

BILLY THE KID - IN PICTURES

SUN

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No. 462
Dec. 14, 1957

EVERY
MONDAY

WEEKLY



**ESCAPE FROM
MISTAKEN JUSTICE!**

BILLY THE KID

Ordeal in the Desert!

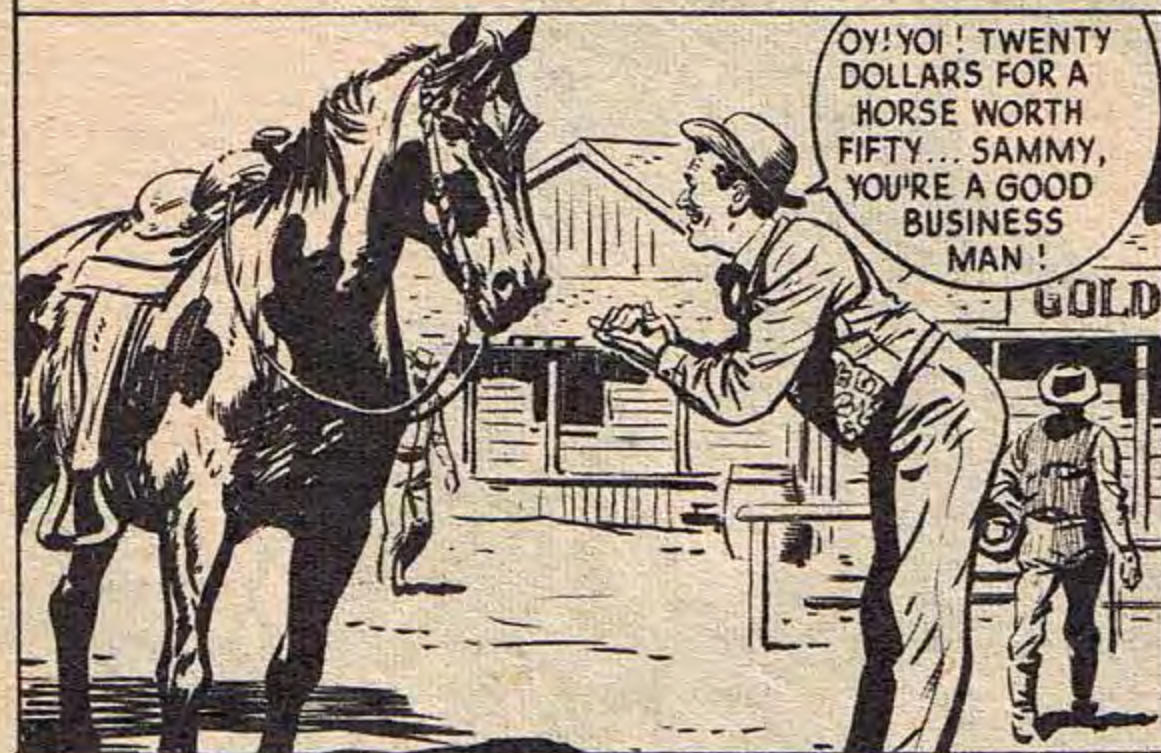
Few men in the great rolling expanse of the West were more content with their lot than Smiley Summers. For Smiley had not done a stroke of work for years . . . not, in fact, since he had become the owner of the Pinto horse he fondly called Boomerang.



Smiley did not have to look far for a customer. In the main street of the small Texan town was the wagon belonging to little Sammy Silver, the travelling salesman of Gunsight, and Sammy prided himself that he knew a bargain when he saw it.



The money changed hands and the deal was completed. And as Smiley Summers drifted away in the direction of Sally Merritt's Golden Saddle Hotel, Sammy Silver ran his eyes over his latest purchase and rubbed his hands in satisfaction.



Smiley Summers caught Sammy Silver's elated whisper, but it failed to shift the grin from the sun-wrinkled range-tramp's face. For Smiley had sold his horse many times before, and the purchasers had always been overjoyed with their bargain . . . at first!



Smiley Summers' recipe for an easy living was simple enough. His horse had a great affection for him and an uncanny knack of overcoming any obstacle to rejoin him. Later that day found Smiley waiting outside town. Presently the clip-clop of hoofs sounded.



Whistling merrily, Smiley mounted and trotted off along the trail. On his way he exchanged a cheerful word with Will Bonney, the happy-go-lucky young boss of the Circle-B, who was on his way to Gunsight that day.



One of the first people Will Bonney met when he reached Gunsight was Sammy Silver. The little travelling salesman usually had a ready smile for his friend, but today his face was far from cheerful. Will asked the reason for Sammy's gloom.

THIS MORNING I BOUGHT A FINE PINTO HORSE FOR TWENTY DOLLARS. BUT WHILE I WASN'T LOOKING HE WORKED HIMSELF LOOSE FROM WHERE I'D HITCHED HIM. HE'S DISAPPEARED, AND I DON'T THINK I'LL EVER SEE HIM OR MY TWENTY DOLLARS AGAIN... OI! YOI! IT'S A SAD DAY!



Nothing Will could say would relieve Sammy's depression, and presently the young cowboy left him and went into Sally Merritt's Golden Saddle Hotel for a meal. Not until then did he remember the bearded man he had encountered on his way to town.

THAT STRANGER WAS RIDING A PINTO HORSE. IT COULD BE THE ANIMAL SAMMY LOST... I'LL TELL HIM ABOUT IT!



Meanwhile, two other riders had seen Smiley Summers. They were Big Mike Cracken and Bronco Martin, two ruthless crooks who had just successfully raided the bank at Little Falls. Fearing pursuit, they forced every ounce of speed from their tiring horses.

THE HORSES CAN'T KEEP UP THIS PACE FOR LONG... NOT WITH OUR WEIGHT AND THE WEIGHT OF THE GOLD TO CARRY!

YOU'RE RIGHT, BRONCO. WHAT WE NEED IS ANOTHER CAYUSE... AND THERE'S ONE RIGHT THERE!



Smiley Summers looked round with his usual happy grin as the two men drew alongside him. But the grin faded like snow before the sun when he found himself faced by the business end of Big Mike Cracken's long-barrelled Colt.

GET DOWN OFF THAT BRONC, MISTER... AS FROM NOW IT BELONGS TO US!

S...SURE ANYTHING YOU SAY!



Smiley Summers carried no gun and he could only watch helplessly as the bandits loaded Boomerang with the gold they had taken from the bank at Little Falls. Then they remounted their own horses and galloped off once again.

SO LONG, SUCKER!

YEAH... AND THANKS FOR THE HORSE! HAW! HAW!



Smiley watched the crooks until they disappeared from view. Then he sat down at the side of the trail, lit a cigarette and settled down to wait patiently. Not for a moment did the range-tramp think he had seen the last of his beloved horse.

IT SURE IS INCONVENIENT TO BE MAROONED HERE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE WITHOUT A HORSE. BUT BOOMERANG'LL BE BACK. HE'LL SOON GIVE THOSE TWO FELLERS THE SLIP!



An hour passed, with nothing save the drone of insects to disturb the stillness of the air. Then at long last the beat of hoofs reached the waiting ears of the range-tramp. The sound grew louder and presently Smiley sat up, a triumphant grin on his leathery face.



IT'S BOOMERANG! I KNEW HE'D BE BACK... HE'S NEVER FAILED TO FIND ME YET!

When Will Bonney left the Golden Saddle to go in search of Sammy Silver, he met Jim Thorogood, the sheriff of Little Falls, who was in Gunsight on business. Suddenly the citizens scattered in alarm as a horseman came wildly careering into town.

