

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

No. 218
April 11, 1933

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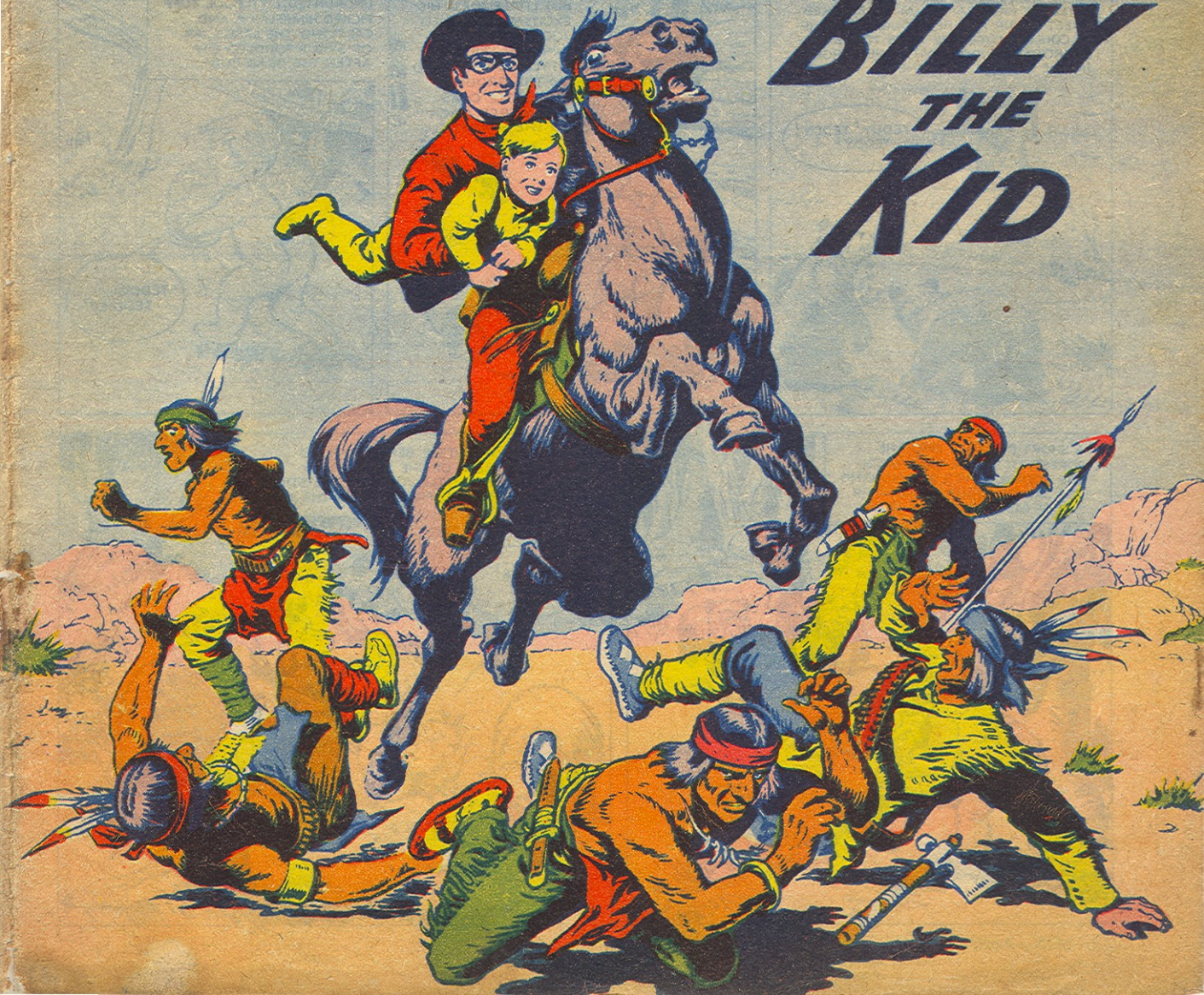


BILLY THE KID

RESCUED *from the* REDSKINS

A SMASHING FULL-LENGTH COMPLETE PICTURE-STORY OF

BILLY THE KID

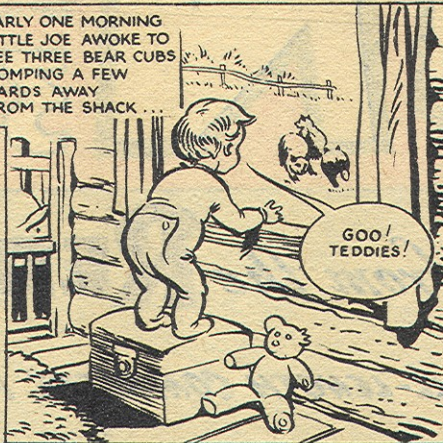




BILLY THE KID-LONE AVENGER

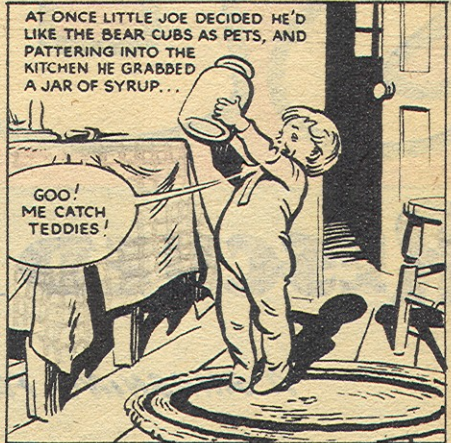
EARLY ONE MORNING LITTLE JOE AWOKE TO SEE THREE BEAR CUBS ROMPING A FEW YARDS AWAY FROM THE SHACK...

LITTLE JOE TUFF LIVED WITH HIS PARENTS IN A SMALL SHACK CLOSE TO THE FOREST. LIKE HIS FATHER AND GRANDFATHER WHO WERE TWO OF THE TOUGHEST PIONEERS IN THE WEST, THE LITTLE CHAP WAS FULL OF THE SPIRIT OF WANDERLUST AND ADVENTURE...



GOO! TEDDIES!

AT ONCE LITTLE JOE DECIDED HE'D LIKE THE BEAR CUBS AS PETS, AND PATERING INTO THE KITCHEN HE GRABBED A JAR OF SYRUP...

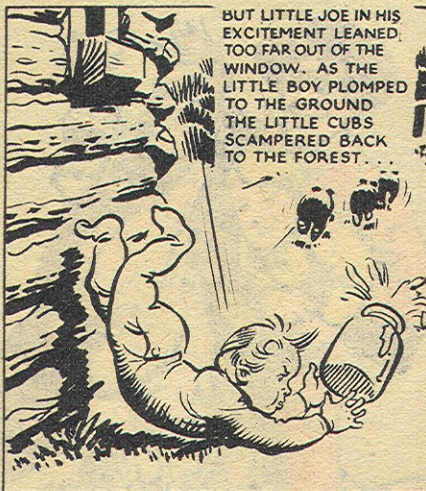


GOO! ME CATCH TEDDIES!

LITTLE JOE HAD HEARD THAT BEARS LIKED SWEET SYRUP, AND HE THOUGHT THAT IF HE COULD ENTICE THE CUBS TO HIS BEDROOM WINDOW WITH THE LARGE JAR HE MIGHT CATCH THEM...



TEDDY! TEDDY! TEDDY!



BUT LITTLE JOE IN HIS EXCITEMENT LEANED TOO FAR OUT OF THE WINDOW. AS THE LITTLE BOY PLOMPED TO THE GROUND THE LITTLE CUBS SCAMPERED BACK TO THE FOREST...

UNDAUNTED, LITTLE JOE TUFF PICKED HIMSELF UP AND CARRYING THE LARGE JAR OF SYRUP TODDLED OFF AFTER THE BEAR CUBS...

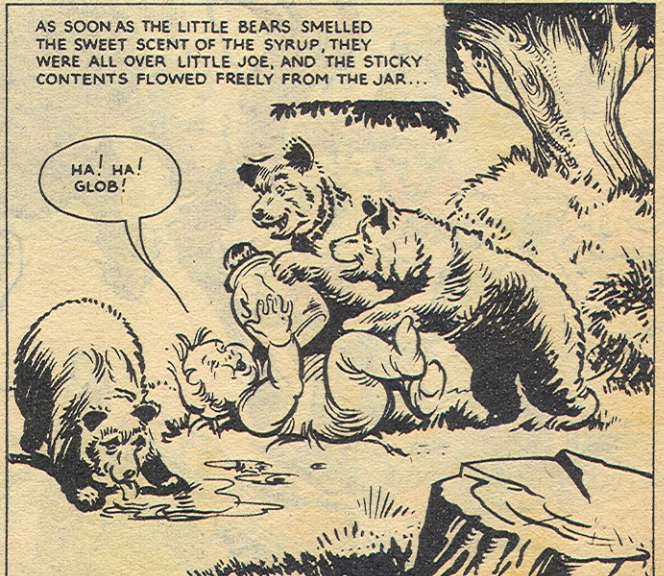


TEDDIES! TEDDIES!

