

EVERY MONDAY

No. 226
June 6, 1953

SUN

3^d

**LONG LIVE
THE QUEEN!**





BILLY THE KID-LONE AVENGER

WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG BOSS OF THE CIRCLE B', AND ONE OF HIS COWBOYS, JOHNNY BUTLER, WERE JUST LEAVING THE GOLDEN SADDLE HOTEL, WHEN THE STRANGE FIGURE OF ANGUS MCHAGGIS RODE INTO TOWN... LIKE THE REST OF THE FOLKS, THEY STOOD AND STARED...

WHAT ARE YE ALL GOWKIN' AT? HAVE YE NO SEEN A SCOTSMAN BEFORE?

DISMOUNTING, THE BURLY SCOT STEPPED UP TO THE GOLDEN SADDLE, WHERE JOHNNY GREETED HIM....

WELCOME TO GUNSIGHT, MISS!

ANGUS MCHAGGIS WAS THE LAST OF THE CLAN MCHAGGIS... TIRING OF LIVING ALONE IN HIS CASTLE IN SCOTLAND, HE DECIDED TO SELL IT, AND WITH THE MONEY SAIL TO AMERICA AND BUY HIMSELF A RANCH... IN HIS TRAVELS ACROSS THE GREAT COUNTRY OF NORTH AMERICA, MCHAGGIS DISCARDED MOST OF HIS TRADITIONAL COSTUME FOR THE DRESS OF THE FRONTIER. BUT HE REFUSED TO PART WITH HIS KILT AND BAGPIPES, AND IT WAS IN THIS STRANGE GET-UP THAT HE FIRST RODE INTO GUNSIGHT.

SHUCKS, WILL! LOOK AT THAT GUY!... HE'S WEARIN' A SKIRT!



ANGUS MCHAGGIS'S REPLY TO JOHNNY'S GREETING SHOOK EVERYBODY, BUT MOST OF ALL JOHNNY BUTLER HIMSELF.

NOBODY POKES FUN AT A MCHAGGIS WITHOUT GETTIN' A POKE BACK, MISTER!

BY HOKEY!



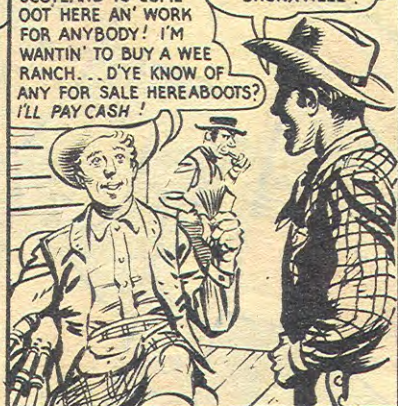
I'M SORRY I HIT YOUR FRIEND, MISTER! BUT HE ASKED FOR IT!

JOHNNY MEANT NO HARM! HE'S NEVER SEEN A SCOTSMAN BEFORE! SAY, MY NAME IS WILL BONNEY, I OWN THE CIRCLE B RANCH... IF YOU CAN PUNCH CATTLE LIKE YOU PUNCHED MY FOREMAN, I'D BE PLEASED TO GIVE YOU A JOB!



IT'S BONNY OF YE TO OFFER ME A JOB, MISTER BONNEY! BUT I DIDNA SELL MA CASTLE IN SCOTLAND TO COME OOT HERE AN' WORK FOR ANYBODY! I'M WANTIN' TO BUY A WEE RANCH... D'YE KNOW OF ANY FOR SALE HEREABOUTS? I'LL PAY CASH!

THERE'S NO LAND FOR SALE THAT'S WORTH BUYING IN THIS AREA, MISTER! MAYBE YOU'LL BE LUCKIER AROUND BRONXVILLE!



ON HEARING THAT BRONXVILLE WAS SOME FIFTY MILES AWAY, ANGUS MCHAGGIS DECIDED TO STAY IN GUNSIGHT UNTIL THE FOLLOWING DAY.

SO LONG, MISTER! TELL SALLY MERRIT YOU'RE A PAL OF MINE AND SHE'LL FIX YOU UP O.K. AT THE GOLDEN SADDLE!

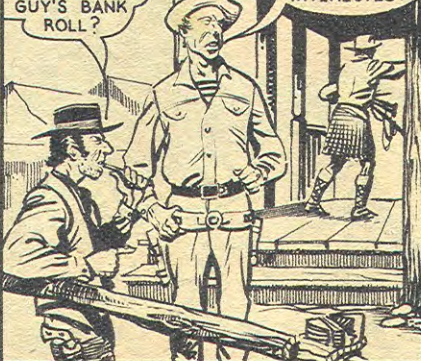
AYE! HE'S A GUID MAN THAT WILL BONNEY! IF ALL THE FOLKS HERE ARE LIKE HIM, I'LL BE GLAD I CAME!



BUT ALL THE FOLKS AROUND GUNSIGHT WERE NOT LIKE WILL BONNEY.

SAY, SLIM! DID YOU SEE THAT GUY'S BANK ROLL?

YEAH, NIBBLER! AND I HEARD HIM SAY HE WAS LOOKIN' FOR A RANCH!... MAYBE THE BOSS WILL BE INTERESTED!



THE TWO MEN WERE MEMBERS OF A GANG OF RUFIANS, LED BY A SHADY CHARACTER NAMED BIG-SHOT LOUIE, AND WHEN THEY SOUGHT HIM OUT IN THE SALOON OPPOSITE THE GOLDEN SADDLE, THE CROOK WAS VERY INTERESTED IN ANGUS MCHAGGIS.

SOME SUCKER WANTS TO BUY SOME LAND, EH? IF WE WORK OUR CARDS RIGHT, MAYBE WE CAN SELL HIM A PIECE OF DESERT!



LATER THAT EVENING, ACCOMPANIED BY THE GUNMAN NIBBLER, HOT-SHOT LOUIE CALLED ON ANGUS MCHAGGIS IN THE GOLDEN SADDLE - - -

PARDON ME, MISTER! I'M A LAND AGENT! A FRIEND OF MINE TOLD ME YOU WERE LOOKING FOR SOME LAND!

AYE! AND ANOTHER FRIEND OF MINE, WILL BONNEY, TOLD ME THERE WASN'T ANY!

ANGUS MCHAGGIS WAS A CANNY SCOT, BUT HOT-SHOT LOUIE WAS A CUNNING CROOK, AND HE SOON HAD AN IDEA FIGURED OUT - - -

THAT GUY'S A CATTLEMAN, HE DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT OIL!

OIL?

ANGUS DIDN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT OIL EXCEPT THAT IT CAME FROM THE GROUND, AND THAT MEN MADE THEIR FORTUNES BY IT... LOUIE WENT TO WORK ON HIM - - -

THIS BIT OF LAND I TOLD YOU ABOUT IS FAIR OOOZING WITH THE STUFF, MISTER! I'D BUY IT MYSELF, IF I COULD AFFORD THE DOUGH!

AYE! TELL ME MORE!



HOT-SHOT LOUIE TOLD HIS TALE SO WELL, THAT WHEN HE AND HIS GUNMAN LEFT THE GOLDEN SADDLE, THEY HAD THE SCOT'S PROMISE TO VISIT THE LAND THE FOLLOWING DAY.

AND WHILST ANGUS MCHAGGIS SLEPT PEACEFULLY THAT NIGHT, HOT-SHOT LOUIE AND HIS MEN WERE BURYING OIL IN THE BARREN DESERT.

GOOD! I GUESS THAT SHOULD CONVINCE OUR KILTED CUSTOMER THAT THERE'S OIL IN THESE PARTS! CHUCK THE CANS IN THE HOLE, FILL IT IN AND LET'S GET GOING!

THAT'S A DOZEN CANS WE'VE POURED IN, BOSS!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING, ACCOMPANIED BY THE CROOK, ANGUS MCHAGGIS VISITED THE SPOT - - -



ANGUS SNIFFED THE SOIL, AND EXCITED THOUGHTS RAN THROUGH HIS MIND - - -

AYE! IT SMELLS LIKE OIL ALL RIGHT. MAYBE IF I TELL HIM IT'S POOR QUALITY, HE'LL SELL THE LAND FOR LESS!