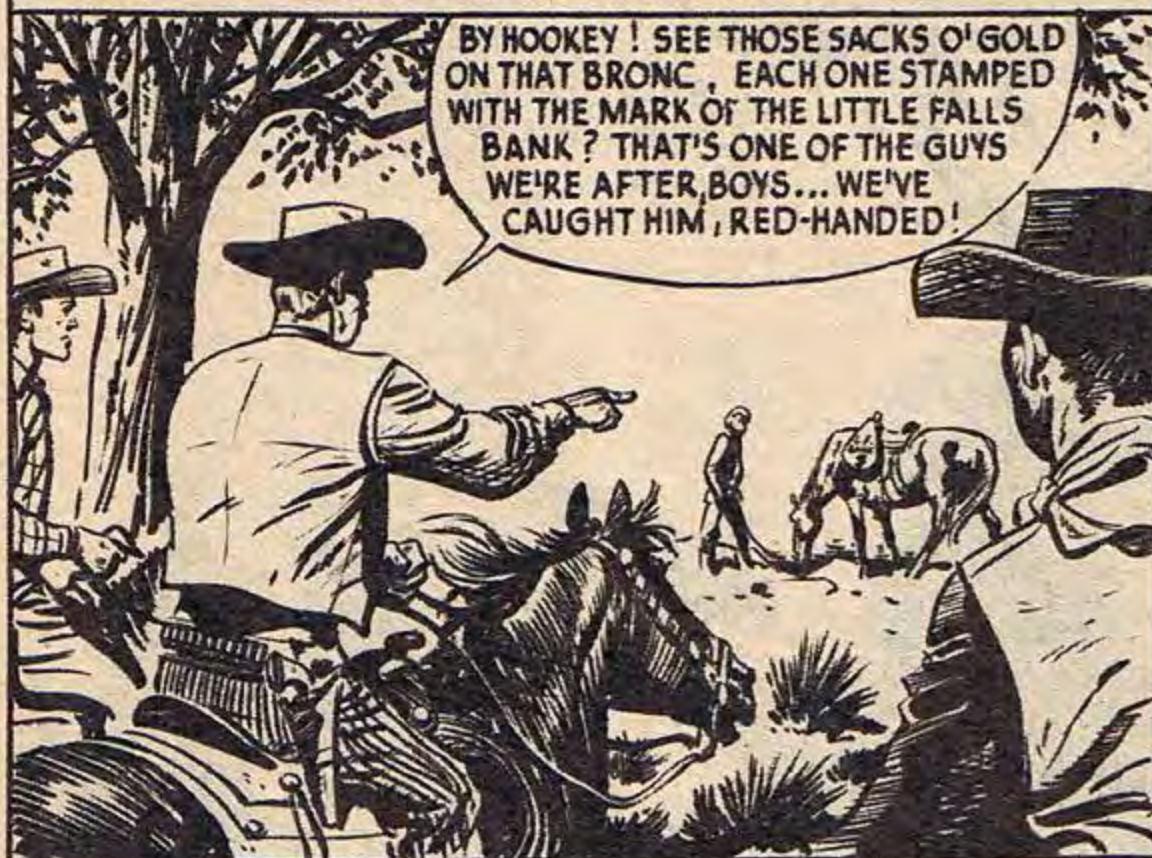


SHERIFF! THERE'S BEEN A HOLD-UP AT LITTLE FALLS BANK. TWO MASKED GUNMEN SHOT THE CASHIER AND GOT AWAY WITH A FORTUNE IN GOLD DUST!

WHAT! I'LL GET A POSSE AND GO AFTER THEM RIGHT AWAY!

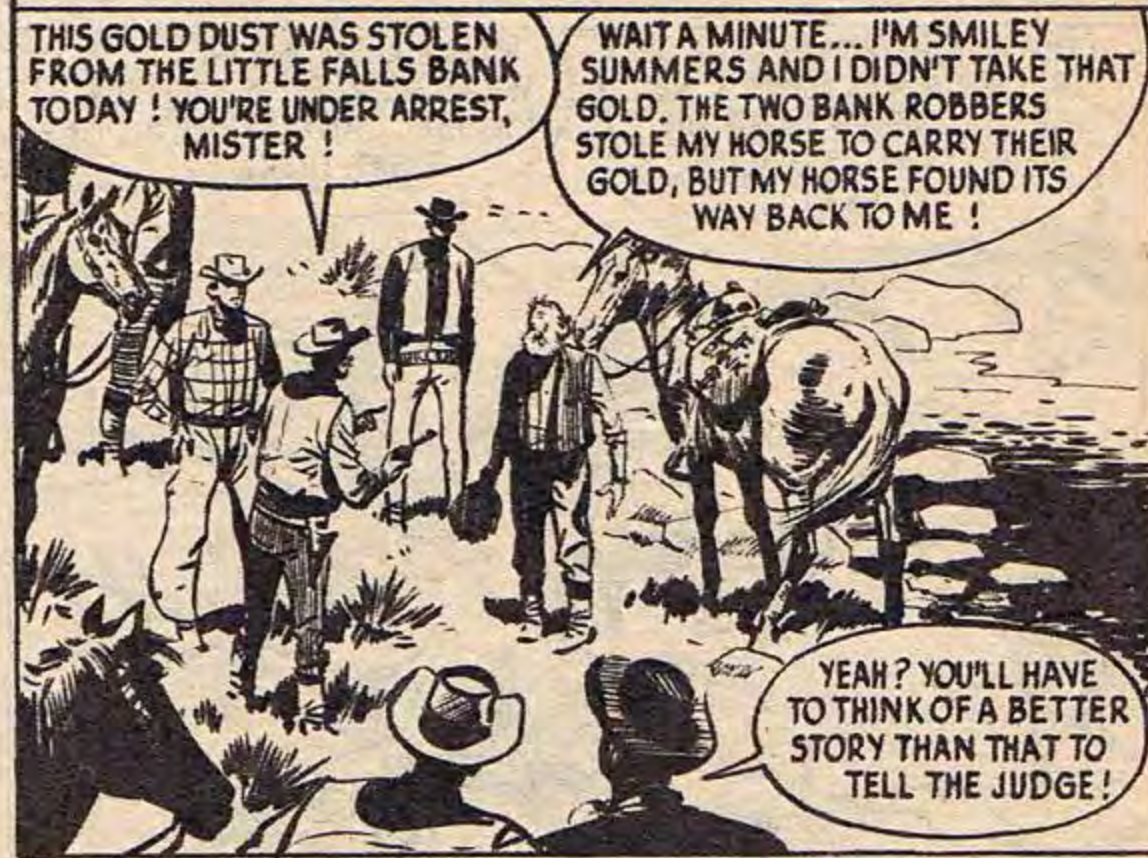
I'LL COME WITH YOU, SHERIFF!

Within minutes the hastily-gathered posse was thundering out of Gunsight. They took the trail that led to the hills. The miles sped past beneath the flying hoofs of their mounts, and then the sheriff gave an excited shout.



BY HOOKEY! SEE THOSE SACKS O' GOLD ON THAT BRONC, EACH ONE STAMPED WITH THE MARK OF THE LITTLE FALLS BANK? THAT'S ONE OF THE GUYS WE'RE AFTER, BOYS... WE'VE CAUGHT HIM, RED-HANDED!

Only a few minutes had elapsed since Boomerang's return, and now the little range-tramp's eyes moved in startled surprise around the ring of grim-faced men who suddenly surrounded him, and came to rest upon the sheriff's unwavering six-gun.



THIS GOLD DUST WAS STOLEN FROM THE LITTLE FALLS BANK TODAY! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, MISTER!

WAIT A MINUTE... I'M SMILEY SUMMERS AND I DIDN'T TAKE THAT GOLD. THE TWO BANK ROBBERS STOLE MY HORSE TO CARRY THEIR GOLD, BUT MY HORSE FOUND ITS WAY BACK TO ME!

YEAH? YOU'LL HAVE TO THINK OF A BETTER STORY THAN THAT TO TELL THE JUDGE!

In growing dismay, Smiley Summers looked from man to man, and saw only open disbelief clearly written in each face. He licked his lips that had grown dry with fear, and his voice rose in pitch as he desperately tried to convince his hearers.



IT'S THE TRUTH I'M TELLING YOU! THOSE GUNMEN DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT MY HORSE ALWAYS COMES BACK TO ME THE FIRST CHANCE HE GETS. I MAKE A LIVING THAT WAY... SELLING MY HORSE IN EACH TOWN I HIT. HE NEVER FAILS TO FIND ME AGAIN!

YOU CAN'T WRIGGLE YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS CHARGE, BUSTER! EDDIE... TAKE CHARGE OF THAT PINTO HORSE. THIS GENT WON'T NEED IT ANY MORE... THEY DON'T USE BRONCS IN JAIL!

Only to Will Bonney did Smiley's appeal hold the ring of truth. For Will remembered that Sammy Silver had been sold a Pinto horse that had disappeared. Now Will was convinced that the horse Sammy had bought had been Smiley Summers'.



I'LL NEVER CONVINCE THE SHERIFF THAT SUMMERS ISN'T ONE OF THE BANK ROBBERS. AND ALL THE TIME THE REAL GUNMEN ARE MAKING THEIR ESCAPE!

After Smiley Summers had been locked in the Little Falls jail and his horse placed in a livery stable, Will Bonney rode like the wind to the towering heights of Thunderbird Peak. There he swung himself fearlessly across a yawning chasm.



In a secret valley he changed into an all-black rig-out and buckled a pair of Colts around his hips. For, unknown to anyone, Will Bonney, the happy-go-lucky young rancher, was none other than the famed Lone Avenger of the West . . . Billy the Kid.



A thrilling leap took Billy into the saddle of black Satan. The age-old rocks echoed to the pounding of mighty, galloping hoofs . . . then the rousing battle-cry of Billy the Kid rang out, as man and horse rose into the air to soar across the hungry abyss.