A SHORT DISTANCE INTO THE FOREST, LITTLE JOE CAME UPON THE YOUNG BEARS, AND HOLDING THE JAR OF SYRUP IN FRONT OF HIM, HE PADDED TOWARDS THEM...



AS SOON AS THE LITTLE BEARS SMELLED THE SWEET SCENT OF THE SYRUP, THEY WERE ALL OVER LITTLE JOE, AND THE STICKY CONTENTS FLOWED FREELY FROM THE JAR...



HA! HA! GLOB!

SUDDENLY INTO THE CLEARING WADDLED THE GREAT MOTHER BEAR . . .



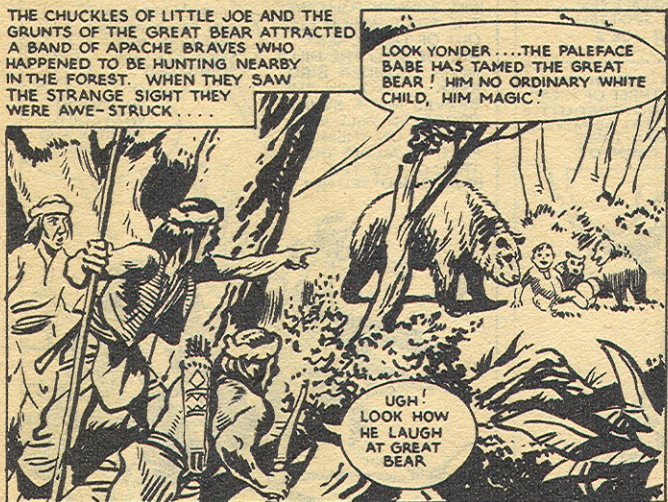
SNARLING, THE GREAT BEAST SHUFFLED UP TO THE LAUGHING CHILD, BUT SOON HER GROWLS CHANGED TO SNIFFS AS SHE SMELLED THE SWEET SYRUP . . .



WITH HER BIG ROUGH TONGUE THE GREAT SHE-BEAR GAVE LITTLE JOE A BIG LICK, WHICH MADE THE LITTLE LAD CHUCKLE WITH GLEE . . .



THE CHUCKLES OF LITTLE JOE AND THE GRUNTS OF THE GREAT BEAR ATTRACTED A BAND OF APACHE BRAVES WHO HAPPENED TO BE HUNTING NEARBY IN THE FOREST. WHEN THEY SAW THE STRANGE SIGHT THEY WERE AWE-STRUCK . . .



LOOK YONDER . . . THE PALEFACE BABE HAS TAMED THE GREAT BEAR! HIM NO ORDINARY WHITE CHILD, HIM MAGIC!

UGH! LOOK HOW HE LAUGH AT GREAT BEAR

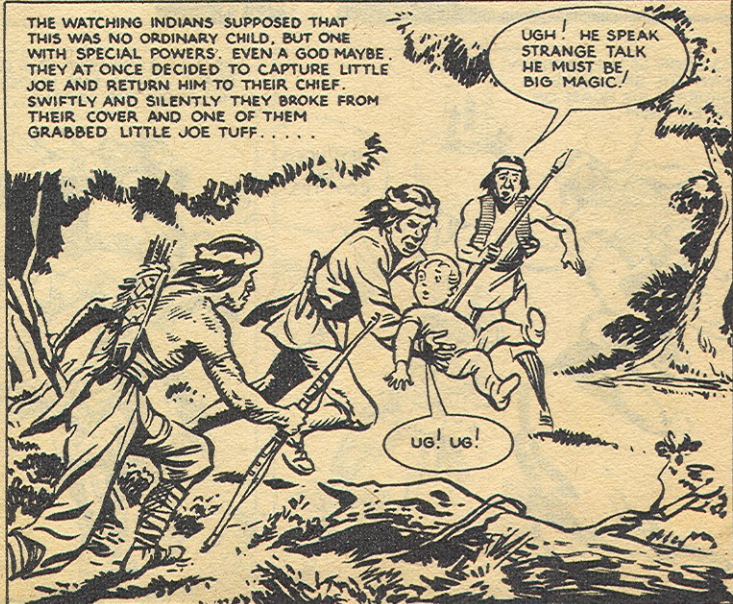
SUDDENLY THE GREAT BEAR SNIFFED THE AIR. HER KEEN NOSTRILS SMELLED THE SCENT OF STRANGE MEN . . .



QUICKLY SHE HERDED HER CUBS TOGETHER AND AS SHE LED HER FAMILY AWAY FROM THE CLEARING, LITTLE JOE PICKED HIMSELF UP AND TODDLED AFTER THEM . . .



THE WATCHING INDIANS SUPPOSED THAT THIS WAS NO ORDINARY CHILD, BUT ONE WITH SPECIAL POWERS. EVEN A GOD MAYBE. THEY AT ONCE DECIDED TO CAPTURE LITTLE JOE AND RETURN HIM TO THEIR CHIEF. SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY THEY BROKE FROM THEIR COVER AND ONE OF THEM GRABBED LITTLE JOE TUFF . . .





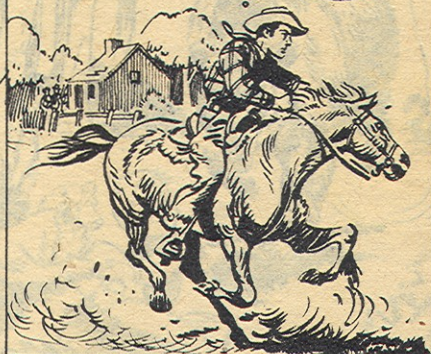
SLOWLY LITTLE JOE'S FATHER TOLD WILL BONNEY OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF HIS SMALL SON...

HE MUST HAVE SNEAKED OUT EARLY THIS MORNING WHILE WE SLEPT. I SEARCHED THE FOREST AND CAME UPON BEAR TRACKS WHERE HIS ENDED. I HUNTED HIGH AND LOW FOR THAT GRIZZLY! GUESS IT'S ALL OVER NOW!



LEAVING THE DISTRESSED PARENTS, WILL BONNEY HEADED FOR THE FOREST. HE FELT THAT THERE STILL MIGHT BE A CHANCE THAT LITTLE JOE WAS ALIVE

I'LL TAKE A LOOK IN CASE THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!



SUDDENLY THE KEEN EYES OF WILL BONNEY SPOTTED SOMETHING THAT JOE'S FATHER HADN'T.....

BY HOKEY! INDIAN TRACKS! THREE OF THEM! I'VE A HUNCH THAT LITTLE JOE MAY STILL BE ALIVE - I'LL FOLLOW THESE TRACKS PRONTO!



WILL BONNEY FOLLOWED THE TRAIL WHICH LED OUT OF THE FOREST AND UP INTO THE HILLS NEAR THUNDER BIRD PEAK... THOUGH THE BRAVES MADE SWIFT PROGRESS, WILL WAS GAINING ON THEM AND FURTHER ALONG THE TRAIL ONE OF THE BRAVES SPOTTED HIM...

LOOK! WHITE MAN HIM COME, FOLLOW OUR TRAIL, HIM COME FOR OUR MAGIC-BOY!

YOU GO ON WITH CHILD, ME STAY AND STOP HIM!



AS SOON AS WILL BONNEY SAW THE BRAVES HE SPURRED HIS HORSE ON AFTER THEM....



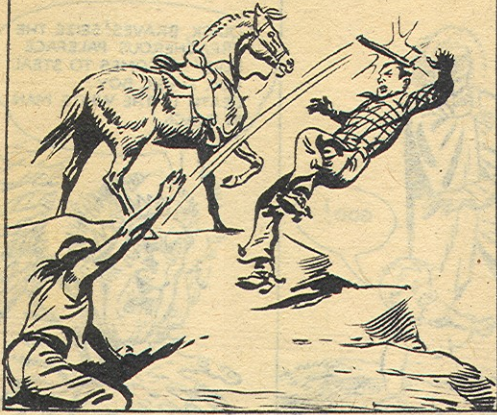
AS WILL RODE PAST, THE LURKING BRAVE LEAPED AND KNOCKED HIM FROM THE SADDLE....



QUICKLY THE BRAVE WENT FOR HIS TOMAHAWK BUT QUICKER STILL, WILL BONNEY JUMPED AT HIM....



WILL TURNED TO MOUNT HIS HORSE TO PURSUE THE OTHER BRAVES, BUT THE BRAVE WAS STILL FULL OF FIGHT AND HURLED HIS TOMAHAWK AT THE YOUNG RANCHER'S HEAD, STRIKING HIM A CRUEL BLOW....



KNOCKED OFF HIS BALANCE, WILL BONNEY TOPPLED OVER THE LEDGE AND FELL DOWN THE STEEP SLOPE BELOW TOWARDS THE SHEER DROP OF A DEEP CHASM...



BUT WILL BONNEY WAS FAR FROM DEAD. THE BLOW HAD NOT ROBBED HIM OF HIS SENSES, AND AS HE FELL HE MANAGED TO GRASP A TREE ROOT AND HANG ON.....