WELL! WAS I RIGHT? IT'S A BARGAIN AT FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS!

COMPLETELY HOODWINKED, THE SCOT MADE AN OFFER - - -

AYE! THERE'S OIL! BUT OF A POOR QUALITY! I'LL GIE YE THREE THOUSAND, IT'S ALL I HAVE IN CASH, HERE IT IS!

WELL! YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN! BUT I LIKE YOU. I'LL ACCEPT YOUR OFFER - IT'S A DEAL! I'LL GIVE YOU THE DEEDS AT MY OFFICE TOMORROW!

AS SOON AS THE CROOK HAD GONE ANGUS MCHAGGIS WAS BESIDE HIMSELF WITH GLEE, AND AT THE THOUGHT OF PUTTING ONE OVER ON THE LAND AGENT, FELL TO THE GROUND.

ANGUS MCHAGGIS! IF YOUR OLD GRANNIE WERE ALIVE TODAY, SHE'D BE PROUD OF YE! SAVIN' TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS, BY DRIVIN' A GOOD BARGAIN!

SUDDENLY, THE SCOT STRUCK SOMETHING METALLIC IN THE GROUND - - -

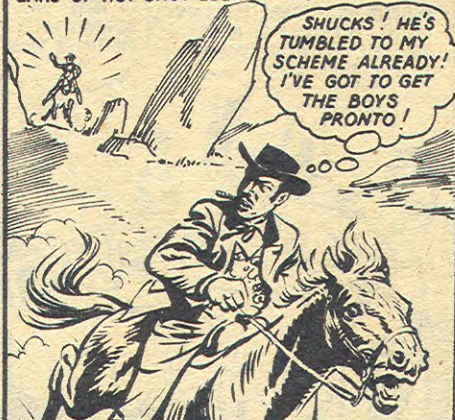




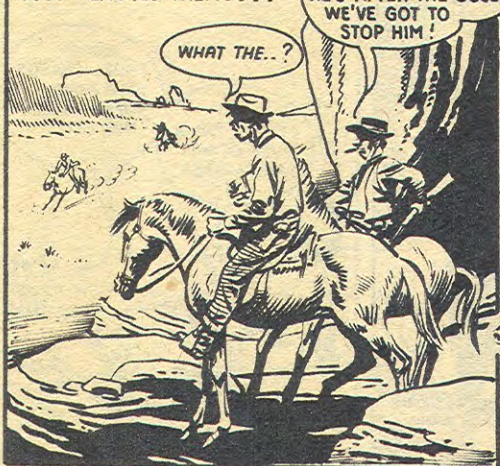
IN HIS RAGE, THE LAST OF THE CLAN MCHAGGIS KICKED UP THE REST OF THE CANS, AND IN A FLAMING FURY LEAPED ON HIS HORSE IN PURSUIT OF HOT-SHOT LOUIE...



HAD ANGUS MCHAGGIS RIDDEN QUIETLY AFTER HIS MAN HE MIGHT HAVE CAUGHT HIM, BUT HIS BLOOD-THIRSTY CRIES SOON REACHED THE EARS OF HOT-SHOT LOUIE...



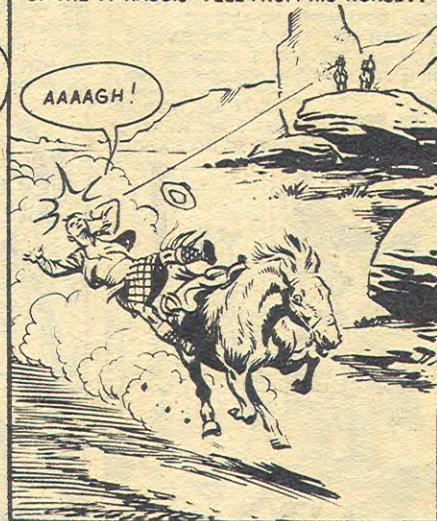
SO LOUD WERE THE SCOT'S YELLS OF RAGE, THAT NIBBLER AND SLIM KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG LONG BEFORE THEIR BOSS REACHED THEM....



STILL NIBBLING AT A PIECE OF WOOD, THE NIBBLER RAISED HIS RIFLE, AND TOOK AIM...



RIFLE SHOTS CRACKED OUT, AND THE LAST OF THE MCHAGGIS FELL FROM HIS HORSE...



HALF-STUNNED BY THE BULLET WHICH HAD BADLY GRAZED HIS HEAD... THE TOUGH SCOT DRAGGED HIMSELF TO HIS FEET, IN TIME TO SEE HIS ATTACKERS RIDE OFF....



BELLOWING WITH RAGE AND PAIN, MCHAGGIS STUMBLED UP THE TRAIL AFTER THE CROOKS...



ANGUS MCHAGGIS WAS STILL UTTERING THREATS WHEN WILL BONNEY AND JOHNNY BUTLER CAME UPON HIM AN HOUR LATER....



WILL BONNEY LEAPED DOWN FROM HIS HORSE, AND RUSHED UP TO THE SCOT...

YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU'VE TAKEN A TUMBLE, MISTER... AND THAT'S A NASTY WOUND!

AYE! MAYBE... BUT IT'S NOTHING COMPARED WI' THE DAMAGE I'M GOIN' TO DO TO THREE GUYS, WHEN I MEET UP WI' THEM!

WHEN WILL BONNEY HAD CALMED HIM DOWN, THE WILD SCOT RELATED HOW HE HAD BEEN SWINDLED.

THEY'VE GOT MY MONEY NOW, BUT I'LL GET IT BACK, WHEN I CATCH UP WI' THEM!

THAT MAY BE, MISTER! BUT RIGHT NOW YOU'RE GOING BACK TO GUNSIGHT WITH JOHNNY! YOU'VE TAKEN A BAD SHAKING, ANGUS!

AFTER MUCH ARGUING, WILL BONNEY PERSUADED THE FIERY SCOT TO RETURN TO GUNSIGHT, WITH JOHNNY BUTLER....

I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK ROUND, JOHNNY!... YOU GET OUR FIRE-EATING PAL BACK TO GUNSIGHT... TIE HIM TO YOUR HORSE, IF NEEDS BE!

YOU BET WILL!

WILL BONNEY SEARCHED THE RIDGE ABOVE THE TRAIL... SUDDENLY HIS KEEN EYES SAW SOMETHING IN THE DUST....

BY HOKEY! A PIECE OF CHEWED SPANISH WOOD!... THAT MEANS NIBBLER MAGREW, THE TRIGGER HAPPY GUNMAN OF HOT-SHOT LOUIE'S GANG... THIS IS WHERE BILLY THE KID TAKES OVER!

UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, WILL BONNEY THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER.... LEAVING THE SPOT WHERE HE FOUND THE IMPORTANT CLUE, WILL BONNEY RODE HARD TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK... THERE IN A SECRET VALLEY HE DONNED THE FAMOUS BLACK RIG-OUT OF BILLY THE KID....

SATAN! YOU AND I HAVE A DATE WITH THREE OILY CUSTOMERS!

SOON THE VALLEY ECHOED WITH THE FAMOUS WAR-CRY OF BILLY THE KID, AS MOUNTED ON HIS GREAT BLACK HORSE, SATAN, THE LONE AVENGER SET OUT ON THE TRAIL OF HOT-SHOT LOUIE AND HIS GANG....

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

MEANWHILE, THE MEN BILLY THE KID SOUGHT REACHED THE SALOON OPPOSITE THE GOLDEN SADDLE, IN GUNSIGHT....

SLIM! STABLE THE HORSES, WHILE ME AN' NIBBLER QUENCH OUR THIRSTS! THEN COME AND JOIN US!

SURE, BOSS!

AFTER STABLING HIS HORSE, SLIM WAS RETURNING TO THE SALOON, WHEN HE SAW FOLKS POINTING EXCITEDLY UP THE STREET... RIDING INTO GUNSIGHT WAS BILLY THE KID....

GEE POP! IT'S BILLY THE KID!

SHUCKS, BILLY THE KID! HE'S POISON TO SMART FELLERS LIKE US!... I'D BETTER WARN THE BOSS!

GEE! WHAT A MAN!