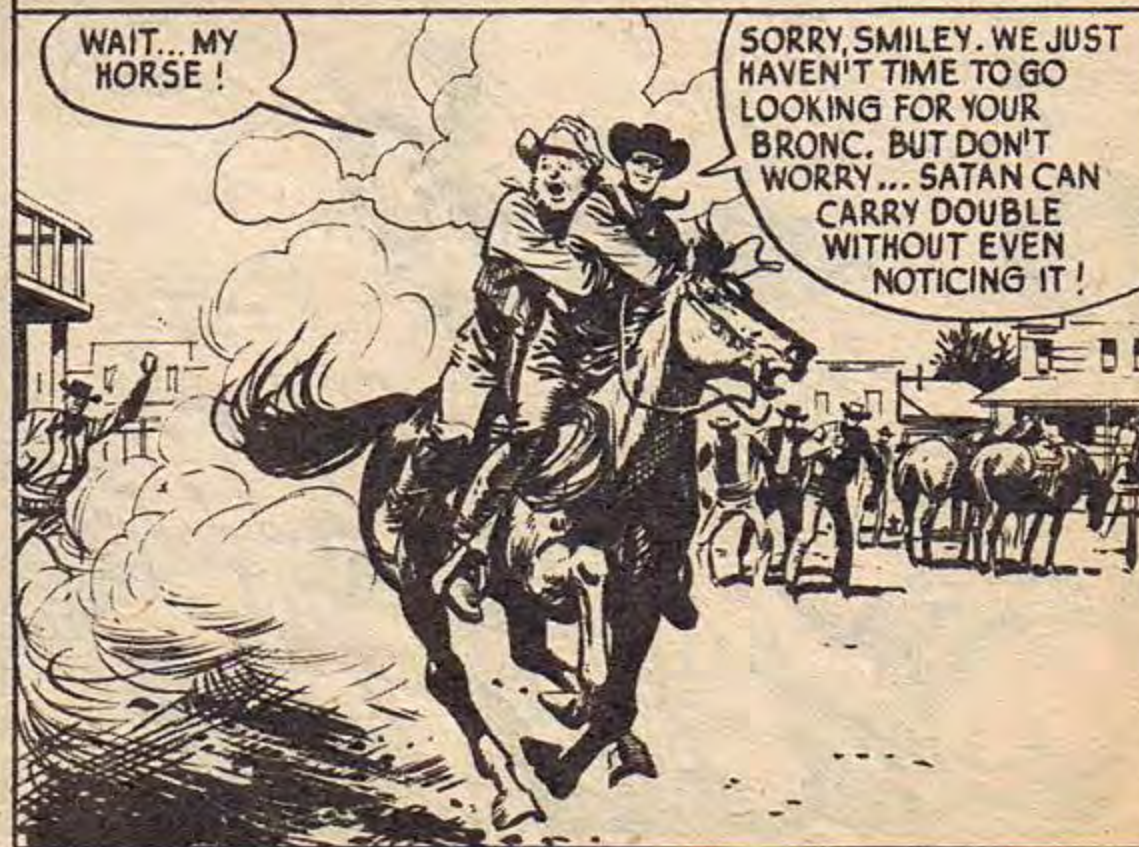
In his office in Little Falls, Sheriff Thorogood leafed through the papers on his desk. Suddenly the door creaked open . . . and the lawman looked up, to stare unbelievably at the unwavering six-gun held in the hand of his black-clad visitor.



Shocked and angry, the sheriff watched as Billy helped himself to the keys and released Smiley Summers. Then Billy removed the lawman's guns and made him take Smiley's place. The lock clicked, and the sheriff was a prisoner in his own jail.



Even as Billy and Smiley raced from the jail, excited citizens were racing to the spot, drawn by the sheriff's shouts. Billy vaulted on to Satan's back and helped the little range-tramp up behind him.



At a headlong gallop they thundered away. Smiley's face lit up when he learned that Billy believed his story of the two gold robbers, and soon the Lone Avenger's eagle-sharp eyes had picked up the bandits' trail on the stony ground.

WE'RE GETTING NEAR THE EDGE OF THE GREAT ALKALI DESERT. THEY MAY BE HOLEING UP SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!

I'LL RECOGNISE 'EM, JEST AS SOON AS I CLAP EYES ON 'EM, BILLY!



For another hour they sped through the lonely barren hills that skirted the trackless wastes of the great desert. At long last a curl of smoke warned them of the need for caution . . . and soon two men at a camp-fire came into sight.

IT'S THEM!

TAKING THESE GOLD TRINKETS FROM THE APACHES MAKES UP FOR THE GOLD WE LOST WHEN THAT FOOL HORSE RAN OFF!

YEAH! THEM APACHES THINK THEY'RE SMART... BUT THEY WEREN'T SMART ENOUGH TO SEE US WHEN WE SNEAKED INTO THEIR CAMP AND BROKE INTO THEIR SACRED TEPEE! HAW! HAW!



Every word of the conversation carried clearly to the Lone Avenger's ears. Grim, angry lines sharply etched themselves on his sun-bronzed face, and there was an edge to his voice that betokened no good for the two grinning, unsuspecting crooks below.

THE FOOLS! THEY'VE ROBBED AN APACHE TRIBE OF THEIR SACRED TOKENS! AND THAT'S SOMETHING NO MAN IN HIS RIGHT SENSES WOULD EVER DO! THOSE APACHES WILL NEVER REST UNTIL THEY'VE RECOVERED THOSE TOKENS, AND THEY'LL WREAK TERRIBLE REVENGE UPON THE MEN WHO TOOK THEM!



Still grinning, Big Mike Cracken reached for the steaming coffee pot . . . and then the very sky appeared to fall upon him. Seemingly from nowhere, a black-clad figure crashed down upon the camp and a shower of sparks burst from the shattered fire.

HELLO, SCUM!

BI-BILLY THE KID!



Bronco Martin was the first to recover from the shock of the Lone Avenger's dramatic appearance. His hands streaked for the guns that hung low at his hips . . . then the one-man army from Texas exploded into devastating action.

YIP! YIP! YIP!

AAGH!



With a bellowing roar that would not have shamed a maddened bull, Big Mike Cracken lunged forward. But his ham-like fist connected with empty air . . . then Billy unleashed a sizzling uppercut that almost tore the giant's head from his shoulders.

HI-YO!



Whinnying with eagerness to be with his beloved master, black Satan found a way down the slope . . . but the brief fight was already over. Then, from his vantage point, Smiley Summers pointed a sinewy finger and his voice shrilled with alarm.



From the great north mountains to the Rio Grande there was no tribe of redmen so well-versed in the evil lore of torture as the desert Apaches. Quickly the Lone Avenger stripped off his gun-belt and scooped up the sacred gold tokens.



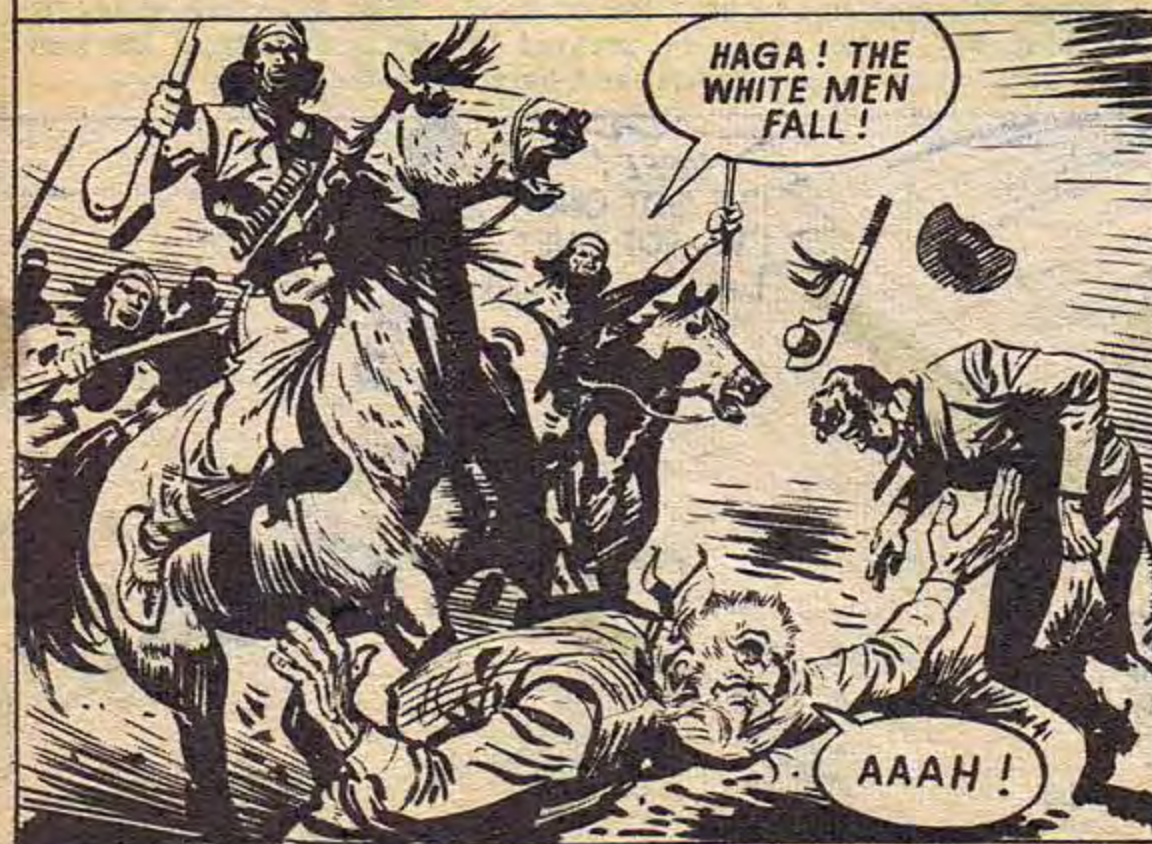
Side by side, Billy and Smiley walked out of the miniature canyon and headed towards the Apaches. The Indians halted when they sighted the two white men and waited with impassive faces for them to approach. Billy held the shining tokens on high.