SOON WILL BONNEY WAS IN THE VALLEY AND CHANGING HIS COWBOY CLOTHES FOR THOSE OF BILLY THE KID...

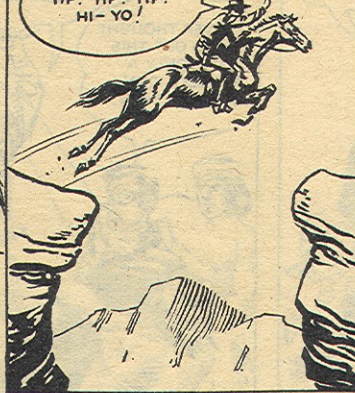
UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY - WILL BONNEY THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN - WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER - CLOSE TO WHERE WILL BONNEY FELL FROM THE RIDGE WAS THUNDERBIRD PEAK... WHERE IN A SECRET VALLEY, GUARDED BY A GREAT BLACK HORSE, WERE THE BLACK OUTFIT AND GUNS OF BILLY THE KID....

WE'VE ANOTHER JOB TO DO, SATAN!



THEN THE VALLEY ECHOED WITH THE FAMOUS WAR CRY OF BILLY THE KID, MOUNTED ON HIS WONDER HORSE BLACK SATAN, THE TEXAS AVENGER SET OUT TO RESCUE LITTLE JOE TUFF....

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!



SWIFLY BILLY THE KID FOLLOWED THE TRAIL, NOT HOLDING REIN UNTIL HE SIGHTED THE APACHE CAMP..

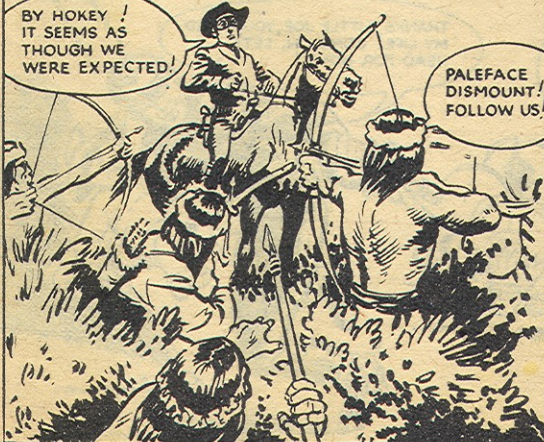
WHOOA! SATAN BOY! WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO THAT CAMP WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED!



SUDDENLY, AS IF FROM OUT OF THE GROUND, A SWARM OF FULLY-ARMED BRAVES FIERCESOME IN THEIR WAR PAINT, SURROUNDED THE LONE AVENGER - ONE ATTEMPT HAD BEEN MADE TO TAKE THEIR NEW-FOUND CHILD-GOD FROM THEM, AND THEY FEARED MORE WHITE MEN WOULD COME....

BY HOKEY! IT SEEMS AS THOUGH WE WERE EXPECTED!

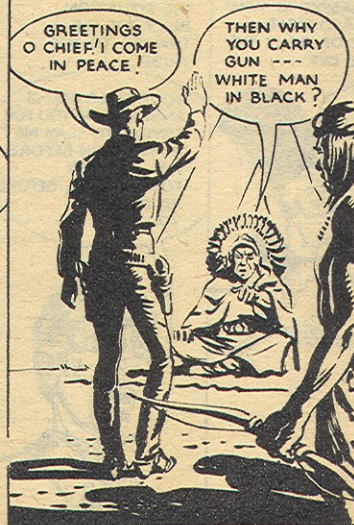
PALEFACE DISMOUNT! FOLLOW US!



BILLY THE KID WAS TAKEN BEFORE THE OLD CHIEF OF THE TRIBE....

GREETINGS O CHIEF! I COME IN PEACE!

THEN WHY YOU CARRY GUN --- WHITE MAN IN BLACK?



HOPING TO GAIN THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE OLD CHIEF, AND SO DISCOVER THE WHEREABOUTS OF LITTLE JOE, BILLY THE KID UNBUCKLED HIS GUN BELT AND TOSSED IT TO THE GROUND....

THAT SHOULD PROVE I HAVE COME AS A FRIEND!

SO BE IT! O PALEFACE!



SLOWLY THE OLD CHIEF PICKED UP THE GUN BELT AND ROSE ...

YOU ARE VERY BRAVE PALEFACE! BUT I SHOW YOU ONE WHO IS BRAVER! HE THAT LAUGHS IN FACE OF GREAT BEAR— HIM OUR NEW GOD— COME!

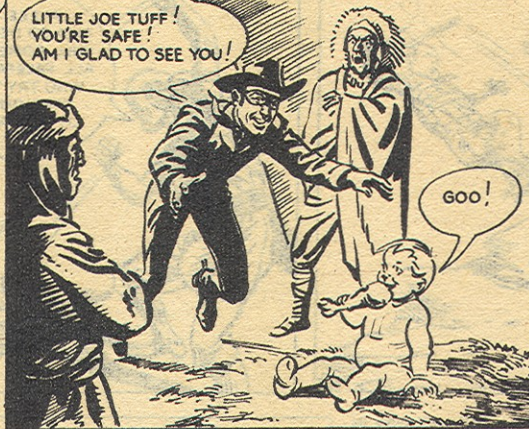
LITTLE JOE, I BET!



BILLY WAS TAKEN TO THE CHIEF'S OWN TENT AND THERE SEATED ON A RUG, THOROUGHLY ENJOYING HIMSELF WITH A LARGE CHUNK OF BUFFALO MEAT WAS LITTLE JOE. AT THE SIGHT OF THE CHILD, BILLY LEAPED FORWARD ...

LITTLE JOE TUFF! YOU'RE SAFE! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

GOO!



THE OLD CHIEF SEEING BILLY RUSH FORWARD, AT ONCE THOUGHT THE LONE AVENGER WAS ABOUT TO SNATCH UP THEIR NEW-FOUND GOD ...

QUICK, BRAVES! SEIZE THE TREACHEROUS PALEFACE DOG! HE COMES TO STEAL OUR MAGIC BOY! DEATH TO THE WHITE MAN IN BLACK!



CAUGHT OFF BALANCE, BILLY THE KID WAS PUSHED TO THE GROUND AND DRAGGED OUT STRUGGLING BY THE BRAVES ...

THE WHITE DOG WILL DIE BY MY HAND! HIS SCALP SHALL BE GIVEN TO CHILD GOD AS OFFERING!



BY HOKEY! JUST LET ME GET UP AND GET MY HANDS ON YOU COYOTES!

HELD FIRMLY BY THE BRAVES, BILLY THE KID WATCHED THE GLITTERING BLADE OF THE TOMAHAWK AS THE OLD CHIEF RAISED HIS ARM TO STRIKE ...

BREATHE YOUR LAST, PALEFACE!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GO OUT THIS WAY! ONLY A MIRACLE CAN SAVE ME NOW!



SUDDENLY A SHOT RANG OUT— AND A BULLET WHISTLED THROUGH THE OLD CHIEF'S HEADDRESS ...

A YEE!



THE WHOLE TRIBE TURNED AND GASPED AT WHAT THEY SAW. TIRING OF THE BUFFALO MEAT, LITTLE JOE HAD PICKED UP ONE OF BILLY THE KID'S GUNS— AND IT HAD GONE OFF ...

BANG! BANG!



QUICK TO GRASP THE SITUATION, BILLY THE KID TURNED TO THE TRIBE ...

YOUR CHILD GOD IS ANGRY WITH YOU FOR TRYING TO SLAY ME! BOW DOWN BEFORE HIM, AND ASK FORGIVENESS, BEFORE HE DESTROYS YOU ALL!



FOR A MOMENT NOT A BRAVE MOVED, AND THEN THE OLD CHIEF KNELT DOWN, AND THE REST OF THE TRIBE FOLLOWED SUIT. REALISING THIS WAS HIS CHANCE, THE LONE AVENGER LEAPED FORWARD AND SNATCHED UP LITTLE JOE AND HIS GUN BELT ...

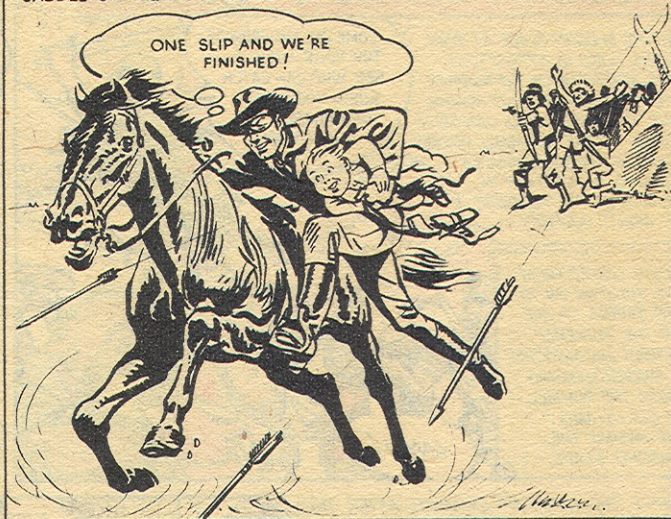
THANKS, LITTLE JOE, YOU SAVED MY LIFE! COME ON, LET'S HEAD FOR HOME!