THE TALL CROOK SNEAKED QUICKLY INTO THE SALOON...

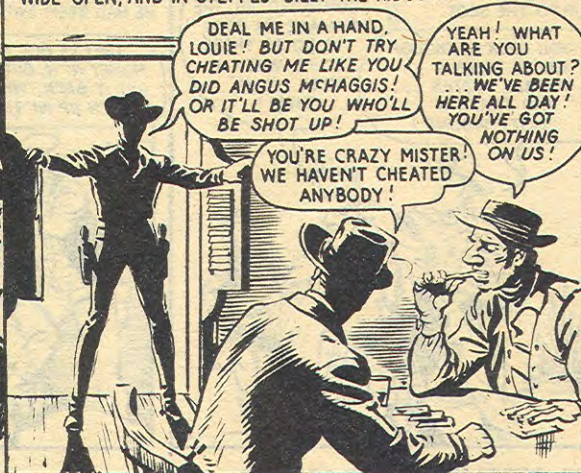


BUT ALL THE BADMEN OF THE WEST FEARED THE LONE AVENGER....

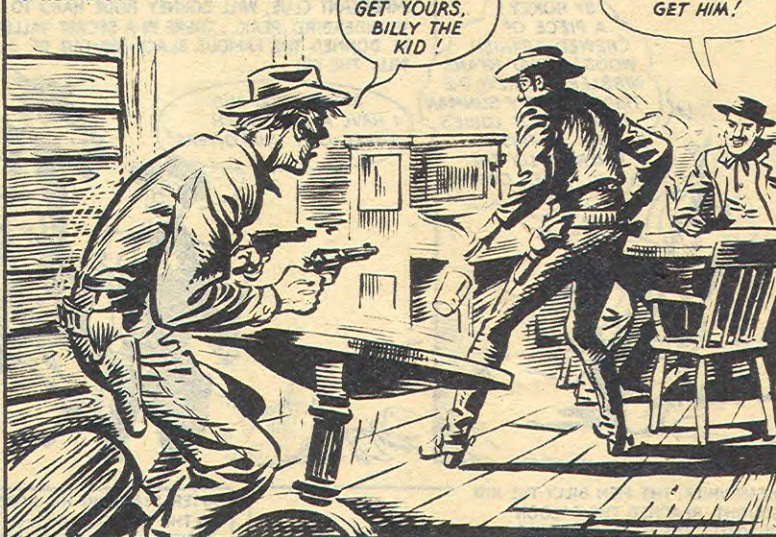
NIBBLER'S RIGHT, SLIM! BUT JUST IN CASE, YOU GET OVER TO THE TABLE BY THE DOOR, AND BE READY IF THERE'S TROUBLE!



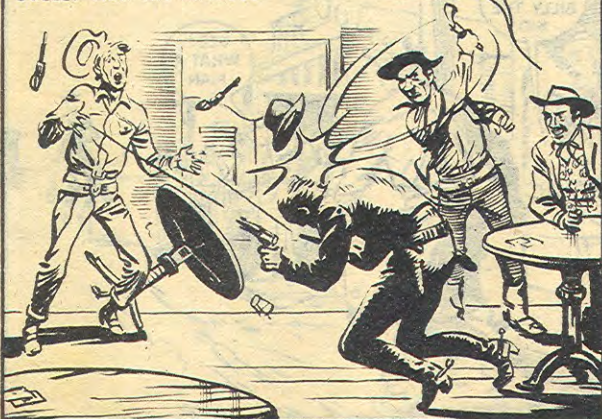
SLIM HARDLY REACHED THE TABLE WHEN THE SWING DOORS WERE FLUNG WIDE OPEN, AND IN STEPPED BILLY THE KID....



REALISING THAT THE GAME WAS UP, THE TALL CROOK AT THE OTHER TABLE DREW HIS GUNS...



SLIM'S GUNS BARKED OUT, AND BILLY THE KID FELL TO THE GROUND... BUT IT WASN'T A BULLET THAT HIT HIM....



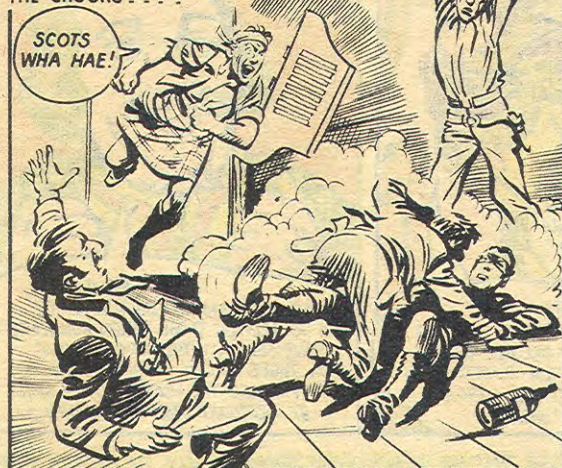
IT WAS AT THAT MOMENT THAT JOHNNY BUTLER LED THE WOUNDED ANGUS MCHAGGIS INTO GUNSIGHT..



AT THIS, ANGUS MCHAGGIS SAT UP IN HIS SADDLE, AND A STRANGE GLEAM ENTERED HIS EYE.....

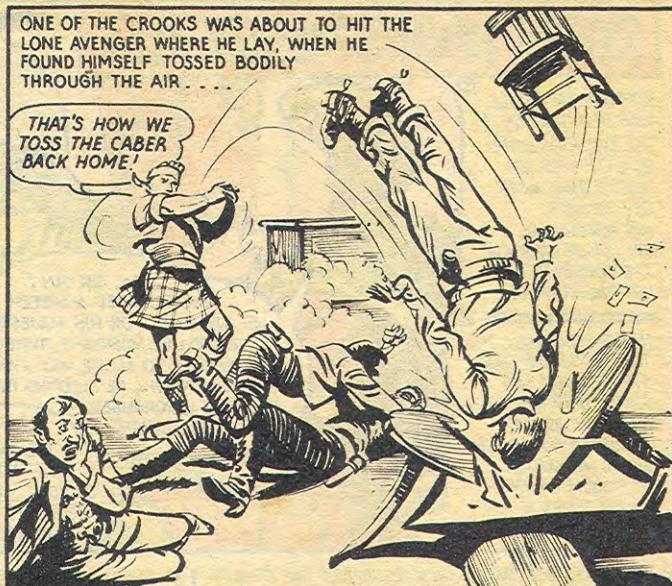


A MOMENT LATER, BEFORE JOHNNY COULD STOP HIM, ANGUS MCHAGGIS LEAPED FROM THE HORSE AND DIVED INTO THE SALOON, WHERE BILLY THE KID, DAZED BY THE BLOW ON HIS HEAD, WAS DESPERATELY FIGHTING THE CROOKS



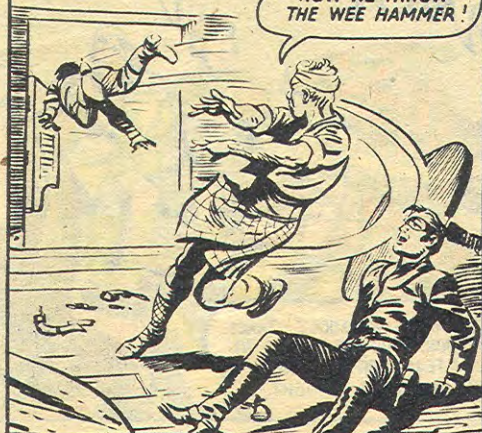
ONE OF THE CROOKS WAS ABOUT TO HIT THE LONE AVENGER WHERE HE LAY, WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF TOSSED BODILY THROUGH THE AIR

THAT'S HOW WE TOSS THE CABER BACK HOME!



SUDDENLY THE CROOK ON TOP OF THE LONE AVENGER WAS HURLING THROUGH THE SALOON DOOR

AYE! AND THAT'S HOW WE THROW THE WEE HAMMER!



SEEING THE FATE OF HIS MEN, HOT-SHOT LOUIE CRIED OUT TO BILLY THE KID FOR PROTECTION . .

I GIVE IN, BILLY THE KID! BUT SAVE ME FROM THAT MADMAN!

OK! BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY I CAN DO THAT!



