

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

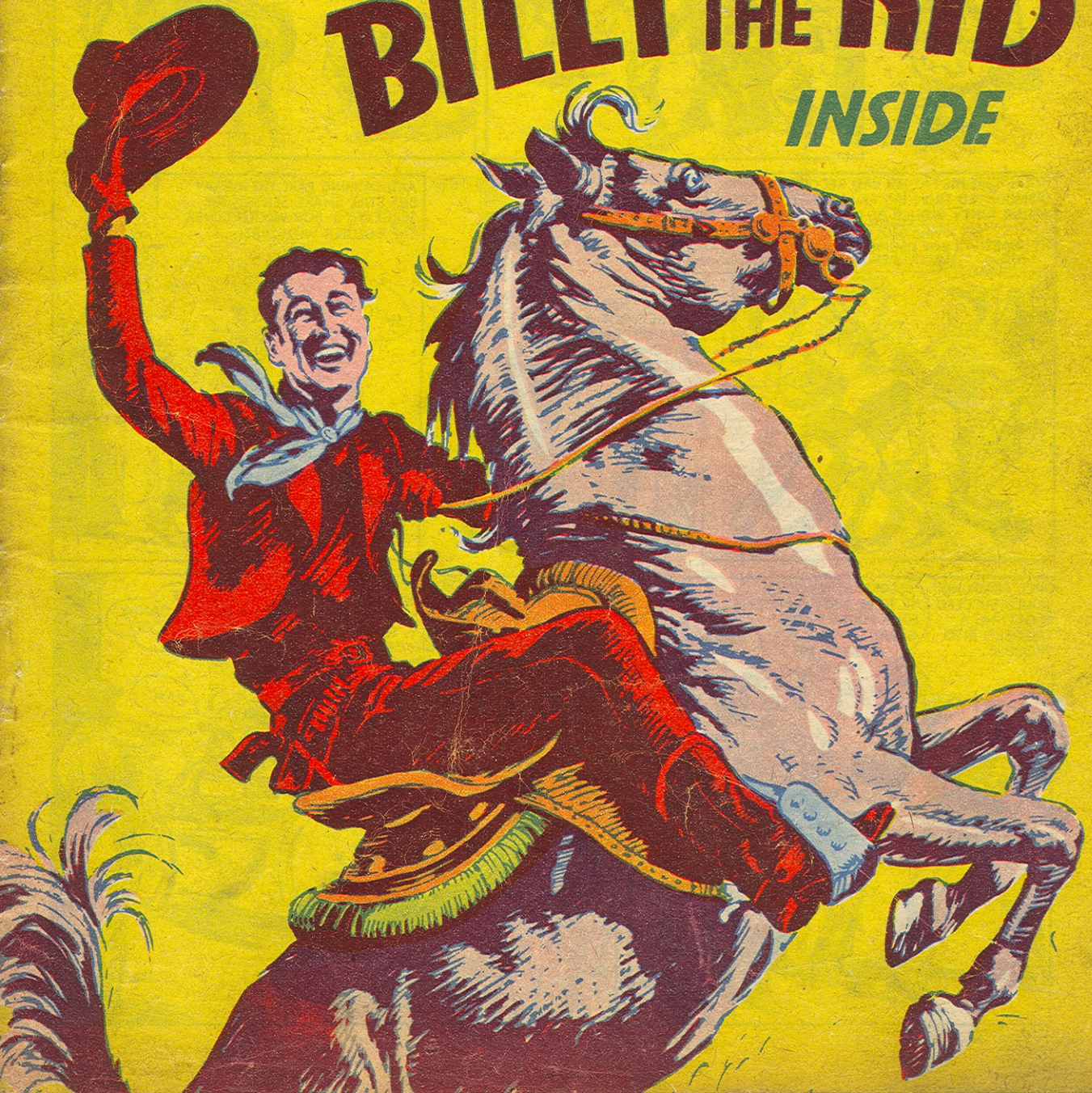
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June 13, 1953

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BILLY THE KID

Ride with **BILLY THE KID** *INSIDE*





BILLY THE KID - LONE AVENGER

This is the story of Rinty McGinty, the young son of Sergeant McGinty, the fierce cavalryman of Fort Eagle. Young Rinty was the terror of the soldiers who served under his father.



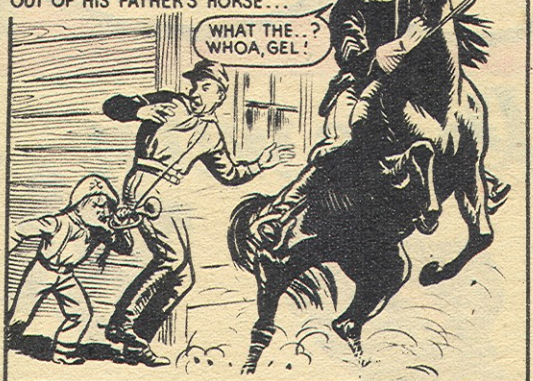
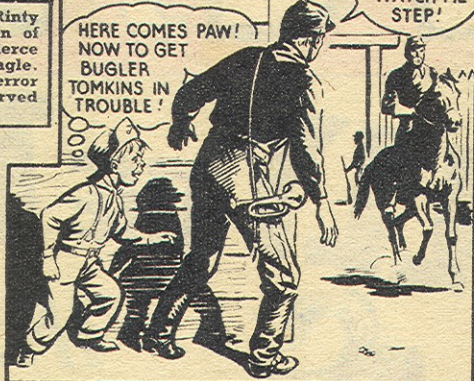
FOR INSTANCE HE WOULD SNEAK UP ON BUGLER TOMKINS, JUST AS SERGEANT MCGINTY APPROACHED...