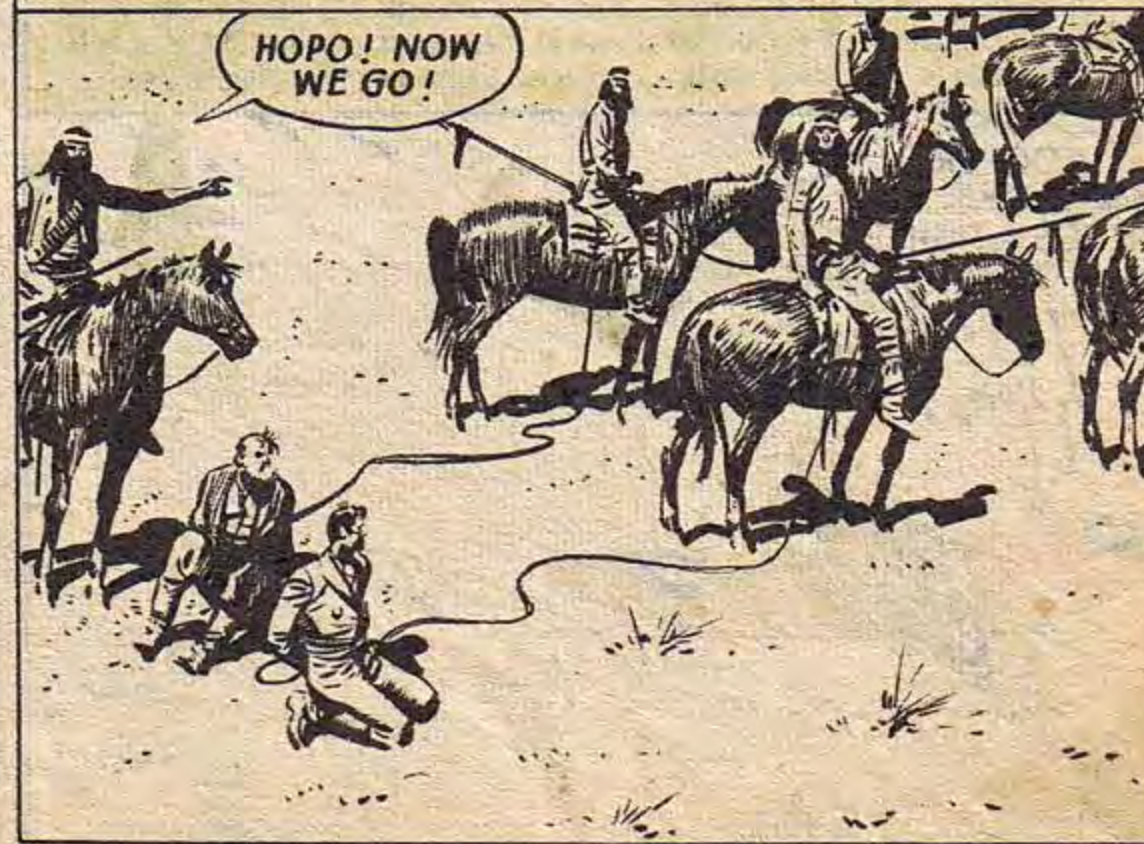
That was as far as Billy got. Then his words were drowned in the fiendish scream of naked hatred that burst from the lips of the Apache Chieftain. As one man, the paint-daubed warriors surged forward.



The very ground seemed to tremble as that line of mounted savagery thundered down upon the two unarmed white men. Billy raised the only weapons he possessed . . . his rock-hard fists. Then a hurtling war-club struck the side of his head.



The heroic attempt by Billy and Smiley to save the lives of the two outlaws had ended in their own capture by the Apaches. Minutes later Billy forced open pain-racked eyes and found himself and Smiley being tied behind Apache mustangs.



(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

BATTLER BRITTON

Flight Lieutenant Dan Cooper was a fighter-ace. He had been wounded in a savage air-battle over the Channel and was in hospital when his young brother, Hal, came to see him. Hal had just passed out of Flying Training School with top marks in all subjects.



Battler Britton, the supreme flying-ace of the Second World War, stood on the tarmac of an airfield in Kent, gazing in anger at the crazy antics of a Spitfire pilot who was zooming over the runway at fifty feet, with his wing tip held vertical to the ground . . .



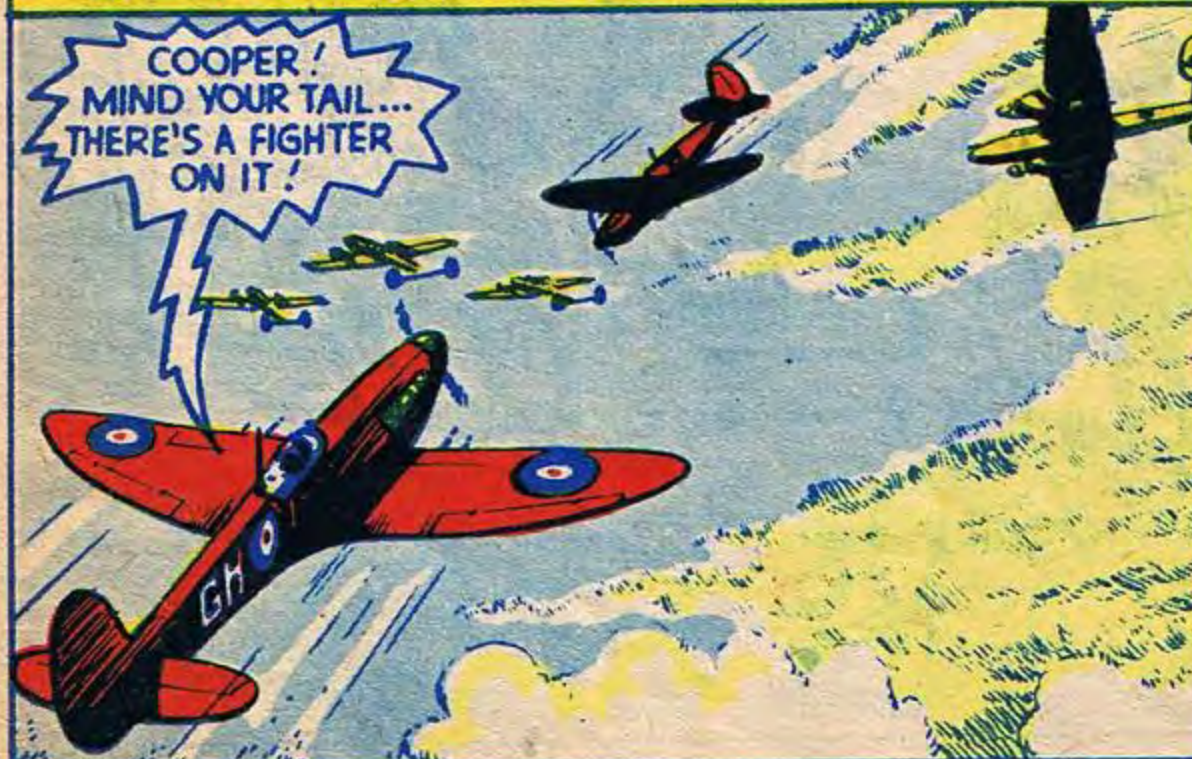
The pilot pulled up and away in a tight climbing turn, then did an inside loop over the airfield. He roared down and came in to a perfect landing. The grinning figure of Hal Cooper stepped out of the cockpit . . . and came face to face with the irate fighting-ace.



Many Commanding Officers would have dealt severely with Hal Cooper for his cocksure impudence, but Battler decided to give him another chance. A week later the Spitfire Wing was detailed to escort a formation of bombers part of their way to Germany.



The German Messerschmitts snarled down with chattering guns on the big formation of Lancasters. But Battler and his pilots tore into the enemy fighters, determined to beat them off. Two M.E.s fell before Battler's amazing skill . . . then, as he hurtled upwards . . .



The famous ace called again as he streaked up into the sky . . . but Cooper appeared not to hear the warning. With the thrill of battle coursing hot in his veins, he pressed the firing button of his gun and gave a yell as flames streaked back from the enemy plane . . .



Elated at his success, the young pilot held his course . . . and the German behind him prepared to blast him out of the sky. Then, with his throttle full open, Battler fired . . . and a stream of steel-jacketed bullets tore into the Messerschmitt from nose to tail . . .



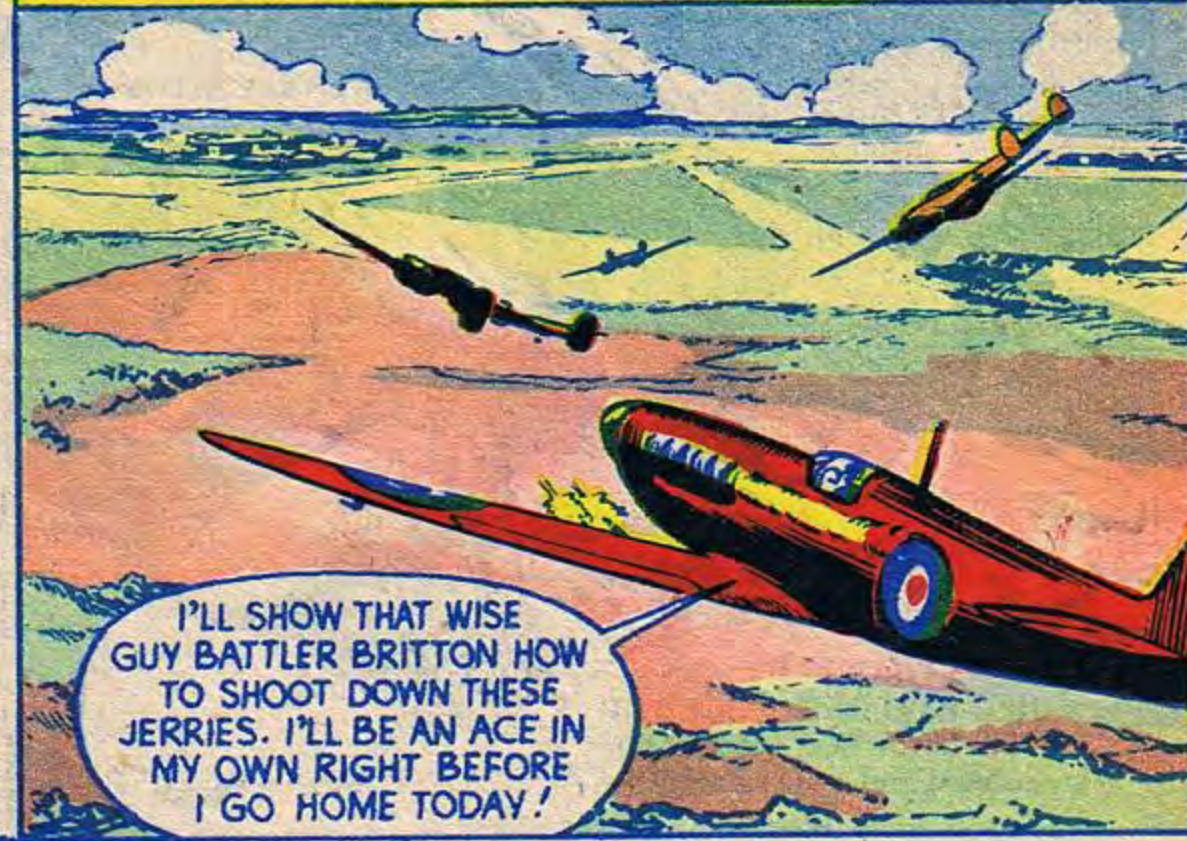
The enemy fighter shook like a mortally wounded giant and then it fell away with greasy black smoke billowing out from behind. The pilot hastily baled out and Battler called up Hal Cooper again on his radio . . . it was then the ace saw the bullet hole through the set.