AND WITH A MIGHTY BLOW, BILLY THE KID FLOORED THE CROOK, MUCH TO THE ANNOYANCE OF ANGUS MCHAGGIS . . .

SORRY MISTER! YOU CAN'T HAVE ALL THE FUN YOURSELF!



BUT NOT TO BE OUTDONE THE BRAVNY SCOT FINALLY CLEARED THE CROOK FROM THE SALOON

AND THAT MY FRIEND IS WHAT WE CALL THE HIGHLAND FLING!



SHUCKS! AFTER THAT DISPLAY I RECKON YOU COULD HAVE HANDLED THOSE CROOKS ON YOUR OWN, ANGUS!

I WOULDNA' SAY THAT, MISTER! THEY WERE IN A PRETTY BAD WAY WHEN I JOINED IN! THANKS FOR SAVIN' A COUPLE O' THEM FOR ME!



ANGUS MCHAGGIS FOUND HIS MONEY ON ONE OF THE CROOKS, AND LATER, TO THE SKIRL OF BAGPIPES, AND AIDED BY THE GUNS OF BILLY THE KID, HOT-SHOT LOUIE AND HIS GANG JIGGED THEIR WAY OUT OF TOWN, TO THE JAIL AT LITTLE FALLS

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO! HE WHO CALLS THE TUNE PAYS THE PIPER!



YIP-YIP-YIP! HI-YO! . . . Don't miss the Black-garbed Avenger in another thrilling complete adventure next week!

SUN—June 6, 1953—7

ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY JEST

NOTTINGHAM CASTLE WAS IN A TURMOIL! THE EVIL KING JOHN HIMSELF WAS TO ARRIVE THAT VERY DAY TO VISIT HIS HENCHMAN, SIR GUY OF GISBORNE, THE GOVERNOR OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE --

IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE, GISBORNE STRODE BACK AND FORTH, IMPATIENTLY QUESTIONING THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM, WHOM HE HAD PUT IN CHARGE OF THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE KING'S RECEPTION --



YES, SIR GUY! I HAVE PREPARED A SPEECH OF WELCOME FOR HIS MAJESTY -- THERE WILL BE MUSICIANS, TUMBLERS AND JESTERS TO AMUSE HIM -- AND HIS MAJESTY WILL BE SLEEPING IN THE BEST BEDCHAMBER -- YOUR BEDCHAMBER!

AND WHAT ABOUT THE GREAT FEAST TO-NIGHT? I TRUST YOU ARE NOT RELYING ON YOUR MUTTON-HEADED SAXON COOKS TO PREPARE SUCH AN IMPORTANT MEAL --

THE SHERIFF GAVE GISBORNE A SMUG SMILE --



NO, NO, SIR GUY! HEH, HEH! I'M NOT SUCH A NODDY AS TO RELY ON THOSE SAXON BUNGLERS! I HAVE SENT ALL THE WAY TO PARIS FOR THREE FAMOUS FRENCH COOKS TO PREPARE THE FEAST -- THEY WILL BE ARRIVING THIS AFTERNOON!

WITH EYES BLAZING, GISBORNE SEIZED THE SHERIFF BY THE COLLAR OF HIS RICH ROBE --



THEY HAD BETTER PREPARE A FEAST FIT FOR A KING, SHERIFF. THANKS TO MY FAILING TO CAPTURE THAT DOG, ROBIN HOOD, I AM OUT OF FAVOUR WITH HIS MAJESTY. MY WHOLE CAREER DEPENDS UPON CREATING A GOOD IMPRESSION DURING THE KING'S VISIT. IF ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS ARE NOT PERFECT -- YOU WILL HAVE ME TO RECKON WITH!

ANXIOUS TO MAKE SURE THAT HIS FRENCH COOKS ARRIVED SAFELY, THE SHERIFF SENT A PARTY OF MEN-AT-ARMS ALONG THE FOREST ROAD TO MEET THEM --



HO, THERE! YOU SAXON DOGS! HAVE YOU SEEN THREE FOREIGN-LOOKING MEN ON THE ROAD THIS AFTERNOON?

WHAT SORT O' FOREIGN LOOKING MEN, SIR?

FRENCHMEN, YOU FOOL! THREE FRENCH COOKS WHO ARE COMING TO PREPARE A FEAST FOR THE KING IN NOTTINGHAM CASTLE TO-NIGHT!

THE SAXONS HAD NOT SEEN THE COOKS -- BUT WHEN THE NORMANS HAD RIDDEN PAST, ONE OF THE MEN IN THE CART DREW A LONGBOW FROM ITS HIDING PLACE --



I KNOW SOMEONE WHO WILL WELCOME THIS NEWS -- WRITE A MESSAGE, OSRIC!

A FEW SECONDS LATER -- TH-U-UNG! A GOOSE-FEATHERED ARROW BEARING OSRIC'S MESSAGE WAS WINGING ITS WAY OVER THE DENSE GREENWOOD --



AWAY, ARROW! FLY STRAIGHT AND WHISPER YOUR NEWS TO BOLD ROBIN HOOD!

THE MESSAGE-ARROW WAS SHOT FROM ONE HIDDEN BOWMAN TO ANOTHER -- AND PRESENTLY IT THUDDED TO REST AGAINST THE ANCIENT OAK TREE IN ROBIN HOOD'S CAMP, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST -- THE LORD OF SHERWOOD CUT FREE THE MESSAGE --



HA! HA! THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!

WELL? OUT WITH IT, GOOD ROBIN. WHAT LATEST TIT-BIT OF NEWS HAVE OUR SCOUTS SENT US FROM NOTTINGHAM?

AYE -- READ IT OUT, ROBIN!

ROBIN READ THE MESSAGE TO HIS COMRADES THEN, WITH A GAY TWINKLE IN HIS BOYISH BLUE EYES, HE BUCKLED ON HIS SWORD --

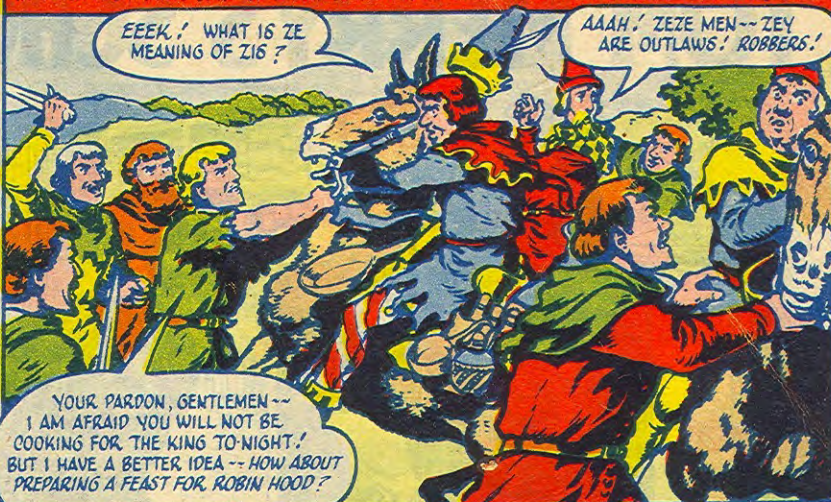
EVEN NOW, MEN-AT-ARMS ARE RIDING TO MEET THESE FRENCH COOKS ON THE FOREST ROAD -- BUT THEY'LL NOT FIND 'EM, LADS. WE'LL FIND 'EM FIRST.



A SHORT WHILE LATER -- THREE STRANGELY-DRESSED TRAVELLERS ON THE FOREST ROAD REINED IN WHEN A GRINNING BAND OF GREEN-CLAD MEN APPEARED AS IF FROM UNDER THEIR VERY FEET.

EEK! WHAT IS ZE MEANING OF ZIS?

AAAH! ZEZE MEN -- ZEY ARE OUTLAWS! ROBBERS!



YOUR PARDON, GENTLEMEN -- I AM AFRAID YOU WILL NOT BE COOKING FOR THE KING TO-NIGHT. BUT I HAVE A BETTER IDEA -- HOW ABOUT PREPARING A FEAST FOR ROBIN HOOD?