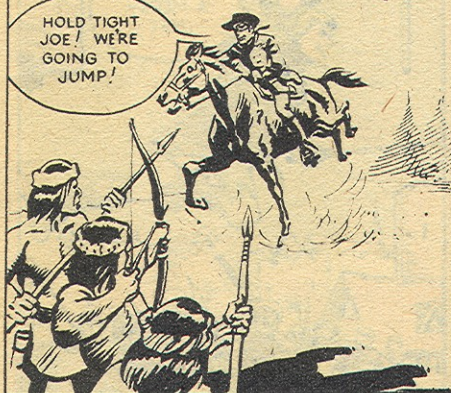
QUICK TO REALISE THAT THEY HAD BEEN FOOLED, THE INDIANS PICKED THEMSELVES UP AND RUSHED AFTER BILLY AND LITTLE JOE, AS HE RAN, THE LONE AVENGER CALLED OUT TO SATAN HIS WONDER HORSE



WITH ARROWS FLYING ALL AROUND HIM, BILLY THE KID WITH LITTLE JOE TUFF UNDER ONE ARM MADE A FLYING LEAP AT THE SADDLE OF THE NOW GALLOPING SATAN



HARDLY HAD HE MANAGED TO GET INTO THE SADDLE WHEN BILLY SAW BEFORE HIM A PARTY OF BRAVES WHO WERE GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAMP



WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP, BLACK SATAN SAILED OVER THE HEADS OF THE BRAVES



BY THE TIME THE BRAVES HAD RECOVERED FROM THEIR ORDEAL, THE LONE AVENGER WAS VANISHING OVER THE HORIZON



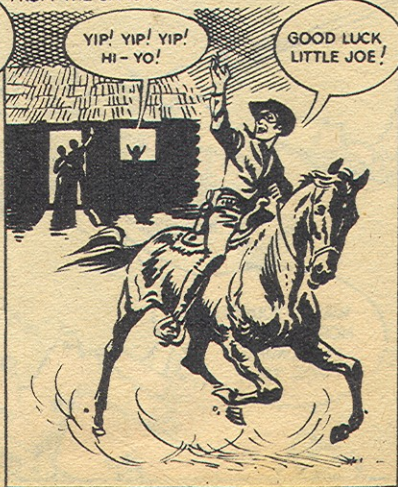
BACK AT THE TUFF'S SHACK, LITTLE JOE'S PARENTS HAVING GIVEN UP ALL HOPES FOR THEIR SMALL SON, SADLY DREW THE CURTAINS OF HIS ROOM, SUDDENLY OUT OF THE FOREST—



AS LITTLE JOE TUFF WAS TUCKED INTO BED, BILLY RELATED THE WHOLE STORY TO HIS HAPPY PARENTS



HIS JOB COMPLETED, BILLY RODE OFF INTO THE DUSK LEAVING BEHIND HIM THE HAPPY LITTLE FAMILY OF THE TUFFS, AND AS HE RODE HE HEARD THE ECHO OF HIS FAMILIAR CRY COME FROM THE SHACK . . .



ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

IN THE MARKET PLACE AT YORK ROBIN HOOD IS ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE NORMAN MEN-AT-ARMS SO THAT MARIAN AND TRISTAN DE BORS CAN SEIZE THREE OF THE NORMANS' HORSES FOR THE THREE COMRADES TO RIDE TO SCOTLAND IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY --

COME ON, MY FRIENDS, TRY YOUR LUCK, I SEE WHO CAN CATCH ROBIN HOOD AND WIN HIMSELF A KNIGHTHOOD!

ROBIN LEAPED FROM THE BUILDING ON TO THE SADDLE OF ONE OF THE TETHERED HORSES AND SWATCHED A SWORD HANGING FROM THE POMMEL --
CL-A-A-ANG!
HE SWUNG THE SHINING BLADE --

AAAGH!

FOLLOWED BY THE ANGRY, YELLING MEN-AT-ARMS, THE LORD OF SHERWOOD LEAPED FROM SADDLE TO SADDLE --

AHA! THEY ARE FOLLOWING ME -- THIS WILL GIVE MARIAN AND TRISTAN THE CHANCE THEY NEED!

SEIZE HIM!

AFTER THE ROGUE!

WHILE THE NORMANS SWARMED AFTER THE BOUNDING FIGURE IN LINCOLN GREEN, MARIAN AND TRISTAN RUSHED FORWARD WITH THEIR HUNTING-KNIVES AT THE READY --

QUICKLY, TRISTAN! OUT THE HORSES FREE!

WHEN HE REACHED THE END OF THE LINE OF HORSES -- ROBIN LEAPED FOR THE ROPE HANGING FROM THE HAYLOFT --

NOW FOR A MERRY JEST!

-- AND SWUNG OUTWARDS -- HIGH ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE PURSUERS --

WATCH YOURSELVES, NORMANS -- I'M COMING FOR YOU!

SWO-O-OSH! DOWN CAME THE LORD OF SHERWOOD -- HIS BOOTED FEET SENT MEN-AT-ARMS SPRAWLING IN A FLYING HEAP --

TAKE THAT -- YOU NORMAN DOGS!

AAAAH!

E-EEK!

UGH!

AS HE SWUNG OUTWARDS AGAIN, HE CALLED DOWN TO HIS COMRADES --

NO NEED TO BOTHER ABOUT A HORSE FOR ME -- I'LL SEIZE ONE FOR MYSELF!

MOUNT YOUR HORSES -- YOU'LL NEVER TACKLE HIM ON FOOT!



THEN LIKE AN ARROW HE SWIFT DOWN AGAIN -- AND WHIPPED THE MOUNTED NORMAN FROM HIS SADDLE AS NEATLY AS YOU PLEASE.

PARDON, GOOD SIR! BUT I NEED A HORSE MORE THAN YOU DO!

WAAAHH!



THEN, WITH HIS LAST SWING, ROBIN LANDED NEATLY IN THE EMPTY SADDLE.

THE LORD OF SHERWOOD SHOUTED TO HIS COMRADES --

TO HORSE -- TO HORSE -- BOTH OF YOU! FOLLOW ME -- THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US!

AAGH! WAUGH! EEEE!

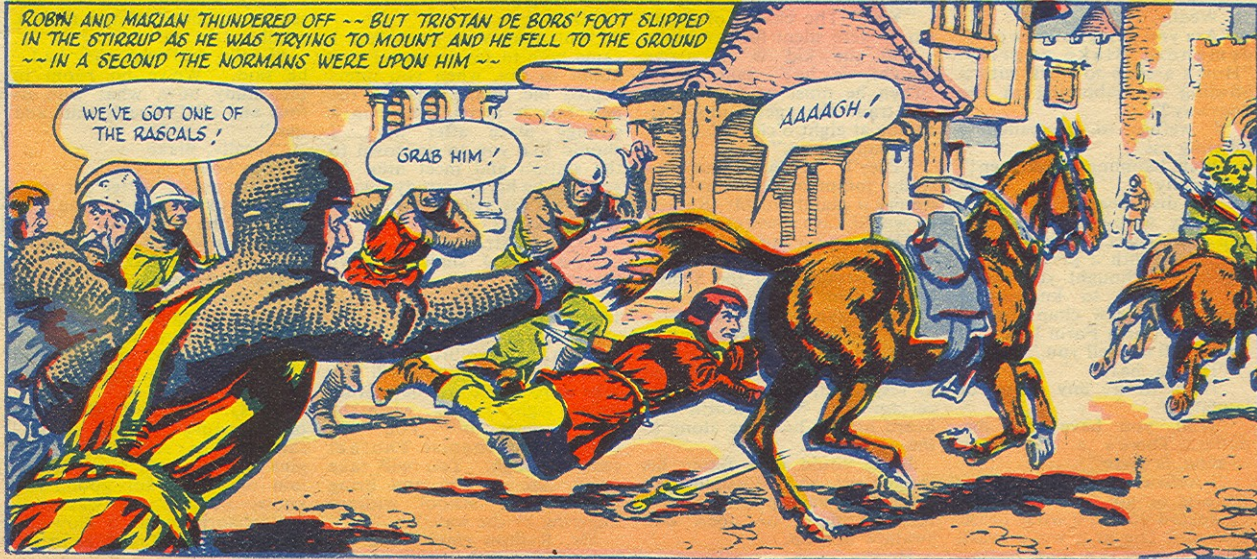


ROBIN AND MARIAN THUNDERED OFF -- BUT TRISTAN DE BORS' FOOT SLIPPED IN THE STIRRUP AS HE WAS TRYING TO MOUNT AND HE FELL TO THE GROUND -- IN A SECOND THE NORMANS WERE UPON HIM --

WE'VE GOT ONE OF THE RASCALS!

