

SUN

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EVERY MONDAY

No. 225.
May 30, 1953

BILLY *the* KID

— YOUR FAVOURITE COWBOY PAL —
IN PICTURES
INSIDE





BILLY THE KID-LONE AVENGER

THE SHERIFF CALLED THE TWO MEN TO HIS OFFICE . . .

The town of Little Falls had two stage-coach companies. One consisted of an old coach, owned and driven by old Jud Walker, who had served the town for years. The other company, which owned three new coaches and an office in the main street, was owned by Dandy Dan Daniels, a newcomer. When the United States Government wanted its mails carried by one of the companies, Dandy Dan felt sure he would get the contract, but "Honest" John Thorogood, the sheriff of Little Falls, wanted to give old Jud a chance too. . . .



YOU'RE CRAZY, SHERIFF, IF YOU HAND THAT CONTRACT TO THIS OLD CHUMP, JUD WALKER. MY OUTFIT IS THREE TIMES AS LARGE AS HIS!

THAT DON'T COUNT, MISTER! WHOEVER GETS IT WILL MAKE PLENTY OF MONEY, AND I AIM TO GIVE YOU BOTH A CHANCE TO GET IT!

I'VE DECIDED THE FAIREST WAY IS FOR BOTH OF YOU TO HAVE A RACE TOMORROW. THE FIRST ONE TO DELIVER A LETTER FROM ME TO JUDGE PURVIS, IN BRONXVILLE, WILL GET THE CONTRACT!



BOTH MEN AGREED TO THE SHERIFF'S IDEA, BUT DANDY DAN DANIELS WAS FAR FROM PLEASED AS HE WENT BACK TO HIS OFFICE . . .

DID YOU GET THE CONTRACT, BOSS?

NO! WE'VE GOT TO RUN A FOOL RACE TO BRONXVILLE, AGAINST OLD WALKER, TOMORROW!

SHUCKS, BOSS! BRONXVILLE IS FORTY MILES AWAY, THAT AIN'T SO GOOD. OLD WALKER CAN MAKE HIS OLD STAGE GO LIKE THE WIND! HE COULD BEAT US HOLLOW!

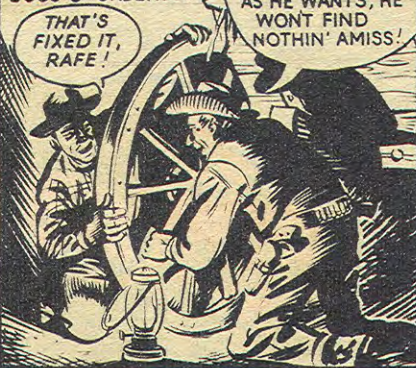


YEAH! I KNOW - BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM! IF MY STAGE LINE WINS THIS RACE I CAN PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS, AND THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M GOING TO DO. RAFE, YOU AND SPIKE ARE GOING TO WORK TONIGHT ON JUD WALKER'S COACH. . . . FIX IT - OR I'LL FIX YOU!



LATE THAT NIGHT, WHEN THE REST OF THE TOWN SLEPT, THE TWO MEN CARRIED OUT THEIR BOSS'S ORDER. . .

THAT'S FIXED IT, RAFE!



SURE THING, SPIKE! OLD WALKER CAN INSPECT THIS COACH AS MUCH AS HE WANTS, HE WON'T FIND NOTHIN' AMISS!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, THE WHOLE TOWN TURNED OUT TO SEE THE START OF THE GREAT RACE. . .

THEY'RE OFF!

YA! HOO! GIT GOING!

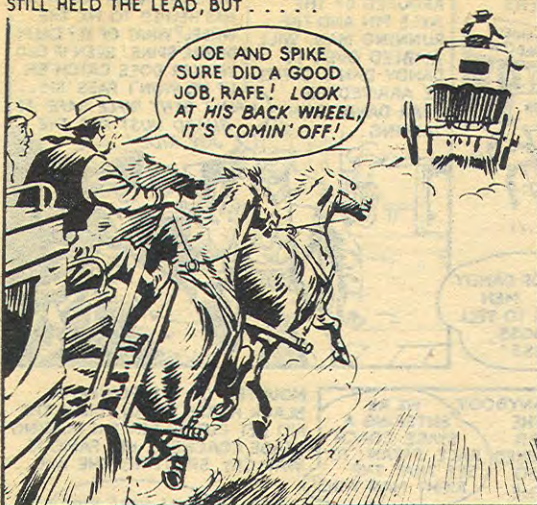
GIDDAP THERE! HI! HI! HI!

LOOKS AS THOUGH JUD WALKER'S GOIN' TO BEAT YOU FROM THE START, DANDY DAN!

THEY'VE A LONG WAY TO GO, MISTER! AND A LOT CAN HAPPEN - QUITE A LOT!

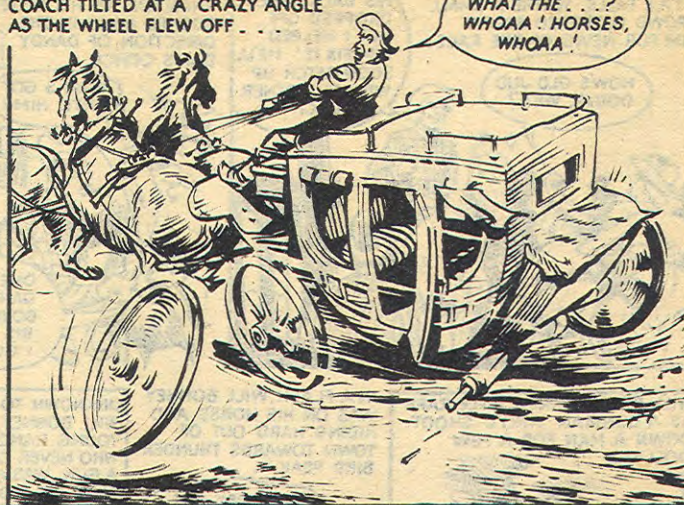


A FEW MILES OUT OF TOWN, OLD JUD STILL HELD THE LEAD, BUT



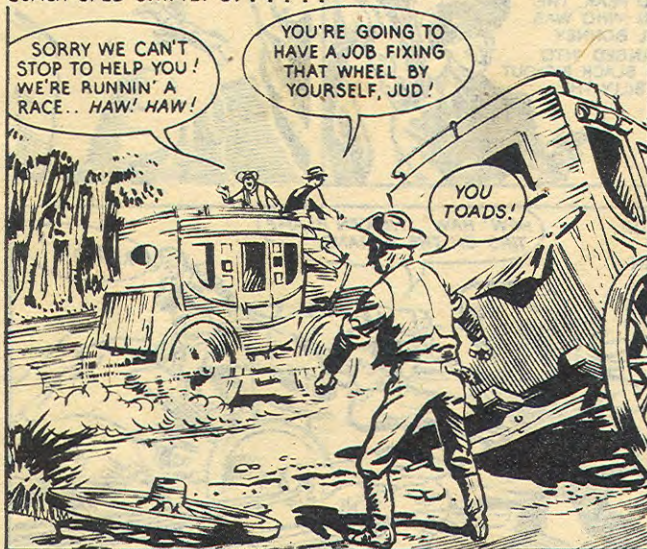
JOE AND SPIKE SURE DID A GOOD JOB, RAFE! LOOK AT HIS BACK WHEEL, IT'S COMIN' OFF!

WITH A TERRIFIC JOLT, JUD WALKER'S COACH TILTED AT A CRAZY ANGLE AS THE WHEEL FLEW OFF . . .



WHAT THE . . . ?
WHOOA! HORSES,
WHOOA!

A MOMENT LATER, DANDY DAN DANIELS' COACH SPED SWIFTLY BY

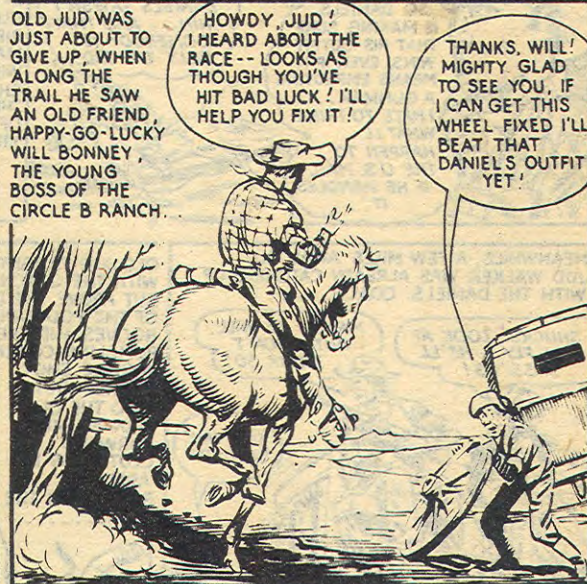


SORRY WE CAN'T STOP TO HELP YOU! WE'RE RUNNIN' A RACE.. HAW! HAW!

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A JOB FIXING THAT WHEEL BY YOURSELF, JUD!

YOU TOADS!