LAUGHING MERRILY, THE OUTLAWS ESCORTED THEIR NEW COOKS BACK TO CAMP --



HAW! HAW! I WEEP FOR THE KING -- WHAT A PITY HE'LL HAVE TO EAT THE SHERIFF'S USUAL FOOD TO-NIGHT. I'M TOLD IT'S VERY POOR STUFF --

BUT, MY GOOD FRIAR TUCK, I INTEND TO SEE THAT THE KING HAS HIS SPECIAL FEAST -- FRENCH COOKS AND ALL!

YOU MAKE A MIGHTY FINE COOK, LITTLE JOHN! HOW DO I LOOK?



YOU MEAN -- WE GO AND PREPARE THE KING'S FEAST? ROBIN -- WHAT AN IDEA -- WHAT A MERRY JEST!

TOWARDS EVENING, THREE STRANGE FIGURES RODE THEIR DONKEYS UP TO THE KITCHEN DOOR OF NOTTINGHAM CASTLE -- THEIR LEADER HAILED THE SULLEN GUARD --

HO, FELLOW! WE ARE ZE FRENCH COOKS COME TO PREPARE ZE FEAST FOR ZE KING!

OH, YOU ARE -- ARE YOU? WELL, TAKE OFF YOUR HOODS AND LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT YOUR FACES -- I DON'T LET ALL AND SUNDRY IN HERE WITHOUT INSPECTION WHEN I'M ON DUTY!



AFTER A SECOND'S PAUSE, THE TALL "COOK" REMOVED HIS HAT AND DREW BACK HIS HOOD -- THE GUARD STIFFENED AND BROUGHT UP HIS SPEAR --

YOU ARE NO COOK! I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE -- YOU'RE ROBIN HOOD!



What will happen now? See next week's thrilling instalment of this grand picture-story!

SUN—June 6, 1953—9

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



"What are you doing here, Thurnel?" snapped Manners. Thurnel spun round with a gasp.

Thurnel, the mysterious new junior at St. Jim's, who is really a grown man in disguise, has broken bounds to meet his father in the woods. The two of them are planning some mischief, and since Thurnel has been showing an unusual interest in the St. Jim's gold and silver dinner plate, it looks as if he is after stealing the plate.

On his return to the Fourth Form dormitory, Thurnel quarrels with Gussy D'Arcy and the two of them start to fight. . . . Suddenly, Mr. Railton, the School House-master, walks in. . . .

THIS CAUGHT IN WEEK: THE ACT!

THE Housemaster had evidently heard D'Arcy's fall, and had come up to inquire the cause of the disturbance at that late hour.

He gazed in amazement at the scene in the dormitory.

"Boys, what does this mean?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed Gussy.

"You are fighting—at this time of the night, too!" exclaimed the Housemaster sternly.

"I am ashamed of you!"

"I am sorry, sir, but—"

"Go to bed at once!"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"That is enough, D'Arcy. Get into bed!"

Arthur Augustus reluctantly turned in and Thurnel did the same.

"You will take a hundred lines each for breaking the rules," said Mr. Railton. "I shall expect the lines tomorrow afternoon."

And he left the dormitory.

He had switched off the lights and the juniors were left in silence and darkness. The silence was unbroken for a minute or more. Then Arthur Augustus's voice was heard.

"By Jove!"

"Oh, go to sleep!" snapped Thurnel.

"I cannot go to sleep vewy easily with an ache in my jaw. Thurnel, I cannot give you a thwashing tonight, as Mr. Wailton has intewwupted us. I am going to give you a thwashing tomorrow."

Thurnel only replied with a contemptuous grunt. The dormitory sank into silence again, and all slept but Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who was long kept awake by the ache in his jaw. But even he slept at last.

Tom Merry was looking serious as he came out of the Shell Form-room after lessons the next day. The afternoon was a half-holiday and, under ordinary circumstances, the chums of the Shell would have spent it on the football field, making the most of what was left of the season. But Tom Merry's fight with the new junior was fixed for that day.

"I suppose we'd better see Thurnel and fix up the time of the fight?" Monty Lowther remarked, as the chums went down the passage.

"Let's go for a walk," said Lowther. "The row can wait till after dinner. We shall see Thurnel then."

"Right you are!"

"I'm off," said Manners.

"Where are you off to?"

"The school library to get a book, and I imagine that's where Thurnel is. You remember I told

you he had asked permission to study the manuscripts for half an hour in the morning after lessons?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, that's where he is now, I suppose."

"I bet he is," said Tom Merry, "but we don't want to disturb him now. After dinner will do."

"Yes, but I'm going to see him at work," said Manners. "I'm curious. I know jolly well that such a duffer as he is at lessons doesn't care twopence for all the manuscripts in St. Jim's. He's either fooling Latham to curry favour, or he's up to something queer. I'm going to have a look."

And Manners walked away in the direction of the school library, while his chums went out into the sunshine. Manners was a studious lad and spent a lot of time in the library of the School House, and he felt that annoyance which a studious lad feels at seeing a slacker and a dunce pretending to be a hard worker.

Manners swung open the big, heavy oaken door and stepped into the library.

He glanced round idly for Thurnel.

He expected to see the new boy sitting at one of the little tables near the cabinets, studying or pretending to study.

But Thurnel was standing at a bookcase between two windows, upon the top of which stood a bust of Shakespeare.

Manners looked at him in surprise and amusement.

The Shell fellow had not meant to enter the room in a stealthy manner at all, but his feet had made no sound on the deep carpet and Thurnel had not

heard the door open. He had his back towards the door and was unaware of Manners' presence.

Manners watched him with a grin.

He knew that the bookcase the new fellow was examining was a dummy one, merely an ornamental outer covering of the iron door of the hidden safe. There were rows of dummy shelves with dummy book covers over them and glass outside, and the appearance was the same as that of the other cases. Manners thought that Thurnel supposed the case to be a real one and that he wanted to take one of the books out of it.

Thurnel was making a careful examination of the case.

He felt over it with his hand and paused at the lock, and then he felt in his pocket and drew out something which he inserted into the bookcase door lock.

There was a faint click.

The glass door swung open.

Manners gazed on in astonishment. He knew that that door was always kept locked to conceal the door of the safe beneath.

How did Thurnel get a key?

With the glass door, the dummy bookshelves came open too, showing that there was nothing inside the glass but rows of imitation books.

And there was the iron door of the safe!

Thurnel examined it with glittering eyes!

He did not show any sign of surprise, and it dawned upon Manners that the new boy knew as much about the safe as he knew himself.

The Shell fellow caught his breath.

This, then, was the explanation of Thurnel's wish to study old manuscripts in the library at a time when the room was certain to be empty.

It was not the manuscripts, but the hidden safe that he was curious about. How did he know of, and what was his interest in it?

Manners strode suddenly forward.

"What are you doing, Thurnel?" he exclaimed.

Thurnel gave a sudden cry.

He whirled round and faced Manners with a face so ghastly pale that the Shell fellow thought for a moment that he was going to faint.

He could not speak. He could only stare blankly at Manners with terror in his eyes.

"Oh, it's all right," said Manners. "You haven't been caught by a master. Cheer up!"

"I—I—" stammered Thurnel.

"Better close that bookcase," said Manners. "If anybody came in and found it open you would be in trouble."

Thurnel turned to the dummy bookcase without a word. He closed it and locked it. Then he



GOD SAVE OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN

*The Editor joins his readers in wishing
Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth
a happy and glorious life*

LONG TO REIGN OVER US

looked at Manners again, still without speaking.

Manners fixed his eyes upon the new boy's white face. The terror in Thurnel's eyes had roused strange suspicions in the Shell fellow's mind.

"I—I was looking at the safe," explained Thurnel, beginning to recover himself.

"How did you know it was there?"

"Mellish told me about it. I was curious to see it," said Thurnel. "I hear that the school silver is kept there and I wondered what the safe was like, that's all."

"Oh, that's all, is it?" said Manners suspiciously. "Then how did you get a key to open the outer door?"

"I haven't a key."

"Then how did you unlock the bookcase door?"

"I—I opened it with a wire."

"A wire!" exclaimed Manners in astonishment.

Thurnel hesitated a moment and then drew a twisted wire from his pocket. He held it out for Manners' inspection.