HERE COMES PAW! NOW TO GET BUGLER TOMKINS IN TROUBLE!

SHUCKS! MCGINTY! I'D BETTER WATCH ME STEP!

AND AS HE PASSED, WOULD BLOW A TERRIFIC BLAST ON THE SOLDIER'S BUGLE, SCARING THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF HIS FATHER'S HORSE...

WHAT THE...? WHOA, GEL!



BY THE TIME HIS FATHER HAD RECOVERED AND DISMOUNTED FROM HIS FRIGHTENED HORSE, YOUNG RINTY WOULD BE OUT OF SIGHT...

IT WASN'T ME, SERGEANT!

WHO WAS IT THEN? MY LITTLE BOY I SUPPOSE, EH? I'LL FIX YOU LATER! REPORT TO THE GUARD-ROOM!

NEXT IN LINE FOR TROUBLE WOULD BE THE UNSUSPECTING SENTRY, JUST WAITING TO BE RELIEVED...

HEE! HEE! IF HE'S GOT A DIRTY UNIFORM WHEN PAW COMES ROUND, HE'LL CATCH IT HOT!

AND DASHING PAST THE WEARY BUT STILL SMART SENTRY, THE SERGEANT'S SON WOULD COVER THE SOLDIER WITH DIRT...

HAW! HAW!



ONCE AGAIN HE WOULD SUCCEED IN GETTING A TROOPER INTO TROUBLE...

BEGORRAH! I'LL TEACH YE TO BE DIRTY ON DUTY! FOUR HOURS EXTRA GUARD! AND DON'T ANSWER ME BACK!

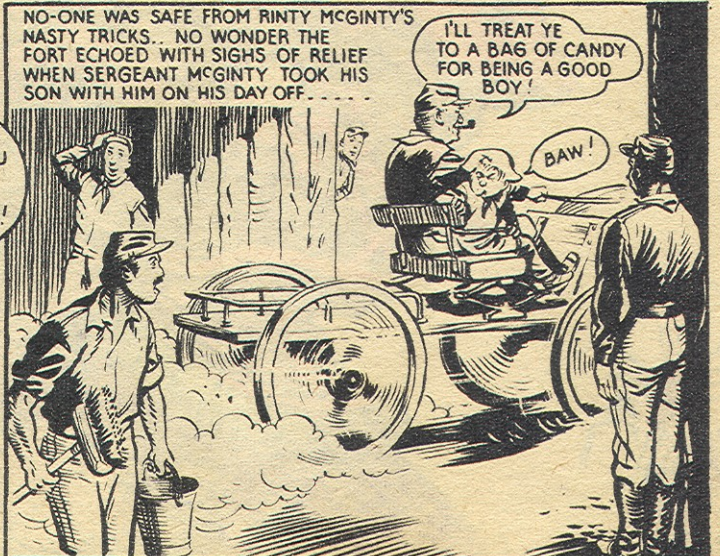
BUT-BUT SERGEANT!

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU TELL HIM PAW! HAW! HAW!

NO-ONE WAS SAFE FROM RINTY MCGINTY'S NASTY TRICKS... NO WONDER THE FORT ECHOED WITH SIGNS OF RELIEF WHEN SERGEANT MCGINTY TOOK HIS SON WITH HIM ON HIS DAY OFF...

I'LL TREAT YE TO A BAG OF CANDY FOR BEING A GOOD BOY!

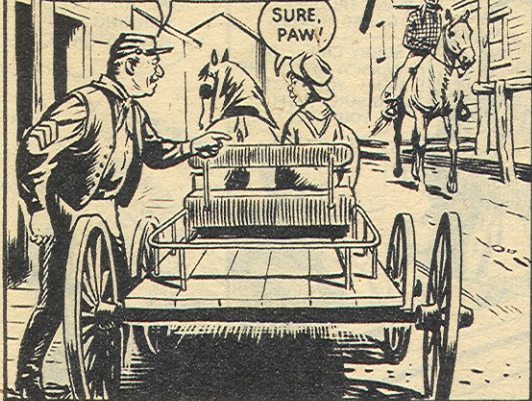
BAW!



REACHING THE TOWN OF GUNSIGHT, THE SERGEANT DROVE UP TO THE TOWN STORE, WHERE HE WANTED TO BUY SOME GROCERIES . . .

YER DEAR OLD FATHER WON'T BE A MINUTE, SON! BE A GOOD BOY!

SURE, PAW!



BUT NO SOONER WAS HIS FATHER'S BACK TURNED THAN THE TERROR OF FORT EAGLE STARTED TO MAKE TROUBLE

HEY, YOU YOUNG IMP! WHOA, HOSS, WHOA!

HAW! HAW! HOLD THAT, MISTER!