GRAB HIM!

AAAAGH!



So the treacherous De Bors is now in Norman hands! Will he betray the Lord of Sherwood to the enemy again? See next week.

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



"Here they come, chaps, get ready to bump them," whispered Tom Merry.

NEWS FOR STUDY No. 6

"HAVE you heard, chaps?" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy asked the question, looking in at the door of Study No. 6 in the School House at St. Jim's as he did so.

Blake, Herries and Digby looked up from their prep.

"Heard what?" demanded Blake. "If you mean have I heard a silly ass interrupting a fellow at his prep? Why, yes."

"Weally, Blake——"

Jack Blake gave a snort and turned to his work again. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy fixed a monocle in his eye with great care and looked in again at his chums of the Fourth Form.

"Have you heard——?" he began.

"Yes, more than enough," said Digby. "Buzz off."

"Weally, Dig——"

"Travel!"

"Weally, Hewwies——"

"Are you going to buzz off?" demanded Blake angrily. "How's a chap to work with a howling ass jabbering in the doorway?"

"I wufuse to be called a howling ass."

"Well, babbling duffer, then!"

"Weally!"

"Oh, disappear!"

"Vewy well, I will not give you the news," said Arthur Augustus, with a great deal of dignity. "I thought you might be intewested to know that there was a new chap coming into the Fourth Form here, but now I will not tell you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I fail to see any cause for laughter."

"Well, you have told me, duffer. There's a new chap coming, is there?"

"I wufuse to tell you whether there is or not," said D'Arcy. "I wegard you as a wude beast. I wegard Dig as a wude beast, and Hewwies as a wude beast."

"Ha! Ha!"

"I wufuse to give you any information at all. I will wufuse——"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Blake. "Come in. You'd better get your prep done, too, or there will be trouble with Mr. Lathom in the morning."

"Yes! I had forgotten that," said D'Arcy, coming into the study. "But I thought you would be intewested in the new chap. I just heard the news from Kildare. He says the chap is coming into the Fourth."

"What's his name?"

"Thurnel — Wichard Thurnel."

"When is this chap Thurnel coming?" asked Digby.

"He is to awvive tonight."

"Oh! I wonder what study he'll be put into?" said Herries rather anxiously. "They can't put him in here—we're four already."

"Yes!" The chums of Study No. 6 were silent for a minute.

"So the kid is to arrive tonight, is he?" said Blake. "Then he must be coming by the train that gets into Rylcombe at eight o'clock."

"I suppose so."

"They'll settle about his study tomorrow. I wonder if we put it plainly to Mr. Railton he would have sense enough——"

There was a tap at the half-open door, and Mr. Railton, the housemaster of the School House, came in.

Jack Blake turned scarlet.

He had just been speaking of the housemaster in a way that could not possibly be regarded as respectful, and it was pretty certain that Mr. Railton had heard him as he came along to the open door.

Blake could have bitten his tongue out, and he would have given a term's pocket money for the floor to open and swallow him up.

He sat dumb.

Mr. Railton was not the kind of master to take any notice of words heard by chance. He did not even glance at Blake.

"I want to ask you lads to do something," he said. "There is a new boy——"

"If you please, sir——"

"You are interrupting me, Blake."

"Ye-e-es, sir. I—I was thinking, sir, that you might put the new kid into this study, and whether it would be any good explaining to you that there wasn't room," said Blake.

Mr. Railton smiled grimly.

"As a matter of fact, Blake, the new boy, Thurnel, is to be placed in this study for the present, at least," he said.

"Oh!"

"I hope you boys will do your best to make him welcome, and to make him feel quite at home in the school," said Mr. Railton.

"Oh!"

"But that was not what I came here to say to you. I was about to say, when you interrupted me, Blake, that as the new boy is arriving here in a strange place after dark, I should like you to go down to the station and meet him. As you will be his new study-mates, it is best for you to go. Don't you think so?"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

"Yes, sir! I shall be vewy pleased."

"Oh, certainly, sir!" said Digby and Herries.

"That is all," said Mr. Railton. "I have brought you a pass out of gates, and will you take care to be at the station before eight o'clock, when the train comes in? You will doubtless recognise Thurnel easily enough. You will take every care of him and bring him to the school without lingering by the way."

Mr. Railton emphasised the last words a little.

"Oh, sir! We should not be likely to linger by the way," said Blake in a tone of meek protest.

"I hope not, Blake. Here is your pass. You may start at once."

"Thank you, sir!"

And Mr. Railton quitted Study No. 6, leaving the chums of the Fourth Form staring at one another in dismay.

BUMPED!

TOM MERRY of the Shell came along the Fourth Form passage and put his head in at the door of Study No. 6.

Dead silence greeted the hero of the Shell.

Blake, Herries, Digby and D'Arcy stood silent. They looked at the Shell fellow, but they did not speak.

Tom Merry looked astounded.

"What's happened?" he asked.

"Nothing yet," said Blake, heaving a sigh. "But it's going to happen."

"What's going to happen?"

"There's a new kid coming to St. Jim's."

"Well, that's happened before," remarked Tom Merry. "Is it nothing worse than that?"

"But they're going to put him into our study!" howled Blake.

Tom Merry looked sympathetic at once.

"Well, that's rough!" he said.

"Yes," said D'Arcy. "I wegard it as extremely wuff. As a matter of fact, it is wotten."

Tom Merry grinned.

"Yes," he said, "of course, it might have been worse——"

"I don't see how," grunted Blake.

"Oh, yes! They might have put him into my study."

Blake snorted. He did not see the humour of the remark at all.

"I jolly well wish they had," he said. "We've no room in this study now, what with us four and all D'Arcy's suits and ties."

"Weally, Blake——"

Tom Merry laughed.

"Then you'd better get up a protest to the Head on the subject," he remarked.

"That's wather a good idea."

"I looked in to see if you chaps had finished prep and were coming out," said Tom Merry. "Figgins & Co. are having a sprint in the quad, and I thought we might go out and bump them, just for fun you know."

"Yes, Figgins & Co. have been awfully cheeky lately," said Arthur Augustus. "Figgins said it was a pity I didn't join the circus for good, you know, because he was sure I was born to be a clown. I wegard the wemark as in the worst of taste."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"And I fail to see anything to laugh at."

"Ha, ha! Well, are you chaps coming out to bump Figgins & Co., or shall I call some of the fellows in the Shell?"

"Can't," said Blake. "We've got the pleasure of going to the station to meet the new boy."

"Raiton says we're to go to the station," explained Digby. "If you've done your prep, you can come, too. Blake's pass will cover the lot."

"Good," said Tom. "We can bring in a few things from the tuckshop, too. I'll call Manners and Lowther, and we'll go together."

"Good."
Tom Merry ran along the passage to his own quarters. A run down to the village after gates were locked was an event. It broke the monotony, anyway. The Terrible Three thought it even more attractive than the prospect of bumping Figgins & Co. of the New House. They joined Blake and his chums in the hall, and the seven juniors left the School House together.

The moon was coming up over the clock tower, and a silver glimmer fell in the wide quad of St. Jim's, save where the heavy shadows of the trees lay in blackness.

Suddenly there was a faint patter of footsteps in the silence of the dark quadrangle.

Tom Merry paused halfway to the gates and held up his hand.

"Hark!"
"It's Figgins & Co.," said Monty Lowther. "They're having their evening trot."

"Exactly," Tom Merry gave a soft chuckle. "This way, and collar them."

"Good idea!" murmured Blake.

Kindly little attentions like this were always passing to and fro between the fellows of the rival houses at St. Jim's.

Tom Merry & Co. stepped softly into the path and three figures in running clothes loomed up in their view.

Figgins, long-legged and wiry, Kerr, medium-sized and hard as iron, and Fatty Wynn, short and stout—they were the three known in the New House as Figgins & Co.

The three runners did not see the waiting juniors till it was too late.

Then, as they slackened down, they were seized in six or seven pairs of hands and brought with a bump to the ground.

"Oh!" gasped Figgins.
"Yah!" gurgled Kerr.
"Ooooh!" murmured Fatty Wynn. "Gerroff me chest! Ooooooh!"

"Got 'em!" said Tom Merry.
"Now then, Figgy—"
"Oh, it's you, is it?"
"Now then, Figgy—"
"Lemme gerrup!"
"Now then, Figgy, which is cock-house at St. Jim's?"

"New House!" gurgled Figgins defiantly.

"Bump him!"
And Figgins was duly bumped. Bumping consisted of lifting the victim bodily and bringing him down hard.

Figgins gasped as he was bumped.
"Yah! School House chumps!"

"Is School House cock-house?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Yah! No."
"Bump him!"
"Ow! Yow!"
"Now then—"

"Yah! New House is cock-house."
"Obstinate ass!" said Blake. "Bump him! Bump all of them!"

"Right!"
"Yah!"
"Bump 'em!"

Figgins & Co. were bumped hard. But all the bumping in the world would not get them to admit that the School House was cock-house at St. Jim's. Tom Merry & Co. bumped them and kindly left them sitting in a puddle, and walked on to the gates.