"You opened the lock with that?"

"Yes."

"Can you open the safe door too?" asked Manners.

Thurnel shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"Of course not, it's a patent lock."

"And a good thing too," said Manners. "Now you'll get out of this room. You won't come back here to study any more manuscripts, either."

Thurnel looked at him fiercely. "I'll please myself about that."

"No you won't!" said Manners coolly. "You'll please me. I don't quite know what to make of you; but I know this much, that if you ever enter this room again I'll go straight to the Head and tell him exactly what I saw you do here."

Thurnel changed colour again. "Look here—"

"I don't promise to keep it dark in any case," added Manners, "but one thing's certain—if you come into the library again you'll have to answer for your little game just now to the Head. Now get out."

Thurnel went quietly out of the room without a word.

A GOLD MINE FOR MELLISH

TOM MERRY was chatting with the chums of the Fourth when Manners came out of the School House. Manners joined the group of juniors in the quad and his grave expression at once attracted their attention.

"Have you seen Thurnel?"

asked Tom Merry.

Manners nodded.

"Was he in the library?"

"Yes."

"Not swotting over manuscripts, I'll bet my hat," said Jack Blake.

"No, he wasn't studying," said Manners.

"What was he doing, then?"

asked Lowther.

"He had picked the lock of the dummy bookcase with a wire and was looking at the door of the safe."

"What!"

The juniors stared blankly at Manners.

"What on earth was he doing that for?" asked Blake.

"That's what I want to know," replied Manners.

"My hat!" said Tom Merry. "I don't understand this at all, and I don't like it."

"Didn't he give you any explanation?"

"Only that he was curious to see the safe. Mellish had told him about it."

"Picking a lock is a serious business and I don't see how he could know how to do it," said Blake. "It's awfully odd."

"There's a lot of things about that chap we don't quite understand," said Manners. "The more I see of him the more certain I feel that he's years older than he pretends. Though why he should make out that he's a kid and come into the Fourth Form here is a mystery to me."

The dinner-bell cut short the discussion. The juniors trooped into dinner and took their places in the School House dining-room. Thurnel came in looking as cool and unconcerned as usual and took his place at the Fourth Form table. Many of the juniors

looked at him curiously, but he did not appear to notice it.

After dinner Thurnel left the dining-room as quickly as he could and went out into the quadrangle. The Terrible Three followed him. Thurnel was walking very quickly towards the gates.

Thurnel stopped with an impatient look when he saw the Terrible Three behind him.

"What do you want?"

"A word with you."

"I'm in a hurry."

"That doesn't make any difference," remarked Monty Lowther. "It's a rather important matter, you know."

"Well, what is it?"

"You've got a short memory," said Manners with a grin. "Have you forgotten that you are to fight Tom Merry this afternoon?"

Thurnel started.

"Oh, that!" he said.

"Yes, exactly that," agreed Tom Merry. "I want to get it over, as I have other things to do this afternoon as well. What time will suit you?"

Thurnel hesitated.

"I don't know that I want to fight," he said slowly. "I—I'm willing to drop it, if you are. I'm in a hurry, for one thing. And—and I don't want a row. Will you let the matter drop?"

The Terrible Three stared at Thurnel.

It was the last suggestion they had expected to hear from him and they could not understand it. It could hardly be that he was afraid, after the way he had dealt with Blake and Figgins. What was the cause of his sudden desire to avoid a fight?

"Well," said Tom Merry. "I've no particular desire to go on with the fight if Thurnel wants it to be dropped."

"I do," said Thurnel.

"Very well, it's settled then."

And Tom Merry strolled away. Thurnel walked away very quickly towards the gates. Mellish, who had been standing by and had seen what had happened, walked after him and overtook him as he passed out into the road. He tapped Thurnel on the sleeve and the new boy

looked at him angrily.

"Don't bother me now!" he said snappishly.

"Have you forgotten our plan to go out together?"

"I'd forgotten—I've no time now, anyway. I've got something else to attend to. Another time."

"Yes, but—"

"I can't stop now."

Thurnel hurried on, and Mellish, with a curious expression upon his face, kept pace with him. He was determined not to see that the new boy wanted to be rid of his company. A dozen paces down the lane, Thurnel stopped and turned fiercely upon the cad of the Fourth.

"Will you leave me?" he said. "I don't want your company. Is that plain enough for you?"

Mellish shrugged his shoulders. "Yes, it's plain enough."

"Then go away!"

"Certainly. I've no desire to butt in upon a touching interview between father and son," said Mellish with a nasty grin.

Thurnel started.

"I suppose that's what you're going out for, isn't it?" said Mellish.

Thurnel glared at him with rage.

"What do you want to keep your mouth shut?" he said in a quiet voice.

"Now you're talking," said Mellish. "I don't want to come with you particularly. But—can you lend me ten shillings?"

Thurnel looked for a moment as if he would spring upon the cad of the Fourth. But he controlled himself. He dived a hand into his pocket and produced a handful of silver and dropped it into Mellish's hand.

"Thanks!"

Thurnel strode on without a word. Mellish gazed after him with a sneering smile and then counted the money in his hand. The cad of the Fourth grinned gleefully. It seemed to him that he was on to a good thing. Mellish knows that Thurnel is up to no good . . . but Tom Merry and Co. are also beginning to learn a few things about the mysterious junior, so it looks as if there are ructions ahead at St. Jim's!

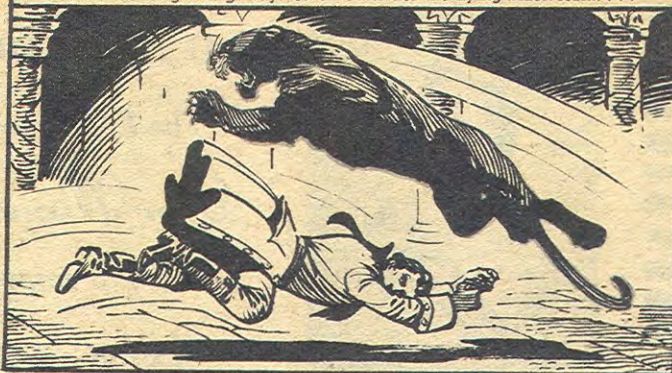
DICK TURPIN

and the Mystery of Misty Moor



Dick Turpin has come to eerie King Arthur's Castle on Misty Moor to settle accounts once and for all with his sinister arch-enemy, "Creepy" Crawley... and to discover the secret of the mysterious work which Crawley is doing in the grim cellars below the castle. ... Dick enters the strange "King Arthur's Tomb," where Creepy sleeps during the day ... suddenly he finds himself trapped by three black panthers...

With a soundless snarl of fury, the nearest panther leaped for Dick's throat ... but the King of Highwaymen dived under the flying black form.



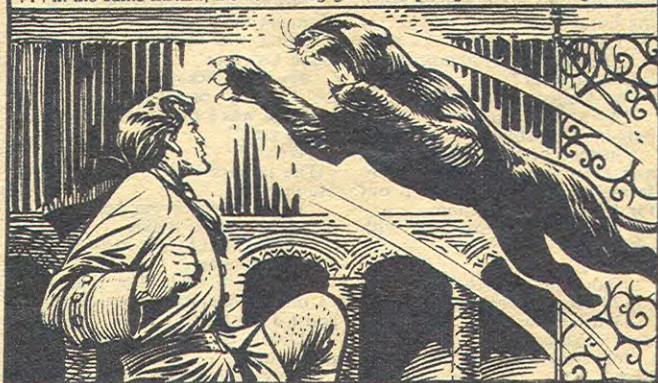
There came the soft padding of another four savage feet, and Dick sprang up to see the second panther bearing down on him.



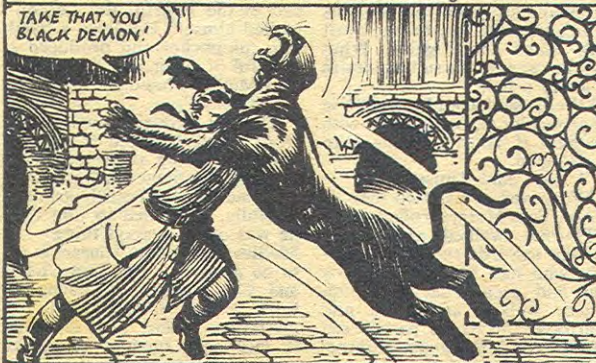
Together, the giant cats sprang at the tall, mocking figure ... but the elusive Dick Turpin threw himself to one side ... and the two panthers collided in mid-air in a snarling mass of fur and fangs ...