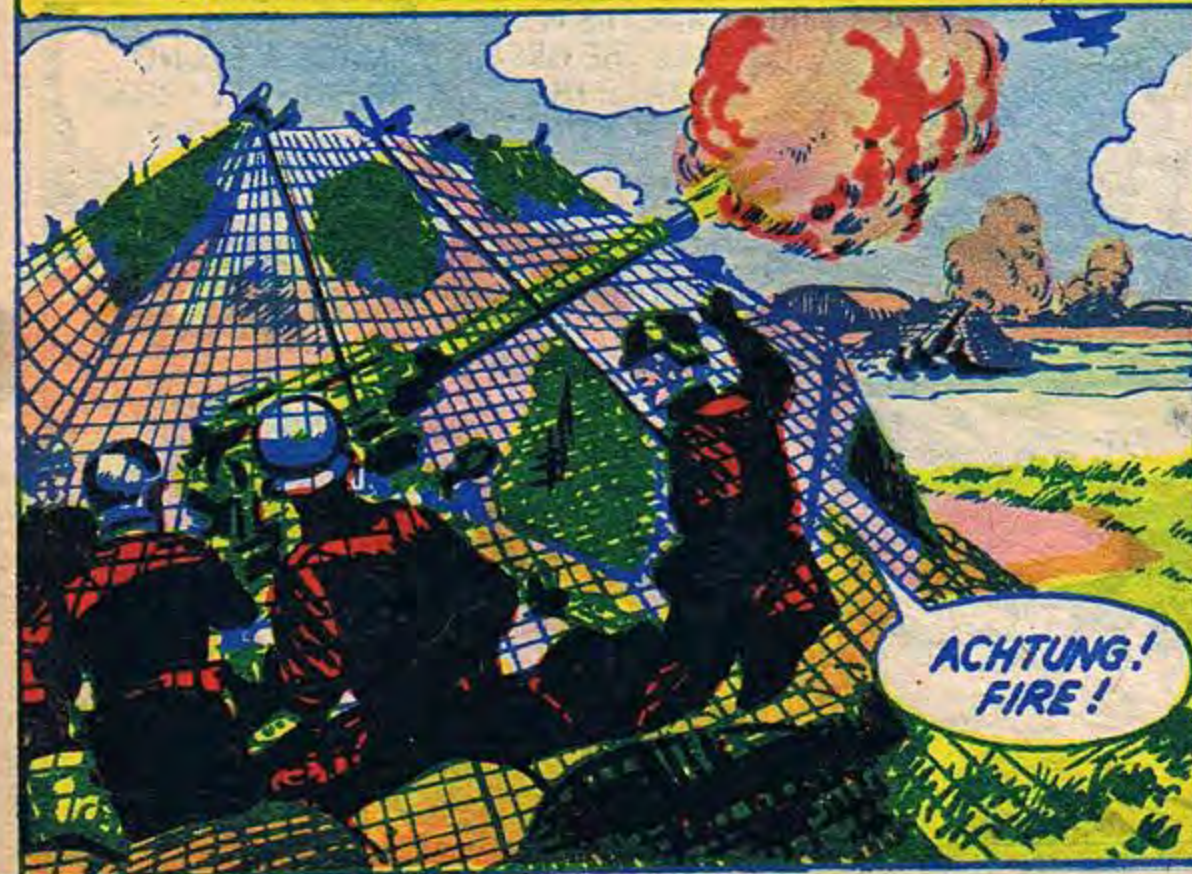
Next moment, two more enemy fighters screamed down from above at Battler and the intrepid ace threw his Spitfire across the sky and came back in a wide turn. He shot down one plane and hit the other and then saw that the remainder were fleeing from the fight.



Flushed with victory and heedless of Battler's earlier order not to follow the enemy planes, Hal Cooper stormed after the Messerschmitt fighters as the survivors turned back for their own airfield. As they went in to land, the young pilot dived down with blazing guns . . .



But the foolhardy pilot had not arrived above the enemy airfield unseen . . . as he roared down towards the camouflaged hangars, a flaming curtain of red-hot steel was flung up at him from the hidden German anti-aircraft guns all around the wide perimeter.



Hal Cooper paled beneath his goggles as the shells burst all around him with dirty grey puffs of evil smoke. He waggled his wings violently to dodge the attack . . . and he did not see another Spitfire coming down behind him. Battler Britton had flown in to save him!



(CONTINUED ON THE BACK PAGE)

Billy and Smiley were jerked to their feet and forced to walk in the wake of two of the riders. For hour after hour they trudged across the arid wastes, with the brassy sun greedily sucking every drop of moisture from their parched bodies.

WHERE ARE THEY TAKING US, BILLY?

RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF THE DESERT. THE RED DEMONS HAVE GOT SOME NICE LITTLE SURPRISE IN STORE FOR US... BUT AS YET I HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHAT IT IS!

Time lost all meaning on that nightmare journey. Even the blood-red sun at last grew weary and sank to rest... but still the never-ending walk continued, with the agony of raw and blistered feet growing more intense with each successive step.



Night was nearly spent and dawn was waiting impatiently beyond the rim of the great desert when at last the Apaches made camp. The two prisoners were unfastened from the mustangs, then bound afresh and left some little distance from the Apache camp.

As the last of the Apaches disappeared from view, Billy settled back against the rock. And then wild hope surged through his weary body like a spring flood. One of the knots that held his wrists captive was loose!



BILLY... I CAN'T STAND MUCH MORE... I'M NEARLY ALL-IN!

THE WALK HERE WAS JUST PART OF THE BUILD-UP... THEIR MAIN TRICK IS STILL TO COME! BUT WHAT CAN IT BE?



SMILEY... IT'LL TAKE A LITTLE TIME, BUT I CAN FREE MYSELF... I'M SURE OF IT!

For an hour Billy worked... and for every second of that hour there was the ever-present, pulse-quickening fear that one of the Apaches would return. But the unbelievable happened and the Lone Avenger was free at last.

As they inched their way forward each effort sent waves of pain surging through their over-taxed bodies. But this pain was nothing to the constant agony of suspense lest an unwary movement should snatch from them the success that was now within their grasp.

IN THE CONDITION I'M IN I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO GET OUT OF THE DESERT ON FOOT!

I KNOW. OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO GET HOLD OF A COUPLE OF APACHE PONIES. AND THAT MIGHT NOT BE SO HARD AS IT SOUNDS... THE APACHES NEVER GUARD THEIR PONIES AT NIGHT! THEY JUST HOBBLE THEM TO STOP THEM FROM STRAYING!



THERE ARE THE PONIES! I'LL TAKE THE GREY... YOU TAKE THE BLACK ONE!

WE HAVEN'T MADE A SOUND... THE APACHES CAN'T HAVE HEARD A THING!

With wildly-beating hearts, they stepped towards the horses. The seemingly impossible had happened, for escape now seemed certain. Then from behind the rocks arose a circle of Apaches, outlined against the rose and amber glow of the dawn sky.



This shattering, last-second destruction of their hopes was like a knife-thrust in their breasts. The burning joy of a moment ago turned to cold ashes of despair... and as Billy saw the evil pleasure that glittered in each pair of dark eyes, understanding came to him.



Only men so deeply-versed in the finer arts of cruelty could have devised so subtle a mental torture. With mocking smiles, the Apaches mounted their ponies and prepared to ride off. Their chieftain turned for a final taunt.