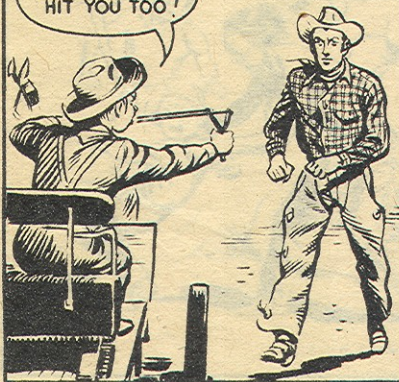


HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, THE BOSS OF THE CIRCLE B, HAD QUITE A JOB TO CALM HIS HORSE. AT LAST HE DISMOUNTED AND CAME TOWARDS THE YOUNG NUISANCE.

BEFORE YOUNG RINTY MCGINTY COULD CARRY OUT HIS THREAT, THE CATAPULT WAS SNATCHED FROM HIM

HEARING THE SHOUTS OF HIS SON, SERGEANT MCGINTY ROARED OUT OF THE STORE LIKE A CHARGING BULL . . .

KEEP AWAY, MISTER! OR I'LL HIT YOU TOO!



HELP! HELP! PAW! HELP!

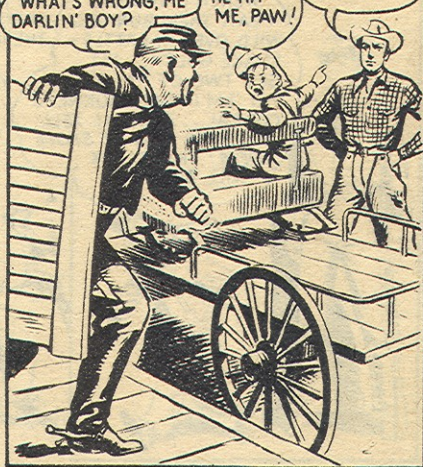
SORRY TO TAKE AWAY YOUR TOY, SON, BUT I GUESS IT'LL BE SAFER FOR EVERYONE IF I DO!



WHAT'S WRONG, ME DARLIN' BOY?

HE HIT ME, PAW!

I DID NOT!

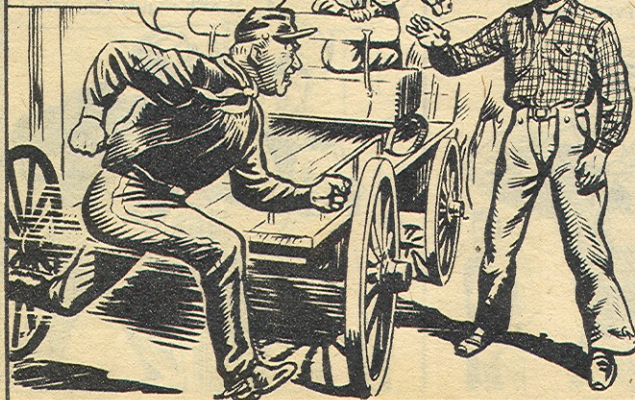


BESIDES BEING A TROUBLESOME BOY, YOUNG RINTY SELDOM TOLD THE TRUTH, BUT HIS FATHER ALWAYS BELIEVED HIM

BASH HIM, PAW!

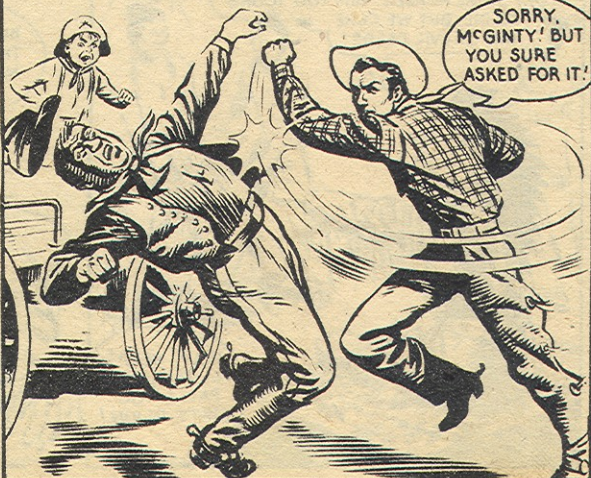
EASY, MISTER! HOLD ON A MINUTE!

BEAT ME DARLIN' BOY WOULD YE? MAKE HIM OUT A FIBBER WOULD YE? I'LL KNOCK YE FLAT, THAT I WILL, YE SPALPEEN, WILL BONNEY!



ROUND THE WAGON ROARED THE ELDER MCGINTY, AND ALTHOUGH HE LAUNCHED HIS HEAVY FIST TOWARDS WILL BONNEY, IT WAS HE WHO HIT THE GROUND . . .

SORRY, MCGINTY! BUT YOU SURE ASKED FOR IT!



IT WAS THE FIRST TIME THAT RINTY MCGINTY HAD SEEN HIS FATHER COME OFF WORSE, AND AS THE TALL RANCHER REMOUNTED HIS HORSE, HE SWORE HE'D GET HIM INTO TROUBLE...

LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU BOTH!

TAKE MY CATAPULT, WOULD HE? I'LL SHOW HIM! I'LL GET HIM INTO TROUBLE, REAL TROUBLE! I'LL MAKE HIM SORRY!