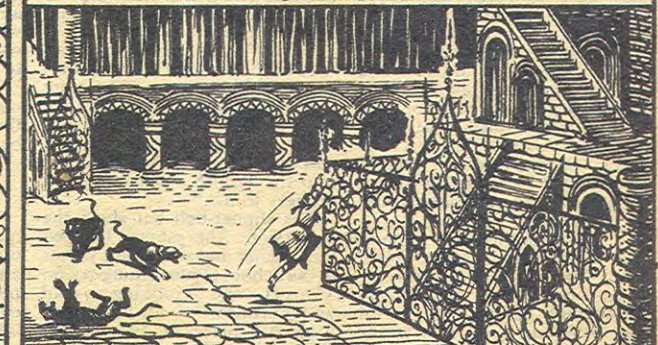
... in the same instant, the remaining giant cat sprang at the kneeling man.

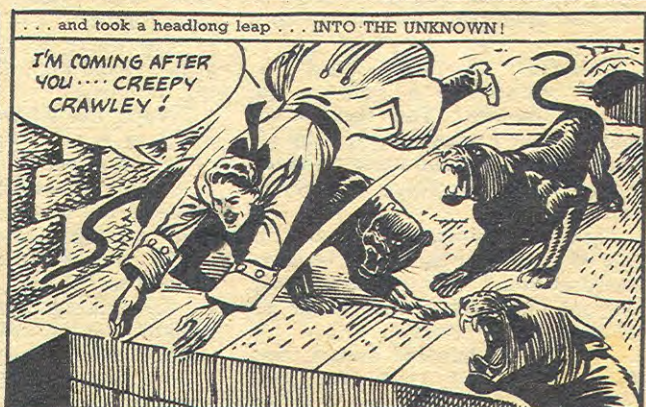
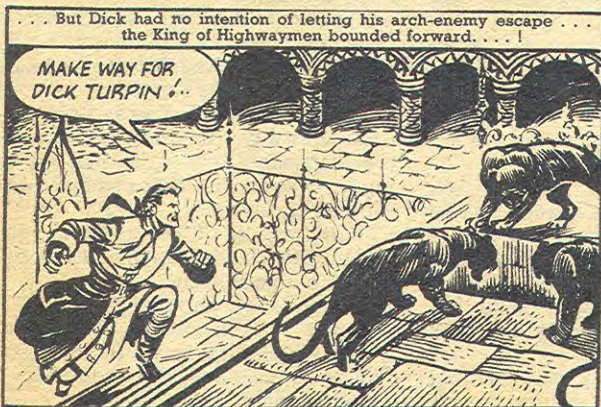
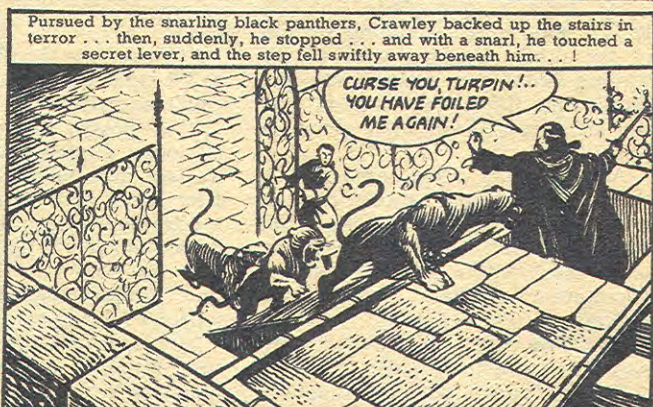
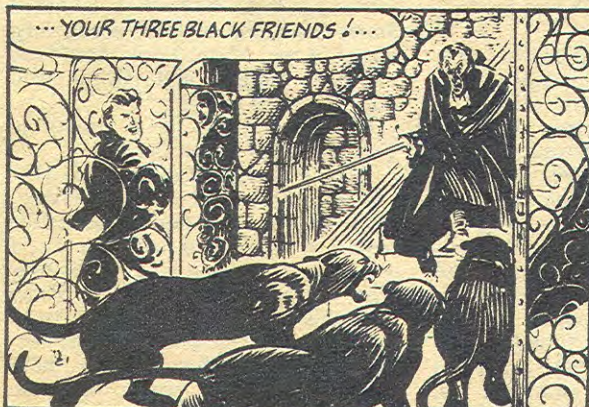


Backed by all the power in his muscular frame, Dick's fist ripped out to the flat black head with its terrible fangs!



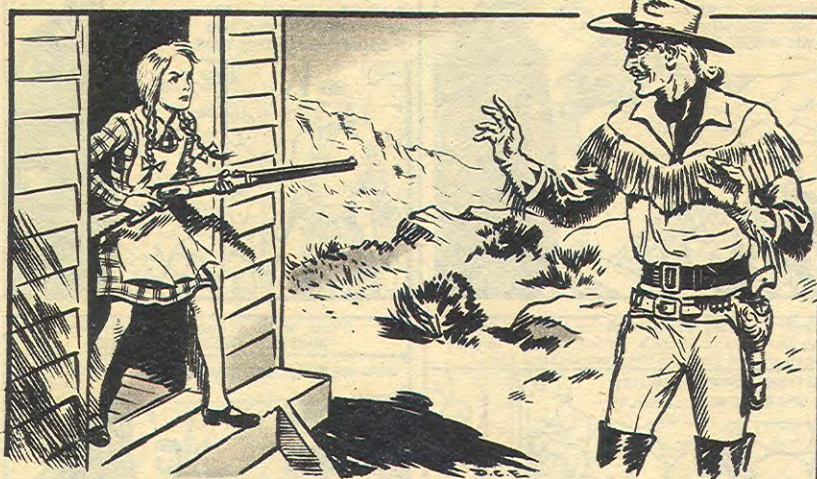
With a blood-curdling howl, the third panther landed in a sprawling heap behind Dick ... the King of Highwaymen gave a flying leap for the top of the bronze fence leading to Creepy Crawley's strange bed.





Don't miss the final instalment of this gripping picture-story next week, when Creepy Crawley's secret is revealed!

THE JUSTICE OF WILD BILL HICKOK



"Go away, or I'll shoot," snapped the girl. Wild Bill grinned as he raised his hands.

THE BANK RAID

THE sharp crack of gunshots echoed up the main street of Rider City, shattering the morning stillness. The handful of town-folk on the wooden sidewalks saw a masked figure hurriedly back his way out of the bank.

He held a money-bag in one gloved hand and a smoking six-gun in the other. Dashing over to his waiting horse, he vaulted into the saddle and, firing two more shots in the air, streaked off in a cloud of dust.

As the bandit disappeared up the street, the famous fighting frontier marshal of the Golden West, Wild Bill Hickok, ran out of the town's one and only hotel to see what all the commotion was about. Wild Bill was making a long journey west to Sacramento City and he had been staying overnight in Rider City.

Seeing a crowd gathered round the bank, he strode quickly over to it and was greeted by an agitated bank manager.

"Marshal! Marshal!" cried the man. "We've had a hold-up—the first in months! The bandit was masked, but I recognised him by his dark flashing eyes and his heavy black eye-brows. It was Black Jake Simpson!"

"Simpson? Simpson? He must be one of your local badmen, I've never heard of him," returned the marshal. "Anyone hurt? How much did he get away with, Mr. Price?"

"About five hundred dollars. And fortunately nobody's hurt. Black Jake Simpson has a small ranch a few miles north of here. Been there about

a year. Lives with his little daughter, Mary. There used to be a Mrs. Simpson, but she hasn't been seen around these parts for months. It's queer he should do a hold-up; never known him to pull one off before, though I've suspected him of being a cattle-thief. Well, we'd best get a posse rounded up and go after him. He was heading south."

"I know your sheriff is out of town, so I'll round up Simpson. And a posse won't be necessary," said Hickok.

