild Bill and let loose a shower of arrows in his direction. Two of them were so close they ripped away part of the sleeve of his natty velvet jacket. The white men just below him fired several shots and he had time to scramble up a few more feet before another batch of arrows whizzed their way towards him.

The marshal was in deadly peril and yet he gave no thought to the danger facing him. Uppermost in his mind was the fact that he had to get help as quickly as possible. The lives of Tommy

and the passengers depended on his reaching the army post. Prepared to fight his way through, undaunted and unafraid, he flattened himself behind a rock and lined up a Redskin on his sights. He squeezed the trigger, and a Cheyenne dropped hurriedly from view.

"Got him!" murmured the marshal. "That's one less to worry the folks down below."

Slowly, but steadily, Wild Bill made his way up the pass, crawling from rock to rock, and stopping every few minutes to take aim whenever a feathered head raised itself over a boulder.

A party of Indians had left the mountain top and were edging their way over towards the marshal, intent on killing him at all costs, for they had recognised Man-who-shoots-fast.

Upwards and onwards scrambled the fighting marshal, with the yelling Cheyennes at his heels!

The going became rough, and once or twice Hickok's feet slipped and he nearly dropped his Winchester repeater in saving himself from plunging to the rocky floor of the pass below.

But still he went on, while the hissing of arrows and the clatter of their barbed heads striking against the rocks around him told Wild Bill that he was still in sight of his pursuers.

"This is tough going," muttered Hickok through clenched teeth. "and if I don't get behind cover soon, one of these pesky arrows will put paid to me for good!"

Eventually Hickok came to a narrow, ledge-like path which offered little cover against the arrows of the pursuing Cheyennes.

Would Wild Bill be able to leave the mountain pass alive? With such overwhelming odds against him, how could he hope to reach the fort? The cunning

Cheyennes would most likely have a party waiting for him over the other side of the range, for they had probably guessed his destination. If he could only give them the slip, reach the plateau and skip down the other side before they could get there, then he stood a chance of reaching the fort safely.

But it was a very slim chance indeed. And as the marshal hurried along the narrow winding ledge, he suddenly came face to face with a huge grizzly bear!

WILD BILL'S BIG MAGIC

TAKEN by surprise, the great shaggy beast got up on its hind legs and weaved menacingly from side to side, waving its paws and growling fiercely at Hickok.

With the bear in front of him, not more than five yards away, completely barring his path, and the Indians close behind him, Wild Bill was really in a tight spot!

There was only one thing he could do, and jerking up his Winchester he aimed it at the bear's head.

"Sorry, old fellow," he said. "I don't want to have to kill you, for this is your domain and I'm only an intruder. But if I'm to get a doctor for that boy, you're going to have to go to sleep!"

His repeater cracked sharply, and his carefully-aimed bullet creased the bear's forehead. A growl died in the grizzly's throat as it slumped heavily down against the side of the mountain.

And then Wild Bill gave a chuckle as an idea came into his head. Making sure the bear was unconscious, he went over to it, and using all his strength, managed to prop it up into an upright position against the rocky wall. He took off his sombrero and put it on the grizzly's head, and

placed his Winchester rifle in its paws.

"You'll have a headache when you wake up, old fellow, but you'll be all right. I sure hate to do this to you, but it can't be avoided." And with a broad smile, Wild Bill squeezed past the bear, and hurried along the path which led steeply up to the summit.

Within a few seconds, half a dozen Indians came gliding along the ledge, their moccasins making no sound on the rocky ground. As they rounded the bend and suddenly came upon the bear, they stopped short and let out wild screams of fright.

"Man - who - shoots - fast has turned himself into a bear!" they yelled.

Stunned with fear, they began to back away, step by step, their weapons shaking in their hands.

"White man's magic is evil medicine for Cheyennes," they wailed.

And then they let out more terrifying screams as the bear began to regain its senses. It shook its aching head and growled. It regarded the rifle in its paws with surprise, and then catching sight of the Indians, suddenly sprang into action.

Tossing aside the Winchester, it hurled its great body at the Cheyennes and lashed out in fury with its paws, for in some way it held the Indians responsible for the sharp pain in its head.

And from his vantage place several feet above, the marshal saw the Indians, in terror of the "bear-ghost," fleeing for their lives, with the great grizzly ambling after them and emitting short, angry grunts.

"That's the funniest thing I've seen for a long time!" And the marshal sat back and laughed until the tears rolled down his cheeks. "Reckon I won't have to

go to Fort Jasper for help after all. If I know the superstitious Indians, they'll high-tail it away from here as fast as they can."