BEJABBERS! WHAT HIT ME?

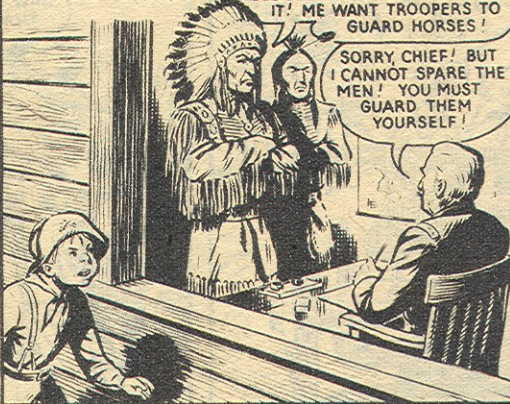
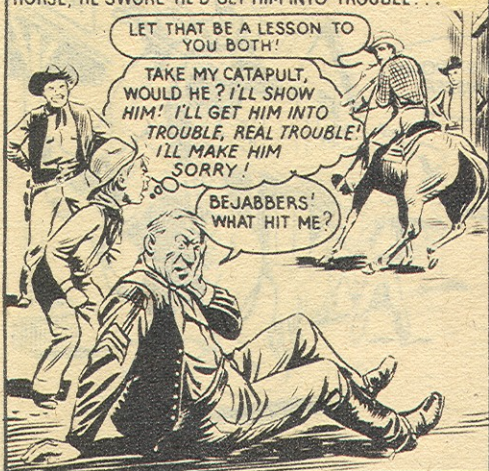
A FEW DAYS PASSED, AND ALL THE TIME RINTY MCGINTY THOUGHT OF WAYS OF MAKING LIFE HARD FOR THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY RANCHER. IT WAS WHILE EAVESDROPPING ON A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE COLONEL AND A LOCAL INDIAN CHIEF, RUNNING DOG, THAT HE HIT ON HIS FINAL PLAN...

MANY HORSES HAVE BEEN STOLEN FROM RESERVATION, I BELIEVE WHITE-MAN HAS DONE IT! ME WANT TROOPERS TO GUARD HORSES!

SORRY, CHIEF! BUT I CANNOT SPARE THE MEN! YOU MUST GUARD THEM YOURSELF!

DISGRUNTLED, THE CHIEF TURNED AND LEFT THE OFFICE...

VERY WELL! BUT IF WE CATCHUM THIEF, HIM WISH THAT HIM DEAD! RUNNING DOG HAVE SPOKEN!



A SHORT WHILE AFTER THE CHIEF HAD LEFT THE FORT, YOUNG MCGINTY LEFT ALSO...

THOSE HORSES WEREN'T STOLEN! I SAW THEM RUNNING WILD OVER IN RATTLE-SNAKE GULCH... I'LL GET TWO OF 'EM AND PUT 'EM IN WILL BONNEY'S CORRAL... THEN I'LL TELL RUNNING DOG HE STOLE THEM! THAT'LL FIX WILL BONNEY!

IT WAS QUITE A WAY TO RATTLE-SNAKE GULCH BUT THE BOY PASSED THE TIME BY THINKING OF ALL THE CRUEL TORTURES THAT MIGHT BEFALL WILL BONNEY WHEN THE INDIANS FOUND THEIR MISSING HORSES AT HIS RANCH... AT LAST HE CAME UPON THE INDIAN PONIES...

GOOD, THERE'S NOBODY ABOUT! I'LL TAKE THAT COUPLE AT THE END!

ALTHOUGH HE WAS USED TO SNEAKING QUIETLY UP ON PEOPLE, YOUNG RINTY HAD HARDLY REACHED THE HORSES WHEN A PAIR OF STRONG BROWN HANDS GRABBED HIM.

SO! WE FINDUM HORSES AND THIEF AT SAME TIME

HELP!



LATER, RINTY MCGINTY WAS DRAGGED BEFORE THE CHIEF...

AYEE! WHITE BOY WHO COMES FROM FORT STEAL HORSES! HIM TOO YOUNG TO DIE, BUT WE CURE HIM OF EVIL DEEDS!

IT WAS NOT UNTIL LATER IN THE DAY THAT SERGEANT MCGINTY REALISED HIS SON WAS NOT IN THE FORT...

RINTY ME DARLIN' BOY! WHERE ARE YE? THE YOUNG SPALPEEN IS NOT HERE! OI'VE LOOKED EVERYWHERE!

THEN THE SENTRY AT THE GATE TOLD THE WORRIED MAN THAT HE HAD SEEN HIS SON GO OFF...

HE WENT TOWARDS RATTLE-SNAKE GULCH!

WHAT?? YE CRAZY OMAHDHAUN! WHY DIDN'T YOU STOP HIM? HE CAN RUN INTO ALL SORTS OF TROUBLE OUT THERE! THAT'S INJUN COUNTRY!



HELP! HELP! I'LL TELL MY PAW! YOU DIRTY INJUN!