"No posse? Nonsense, Marshal. Of course a posse is necessary. We're wasting time talking. We should be after Black Jake before he can make a getaway," exclaimed the indignant bank manager. "The road south leads into the Bear Paw Mountains, and once Simpson gets in those mountains we'll never catch him."

"O.K., take a posse and go after him. But I have a hunch you'll not find him if you ride south. See you later, Mr. Price," and Wild Bill turned away.

"But where are you going, Marshal?" asked Price. "Aren't you leading the posse?"

"Nope. I've a hunch I know where Simpson is, and I'm aiming to go after him alone."

A few minutes later, a dozen men streaked out of town headed by the bank manager. At the same time a solitary velvet-clad figure on a magnificent sorrel mare rode out of town in the opposite direction. Wild Bill Hickok was headed north to Black Jake Simpson's shack.

Everyone else in town was sure that Simpson would not return to his shack. They thought that no man in

his right senses would take such a risk, and they naturally assumed he would try to make a getaway out of the territory. But the marshal had a reason for thinking otherwise.

WILD BILL SHOOTS

A COUPLE of hours' hard riding brought Wild Bill to Simpson's shack. As he tethered Gypsy to a tree he noticed fresh hoof-prints on the ground leading to the shack.

"I was right," he thought as he walked up to the front door. "Simpson has returned."

But before he could reach the door, it was jerked open by a little girl who stood regarding him defiantly.

Hickok judged her to be about twelve. She was shabbily dressed in a cheap cotton frock and her hair was plaited in pigtails. Under her defiant attitude Wild Bill could sense that she was scared.

"Hello, Mary," he smiled.

"Go away," she said curtly. "I know what you want—my daddy. Well, he's gone away."

"In that case let me come in and talk to you, for I want to help your father. I'm Wild Bill Hickok, a United States marshal, so you needn't be afraid of me, Mary. Look, here's my marshal's badge," and Hickok held out his golden badge.

But Mary gave it a disdainful glance and tossed her head.

"Come now, Mary," laughed Hickok pleasantly. "Don't be difficult. Your dad is in trouble," he added seriously. "I want to help him. There are a lot of men out looking for him. You see, he robbed a bank in Rider City this morning. You must know where he is. If the posse catches him, it will be all up with your father, that's why I wanted to reach him first. I can save him."

"Throw him in jail you mean!" cried Mary fiercely. "My daddy's not here I tell you. And he's not a bad-man. He's not! He's not!"

Abruptly she turned away from the open doorway, but the next second she reappeared holding a rifle! Aiming it straight at the marshal she shouted shrilly:

"Go away, or I'll shoot! I can, you know. My daddy taught me years ago. I'm a good shot."

"Now, Mary, put that gun down," reasoned Hickok quietly, raising his hands slightly to humour the girl. "Please understand, I've come here to help you."

"I'll give you three seconds to clear

out of here," she retorted, and cocked the trigger. "One—two—"

But she faltered on the word "three" as she noticed a sudden strained, intense expression come over the marshal's face as his eyes strayed beyond her into the cabin.

"Don't move! Stand perfectly still!" he commanded sharply. And as he spoke, his hands made a rapid downward movement and came up with two blazing revolvers. Mary gave a wild scream and dropped the rifle with a clatter as Hickok's bullets whizzed past her into the cabin.

Suddenly, there was a thumping and a banging in the shack and a ladder was dropped down from a loft above.

"Mary! Mary!" came a deep voice. "Are you all right?" And the next second a man sprang down the ladder and, bounding over to Mary, gathered her up in his arms.

"Oh, Daddy!" sobbed the girl. "Why did you come down? I told him you weren't here!"

"You yellow dog," yelled the man, glaring fiercely at Wild Bill. "Trying to shoot a little girl!"

"Take it easy, Simpson," said Hickok quietly, holstering his guns. "That's what I was shooting at," and he pointed to a coiled form lying still on the cabin floor.

"A rattlesnake!" gasped Simpson.

"And not a foot away from where your daughter was standing," added the marshal.

"Gosh, I'm—I'm sorry," faltered the man. "From where I was hiding up in the loft I could hear the conversation between you and Mary, and when I heard the shots I naturally supposed you had shot her. You've saved her life! How can I ever thank you?"

"Forget it," returned Wild Bill, "I guessed you'd return here to get your daughter before clearing out of the territory. There's a posse out after you, but they went south, the direction which you took when you left town. I'll have to take you into custody, Simpson. What made you rob the bank? You're not a badman, I've seen plenty of badmen in my time, and I'd stake my saddle that you're straight."

Simpson strode up and down the room, his face wore a worried, haggard look. "You're right, Marshal. I'm not a badman," he said. "But I was desperate. You see, my wife is seriously ill. She's been in hospital for months. I've spent every cent I've got for her to have the best treatment. And now she has to have an operation. If she doesn't have it, she'll die. I just had to get the money

for that operation. It will cost five hundred dollars. There was no way in which I could raise that much money—this ranch is already mortgaged up to the hilt. So I decided to rob the bank. I didn't think I would be recognised if I wore a mask. But it seems I was. I took the south road to throw anyone off the track who might be following me. I circled round and made for here. I had just arrived when I saw you coming towards the shack, so I hid in the loft. I had planned to get Mary and take the money right over to the hospital in Doverville. Once my wife had the operation and was out of danger I didn't care if I was caught. But now she'll die," and with a sob of despair, he sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

Wild Bill fingered his chin thoughtfully as he regarded the dejected figure of Simpson. Mary had gone over to him, and putting her arm protectingly round his shoulders, was trying to comfort him.

"Simpson, hand over that five hundred dollars to me and I'll return it to the bank. As no one was hurt I can square things for you with the manager and the sheriff. But you've got to give me your solemn promise never to steal anything again," said Hickok firmly.

"I promise," said Black Jake brokenly. And he climbed up the ladder to the loft and came down with the money-bag. "It's all there," he said dully. "Thanks, Marshal. You're a white man not to send me to jail."

"Thank you, Mr. Hickok. Thank you," chimed in Mary. "And I'm sorry I was so rude to you."

"That's all right, Mary. I understand," smiled the marshal. "And now, Simpson, you and your daughter get over to Doverville as fast as you can. Tell the doc to go ahead with the operation. I'll meet you at the hos-

pital in say—er—four hours from now."

A ray of hope flooded Simpson's haggard face for a brief second, and then faded. "I don't understand," he said. "How am I going to pay for the operation?"

"I'll lend you the money. You can pay me back a few dollars at a time—whenever you have any cash to spare."

"You'd trust me that much, Marshal?" And Black Jake's voice broke with a sob.

"Sure," grinned Wild Bill. "Reckon I'm a pretty good judge of character. Anyone can see you're called Black Jake because of your black hair, and not because you're a black-hearted villain! Sure, I trust you. Now you and this little lady get going. I'll see you later."

And with the grateful thanks of Mary and her father ringing in his ears, the just and understanding marshal of the lightning guns swung into his saddle and headed for Rider City.

"Mary," said Simpson. "There goes one of the finest men who ever lived! Thanks to him, everything's going to be all right, lass. Everything's going to be all right."

Another rousing complete Wild Bill story next week.

Exciting new disguises!



START

COLLECTING **Kellogg's FALSE FACES!**

Think of the fun you can have with 12 different full-sized masks, all ready for you to cut out and wear, and all in bright, exciting colours! There's one on the back of every 12-oz. packet of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

Be the first in your gang to get the whole set of 12 false faces—there's Rattlebones the Skeleton, Haggy the Witch, and Pancho the Pirate—and nine others, too, all different!

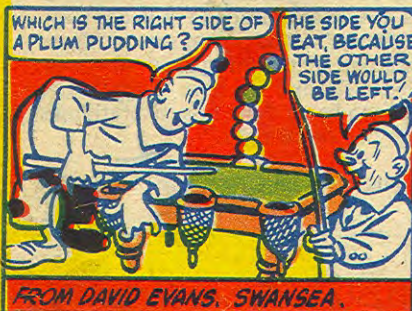
Ask Mum to buy Kellogg's—and get cracking!



THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 1s. 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



Barry Ford's

WESTERN SCRAPBOOK