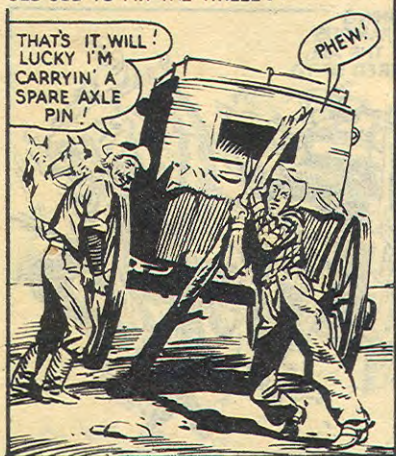
OLD JUD WAS JUST ABOUT TO GIVE UP, WHEN ALONG THE TRAIL HE SAW AN OLD FRIEND, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG BOSS OF THE CIRCLE B RANCH.



HOWDY, JUD! I HEARD ABOUT THE RACE-- LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'VE HIT BAD LUCK! I'LL HELP YOU FIX IT!

THANKS, WILL! MIGHTY GLAD TO SEE YOU, IF I CAN GET THIS WHEEL FIXED I'LL BEAT THAT DANIELS' OUTFIT YET!

WITH THE AID OF A LONG POLE, WILL BONNEY SLOWLY RAISED THE COACH HIGH ENOUGH FOR OLD JUD TO FIX THE WHEEL . .



THAT'S IT, WILL! LUCKY I'M CARRYIN' A SPARE AXLE PIN!

PHEW!

ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER, WILL BONNEY WAVED GOOD LUCK TO OLD JUD AS HE SPED ON HIS WAY AGAIN..



THANKS, WILL!

GOOD LUCK, OLD TIMER!

WILL MOUNTED HIS HORSE AND RODE A FEW PACES... WHEN SOMETHING GLITTERING ON THE GROUND CAUGHT HIS EYE..



HOLD IT, BOY!

IT WAS AN AXLE PIN, THE ONE THAT HAD CAUSED THE BREAKDOWN OF JUD WALKER'S COACH..



BY HOKEY! THIS PIN'S BEEN TAMPERED WITH-- SOME COYOTE HAS USED A FILE ON IT!

WILL BONNEY RODE ON INTO LITTLE FALLS, WHERE A SMALL CROWD GATHERED ROUND HIM FOR NEWS OF THE RACE...



HOW'S OLD JUD DOING, WILL?

HIS BACK WHEEL DROPPED OFF, BUT I HELPED HIM FIX IT! HE'LL SOON CATCH UP WITH THE OTHER COACH!

NO SOONER HAD WILL SAID THIS THAN ONE OF HIS LISTENERS RUSHED AWAY IN THE DIRECTION OF DANDY DAN'S OFFICE.



WHAT'S GOT INTO HIM?

ONE OF DANDY DAN'S MEN GOING TO TELL HIS BOSS, I GUESS!

HIS SUSPICIONS AROUSED BY THE AXLE PIN AND THE RUNNING MAN, WILL AMBLED OVER TO DANDY DAN'S OFFICE. HE ARRIVED TO HEAR DANDY DAN TALKING.



SO SOME NOSY COWPOKE HAS HELPED TO FIX THE WHEEL? WHAT OF IT? CALM DOWN, SPIKE! EVEN IF OLD WALKER DOES CATCH 'EM UP HE WON'T PASS 'EM... I AIN'T SENT RIFLE RAFE AS GUARD JUST FOR THE JOY RIDE!

WILL BONNEY KNEW RIFLE RAFE AS A GUNMAN WHO'D SHOOT DOWN A MAN FOR A FEW DOLLARS...



SO DANIELS IS MAKING SURE THAT HIS OUTFIT WINS, EVEN IF IT MEANS EMPLOYING A GUNMAN... I HATE TO THINK WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO THE U.S. MAIL IF HE HANDLES IT!

IN A FLASH, WILL BONNEY WAS ON HIS HORSE AND RIDING HARD OUT OF TOWN TOWARDS THUNDER-BIRD PEAK...



SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO SEE THAT DANIELS DOESN'T WIN... AND THAT SOMEBODY IS BILLY THE KID!

UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY, WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID THE LONE AVENGER... IN A SECRET VALLEY CLOSE TO THUNDER-BIRD PEAK, THE MAN WHO WAS WILL BONNEY CHANGED INTO THE BLACK RIG-OUT OF BILLY THE KID.



WE'RE ENTERING A STAGE COACH RACE, SATAN! TO SEE THAT THE RIGHT MAN WINS!



MOUNTED ON HIS POWERFUL BLACK HORSE, SATAN, BILLY THE KID SET OUT AFTER THE RACING STAGE COACHES, HIS FAMOUS WAR-CRY SPLITTING THE AIR...



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY, OLD JUD WALKER WAS ALREADY CATCHING UP WITH THE DANIELS COACH...



SHUCKS! LOOK AT HIM FLY... HE'LL PASS US!

MAYBE HE WILL, BUT I DON'T THINK SO!

YAH! YAH! GIDDAP!

OLD JUD CAUGHT UP WITH THE COACH, BUT ABOVE THE DIN OF THE POUNDING HOOVES AND THE RUMBLING COACHES, A RIFLE SHOT BARKED OUT, AND THE OLD MAN SLUMPED FORWARD CLUTCHING HIS ARM AND RELEASING THE REINS...

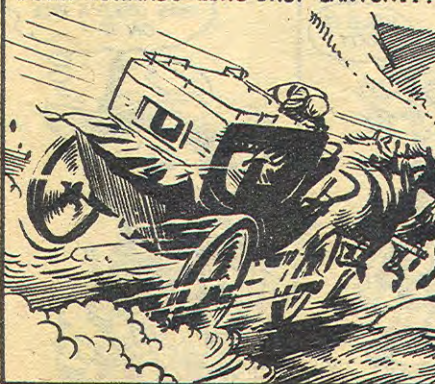


HAW! HAW! WE CAN BLAME THIS ON THE INDIANS!



AAAGH!

OUT OF CONTROL, THE HORSES DRAGGED THE COACH OFF THE TRAIL, AND THUNDERED DOWN TOWARDS LONG DROP CANYON...

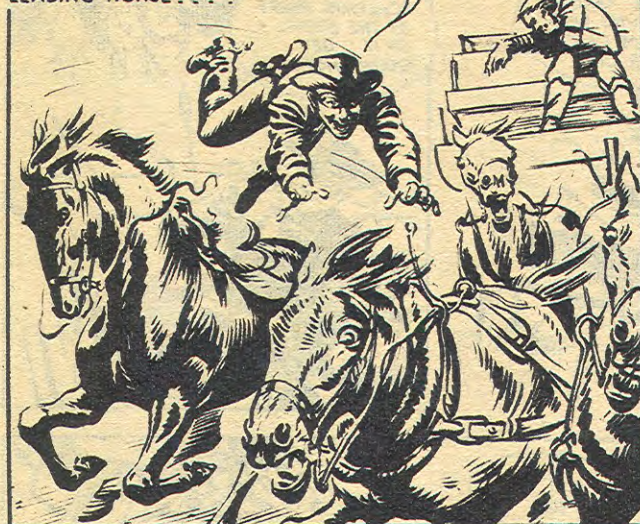


SUDDENLY, ABOVE THE WILD NEIGHING OF THE MADDENED HORSES, THE FAMOUS WAR-CRY OF BILLY THE KID SPLIT THE AIR, AS ON BLACK SATAN, HE THUNDERED UP TO THE DISTRESSED STAGE COACH.



YIP! YIP! YIP!

WITH ONLY A FEW YARDS TO GO BEFORE COACH AND HORSES WOULD PLUNGE TO THEIR DEATH, BILLY THE KID TOOK A FLYING LEAP ONTO THE LEADING HORSE . . .



WITH GREAT STRENGTH, BILLY THE KID MANAGED TO TURN THE LEAD HORSE AND STOP THE COACH . . .



BILLY THE KID REVIVED OLD JUD, AND TENDED HIS WOUND. THE OLD TIMER WAS ASTOUNDED TO SEE THE LONE AVENGER. RAPIDLY BILLY TOLD HIM WHAT HAD TAKEN PLACE . . .

THANKS BILLY FOR SAVING THE HORSES AN' ME. I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO SELL OUT NOW I'VE LOST THE RACE! I CAN'T CATCH 'EM UP NOW!

YOU HAVEN'T LOST YET, JUD! IF IT'S O.K. BY YOU, I'LL DRIVE ON FOR YOU!



I RECKON I CAN STILL BEAT THAT CROOK'S COACH IF I TAKE A SHORT CUT OVER THE MOUNTAINS, AND REACH BRONXVILLE FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION!



YOU'RE CRAZY, BILLY! MY LEAD HOSS COULDN'T GUIDE THE TEAM OVER THAT ROUGH GROUND!



NO! BUT SATAN CAN, JUD! HE'S AS NIMBLE AS A MOUNTAIN GOAT WHEN IT COMES TO CLIMBING!

AS BILLY THE KID HARNESSSED SATAN TO THE COACH, OLD JUD PLEADED WITH HIM TO CALL OFF THE MOUNTAIN RIDE . . .