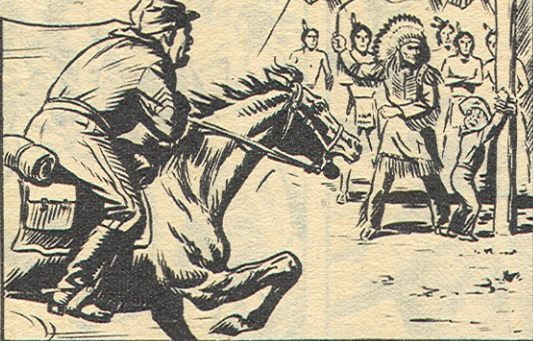
A MOMENT LATER, THE AGITATED FATHER MOUNTED HIS CHARGER AND GALLOPED OUT OF THE FORT

IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO ME, DARLIN' BOY, I'LL MAKE IT HOT FOR YOU, SOLDIER!



SERGEANT MCGINTY RODE HARD TO RATTLESNAKE GULCH, WHERE HE PICKED UP THE TRAIL OF YOUNG RINTY AND THE REDSKINS WHO HAD CAPTURED HIM . . . AND SO LATER

RINTY! ME BOY!



RUNNING DOG PUNISH YOU HIMSELF! YOU GET WHIPPING YOU DESERVE!

BUT BEFORE THE CHIEF COULD BRING THE WHIP DOWN, THE BELLING SERGEANT WAS UPON HIM

THRASH ME, DARLIN' BOY, WOULD YE? I'LL KNOCK THE LIVIN' DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YE, YE RED DEMON!



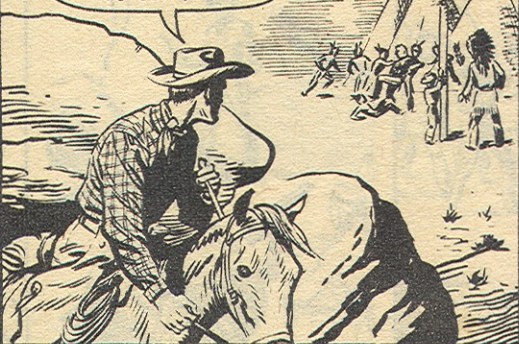
AT THIS INSULT TO THEIR CHIEF, THE INDIAN WARRIORS FLUNG THEMSELVES AT THE WILD IRISHMAN

TAKE YE HANDS OFF ME, YE DOGS! LET ME GO AND I'LL FIGHT THE LOT OF YE!



THE NOISE CREATED BY THE SERGEANT AND THE YELLING BRAVES REACHED THE EARS OF WILL BONNEY, WHO WAS RIDING CLOSE BY. . . THE YOUNG RANCHER RODE QUIETLY UP TO THE CAMP, TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK

BY HOKEY! RUNNING DOG AND HIS BRAVES HAVE GOT MCGINTY AND HIS SON!



THEY'RE IN REAL TROUBLE! SOMEBODY HAS GOT TO SAVE THEM! THIS IS A JOB FOR BILLY THE KID!



UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, WILL BONNEY THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER . . . NOT FAR FROM THE CAMP WAS THUNDERBIRD PEAK, WHERE IN A SECRET VALLEY CLOSE BY, THE MAN WHO WAS WILL BONNEY RAPIDLY CHANGED INTO THE FAMOUS BLACK OUTFIT OF BILLY THE KID

WE'VE A JOB TO DO, SATAN! AND THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE HILLS ECHOED WITH THE FAMOUS WAR-CRY OF BILLY THE KID, AS MOUNTED ON HIS WONDER HORSE, BLACK SATAN, THE LONE AVENGER SET OUT TO RESCUE SERGEANT MCGINTY AND HIS SON

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!



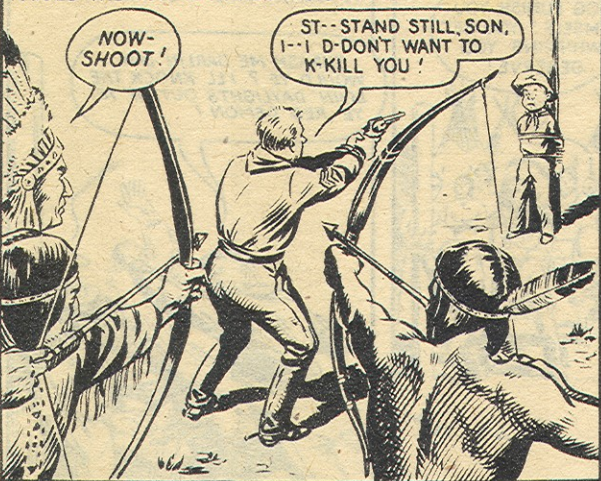
MEANWHILE, SERGEANT MCGINTY AND HIS SON WERE TOLD OF THEIR FATE BY RUNNING DOG

YOU STOP CHIEF FROM PUNISHING BOY! NOW YOU PUNISH HIM YOURSELF! WITH THIS GUN YOU SHOOT BADGE FROM HIS HAT! DO AS ME SAY, OR YOU BOTH DIE!

YOU RED DOG! I MIGHT KILL MY OWN SON!