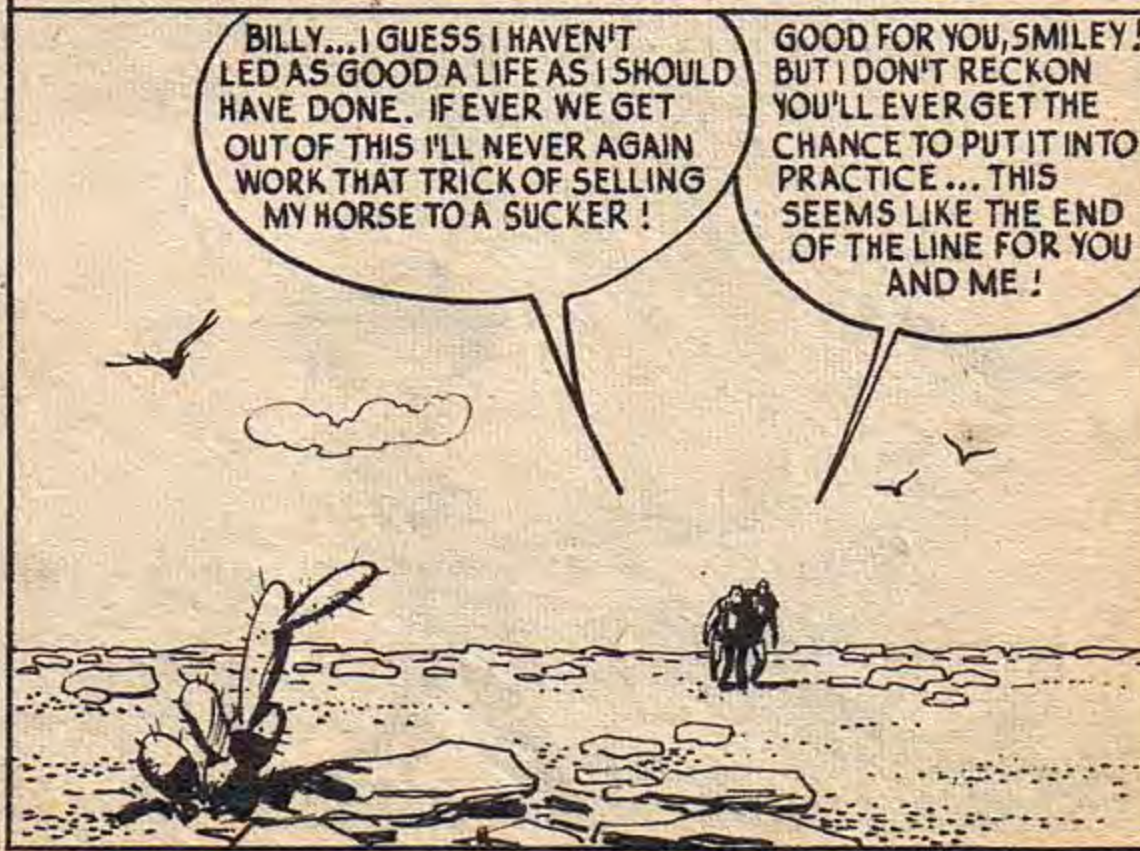
Billy and Smiley watched through eyes red-rimmed with exhaustion as the Indians rode away. Then they, too, set off, two barely-moving specks in that trackless expanse, with agonising pain stabbing through their stiffened legs at each yard they covered.



Alone, Billy the Kid might possibly have fought his way out of the heat-laden, shimmering waste, but nothing would have induced him to leave his companion to his fate. When Smiley faltered, Billy found the strength to support him.



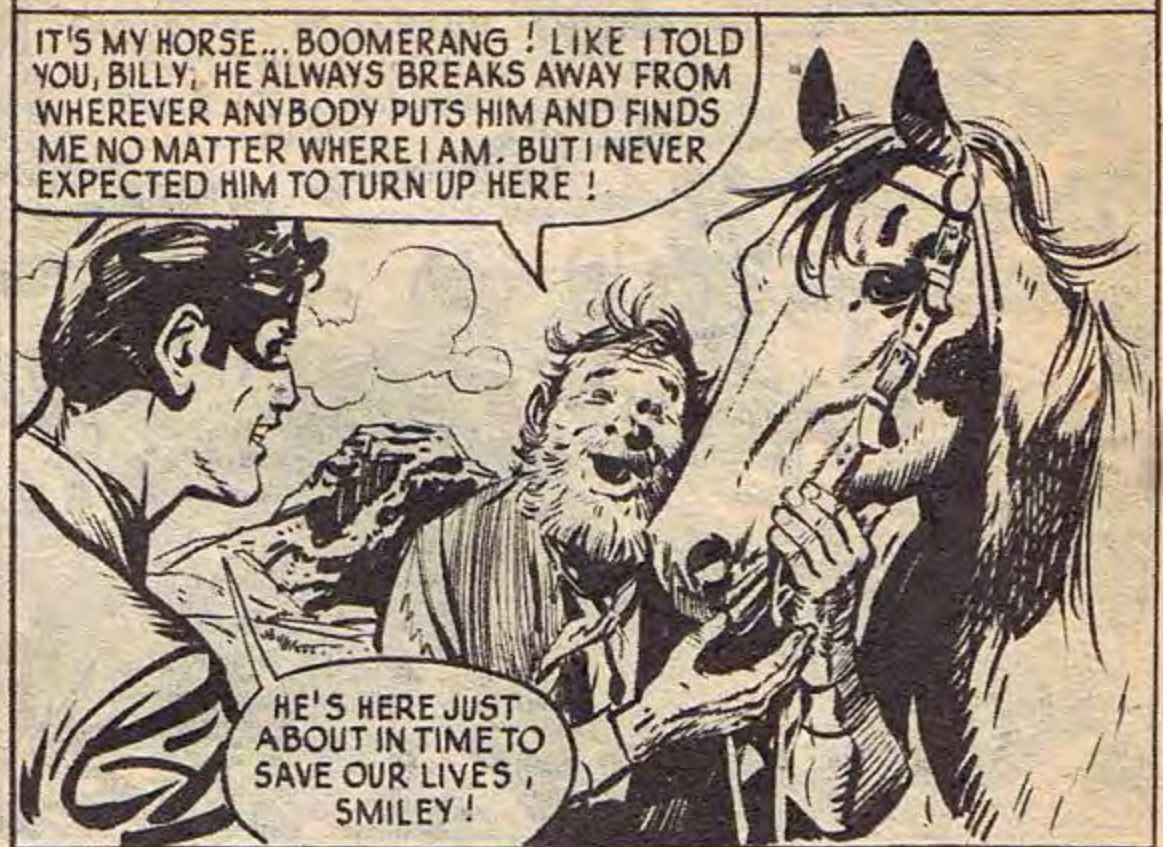
On and on they stumbled, whilst in the deep blue vault of the Texas sky the foul buzzards gathered, flirting with the noon sun as they waited. Smiley's voice came in a hardly-recognisable rasp through black, swollen lips.



Even the Lone Avenger's iron strength was failing and he knew the end could not be far away. Then Smiley gave an excited croak and pointed to a distant moving black dot that drew nearer with each passing moment.



And a horse it was... a fine spirited Pinto horse deep in the heart of the dreaded Alkali Desert. Straight for Smiley Summers it headed and nuzzled him affectionately. As he had done countless times before, Boomerang had found his beloved master!



Within a few minutes, Boomerang was heading back the way he had come, but this time Smiley Summers and Billy the Kid were astride his back. Each powerful stride carried them nearer safety and their exhaustion began to drop away from them.



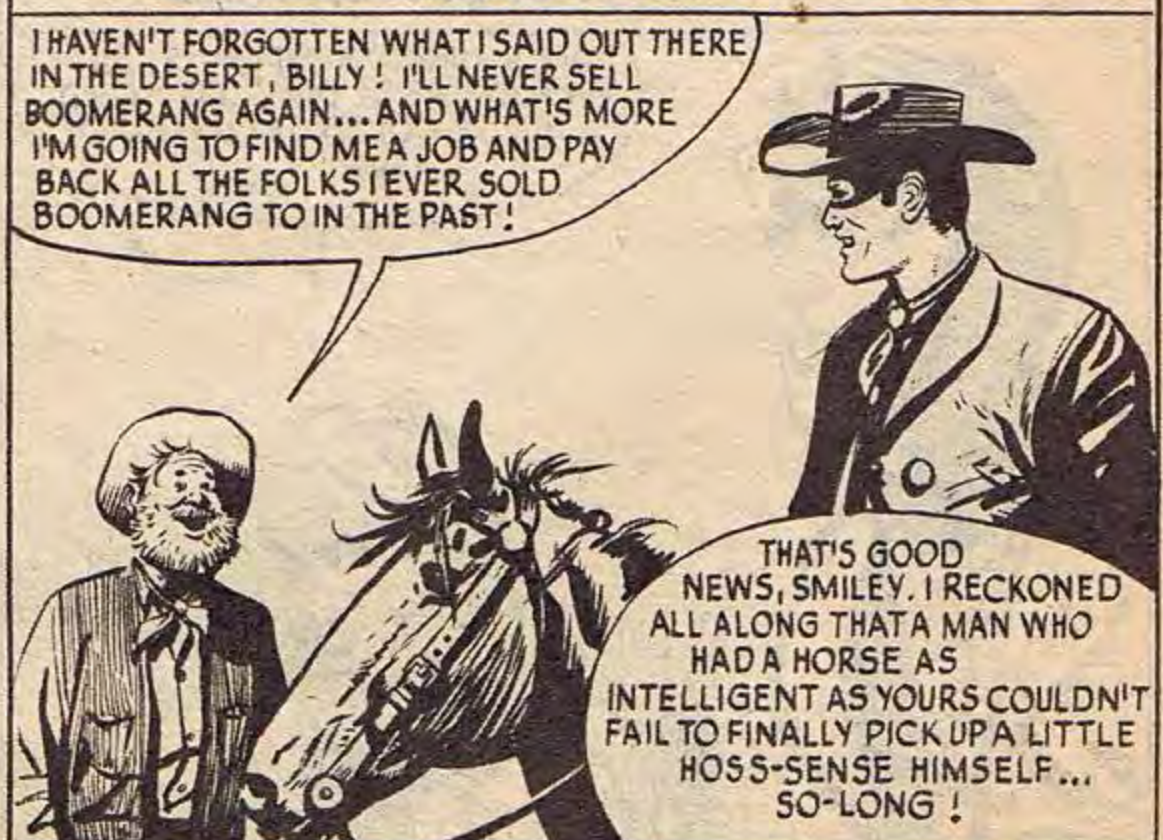
Later that day, Billy and Smiley rode into Little Falls with the two outlaws as their prisoners. Sheriff Thorogood came hurrying from his office and his hand dropped to his gun as he saw the Lone Avenger.