LISTEN BILLY! THE INDIANS UP IN THE HILLS ARE ON THE WAR-PATH. YOU'RE JUST LOOKING FOR TROUBLE!

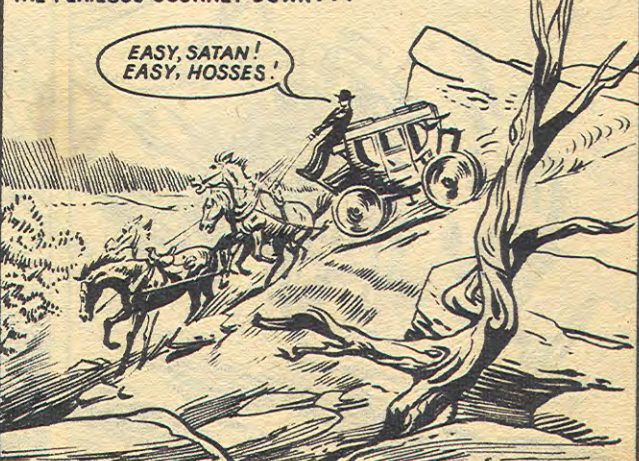
TROUBLE IS MY BUSINESS. DON'T WORRY, OLD TIMER!



LEAVING THE OLD MAN TO RIDE BACK TO TOWN ON HIS OWN HORSE, BILLY THE KID STARTED ON HIS JOURNEY OVER THE MOUNTAINS . . .



THE GREAT BLACK HORSE LITERALLY HAULED THE OTHER HORSES AND THE COACH UP OVER THE MOUNTAINS. . . THEN BEGAN THE PERILOUS JOURNEY DOWN . . .



WITH GREAT SKILL, AND THE SURE-FOOTEDNESS OF SATAN, BILLY MANAGED TO DRIVE THE COACH DOWN INTO THE VALLEY . . .



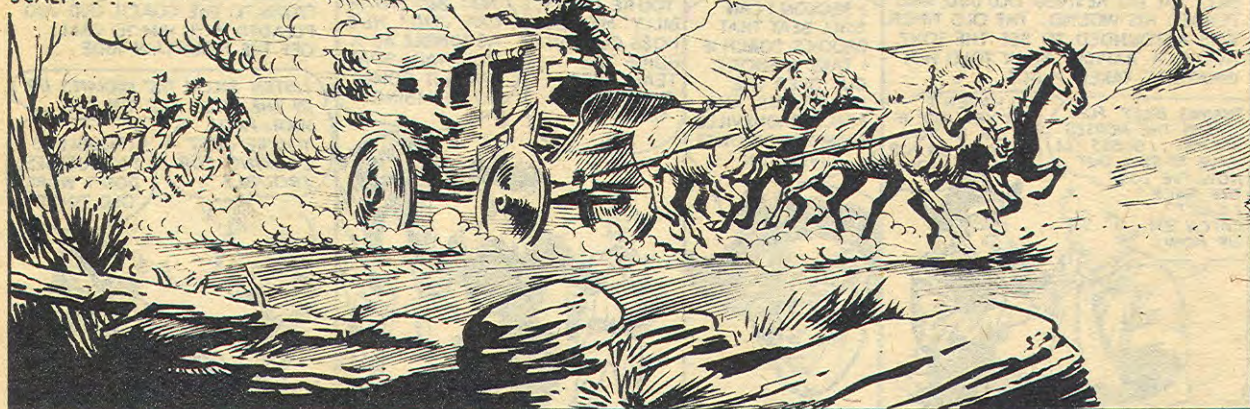
BILLY THE KID WAS RIGHT... A FEW SECONDS LATER, FLAMING ARROWS CRASHED INTO THE COACH



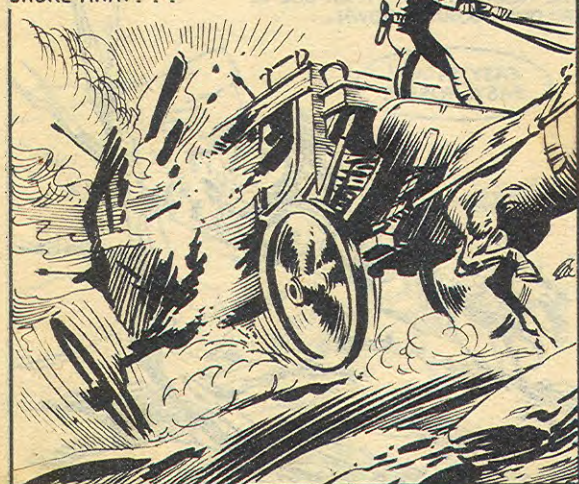
A MOMENT LATER, THE VALLEY WAS SWARMING WITH SAVAGE INDIANS



THE HEADLONG RUSH OF THE COACH SOON CAUSED THE FLAMES TO SPREAD OVER THE DRY WOOD, AND LIKE A FLAMING TORCH, THE VEHICLE STORMED THROUGH THE VALLEY, FOLLOWED BY A HOWLING HORDE OF INDIANS ALL SET ON TAKING BILLY'S SCALP. . . .



BILLY THE KID SWUNG THE BLAZING COACH UP THE SLOPE AT THE END OF THE VALLEY... SUDDENLY, IN A SHOWER OF SPARKS, THE REAR HALF OF THE COACH BROKE AWAY . . .



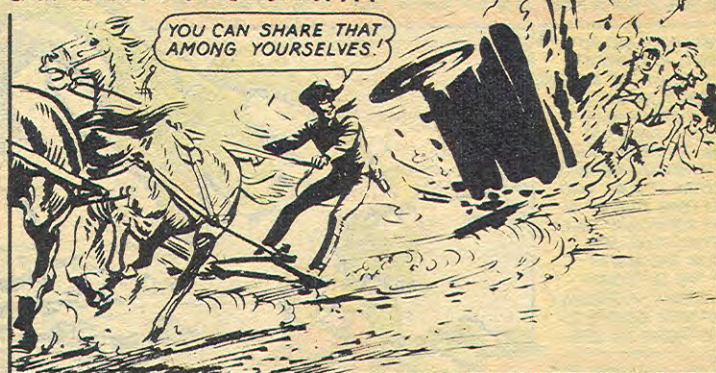
AS SATAN AND THE HORSES DRAGGED THE BURNING REMAINS UP THE STEEP INCLINE, THE INDIANS BEGAN TO GAIN ON THEM . . .



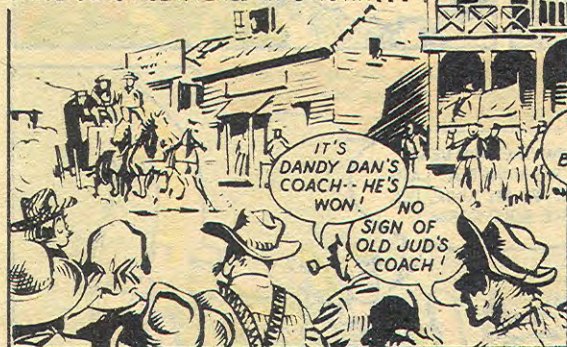
SUDDENLY, BILLY THE KID JUMPED DOWN FROM THE DRIVING SEAT, AND WITH HIS GUN, SHOT AWAY THE BOLTS THAT HELD THE REMAINS OF THE BURNING COACH TO THE LONG SINGLE SHAFT.



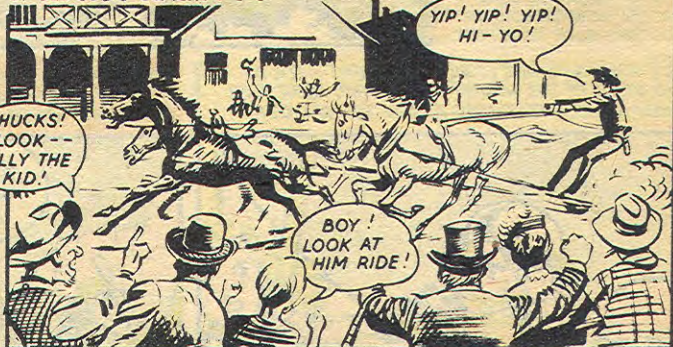
AS THE BOLTS SNAPPED, BILLY QUICKLY LEAPED ON TO THE SHAFT, AND THE REST OF THE COACH CRASHED BACK BLAZING INTO THE INDIANS.



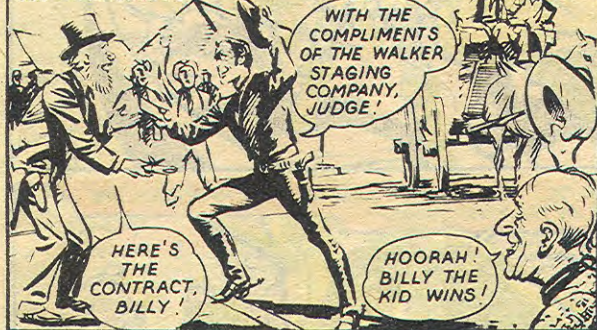
A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE CITIZENS OF BRONXVILLE CROWDED INTO THE MAIN STREET AS DANDY DAN DANIELS' STAGE COACH CLATTERED INTO TOWN.