UNDER THE MENACING BOWS OF THE INDIANS, AND WITH HIS HANDS STILL TIED, THE TREMBLING SERGEANT RAISED THE GUN TOWARDS HIS SON



SUDDENLY FROM THE ROCKS NEARBY, A PAIR OF GUNS BARKED OUT, AND IN A SPLIT INSTANT, THE MAGNIFICENT WAR-BONNET OF THE CHIEF WAS NOTHING MORE THAN A MASS OF FLYING BROKEN FEATHERS



THIS IS WHERE BILLY THE KID TAKES OVER, CHIEF! I'LL DROP THE FIRST BRAVE WHO MAKES A MOVE!



SUDDENLY SERGEANT MCGINTY BELLEWED A WARNING



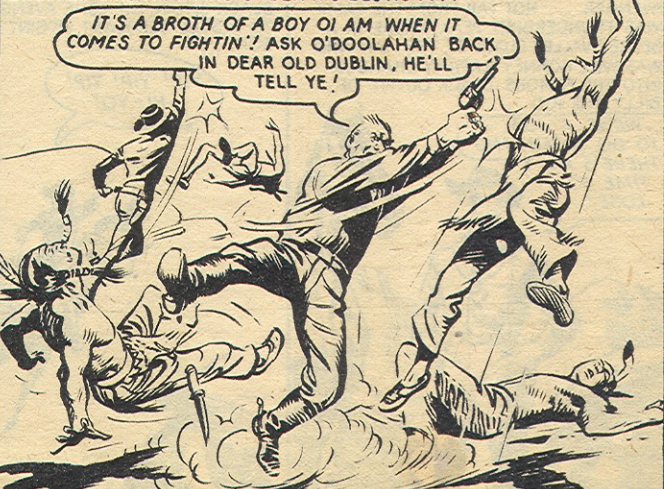
AS THE LEAPING REDSKIN DIVED, BILLY FLUNG HIS SHOULDER FORWARD HURLING THE BRAVE INTO THE OTHER INDIANS WHO WERE ABOUT TO ATTACK

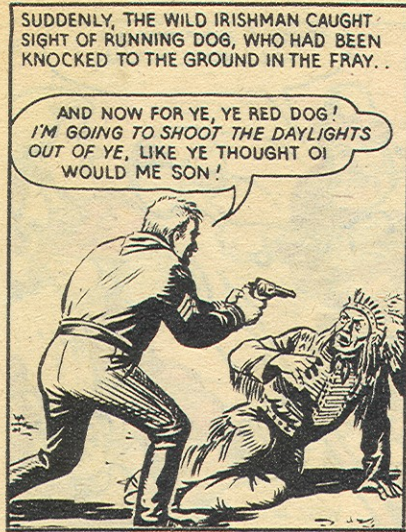


A MOMENT LATER, BILLY THE KID LEAPED AMONGST THE STRUGGLING BRAVES, HITTING OUT RIGHT AND LEFT . . .



WITH HIS HANDS STILL TIED, THE IRISH SERGEANT WADED IN TO THE FRAY, THE INDIANS DROPPED LIKE NINE PINS UNDER HIS BLOWS





SUDDENLY, THE WILD IRISHMAN CAUGHT SIGHT OF RUNNING DOG, WHO HAD BEEN KNOCKED TO THE GROUND IN THE FRAY.

AND NOW FOR YE, YE RED DOG! I'M GOING TO SHOOT THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF YE, LIKE YE THOUGHT OI WOULD ME SON!



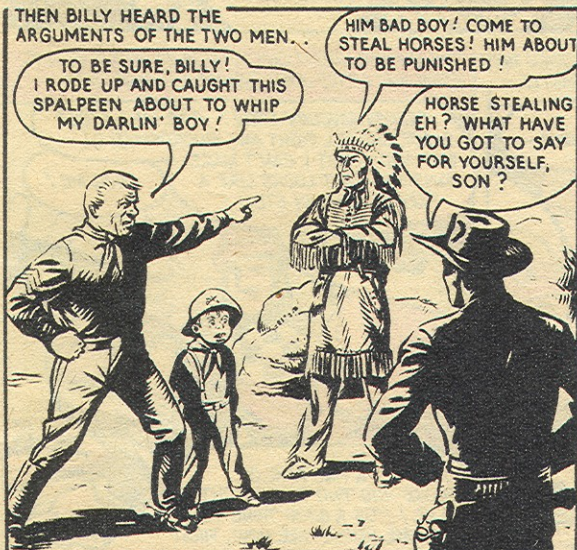
BUT BEFORE THE ANGRY SERGEANT COULD CARRY OUT HIS THREAT.

STOP THAT, MCGINTY! THERE'S BEEN ENOUGH TROUBLE ALREADY! SHOOT HIM, AND WE'LL HAVE AN INDIAN WAR ON OUR HANDS



I AIM TO SORT OUT THIS TROUBLE MYSELF, WITHOUT BLOODSHED! TELL YOUR BRAVES TO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS!

YOU SAVE MY LIFE, I OBEY YOU! LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS, O BRAVES!



THEN BILLY HEARD THE ARGUMENTS OF THE TWO MEN.

TO BE SURE, BILLY! I RODE UP AND CAUGHT THIS SPALPEEN ABOUT TO WHIP MY DARLIN' BOY!