When the full story had been told and the two bank robbers had been locked in the jail-house, Sheriff Jim Thorogood held out his hand to the one-man army from Texas and his weather-beaten face creased into a rueful grin.

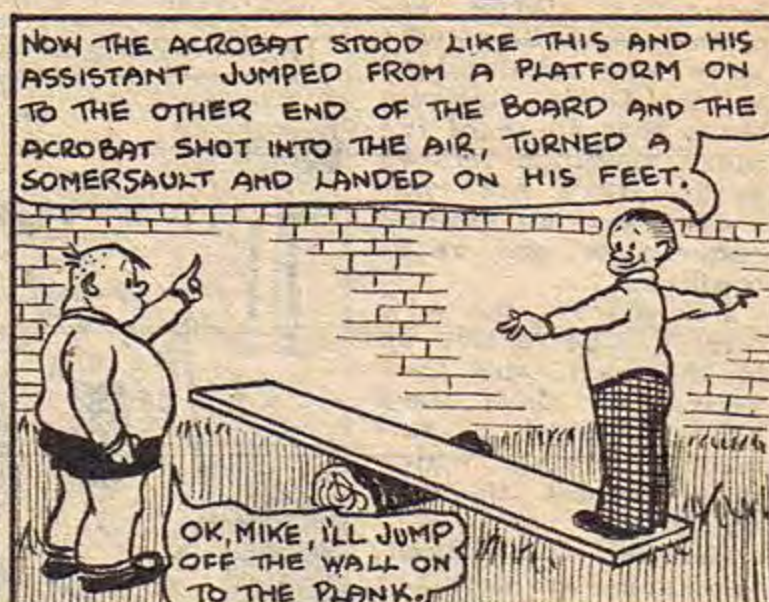


And before the Lone Avenger rode away that day, Smiley Summers also had something to say to him. For the sharing of that never-to-be-forgotten adventure with the greatest fighter for justice in the West had left its mark upon the little range-tramp.



THAT'S GOOD NEWS, SMILEY. I RECKONED ALL ALONG THAT A MAN WHO HAD A HORSE AS INTELLIGENT AS YOURS COULDN'T FAIL TO FINALLY PICK UP A LITTLE HOSS-SENSE HIMSELF... SO-LONG!

Another rip-roaring action tale of the West next week—Don't miss it.



THRILLER PICTURE LIBRARY 161

ROBIN HOOD

A black and white movie poster for the film 'Robin Hood'. The title 'ROBIN HOOD' is prominently displayed at the top in a large, bold, serif font. Above the title, the words 'THRILLER PICTURE LIBRARY' are written in a smaller, sans-serif font, with the number '161' in a small circle to the right. The central image shows Robin Hood, played by Errol Flynn, in a dynamic pose, leaping through the air with a bow in his right hand and an arrow in the air. He is wearing a dark tunic with a white collar and a belt. Below him, a man in a light-colored tunic is shown from the chest up, looking up in surprise or alarm. The background is a textured, light-colored surface, possibly a wall or a cliff face.

THE TERRIBLE THREE

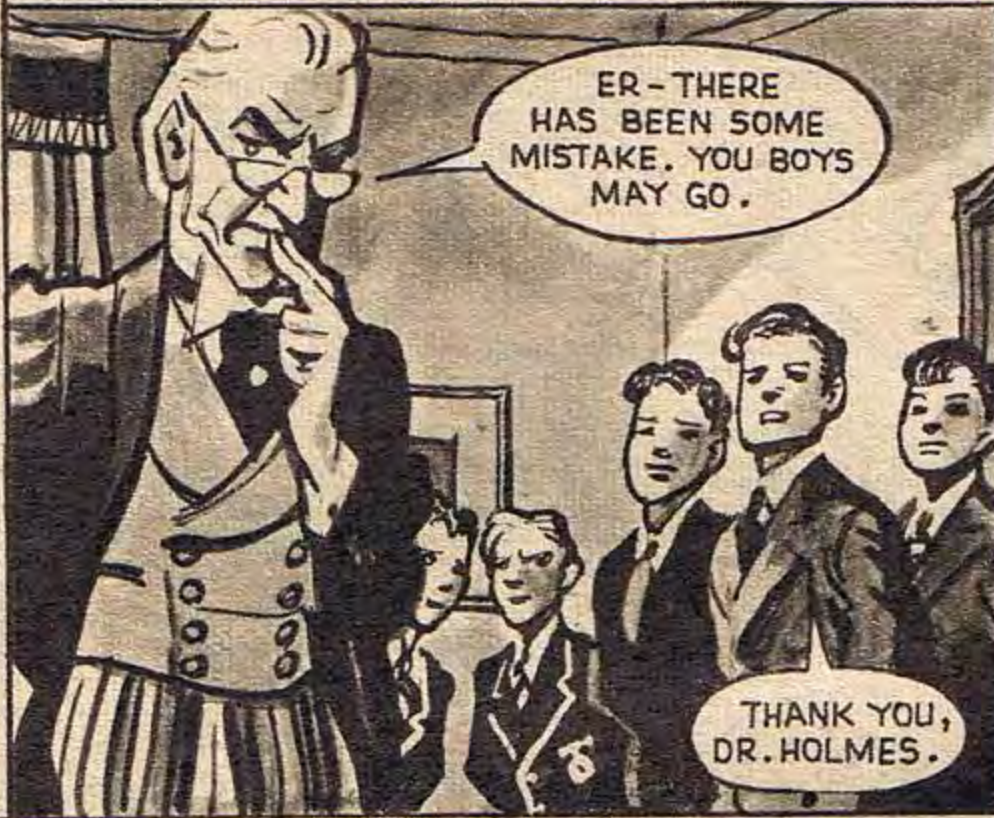


Redfern, Owen and Lawrence, three ex-council schoolboys who have won scholarships to St. Jim's College, learn that some of the more snobbish fellows at St. Jim's are convinced that all council schoolboys are ragamuffins.

For a joke, the new boys decide to live up to the part, and they arrive at their new school attired in tattered clothing which they bought in Rylcombe.

Crooke and Rack, two snobs, are horrified by the rough appearance and speech of the new boys and complain to Dr. Holmes, the headmaster. But when Dr. Holmes sends for the new boys they arrive at his study neatly dressed in suits . . .

REDFERN, LAWRENCE AND OWEN REGARDED THEIR HEADMASTER WITH POLITE ATTENTION, ALL THREE OF THEM MODEL SCHOOLBOYS IN APPEARANCE.



ER-THERE HAS BEEN SOME MISTAKE. YOU BOYS MAY GO.

THANK YOU, DR. HOLMES.

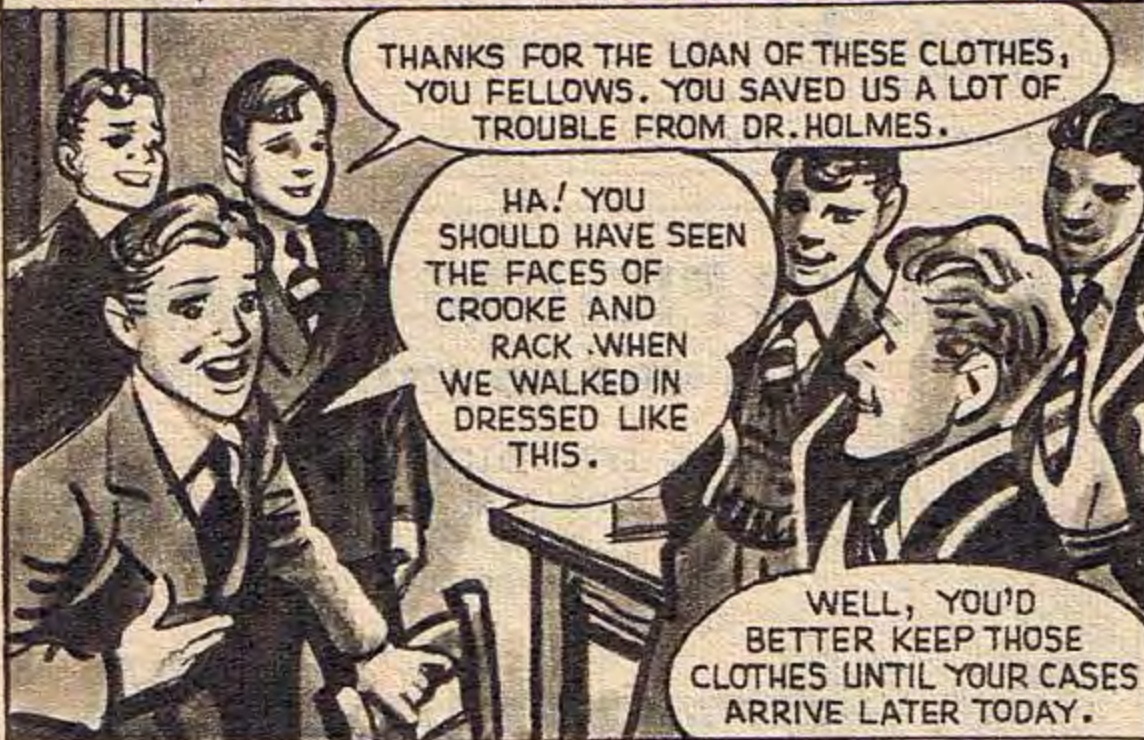
AFTER THE NEW BOYS HAD GONE, THE HEADMASTER TURNED TO RACK AND CROOKE, HIS EYES GLINTING FROSTILY.