The school clock chimed out. Jake Black gave a start.

"My hat! It's a quarter to eight."

"We shall be late for the train."

"Let's sprint," said Tom Merry.

And they sprinted.

SOMETHING NEW IN NEW BOYS

"RYLCOMBE!" A small figure sitting in a corner of a railway carriage rose to his feet and threw open the carriage door as the name of the station was called out.

Rylcombe was the station for St. Jim's, and the small person was the new boy for the school.

He stepped out upon the platform with a rug over his arm and a bag in his hand. He stood in the station lights, and he was an odd-looking person.

He was shorter than most of the fellows in the Fourth Form at St. Jim's but his figure seemed to be developed and filled out very much more than was usual with a junior. His face was quite smooth, but there were traces about the chin that seemed to hint that the youth had had a narrow escape of having an early crop of beard.

His eyes, which were very keen, were somewhat sunken. His nose was long and thin, and his hair, which was of a pale colour, was thin, too. He was a curiously old-looking boy, and had he been dressed in a man's clothes, would certainly have passed for an under-sized fellow of over twenty.

But he was dressed in flannels and blazer and school cap.

He glanced up and down the platform, and walked down the train. A porter was shoving a large trunk on a trolley.

"That's my trunk," said the stranger. "Put it on a taxi for

the school—St. Jim's. I suppose you know where that is?"

The old Rylcombe porter grinned and touched his cap. He knew a great deal about St. Jim's, as a matter of fact, and there was hardly a fellow there, from Kildare the captain down to the fags of the Third and Second Forms, whom he did not know by sight, if not by name.

"Yes, sir."
"Is there anybody here from the school to meet the train?"

"I dunno, sir. I hain't seen nobody."

"Good," said the stranger. "Is there a place in this station where one can get anything to drink?"

"Yes, sir. You can get a ginger-beer at the buffet, sir, when it's open," said the Rylcombe porter. "It's closed now."

Master Thurnel snorted. "It's closed, is it? Then what's the good of it to me. And do you think I can guzzle ginger-beer?"

The porter stared. "Most of the young gentlemen like ginger-beer, sir."

"Rubbish!"
And Master Thurnel walked out of the station. The porter stared after him. He had seen all sorts of boys arrive at St. Jim's, but he had never seen any new arrival quite like Dick Thurnel before.

The porter shook his head, and wheeled the trolley down the platform. The trunk was placed on the station's taxi, and the driver waited for Thurnel to get in.

"You can wait," said the new boy. "I want to get something to drink."

"We pass the tuckshop, sir, on the way," said the driver.

Master Thurnel sniffed. "Bless the tuckshop."

There was a public house next door to the station. From behind the glass doors there came the sound of the clinking of glasses and a chorus. Master Thurnel's eyes lighted up as he glanced in that direction, and he walked over to it, pushed open the swing door, and entered.

The driver and the porter looked at one another in helpless astonishment.

"Wot do you think of that, Jim?" gasped the old porter.

The driver shook his head. "He's a rum 'un!" he remarked.

"Hallo!" exclaimed a cheery voice as a bunch of juniors came tearing up to the station. "Hallo! Is the train in?"

The porter touched his cap. "Yes, Master Merry."

"Is there a chap for St. Jim's knocking about then?" asked Jack Blake breathlessly. "We've come to meet him."

"Yes, he's here, Master Blake," replied the porter with a grin.

Who is the strange new junior? And what will Blake and Co. think of their new study-mate?

Don't miss next week's instalment of this grand yarn.



Here is a puzzle picture of a bedroom scene. It contains hidden letters to make four words and these, when placed in the right order, form a well-known 'Ovaltine' slogan. Your clue: it is something to do with sleep.



Turn this upside down to find the correct answer

The World's Best Nightcap

DON'T forget that it is a golden rule of all Ovaltineys to drink 'Ovaltine' every day. 'Ovaltine' is made from the very best of Nature's foods and it contains important food elements, including vitamins. Remind Mummy to serve this delicious and nourishing beverage with your meals and always drink it at bedtime every night.

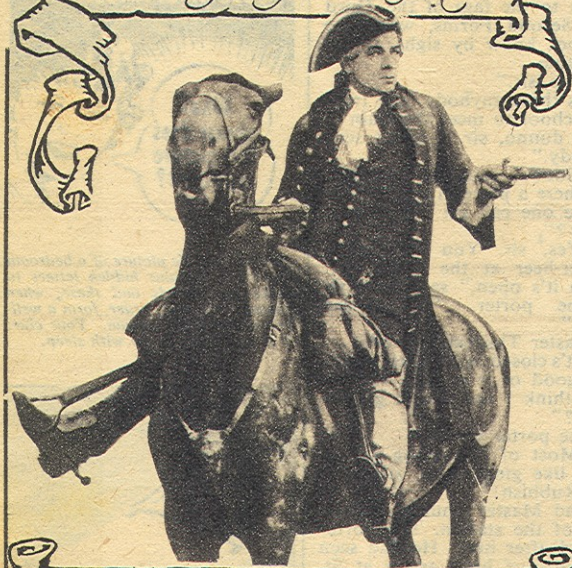
EVERY BOY AND GIRL SHOULD JOIN THE LEAGUE OF OVALTINEYS

Members of the League of Ovaltineys have great fun with the secret high-signs, signals and code. You can join the League and obtain your badge and the Official Rule Book (which also contains the words and music of the Ovaltine songs), by sending a label from a tin of 'Ovaltine' with your full name, address and age to: THE CHIEF OVALTINEY Dept. 52, 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1.

Ovaltine
The World's Most Popular Food Beverage

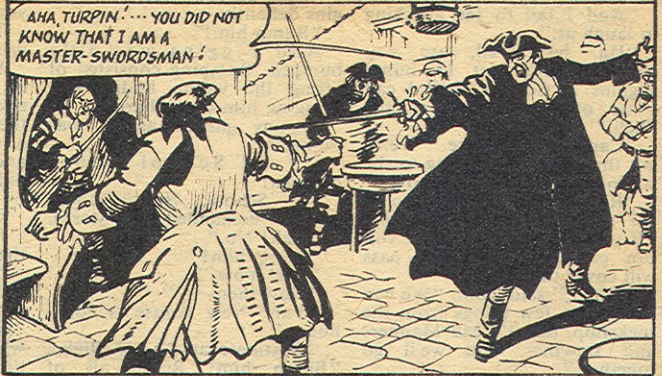
DICK TURPIN

and the Mystery of Misty Moor



Captain Jonas Whale, the rascally landlord of "The End of the World" inn, has betrayed Dick Turpin and Moll Moonlight to "Creepy" Crawley, Dick's bitterest enemy. In the parlour of the inn, Dick and Moll come face to face with Crawley and his men. . .

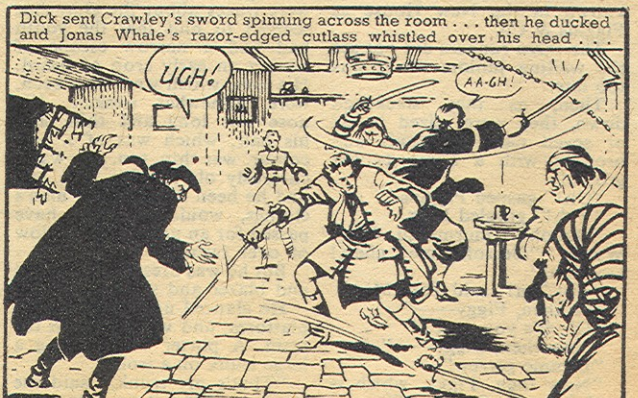
With a snarl of rage, "Creepy" Crawley leaped forward, his rapier out-thrust!



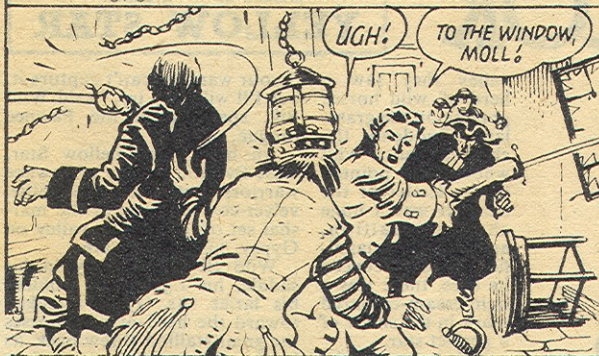
But the fighting highwayman parried the deadly thrust . . . and grinned down at his opponent's scowling face. . .



. . . Then, with a gay, reckless smile on his face, the king of highwaymen went into the attack . . . and his dancing blade drove "Creepy" Crawley down the room!



The cutlass slashed the chain supporting the heavy ship's lantern, bringing it down with a crash! Dick shouted to Moll . . .



Moll vaulted to the window through which Dick had jumped a few minutes before. Behind her, her comrade held the enemy at bay. . . !