SUDDENLY, THEIR HEADS TURNED, AS ROUND THE CORNER THE OPPOSITE WAY, BILLY THE KID RACED UP WITH WHAT REMAINED OF OLD JUD'S COACH.



WITH SECONDS TO SPARE, BILLY LEAPED DOWN AND HANDED JUDGE PURVIS THE LETTER. . . BILLY THE KID HAD WON THE DAY FOR OLD JUD WALKER.



WHEN JUDGE PURVIS HEARD HOW DAN DANIELS' MEN HAD TRIED TO GET RID OF OLD JUD, HE WANTED TO ARREST THEM THERE AND THEN.



THAT EVENING, DANDY DAN DANIELS RUSHED OUT OF HIS OFFICE AS HE SAW HIS COACH ENTER LITTLE FALLS.



SUDDENLY AS THE COACH DREW UP.



LATER, BILLY THE KID VISITED THE WOUNDED JUD.



AND WITH HIS JOB COMPLETED, BILLY THE KID RODE OUT OF TOWN.



ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN HAVE AT LAST FOUND THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY ON THE SCOTTISH ISLAND OF IONA. ROBIN HAS GONE TO THE AID OF HIS TREACHEROUS COMPANION, TRISTAN DE BORS, WHO HAS COME TO GRIEF IN THE ROCKY SURF WHILE TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM THE WRATH OF THE OUTLAWS--

SUDDENLY, A TERRIBLE MONSTER REARS ITS HEAD FROM THE SEA--

ROBIN GATHERED THE HALF-DROWNED DE BORS IN HIS ARMS AND SCRAMBLED ON TO A WAVE-SWEPT ROCK-- WITH AN UNEARTHLY ROAR, THE SEA MONSTER LOWERED ITS SCALY HEAD TO ATTACK.



THE LORD OF SHERWOOD DREW A BROAD-BLADED HUNTING KNIFE FROM HIS BELT, AND PREPARED TO DEFEND HIMSELF AND THE YOUTH WHO HAD BETRAYED HIS TRUST--



I HAVE BEEN IN SOME TIGHT CORNERS-- BUT NEVER ONE LIKE THIS.

BUT ROBIN WAS NOT ALONE IN HIS FIGHT-- FOR ON THE STERN OF THE NEARBY VIKING SHIP, FRIAR TUCK DREW A GOOSE-FEATHERED ARROW TO HIS CHEEK--



SHOOT STRAIGHT AND TRUE AT THE MONSTER, FRIAR TUCK.

WHILE FRIAR TUCK LOOSED OFF HIS DEADLY ARROWS AS FAST AS HE COULD, THE OUTLAWS PUSHED THE DRAGON SHIP INTO THE SURF-- WAT STOOD READY WITH HIS WHIP--



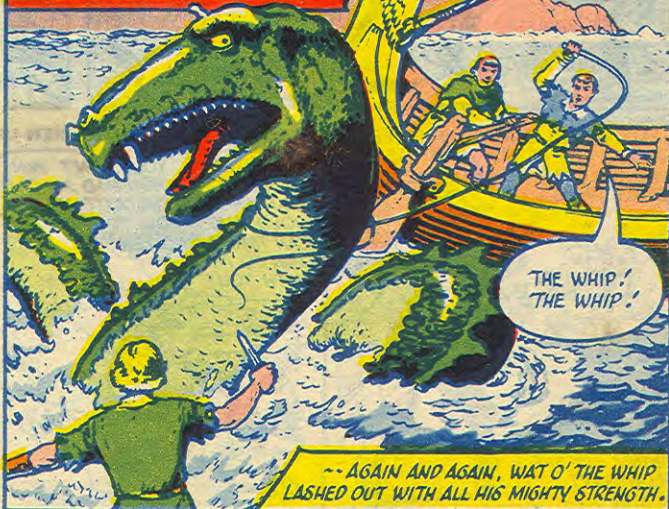
ROW THE SHIP NEAR TO THE MONSTER, LADS. THEN, BY MY WHIP, I'LL SAVE BOLD ROBIN.

ROBIN'S FLASHING KNIFE AND FRIAR TUCK'S ARROWS DROVE THE MONSTER INTO A BLIND FURY-- AGAIN AND AGAIN ITS SNAPPING FANGS LUNGED AT THE DODGING, STABBING FIGURE ON THE ROCK--



THEN, SUDDENLY--

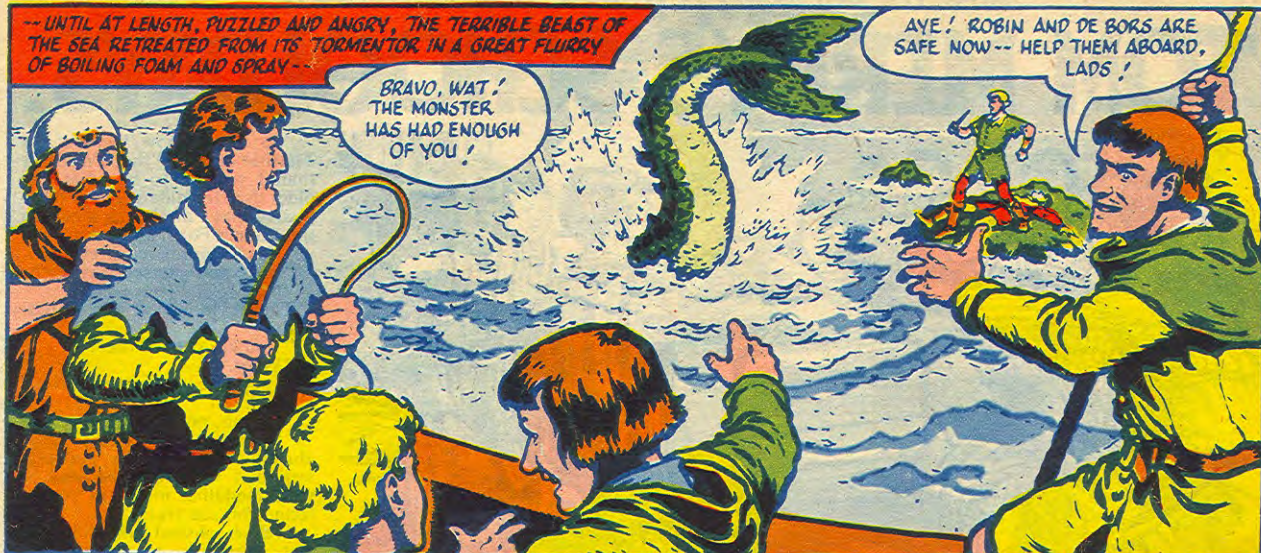
BRA-A-A-OK! THE TERRIBLE LASH OF WAT'S WHIP TOOK THE MONSTER BY ITS SCALY THROAT--



THE WHIP! THE WHIP!

-- AGAIN AND AGAIN, WAT O' THE WHIP LASHED OUT WITH ALL HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH.

--UNTIL AT LENGTH, PUZZLED AND ANGRY, THE TERRIBLE BEAST OF THE SEA RETREATED FROM ITS TORMENTOR IN A GREAT FLURRY OF BOILING FOAM AND SPRAY--



BRAVO, WAT! THE MONSTER HAS HAD ENOUGH OF YOU!

AYE! ROBIN AND DE BORS ARE SAFE NOW-- HELP THEM ABOARD, LADS!

TRISTAN DE BORS CAME TO HIS SENSES TO FIND HIMSELF LOOKING UP INTO THE ANGRY FACES OF THE OUTLAWS OF SHERWOOD-- LITTLE JOHN ADDRESSED HIM WITH CONTEMPT--



WELL! YOU DIDN'T GET THE TREASURE FOR YOURSELF, YOU DOG! BUT YOU ARE STILL ALIVE, THANKS TO BRAVE ROBIN HOOD WHOM YOU TREATED SO SHAMEFULLY--

FOR A LONG TIME TRISTAN DE BORS WAS SILENT-- THEN HE RAISED HIS HEAD-- AND WHEN HE SPOKE, THE OUTLAWS KNEW THAT HE WAS A CHANGED MAN WHO HAD LEARNED A BITTER LESSON--



I HAVE DONE EVIL-- AND FOR THAT I BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS, ROBIN HOOD. YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME THE MEANING OF TRUE COMRADESHIP, AND FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE, I WILL ALWAYS TRY TO LIVE UP TO YOUR OWN BRAVE AND KNIGHTLY CONDUCT. AND NOW, BY YOUR LEAVE, I INTEND TO JOURNEY TO THE HOLY LAND TO FIGHT FOR THE HONOUR OF MY FAMILY NAME, WHICH I HAVE SO SHAMEFULLY DISGRACED!

THE LORD OF SHERWOOD GLADLY GAVE HIS BLESSING TO TRISTAN'S NOBLE PLAN-- THEN UP SPOKE ONE OF THE SCOTTISH VILLAGERS--



AND NOW, ROBIN-- TO REPAY YOU FOR SAVING OUR CHILDREN FROM VIKING SLAVERY, WE FISHERMEN WILL NAVIGATE THIS DRAGON SHIP TO WHERE THE RIVER TRENT MEETS SHERWOOD FOREST!