And the marshal was right. The terrified party of Cheyennes raced back to the main body of warriors who had been joined by a large party of reinforcements.

Hastily they poured out their amazing tale of the white man's magic. Their frantic words had no sooner tumbled from their trembling lips than the bear shuffled into view, snarling fiercely and showing its great sharp teeth.

"It is Man-who-shoots-fast!" screamed the Indians. "Do not kill him or his spirit will haunt us forever!" And the whole party, reinforcements and all, leapt on their fleet-footed ponies and raced away like the wind.

Wild Bill, who had watched the amusing scene from his hiding place, hurriedly returned to the driver and passengers of the stagecoach. He was still chuckling when he reached them.

"It's all right, folks," he said. "There's no need for a cavalry escort now. You can get on your way and get this lad to a doctor, for you'll not be troubled by the Cheyennes any more."

"But how did you manage it, marshal?" asked the driver in surprise.

"I didn't. It was a grizzly bear!" laughed Wild Bill, and proceeded to tell the story of the magic of Man-who-shoots-fast! Make sure of reading another fine story of the two-gun Marshal in next week's SUN.

GOOD NEWS!

Owing to the Whitsun holiday, next week's copy of SUN will be on sale on Saturday, May 23, instead of Monday, May 25.

Don't forget to buy a copy of your favourite comic, SUN, to read over the holiday.

THE COWBOY AND THE INDIANS

THREE FINE PICTURES FOR YOU TO CUT OUT AND KEEP



Photos: 20th Century Fox.

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

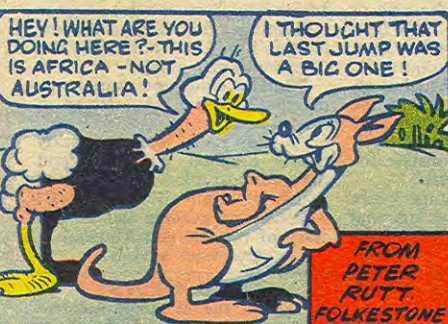
1ST PRIZE



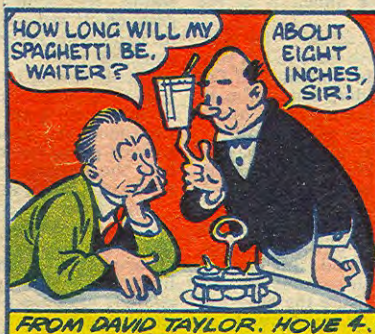
FROM RAYMOND STEAD, NORTHCHURCH.



FROM DESMOND DAVIES, DOWLAIS.



FROM
PETER
RUTT,
FOLKESTONE



FROM DAVID TAYLOR, HOVE 4.



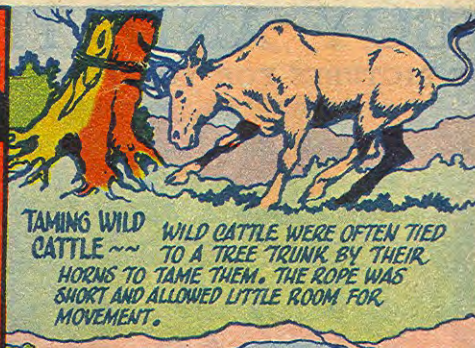
FROM
DEREK
WARD
W. HARTLEPOOL

Barry Ford's

WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



HANDY WITH HIS FISTS -- WYATT EARP WAS A SKILFUL BOXER, AS WELL AS A CACK SHOT, AND BOTH HIS FISTS AND GUNS DID DEADLY WORK WHEN HE DECIDED TO BECOME A PEACE OFFICER.



TAMING WILD CATTLE -- WILD CATTLE WERE OFTEN TIED TO A TREE TRUNK BY THEIR HORNS TO TAME THEM. THE ROPE WAS SHORT AND ALLOWED LITTLE ROOM FOR MOVEMENT.



UNUSUAL GUNMAN --

FRANK JAMES, THE GUNMAN BROTHER OF THE FAMOUS JESSE JAMES, WAS FOND OF READING HIS BIBLE WHEN HE WASN'T HOLDING UP TRAINS OR ROBBING BANKS.



CERTAIN TRIBES OF THE NORTH-WEST COAST INDIANS HAD SEA-GOING WAR CANOES SIXTY FEET LONG WHICH CARRIED SIXTY MEN.