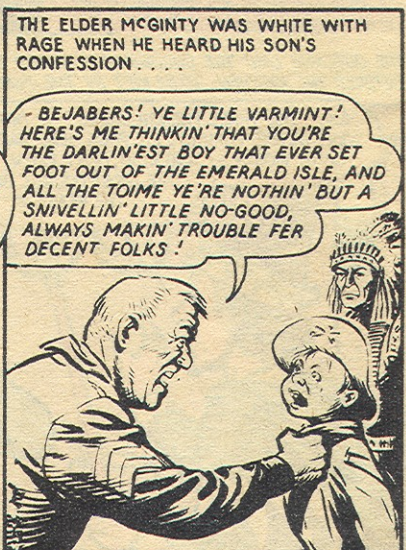
HIM BAD BOY! COME TO STEAL HORSES! HIM ABOUT TO BE PUNISHED!

HORSE STEALING EH? WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, SON?



UNDER THE STERN EYES OF BILLY THE KID, YOUNG RINTY MCGINTY DECIDED HE'D BETTER TELL THE TRUTH FOR ONCE

I WAS ONLY GOING TO GET WILL BONNEY INTO TROUBLE, FOR TAKING MY CATAPULT AWAY FROM ME! I WAS GOING TO LEAVE THE HORSES ON HIS RANCH, SO'S RUNNING DOG WOULD FIND THEM THERE!



THE ELDER MCGINTY WAS WHITE WITH RAGE WHEN HE HEARD HIS SON'S CONFESSION

- BEJABERS! YE LITTLE VARMINT! HERE'S ME THINKIN' THAT YOU'RE THE DARLIN'EST BOY THAT EVER SET FOOT OUT OF THE EMERALD ISLE, AND ALL THE TOIME YE'RE NOTHIN' BUT A SNIVELLIN' LITTLE NO-GOOD, ALWAYS MAKIN' TROUBLE FER DECENT FOLKS!



NOW THAT THE TROUBLE WAS OVER, BILLY THE KID TOOK LEAVE OF EVERYBODY . . .

I GUESS THAT'S ALL THE TROUBLE SORTED OUT, CHIEF! I'M SURE SERGEANT MCGINTY KNOWS HOW TO DEAL WITH HIS SON, SO I'LL BE OFF!

I SURE DO, BILLY ME BOY! CALL IN AT THE FORT TOMORROW AND YOU'LL SEE!

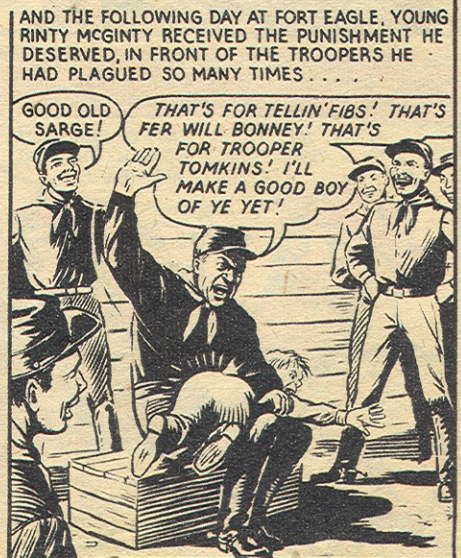
GO IN PEACE, O GREAT ONE!



A MOMENT LATER, YELLING HIS FAMOUS WAR-CRY, BILLY THE KID, HIS JOB COMPLETED, RODE INTO THE DUSK . . .

GOOD LUCK TO YE, BILLY!

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!



AND THE FOLLOWING DAY AT FORT EAGLE, YOUNG RINTY MCGINTY RECEIVED THE PUNISHMENT HE DESERVED, IN FRONT OF THE TROOPERS HE HAD PLAGUED SO MANY TIMES

GOOD OLD SARGE!

THAT'S FOR TELLIN' FIBS! THAT'S FER WILL BONNEY! THAT'S FOR TROOPER TOMKINS! I'LL MAKE A GOOD BOY OF YE YET!

ROBIN HOOD'S MERRY JEST

THE TYRANT KING JOHN IS PAYING A VISIT TO HIS HENCHMAN, SIR GUY OF GISBORNE, GOVERNOR OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE. ROBIN HOOD HAS DECIDED THAT THE KING SHALL HAVE A RIGHT ROYAL WELCOME, SO HE AND LITTLE JOHN AND FRIAR TUCK DISGUISE THEMSELVES AS FRENCH COOKS AND COME TO NOTTINGHAM CASTLE TO PREPARE THE KING'S FEAST -- WHICH LOOKS LIKE BEING A RIGHT MERRY JEST! AT THE KITCHEN DOOR OF THE CASTLE, THE OUTLAWS ARE RECOGNISED BY A NORMAN GUARD.

THE STARTLED MAN AT ARMS OPENED HIS MOUTH TO SOUND THE ALARM -- BUT HE ONLY UTTERED A CHOKED GASP AS A GREAT IRON SWORDMAN DESCENDED ON HIS HEAD WITH ALL THE FORCE OF FRIAR TUCK'S BEAUVAIN ARM!

THE OUTLAWS LAID THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD IN A QUIET PART OF THE YARD -- THEN THEY ENTERED THE KITCHEN, TO BE MET BY THE FUSSY, WORRIED BUTLER OF THE CASTLE --

THE BUTLER SWERT OUT TO ATTEND TO THE GUESTS -- ROBIN AND LITTLE JOHN TURNED TO FRIAR TUCK --

Panel 1: King John, wearing a green and white robe and a crown, asks the three French cooks (Robin Hood, Little John, and Friar Tuck) about the feast. One cook replies that the first course will be French savoury stew.