THANKS, GOOD FRIEND! AND WHEN WE HAVE REACHED SHERWOOD WITH THE TREASURE, YOU SHALL TAKE BACK THE DRAGON SHIP, FOR I PROMISED IT TO THE CHILDREN FOR HELPING ME TO FIND THIS ISLAND!

AND SO, AMID GENERAL REJOICING, ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST REALLY ENDED AS THE DRAGON SHIP SAILED AWAY FROM THE ISLE OF IONA-- TO SHERWOOD!



HURRAH FOR BOLD ROBIN HOOD!

HURRAH FOR THE LORD OF SHERWOOD!

The End

Make sure of reading, next week, the first instalment of a rollicking new picture story... "ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY JEST."

SUN--May 30, 1953--9

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



"Put your hands up, Thurnel!" yelled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy . . . and Thurnel clenched his fists, ready to meet the attack of the dandy of St. Jim's.

Thurnel, the strange junior at St. Jim's, has broken bounds at night, and Mellish, the cad of the Fourth, has followed him. Thurnel has gone to meet his father in the woods, and the listening Mellish learns that Thurnel is much older than he is supposed to be and that he has come to St. Jim's for some mysterious purpose.

Then Thurnel tells his father that he has arranged to fight Tom Merry. . . .

This GUSSY GOES week: FOR THURNEL

THURNEL'S father gave a gasp of amazed anger. "You must do no such thing," he snapped. "I won't have you getting into any more scrapes at school. You'll give the game away and they'll find out that you're older than you make out!"

"But I must—it's arranged," replied Thurnel angrily.

"Make it up with him."

"I can't."

"You must. Don't be a fool, Dick. It won't hurt you to eat humble-pie. Remember how short your stay here is to be and how much there is at stake."

Thurnel was silent for a moment.

"Oh, very well!" he said at length. "I'll do my best. I suppose I can arrange it and, as you say, it's best not to attract too much attention if it can be helped. I'll make it up with Merry somehow."

"That's better. The game would be up if they discovered that you were a man of twenty-two instead of a boy of fifteen."

"I can't stick it long," said Thurnel abruptly. "The class work is very difficult for me, and I show my ignorance at every turn. A month's swatting was enough to give me a start, but I can't take to kids' studies at my age, and I can't do the work. I'm supposed to be a lazy slacker

already. I don't mind that; but there may be trouble when it's found out that I hardly know anything at all."

"Well, it won't last long; it all really depends on you. Have you discovered what you went to the school to find out?"

"Yes."

"Good!"

"Yes, it's rather good, isn't it?"

"Yes, you haven't wasted any time."

"Hark!"

"What is it?"

"I thought I heard somebody."

"Impossible! We are alone here."

"I'm not so sure," muttered Thurnel. "Until the game is over and I'm out of the school, I'm afraid of every shadow."

"Yes, but—"

"Let's part now. I—"

"But you haven't told me about—"

"I've drawn a sketch of it on a piece of paper," said Thurnel, groping in his pocket. "Here it is. You'll learn from that all that I've learned. I'll see you again tomorrow night. I'd better come to the Golden Pig Inn, I think. It will take longer, but it will be safer than meeting near the school. By tomorrow night I hope to have everything ready. Now go."

"Right! You can't be too careful. But I didn't hear anything."

"Good night!"

There was a sound of retreating footsteps. Thurnel stood alone, his eyes straining in the gloom.

The crackle of a twig caught his ear. The sound was between him and the road, and therefore could not have come from the man who had just left him, who had gone in the opposite direction.

Thurnel's eyes gleamed green in the dark.

He stepped quickly along the path and his outstretched hands came in contact with a form

stumbling along in the gloom. His grasp closed upon that form with a grip like that of a vice, and there was a vain struggle and a gasp of fear.

"Let me go!" cried a voice.

"Mellish!" said Thurnel, between his teeth.

A SECRET TO KEEP

MELLISH wriggled in the powerful grasp of the new boy.

"Let go! Let go!"

"You have been spying!"

"I—I haven't heard anything—not a word!"

Thurnel gritted his teeth. He dragged Mellish out of the shadow of the trees to the end of the plank bridge. Mellish was white with fear.

Thurnel still held him fast and glared at him with burning eyes.

"You followed me?"

"I—I—"

"Tell me the truth."

"Ye-es," muttered Mellish, scared by Thurnel's expression.

"I—I—"

"You have heard all that I said?"

A lie trembled on Mellish's lips, but he caught the glitter of Thurnel's eyes and dared not utter it.

"Yes," he muttered.

Thurnel released him. Mellish staggered to his feet, trembling in every limb. He was horribly afraid of Thurnel at that moment.

Mellish stood shivering.

Thurnel was silent for some minutes, his eyes fixed upon Mellish. His brows were wrinkled in thought; he was evidently trying to recall exactly what Mellish had overheard.

"You cad!" he said at last.

"You—you spying worm!"

"I—I won't say a word."

Thurnel laughed grimly.

"You'd better not. You saw how I dealt with Blake and Figgins. If you dare to say a word to give me away, I'll do worse than that to you."

"I—I promise."

"So you know," went on Thurnel quietly, "that I'm older than I pretend to be—that I'm older than the oldest fellow in the Sixth—that I'm playing a part in the Fourth Form at St. Jim's?"

"Yes," stammered Mellish.

"Have you guessed why?"

"No."

Thurnel looked at him searchingly.

"You are sure of that?"

"Ye-es."

"I suppose you're very curious about it?"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Don't tell lies!" said Thurnel abruptly. "You know perfectly well that you won't be easy in your meddling mind till you've found out the truth."

Mellish shifted uneasily. He was beginning to recover his courage now, however. After all, Thurnel could do no more than lick him, and he had Thurnel in his power now and could make terms.

"Well, if you like to explain to me—" he began.

"I will," said Thurnel. "I've come into the Fourth Form at St. Jim's for a certain purpose. I'm going to enter for a prize—a money prize."

"Oh!"

"It's a prize of a hundred pounds, and it's offered by an Old Boy of St. Jim's, and is only for competitors in the Fourth Form."

"Which prize is it?" asked Mellish. "I know most of them, I think, but I don't remember that one."

"It's not offered yet; it's going to be made known on Governors' Day. My father knows the man who is offering the prize and so we have information about it. We're hard up—though we're keeping it dark—and that hundred pounds will be a lot of use to us. Do you understand?"

"Oh, it's a new prize?"

"Yes."

"I see. It's plain enough now."

"You will keep the secret?"

"Of course! I don't want to give you away," said Mellish, "only no more of your bullying, please. I'll keep the secret out of friendship, not because I'm afraid of you. If you like to remain my friend, I'll keep your secret."

"You had better be careful."

"You'd better be careful yourself," said Mellish, with growing confidence. "I'm not going to be under your thumb. If I said a word, you would be kicked out of St. Jim's, and you know it. Here, hands off!"

Thurnel had suddenly seized him.

With a powerful grip, he forced the cad of the Fourth down towards the deep flowing ditch by which they had been standing.

Mellish was completely helpless in the grasp of the powerful junior. He was forced down till

his face was close to the silent, glimmering water.

"Leggo!" he gasped hoarsely. "You mad idiot, I shall be in in a minute! Let me go!"

"Do you see the water?" said Thurnel, between his teeth. "One shove more and you would be under it, and then—"

Mellish shuddered. "Don't—Thurnel—for mercy's sake! Are you mad?"

"Will you keep my secret?"

"Yes, yes!"

"I should think no more of shoving you under the water now than of wringing the neck of a chicken," said Thurnel in low tones. "You won't find it a paying game to play with me, Mellish. Do you understand?"

"Let me go!"

Thurnel released him. Mellish rose, shaking in every limb, and looking at the new junior in terror.

"Now let us get back to the school," said Thurnel.

"Ye-es," muttered Mellish thickly.

"And mind—not a word!"

"Yes, yes."

Mellish was trembling in every limb as he followed Thurnel. He did not speak a word. They entered the House in grim silence and ascended the stairs to the dormitory. In the passage outside the Fourth Form dormitory Thurnel stopped, muttering under his breath, and grasped Mellish by the arm.

The cad of the Fourth shrank back.

"Let me alone! I—"

"Fool! Look there!"

Thurnel pointed to the dormitory door. There was a gleam beneath it from within.

Mellish started.

"A light!" he muttered. "Then they're awake."

"I suppose so."

"Hang them! What can it mean?"

"It may be a master going his rounds, you know," said Mellish maliciously. "If a master found a chap was out, he would wait there for him."

"Hang him!"

Thurnel hesitated some moments and then strode on.

"It's no good hanging about here," he said, "we've got to go in."

"That's so, but—"

"Come on!"

And Thurnel pushed open the dormitory door and entered.

D'ARCY IS INDIGNANT

TWO or three candles and a bicycle lamp were burning in the Fourth Form dormitory. There was no master present, as Thurnel had feared, and there was only one fellow out of bed. It was Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. He was standing at his washstand, busily engaged in scrubbing his head and face. He was busily removing the soot which young Wally D'Arcy had poured all over him in mistake for Thurnel, and he was succeeding, but it was a long and weary task.