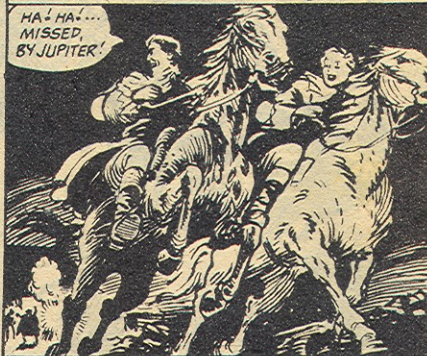
Then, with a mocking cry of farewell, Dick followed Moll through the window . . .



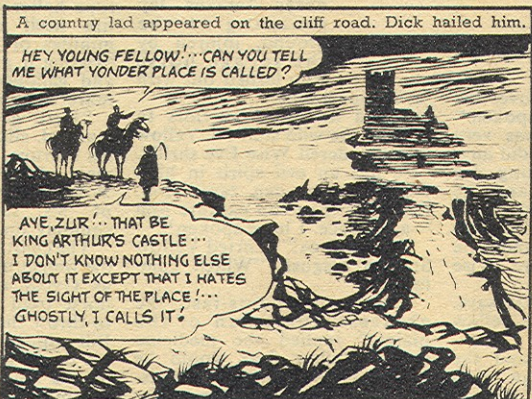
By the time Crawley and his rascals were outside, Dick and Moll were away . . . !



B-A-A-ANG! . . . Dick turned in the saddle . . . and a score of lead bullets whistled past his head!



When Dick and Moll were well clear, they drew rein. Presently, dawn broke over the moor and standing on the cliffs, they saw the sinister outline of King Arthur's Castle in the distance . . . Little did the two comrades guess that they were looking at the lair of "Creepy" Crawley . . . !



A country lad appeared on the cliff road. Dick hailed him.
HEY YOUNG FELLOW! . . . CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT YONDER PLACE IS CALLED?
AYE, ZUR! . . . THAT BE KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE . . . I DON'T KNOW NOTHING ELSE ABOUT IT EXCEPT THAT I HATES THE SIGHT OF THE PLACE! . . . GHOSTLY, I CALLS IT!

The lad trembled at Dick's next question. . .
TELL ME, WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE INN CALLED 'THE END OF THE WORLD' ?
LAWKYS ME, ZUR! . . . YOU KEEP AWAY FROM THERE! . . . FULL HALF-A-DOZEN POOR COUNTRY LADS HAVE BEEN GOING INTO THAT INN DURING THESE LAST FEW MONTHS . . . BLIT NOBODY EVER SAW ANY OF 'EM COME OUT AGAIN!

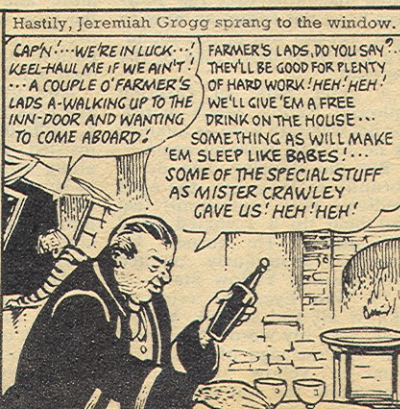


DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THESE MEN YOU SPEAK OF HAVE DISAPPEARED?
THAT'S WHAT I MEAN, MA'AM! 'DISAPPEARED' AND NEVER BEEN SEEN AGAIN TO THIS DAY!



Dick turned to his companion . . .
DO YOU HEAR THAT, MOLL! . . . WE'RE ON THE TRACK OF SOMETHING! . . . YOU MARK MY WORDS, 'CREEPY' CRAWLEY IS BEHIND THIS DISAPPEARING BUSINESS! . . . I'LL WAGER HE'S UP TO HIS SCOUNDRELLY NECK IN DIRTY WORK OF SOME SORT!
AYE, DICK! . . . AND I CAN SEE FROM THE LOOK IN YOUR EYE THAT YOU HAVE THOUGHT OF A DARING PLAN FOR COMING TO GRIPS WITH HIM AGAIN! . . . COME ON, DICK! . . . OUT WITH IT! . . .

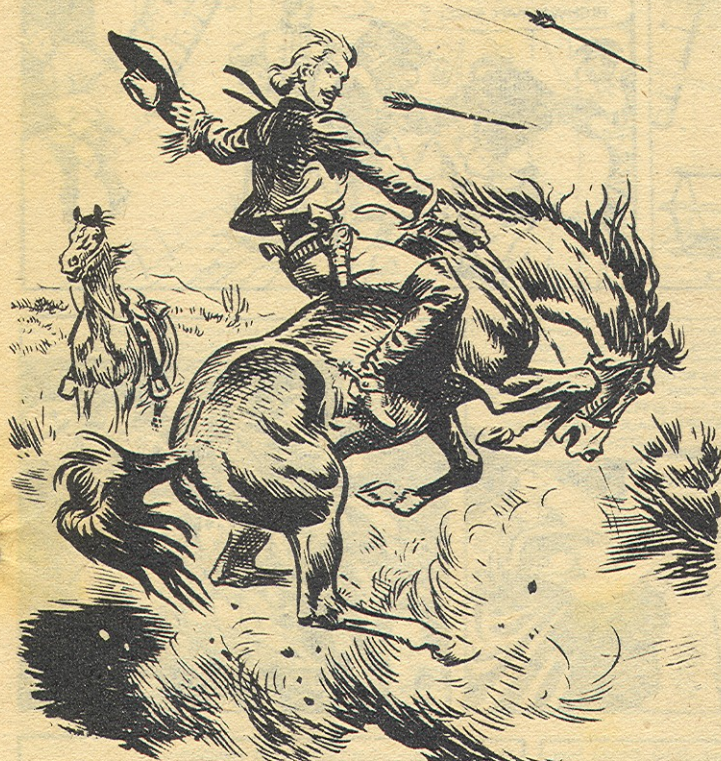
That night, when the misty darkness had closed down on the inn . . . Captain Jonas Whale and his servant Jeremiah Grogg heard something above the soft moaning of the wind and the creak-creak-creak of the hanging sign-board over the inn-door. They heard the sound of approaching footsteps . . . !



Hastily, Jeremiah Grogg sprang to the window.
CAP'N! . . . WE'RE IN LUCK! . . . KEEL-HAUL ME IF WE AIN'T! . . . A COUPLE O' FARMER'S LADS A-WALKING UP TO THE INN-DOOR AND WANTING TO COME ABOARD!
FARMER'S LADS, DO YOU SAY? . . . THEY'LL BE GOOD FOR PLENTY OF HARD WORK! HEH! HEH! . . . WE'LL GIVE 'EM A FREE DRINK ON THE HOUSE . . . SOMETHING AS WILL MAKE 'EM SLEEP LIKE BABES! . . . SOME OF THE SPECIAL STUFF AS MISTER CRAWLEY GAVE US! HEH! HEH!

WILD BILL HICKOK

AND THE YELLOW STAR



The arrows hissed past Wild Bill, and like a shot the stallion once more started its frantic bucking and rearing.

THE majestic Pawnee chieftain, Yellow Star, was restless. His tribe had been at peace with the whites for several months, but Yellow Star was a mighty warrior who scorned the ways of peace.

At last he could stand the inactivity of a peaceful life no longer. Calling his tribe together, he picked up his war hatchet and held it up on high.

"The Pawnee warriors have become soft," he thundered. "The Blackfeet, our tribal enemies, mock us. It is time we showed the Blackfeet and the hated palefaces that the Pawnees have not forgotten how to fight. Let our war drums sound. We will once more take to the warpath."

A great burst of cheering followed Yellow Star's words, for his warriors were as anxious as he to start warring again.

But the cheering died down abruptly as Wise Eye, the aged medicine man, got to his feet and held up a wrinkled hand for silence. He turned his wizened, grotesquely painted face towards Yellow Star.

"I, Wise Eye," he croaked, "know all and see all. Yellow Star, heed my words. You must wait for the sign of your own name—a yellow star—before you sound the war drums and take the warpath. Only then

will you win a victory over the palefaces. Wise Eye has spoken."

Now Yellow Star was very superstitious and never did anything without consulting his medicine man first, and he always followed the old man's advice. So tossing his war hatchet on the ground, he bowed his head before Wise Eye and said:

"It shall be as Wise Eye says. I will await a sign of a yellow star."

Two weeks passed and the chief had seen no sign of a yellow star. He was getting more and more impatient as the days went by, but he could not bring himself to go to war until he had seen the sign of his own name.

And then, one morning, he and a party of warriors went on a buffalo hunt. Yellow Star insisted that Wise Eye rode along with them. The chief was so superstitious he believed that bad luck would befall the hunting party unless the medicine man offered up a few prayers of apology to the spirits of departed buffaloes. Once the old man had assured the buffalo spirits that the Pawnees only killed a buffalo in order to get food, clothing and other necessities, then the hunt would be successful.

As they raced down into a

valley they saw a herd of wild horses grazing on the grass-land. Suddenly the chief let out a wild whoop and pointed to the leader of the herd. It was a huge chestnut stallion, and on its magnificent head, between its eyes, there was a light cream-coloured mark in the shape of a perfect star.