YOU CAME TO MY STUDY COMPLAINING THAT THESE NEW PUPILS WERE RAGAMUFFINS, NOT FIT TO MIX WITH ST. JIM'S BOYS. I HAVE SEEN FOR MYSELF THAT THERE WAS NO TRUTH IN YOUR ALLEGATIONS AND I ADVISE YOU NEVER TO REPEAT THEM WITHIN MY HEARING!



Y-YES, SIR.

THE TWO SNOBS LEFT THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY, STILL UNABLE TO CREDIT THE AMAZING CHANGE WHICH HAD TAKEN PLACE IN THE NEW BOYS. BUT IF THEY COULD HAVE SEEN INSIDE THE STUDY BELONGING TO TOM MERRY, MONTY LOWTHER AND HARRY MANNERS, THEY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO PUZZLED.



THANKS FOR THE LOAN OF THESE CLOTHES, YOU FELLOWS. YOU SAVED US A LOT OF TROUBLE FROM DR. HOLMES.

HA! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE FACES OF CROOKE AND RACK WHEN WE WALKED IN DRESSED LIKE THIS.

WELL, YOU'D BETTER KEEP THOSE CLOTHES UNTIL YOUR CASES ARRIVE LATER TODAY.

Redfern, Lawrence and Owen were placed in New House, and when they awoke the next morning after their first night's sleep at St. Jim's, the first person to speak to them was Dibs.

The burly Dibs was a friend of Crooke and Rack and shared their snobbish attitude towards the ex-council schoolboys.



I HOPE YOU FELLOWS APPRECIATE BEING AT ST. JIM'S. THIS MUST BE A LOT DIFFERENT FROM WHAT YOU HAVE BEEN USED TO.

REDFERN GRINNED CHEERILY . . .



YES, IT'S DIFFERENT ALL RIGHT. I'VE NEVER WOKEN UP BEFORE AND SEEN A FACE LIKE YOURS NEAR ME.

HA! HA!

THE SWIFT REPLY DREW CHUCKLES FROM EVERY BOY IN THE DORMITORY EXCEPT DIBS.

DIBS WAS A BURLY FELLOW AND FANCIED HIMSELF AS A FIGHTING MAN. HIS FACE DARK WITH RAGE, HE RUSHED AT THE NEW BOY.



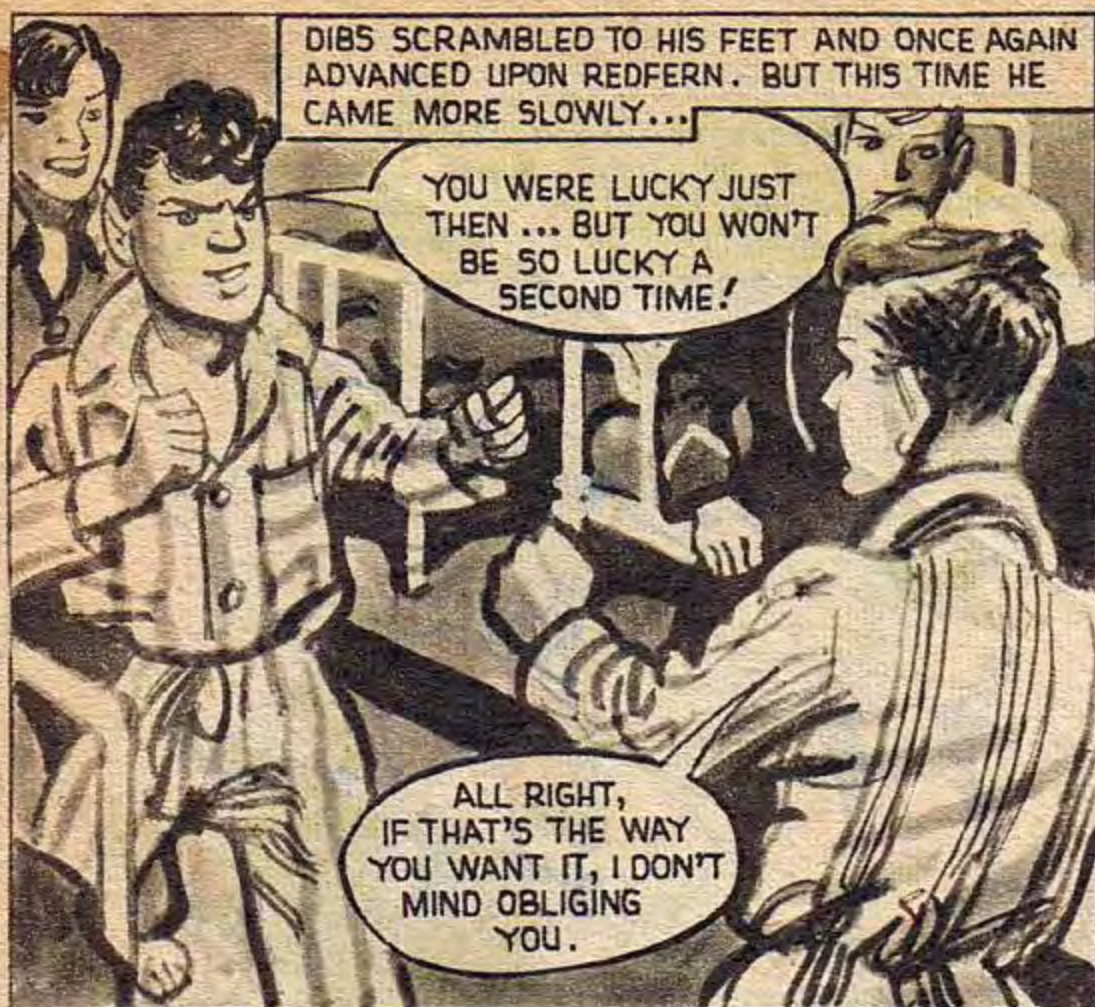
WHY, YOU CHEEKY YOUNG SCOUNDREL! I'LL TEACH YOU A FEW LESSONS!

REDFERN MADE NO ATTEMPT TO DODGE DIBS' RUSH. INSTEAD, HE GRASPED THE BULLY, SWUNG HIM DEFTLY OFF HIS FEET AND FLUNG HIM OVER A BED, ON TO THE FLOOR.



OW!

HA! HA! IT LOOKS AS IF DIBS IS THE ONE WHO'S BEING TAUGHT A FEW LESSONS!



THE EXCITED CRIES OF THE WATCHING BOYS RESOUNDED THROUGH THE WHOLE BUILDING, AND REACHED THE EARS OF NO LESS A PERSON THAN MR. RATCLIFFE, THE BAD-TEMPERED HEAD OF THE HOUSE.



HIS THIN FACE CREASED IN AN OMINOUS FROWN, THE HOUSEMASTER FLUNG OPEN THE DORMITORY DOOR, JUST AS A WELL-TIMED RIGHT HOOK FROM REDFERN SENT DIBS CRASHING TO THE FLOOR.



THEN ALL HEADS TURNED TO THE DOORWAY AS THE ICY TONES OF MR. RATCLIFFE SNAPPED OUT.



LATER THAT MORNING, THE NEW BOYS RELATED THE INCIDENT TO THE TERRIBLE THREE.



What scheme has Redfern in mind to foil Mr. Ratcliffe? Read on next week.

The stupidity of Cooper was only matched by his courage . . . for he swung back and attacked again with all eight guns flaming a livid challenge. He still did not see Battler above him and as two of the enemy fighters crashed into the ground, he cheered with delight!



Seeing that his fuel was running low, Hal Cooper turned away at the end of the runway and climbed up into the sky, heading West. In his sublime ignorance, he did not know that Battler had stayed behind to protect him from the German fighters which had taken off.



Hal landed at his home base and immediately told the other pilots of his victories. Their only answers were polite nods, for the whole Wing were worried that Battler had not returned. A few minutes later, however, his battered Spitfire touched down to land.



Thinking that Battler wished to congratulate him away from the other pilots, Hal went off brimming with pleasure. After tea, he went to the briefing room and found a film projector ready to start. Battler quietly told him to watch . . .



The record of the camera gun which had been in the nose of the famous ace's Spitfire, brought a blush of shame to Hal Cooper's cheeks. When he saw Battler shoot down the two planes on the German airfield, his misery and dismay were comical to behold!



The final shots showed Battler in action against the planes which had tried to give chase. Hal saw his own plane flying off in the distance. The lights on again, he turned to his commanding officer. He was such an abject figure, that Battler had to laugh.



More pages of action-packed Battler Britton thrills awaiting you in next week's SUN.