Several juniors were sitting up in bed, to keep D'Arcy company while he washed his sooty head, but most of the Fourth had gone to sleep again.

D'Arcy raised his head from the basin, and wrung his hair out and began to towel it as Thurnel and Mellish came in.

"I think it is all wight now," he remarked.

"Well, it looks better," said Blake critically. "There's still a smudge or two, though."

"Bai Jove!"

"But it's all right. How many times have you washed your topknot?"

"Five times, in fRESH water."

"Then it ought to be getting clean. You're soaking your towel. It won't be fit to use in the morning."

"Oh, that's all wight!"

"Well, if you think so—"

"I think it's all wight. You see, it's not my towel."

"Ha, ha, ha! It's his?"

"Yours."

"Mine!" howled Blake. "Why, you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Digby.

"What are you cackling at, Dig, you ass?"

"Ha, ha, ha! It's funny!"

"Yes! I wegard it as funny," said Arthur Augustus. "I have already used Dig's towel, too, and that is quite wet and gwmly."

"What!" yelled Digby.

"Isn't it funny?"

"No, it isn't, you ass! You—"

"Yes, it is!" said Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, stop your cackling!"

"By Jove, here are those wotters!" exclaimed D'Arcy, turning to look at Thurnel and

Mellish. "They've come back!"

Jack Blake glanced across at the returned juniors. Thurnel and Mellish were going to their beds without a word. Blake noticed how pale and troubled Mellish looked. Thurnel and Mellish had evidently not had a very pleasant trip.

D'Arcy stopped his towelling for a moment, felt for his eyeglass, and jammed it into his eye, and fixed his glance upon the two juniors.

"Where have you been?" he inquired.

There was no reply.

"I twust you have not become deaf all of a sudden," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "I asked you where you had been."

"Mind your own business!" snapped Thurnel.

D'Arcy coloured with anger.

"You cheeky—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Weally, Thurnel—"

Thurnel grunted, and kicked off his shoes. He was not in a good humour. He had bound Mellish to secrecy, and he thought that he had scared the cad of the Fourth sufficiently to make him keep the secret; but he was still uneasy. There was more at stake than he had explained to Mellish. He was not in a mood to be questioned, and his savage temper was easily aroused.

D'Arcy eyed the new boy through his monocle with a stare of contempt.

"You cad!" he remarked.

"You are a disgrace to the school! I am convinced that you have been out on some lark which would bring disgrace on the School House, if it were known!"

"Oh, dry up!"

"I wefuse to dwy up. I wegard you as a wank outsider. I have several times thought of giving you a thwashing—"

Thurnel laughed scoffingly.

That laugh finished the matter. D'Arcy laid down his towel, and came over towards the new boy.

"Put up your hands," he said.

"Oh, go to bed!"

"I wefuse to go to bed. I am going to give you a thwashing."

"Chuck it, Gussy!" exclaimed Jack Blake. "He's going to fight Tom Merry tomorrow, you know; and one fight at a time is enough."

Arthur Augustus paused.

"Yes, that's wight enough," he remarked. "I don't want to be hard on the chap, although he is such a wotter!"

"Get to bed, old chap," said Blake, who was, as a matter of fact, anxious for D'Arcy not for the new boy. From his own experience, he knew how D'Arcy was likely to fare in a fight with Thurnel.

"Vewy well. If Thurnel will withdwaw his wude remarks—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Thurnel.

"I wefuse to shut up!"

"Leave me alone, you fool!"

"I wefuse to be called a fool. Put up your hands."

"You'll be sorry if I do," said Thurnel.

"I shall stwike you wuffly if you don't."

"Oh, all right, then!"

Thurnel jumped up and put up his hands.

"There is still time to apologize," said Arthur Augustus kindly.

"Oh, rats!"

"Vewy well. I will give you a thwashing!"

And Arthur Augustus sailed in. Thurnel met him with a drive that took effect upon his chin, and laid the dandy of St. Jim's on his back on the floor. He went down with a bump that seemed to shake the whole dormitory, and woke up half a dozen of the sleepers.

"What's that?" cried Reilly.

"It's only Gussy flopping on the floor," grinned Mellish.

"Heavens!"

Arthur Augustus lay dazed. His head was singing from the terrible blow. Jack Blake jumped out of bed and ran to him.

"Gussy, old man—"

"By Jove!"

"How do you feel?"

"Wotten! It is most wemarkable!"

"Get to bed, Gussy."

D'Arcy sat up, and shook his head.

"I am not going to bed till I have given that wotter a thwashing. I—"

"Look out—somebody's coming!" breathed Digby.

But the warning came too late. The door opened, and Mr. Railton, the House master, looked into the dormitory. What will happen now? Don't miss next week's instalment of this grand story.

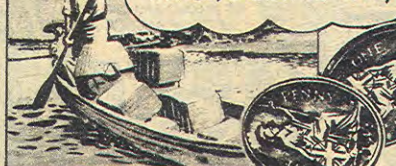
The Story of WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum

3. The Chicle leaves for England...

WHEN THE CHICLERO HAS GATHERED ENOUGH CHICLE, HE TAKES IT BACK TO CAMP, HERE THE CHICLE IS BOILED DOWN IN KETTLES OVER HUGE WOOD FIRES. THIS 'COOKING' PURIFIES THE CHICLE, WHICH IS THEN LEFT TO COOL...



ISN'T IT AMAZING THAT YOU GET ALL THIS FOR YOUR 2¢ WHEN YOU BUY A PACKET OF DELICIOUS, REFRESHING WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM?



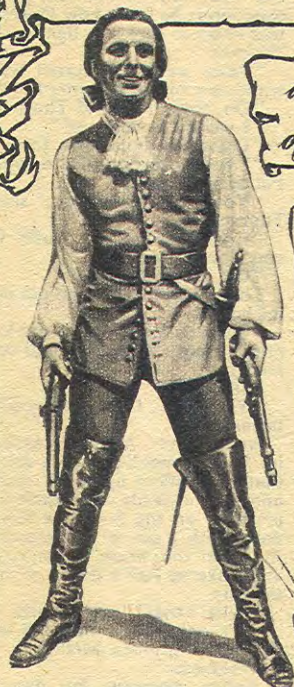
AFTER THAT, IT IS MOULDED INTO BLOCKS WEIGHING ABOUT 25 LBS. EACH. THESE ARE SEWN INTO BAGS AND TAKEN BY CANOE, MULE-PACK

OR EVEN AEROPLANE TO THE NEAREST PORT FOR SHIPMENT TO WRIGLEY FACTORIES ALL OVER THE WORLD, INCLUDING WEMBLEY, ENGLAND.

Cut this out for your Scrapbook

DICK TURPIN

and the Mystery of Misty Moor



In sinister King Arthur's Castle Dick Turpin's arch-enemy "Creepy" Crawley, has been using kidnapped farmers' lads to do some mysterious work for him. Dick has rescued the farmers' lads but he has been captured himself, together with Moll Moonlight and his new allies, the Spunyard brothers. Crawley sends his henchman, Captain Jonas Whale, to throw the four comrades over the cliff... but on the way there, Whale springs a surprise!

In spite of the many years since they had last seen him, the Spunyards recognised Whale as their father. . .

'TIS A COMFORT TO AN OLD SAILOR TO FIND HIS SONS AGAIN... SINK ME IF IT AIN'T!

HEY... BUT WHY ARE YOU MIXED UP IN THIS BUSINESS, DAD?



'TIS A LONG STORY, BOYS... I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT WHEN I'VE PUT THESE LUBBERS TO SLEEP FOR A COUPLE O' DOG WATCHES!



This done, the old sea captain freed the four comrades from their chains and told them his sad story. . .

WELL YER SEE, BOYS... WHAT WITH THE RHEUMATICS AN' SO FORTH, I GOT TOO OLD FOR THE SEAFARIN' LIFE... SO WHEN THAT YARD O' TARRED STRING WOT CALLS HISELF CREEPY CRAWLEY OFFERED ME A JOB, I TOOK IT... THOUGH I SWEAR I NEVER KNEW IT MEANT A-BREAKIN' O' THE LAW, KEEL-HAUL ME IF I DID!



The old fellow seemed to have repented of his wrong doings. . .

VERY WELL THEN, JONAS... YOU CAN HELP US... WHAT IS CREEPY CRAWLEY'S SECRET?... WHAT IS THIS MYSTERIOUS WORK GOING ON IN THE DUNGEONS?



Jonas's tanned, leathery face turned ashen pale... his blubbery lips fell open in dismay. . .

D-DON'T ASK ME THAT, MESS-MATE!... DON'T ASK ME THAT!... IF I KNEW THE SECRET... WHICH I DON'T... I NEVER DARE SPLIT!... I DUNNO WHAT CRAWLEY'UD DO TO ME IF I TALKED!



THEN TELL ME THIS... IT'S DAYLIGHT... WHERE WILL CRAWLEY SO THE LONG BLACK BE NOW?

SWAB'LL BE ASLEEP LIKE HE ALWAYS IS IN THE DAYTIME... HE SLEEPS IN A PLACE CALLED... KING ARTHUR'S TOMB! B-R-R-R! YOU WOULDN'T GET ME INSIDE THE PLACE FOR AN ADMIRAL'S PENSION!