"The sign of the yellow star!" yelled the Pawnee chief. "That horse must be mine. It shall be my war horse. I shall ride it into battle against the palefaces. And my warring will be victorious."

But experienced though the Pawnees were at catching wild horses, they simply could not capture the chestnut stallion. Several of them managed to get close enough to slip a rope halter round the wild creature's neck, but all attempts to mount it failed. At least a dozen Indians lay groaning on the ground, injured by the savage horse who lashed out with its vicious hoofs.

"Send no more warriors to capture the wild stallion, Yellow Star," ordered Wise Eye shrilly. "He has an evil spirit in him. No red man can tame him. Only one man can capture him—a paleface. I have spoken!"

"A paleface!" snorted Yellow Star in disgust. "Which paleface?"

"Man-who-shoots-fast, the greatest horseman of the plains," replied the medicine man. "Yellow Star would be wise in asking Man-who-shoots-fast to take salt with him. Offer him the hospitality of your lodge. Be friendly. Praise his horsemanship. Then ask him to capture the wild horse for you."

And so it was that the famous marshal, Wild Bill Hickok, was invited to the lodge of Yellow Star, chief of the Pawnees. He was asked to take a pinch of salt—a true sign of friendship, and to smoke the pipe of peace. The crafty Pawnee did everything he could to give Wild Bill the impression that he was a friendly, kindly Indian. And when he praised Hickok's horsemanship and told him that none of his warriors could capture the stallion which he so much wanted, the marshal immediately offered to try to tame the horse.

"It must be a ferocious horse

if your warriors can't capture it, but I'll willingly try," said Wild Bill, speaking in the Pawnee tongue.

An hour later Yellow Star, Wise Eye and a party of Pawnee warriors watched the lithe, velvet-coated figure of the marshal set off across the valley on Gypsy, his sorrel mare.

Wild Bill sat loosely in his saddle, his right hand holding his lariat. As Gypsy streaked toward the herd of wild horses the great stallion threw back its head and gave a warning neigh. The herd instantly scattered in all directions. The chestnut snorted wildly and plunged into a headlong gallop.

"After him, old girl," urged the marshal. And Gypsy raced along at her incredible, break-neck speed.

In no time at all she drew abreast of the stallion. Guiding her close alongside the magnificent chestnut, the marshal suddenly twirled his lasso and sent it spinning over the stallion's head. Jerking the noose taut around its powerful neck, Hickok clung on to the rope with both hands, guiding Gypsy by the pressure of his knees.

The horse bucked and reared alarmingly and kicked out wildly, missing Gypsy by inches. The marshal held tightly to the rope halter and let the stallion tire itself out. After several minutes of mad plunging and twisting it gave up the struggle and galloped beside the sorrel mare, neck and neck.

"Here goes!" muttered the marshal, slipping his feet out of his stirrups. And to the amazement of the watching Pawnees, Wild Bill gave a sudden leap out of his saddle and landed squarely on the stallion's back.

The chestnut had never known the weight of a rider before, and as Gypsy raced off, the great horse tried every trick it knew to throw the marshal. But Wild Bill gripped its sides tightly with his thighs and kept a firm hold on the halter. He clung grimly on and soon the stallion realised it could not dislodge its rider.

As the wild horse brought all four feet down on the ground and stood still, its body quivering with fury, Wild Bill gently patted his sleek and shining neck and spoke a few soothing words to it. At once the stallion seemed to sense that Hickok was a friend who meant no harm, and it stopped its wild snorting.

Wild Bill was about to turn the chestnut round and ride back to the Pawnees when Yellow Star rapped out a curt order. In immediate answer, two of his warriors strung arrows to their bows and let fly at the marshal.

The shafts hissed past, barely missing him, and startling the quietened stallion. Like a shot, the chestnut started its frantic

bucking and rearing antics once more.

It was several minutes before the marshal could calm the great horse down. Then, racing it towards the group of waiting Pawnees, Wild Bill whipped out his silver-and-ivory-butted Colts and shot the bows out of the hands of the two warriors who were in the act of plucking more arrows to their bowstrings.

Yellow Star gulped as he saw that the dreaded weapons of Man-who-shoots-fast were aimed straight at him.

"Yellow Star explain," he cried hastily in broken English. "Arrow shooting was a mistake. Arrows meant for jackrabbits."

"Since when do jackrabbits run eight feet or more above the ground?" asked the marshal coldly in Pawnee. "Just what is going on here? You'd better tell me, Yellow Star. I can kill you before any of your braves can kill me. And I'll do just that

if you don't start talking."

The marshal's deadly six-shooters, aimed menacingly at the chief, were more than Yellow Star could stand. Like many Indians, he thought Hickok's guns must be magic because they spurted flame so rapidly, and he regarded them with awe and terror. Hurriedly he blurted out the whole story about the sign of the yellow star and his warriors' failure to capture the horse.

The marshal's steely-blue eyes regarded Yellow Star with cold anger. Still covering the Pawnee chieftain with his Colts, he snapped:

"So you were planning to break the peace terms, were you—and kill me in the bargain after I'd caught the horse for you? Well, now you'll not have the stallion. I'm taking it away with me, and neither you nor any of your warriors are going to stop me. If anyone does try

to interfere I shall put a bullet through the head of this horse and with it will go all your luck, Yellow Star. I tell you, that if this horse dies, you too will die."

The superstitious chieftain clenched his fists in helpless anger. He really believed what the marshal had said—if the horse died he would die also—for did not the stallion bear the mark of his own name—Yellow Star? He turned to his warriors and said gruffly:

"Man-who-shoots-fast may go in peace."

"One more thing before I go," said Wild Bill sternly.

"Your medicine man speaks with a forked tongue. I tell you that a yellow star will bring you bad luck—not good. See—"

And Hickok opened his hand. There in his palm lay his marshal's golden, star-shaped badge.

Yellow Star's eyes blinked

as he gazed at the badge, for he knew the power it represented and he knew when he was beaten.

"Man-who-shoots-fast is wiser even than Wise Eye," he muttered. "Yellow Star vows not to take the warpath against the palefaces." And the chief wheeled round and raced off across the valley, followed by his warriors and medicine man.

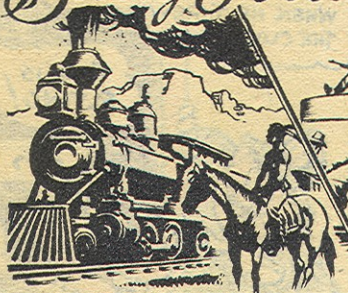
As the Pawnees rode off, Wild Bill slipped off the stallion's back and wiped his perspiring brow.

"Whew!" he murmured. "What a bluff! And I pulled it off!"

And a few minutes later he was on his way, riding Gipsy and leading the completely tamed stallion to whom Hickok gave the obvious name of Yellow Star!

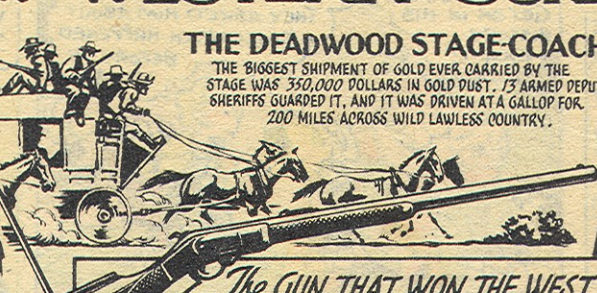
Look out for another story of the Two-gun Marshal next week!

Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



THE IRON HORSE

WAS THE INDIANS' NAME FOR THE WHITE MAN'S RAILWAY WHICH STRETCHED ACROSS INDIAN TERRITORY.



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THE BIGGEST SHIPMENT OF GOLD EVER CARRIED BY THE STAGE WAS 350,000 DOLLARS IN GOLD DUST. 13 ARMED DEPUTY SHERIFFS GUARDED IT, AND IT WAS DRIVEN AT A GALLOP FOR 200 MILES ACROSS WILD LAWLESS COUNTRY.



THE GUN THAT WON THE WEST

MANY GUNS PLAYED THEIR PART IN WINNING THE WEST AND SUBDUING THE INDIANS, BUT THE GUN WHICH PLAYED THE BIGGEST PART WAS THE WINCHESTER '73, 15 SHOT REPEATING RIFLE.



VICTORIOUS CHIEF

CRAZY HORSE, CHIEF OF THE WARLIKE SIOUX, WON EVERY BATTLE HE FOUGHT!

TWO FAMOUS WESTERN SCOUTS FOR YOU TO KEEP



Jim Bowie, the inventor of the Bowie Knife, as played by Macdonald Carey, the famous film star. (Universal.)



Buffalo Bill, the greatest Indian scout of them all, as portrayed by Moroni Olsen, the film actor. (R.K.O.)

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

3^p

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 3s. 8d., the remainder receive 2s. How about a joke from you? Send it to The Joker, 8, Carncliffe Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