Jonas Whale led Dick along the damp and cobwebbed passages into the most ancient part of that sinister castle. . .

Jonas reluctantly offered to show Dick the entrance to King Arthur's tomb, so Dick told Moll and the Spunyard brothers to join the farmers' lads in the cellars and await his further orders... then he set off to settle with "Creepy" Crawley once and for all. . .

IS IT MUCH FURTHER, JONAS?

N-N-O... W-W-E'RE N-NEARLY THERE... OH, MESS-MATE... TUT-TAKE THE ADVICE OF AN OLD SAILOR!... LET'S UP ANCHOR AN' GET OUT O' HERE



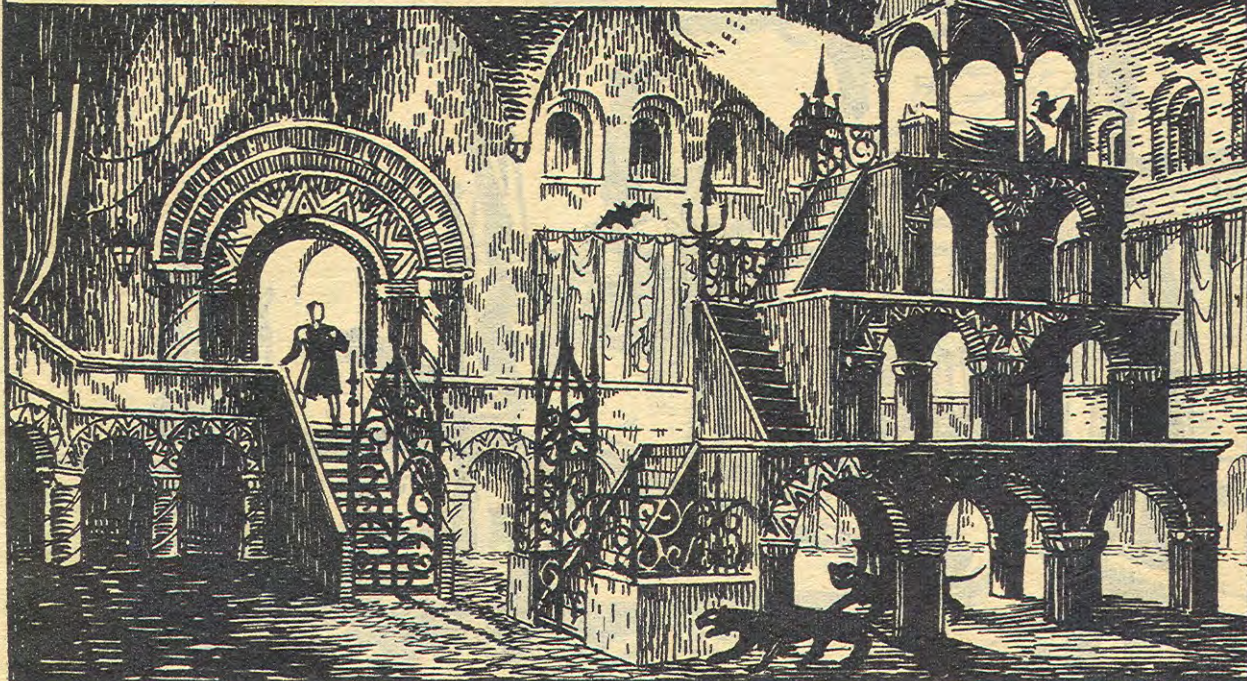
They came to a massive carved door set in a granite wall... and Jonas turned and fled. . .

THAT'S THE PLACE!... YOU'LL FIND THE DOOR OPEN... I'M OFF!



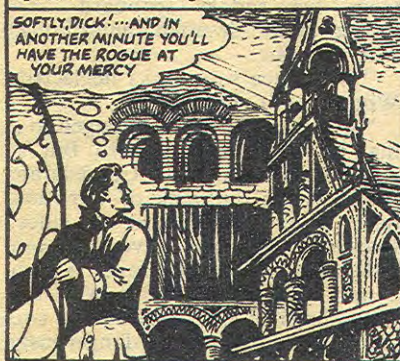
THE AMAZING BEDROOM OF "CREEPY" CRAWLEY

Dick Turpin swung open the great oaken door and stepped into a massive chamber, the like of which he had never imagined in his wildest dreams. . . . From a pit in the middle of the chamber there rose a mighty stone monument, and as he looked closer, Dick saw a black-garbed figure lying asleep in a strange bed at the summit, lit by a shaft of daylight . . . he did not need telling who the figure in the bed was. . . .



The King of Highwaymen crept softly down and opened the bronze gate at the bottom. . . .

SOFTLY, DICK! . . . AND IN ANOTHER MINUTE YOU'LL HAVE THE ROGUE AT YOUR MERCY



He closed the gate silently behind him. . . . then he turned . . . and halted, thunderstruck!

BY JUPITER!



. . . A great lithe black shape padded silently towards him, its lips drawn back in a noiseless snarl of fury, its yellow eyes ablaze.

A BLACK PANTHER! . . . THE MOST FEROCIOUS BEAST ON EARTH!



Even as Dick spoke, two more of these terrible creatures crept silently from their lair under the strange monument. . . .



There was no escape for Dick Turpin! If he turned for an instant, the first panther would be upon him. . . . SO HE ADVANCED!

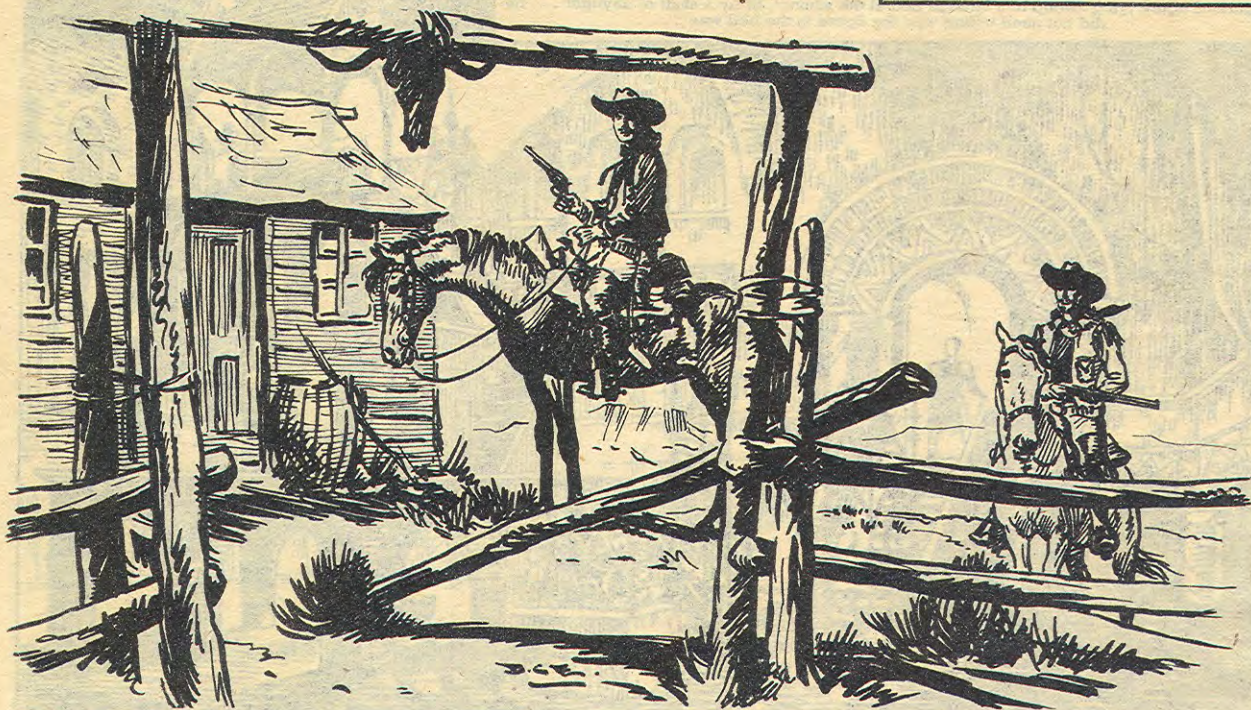
IT SEEMS THAT I MUST FIRST DEAL WITH YOU, MY BEAUTIES! . . . AH WELL! . . . COME ONE, COME ALL! 'TIS ALL THE SAME TO DICK TURPIN!



Next week—"THE FIGHT IN THE TOMB."

WILD BILL HICKOK

AND THE STOLEN GOLD



Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill drew rein by the deserted corral of Longhorn Ranch. . . . "Careful, Bill," cautioned the Fighting Marshal. "I reckon we can expect the shooting to start any minute now!"

THE DESERTED RANCH

THE Longhorn Ranch lay a few miles south of Dallas. Once it had been a prosperous homestead owned by a cattleman and his three sons, but now it was deserted and derelict. Over the archway of the broken-down, weed-filled corral, the ranch's emblem—a steer's skull, kept a solitary vigil over the silent, desolate ruins of the decaying ranch house.

The owner, Mark Western, and his three stalwart sons, had left the Longhorn Ranch at the outbreak of the Civil War, for they were staunch Southerners. They had gladly left their home and had offered their services and lives to the Confederate Army. But when, after four long, hard, weary years, the Civil War dragged to its close and the victorious North had beaten the valiant South, Mark Western and his sons did not return to take up ranching.

Western had left the ranch in the hands of his trusted foreman and a dozen reliable cowboys. But the Union soldiers had swept through the territory and had commandeered the Longhorn Ranch. The foreman was taken prisoner for putting up resistance against the troops, and all

the fat, healthy longhorn steers were rounded up and killed by the hundred to supply the army with meat. And when the Union troops moved out of the territory, the once prosperous ranch was reduced to hopeless ruin.

A year or so after the war had ended, two famous frontiersmen, Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill Cody—both of whom had served with the Union Army—were on the track of a couple of masked outlaws who had ambushed and held up an Army wagon carrying a shipment of thousands of dollars in gold. The hold-up men had got away with a fortune.

The marshal and Buffalo Bill followed the tracks of the two bandits half way across Texas, and eventually they ended at the deserted Longhorn Ranch.

"Careful, Bill," cautioned the marshal, slipping one of his silver-and-ivory-butted Colts from its holster. "If those guys are in that broken-down shack they will have spotted us by now. There are two horses tethered at the far end of the corral, so I reckon we've caught up with them at last."

Cody, who was just behind Wild Bill, slipped his Winchester rifle

from his saddle scabbard and looked at the deserted ranch house with interest.

"This place sure looks neglected. Who owns it, Bill?"

"As far as I know, it belonged to a man by the name of Western. But he and his sons joined the Confederate Army at the outbreak of war, and have never been heard of since. Reckon they must have all been killed. It's a shame this ranch is such a ruin. Folks say—" But Wild Bill never finished his sentence for two shots suddenly rang out, dangerously close.

THE BULLETS BEGIN TO FLY!

LIKE lightning Wild Bill and Buffalo Bill slipped over the side of their saddles and dropped to the ground. The rotting wooden bars of the corral fence offered them little cover, and bullets began to howl and whine all round them, kicking up little sprays of dust as they hit the earth.

For several breathtaking minutes, the two frontiersmen hugged cover behind the flimsy shelter of the corral fence, returning the fire of the gunmen inside the shack.

Two less expert men with six-gun and Winchester would have quickly

been wiped out in that exposed position, but so rapid and accurate was the shooting of Wild Bill and Buffalo Bill that their opponents were barely given time to take aim before a withering hail of lead made them duck down out of sight.

"I want to try to make it round the back of the house and take 'em by surprise," said the marshal presently. "Cover me when I make a dash for it."

"O.K.," replied Cody, keeping his eyes fixed on the two windows from where the shots were coming.

As the marshal sprang into a crouched position, more bullets splattered round him, but Cody's keen eyes spotted the muzzle of a rifle sticking out over a windowsill, and he pumped lead from his Winchester as Wild Bill made a sudden dash for the house.

The marshal took his life in his hands as he ran towards the building. One bullet clipped off a lock of his flowing hair, while another tore through the sleeve of his velvet jacket. He fired at one of the windows as he drew level with the house, and as he raced up to the side of it, he heard a sharp cry of pain.

"Reckon I scored a hit," he thought with satisfaction. "Now to get inside."

Hickok peered in through a broken window, and seeing no one in the room, climbed swiftly through. As he jumped lightly to the floor the door swung open and a man stood there, aiming his pistol at Wild Bill's heart. The man's left arm hung limply at his side. He had obviously stopped a bullet.

Wild Bill and the man fired simultaneously. But as the marshal squeezed his trigger, he had the presence of mind to jump nimbly to one side, and just missed the bullet fired at him. The man let out a yell of dismay as his gun was shot deftly out of his hand.

"If you don't want to get hurt, do as you're told," snapped the marshal. "Are there any more than two of you here?"

The man looked at the marshal's stern face and slid his glance down to the Colt held firmly in Hickok's white gauntleted hand.

"There's only two of us," he declared uneasily in a soft Southern drawl.

"Right. Turn round and take me to your pal. Try any tricks and I'll shoot."

But the firing from the other room had suddenly ceased, and when the marshal and the bandit entered it, they found the other man

leaning weakly against the wall, wounded in the shoulder by one of Cody's bullets.

At that moment Buffalo Bill himself bounded through the window.

"Just wondered if you were O.K., Bill," he grinned.

"Thanks, pal," smiled Hickok. "Yep, everything's under control."

It seems we've taken care of these guys. And now you two," he said, turning to the wounded men. "You've some explaining to do. Where have you stowed the money you stole from the Army wagon?"

"That's our business. Think we'd tell you?" replied one of them sullenly.

TWO REBELS GET A BIG SURPRISE!

THEY were both young men, and the marshal could see that under the dirt and grime and several days' growth of beard, they had pleasant faces, in spite of the hard, bitter expressions they wore.

"I think you will tell me," he replied quietly. "I'm a United States Marshal. My companion here is Buffalo Bill Cody. We've been trailing you for days. The Army wants that money back, and it's my job to see they get it."

"Yeah, and what about us? We need money more than the Yankee Army," snapped one of the men savagely. "We went away to war—and look what happened to our home. Take a look at what the Yankee Army did. Not a steer left—our land stripped clean of crops—our house in ruins!"

"Your house?" said the marshal in surprise. "Then you must be the Western boys."

"We are. I'm Jack Western. Our father and brother were killed in the war—by the Yankees," explained one of them bitterly. "Roy and I swore to recover the fortune we've lost at the hands of the Yankee Army and to avenge the deaths of our father and brother."

"I can understand your bitterness," returned the marshal. "But if you think you are righting the wrongs done to you by stealing the money which you obviously think is Army pay, then you are making a great mistake. The money which you took was sent by the United States Government to be distributed amongst ex-Confederate veterans to help compensate for some of their many losses, and to give them a start in civilian life. You've only succeeded in robbing your own people!"

The two brothers looked at the marshal in shocked astonishment.

"Money to help the Rebs?" gasped Roy. "You mean to tell us the U.S. Government is actually willing to help the Southerners?"

"But, of course," said Cody. "The South is part of the United States, a very big part, and the Government must look after all its States."

The brothers were filled with dismay at the thought of robbing their own people. And the marshal, who had a depth of understanding, sensed their remorse.

"I know you're not bad men," he said. "And I can understand how you feel. I'd like to help you out. You hand over the money, and since no one has been hurt, except yourselves, we'll say no more about the matter."

"You—you mean that, Marshal?" exclaimed Jack Western.

"I sure do," smiled Hickok.

"And now, how about a couple of Yankees giving you Rebs a hand with your wounds? The least we can do is bandage you up!" grinned Cody.

"If all Yankees were like you two, reckon the North and South wouldn't have had to go to war!" declared Roy Western. "We've got the money right here in the house. It's in boxes, so we'll load it on a buckboard for you. And just to make sure you don't run into any trouble, what about us riding part of the way to town with you, sort of an escort?"

The marshal agreed, and after he and Cody had bandaged Roy's shoulder and Jack's arm, the four of them set off with the money. The marshal drove the buckboard, while Cody rode Whirlwind and led Gypsy. They parted company with the Westerns a few miles from town.

The following week the two brothers rode into Dallas to collect their resettlement grant. Broad smiles creased their faces as they caught sight of Wild Bill and Buffalo Bill.

"Reckon we're citizens of the United States now," said Jack Western happily, waving a slip of paper in his hand. "This Government cheque will help us to get our ranch going. We've sent for our wives back in Georgia to join us, and you know what? I'm going to encourage my two-month-old son to join the U.S. Cavalry when he grows up! Yes, siree, we Americans must stick together!"

Don't miss another rip-roaring yarn about the Two-gun Lawman of the Fighting West in next week's SUN.

SUN

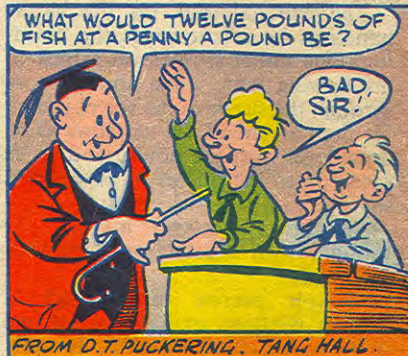
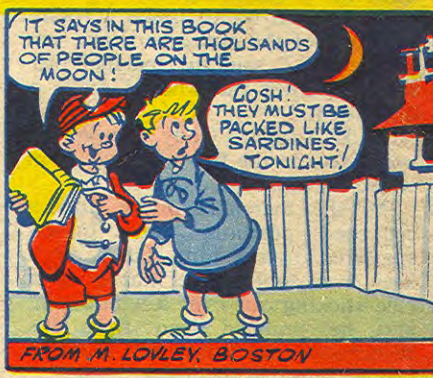
EVERY
MONDAY

3^d

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

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J. F. P. COUPON



Barry Ford's

WESTERN SCRAPBOOK