Panel 2: King John asks for a stout blade to fight any swordsman in England. The cook replies that he cannot make anything that looks like a French savoury stew.

Panel 3: King John compliments the cooks. The cook explains they have a bucket of pig-swill left over, which they are using for the stew.

Panel 4: King John asks for more details about the first course. The cook confirms it is French savoury stew.

THE GREAT STONE SLOUCH RESOUNDING WITH THE MERRY LAUGHTER OF THE OUTLAWS, AS THE JOELY FRIAR, STIRRED THE "FRENCH SAVOURY STEW" --

Panel 1: Friar Tuck is stirring a large pot of stew. The other two cooks are laughing and talking to King John, who is also laughing.

Panel 2: King John says he wants the king to enjoy his stew. Friar Tuck laughs and says the smell of the cooking is making him feel dizzy.

SOON, THE BEAMING FRIAR ANNOUNCED THAT THE "STEW" WAS SUFFICIENTLY COOKED --

Panel 1: The three cooks are adding ingredients to the stew. One adds salt, another adds pepper, and the third adds mustard powder.

Panel 2: King John tastes the stew and says it has a curious aroma but is not ready for foreign dishes. He rings the dinner bell.

Panel 3: King John tells the cooks to run away and sound the bell. The cooks reply that the first course is ready.

THE BUTLER RUSHED INTO THE KITCHEN -- THEN HE STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS -- SWALLOWED HARD AND TURNED SLIGHTLY GREEN --

Panel 1: The butler is looking shocked and green. He says the stew has a curious aroma but is not ready for foreign dishes. He rings the dinner bell.

Panel 2: King John tells the cooks to run away and sound the bell. The cooks reply that the first course is ready.

THEY POURED THE STUFF INTO A GREAT SOUP TUREEN -- THEN, SUDDENLY, ROBIN DASHED OUT TO HIS DONKEY AND CAME BACK WITH A BIG BLACK BOTTLE --



"HAW! HAW! HAW! WHAT'S THAT STUFF, ROBIN?"

IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE, A FANFARE OF TRUMPETS HERALDED THE FIRST COURSE -- AND THE "FRENCH SAVOURY STEW" WAS BORN IN BY TWO STALWART SQUIRES



"I THINK YOUR MAJESTY WILL ENJOY THIS COURSE, YOUR MAJESTY --"

"MY GOOD FRIEND THE SHERIFF, AND OF COURSE MYSELF, HAVE BEEN AT GREAT PAINS TO ARRANGE A FEAST FIT FOR A KING, YOUR MAJESTY!"

"YOU WILL BOTH BE WELL REWARDED!"

"I NEARLY FORGOT TO PUT IT IN! 'TIS SOME HORSE-MEDICINE I BOUGHT FROM A HAWKER AT NOTTINGHAM GOOSE-FAIR. IT DIDN'T DO THE HORSE ANY GOOD, BUT I FOUND IT UNCOMMON USEFUL FOR CLEANING RUSTY SPOTS OFF THE BLADE OF MY SWORD. I SHALL MISS IT VERY MUCH --"

EVERYONE WAS SERVED WITH A PLATE OF STEW, AND THE GREEDY ONES STARTED TO EAT AT ONCE -- THEY WERE SOON VERY SORRY, BUT WERE TOO POLITE AND WELL-BRED TO COMPLAIN OUT LOUD --



"UGH! GOOD! HAVE YOU TRIED THE STEW, FITZWALTER?"

"GAAA! I HAVE INDEED! AND THE KING IS JUST ABOUT TO TAKE HIS FIRST MOUTHFUL -- SOMEONE SHOULD WARN HIM -- UGH!"

BUT NOBODY WARNED KING JOHN --



"Gooo~oooo~ooo~"

GISBORNE BACKED AWAY IN TERROR BEFORE THE AWFUL FURY OF HIS SPLUTTERING KING --



"GAAA! TREASON! UGH! TREASON! YOU ARE TRYING TO POISON ME! I'LL HAVE YOU THROWN INTO THE DEEPEST DUNGEON OF THE TOWER OF LONDON FOR THIS, GISBORNE!"

"BUT--SIRE-- I CAN'T IMAGINE HOW --"

GISBORNE MANAGED TO PERSUADE THE KING THAT HE HAD NOT BEEN POISONED -- BUT KING JOHN WAS MORTALLY OFFENDED, AND HE LEFT THE CASTLE IMMEDIATELY --

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THREE GLEEFUL OUTLAWS WATCHED THE SHERIFF OF NOTTINGHAM SCUTTLE OFF AS FAST AS HIS PLUMP LEGS WOULD CARRY HIM -- WITH THE FURIOUS GISBORNE IN PURSUIT --

THAT NIGHT, AS GISBORNE LAY SLEEPLESS IN HIS BED, BITTERLY TURNING OVER IN HIS MIND THE THOUGHTS OF HIS RUINED CAREER -- ZU-U-UG -- A GOOSE-FEATHERED ARROW, BEARING A MESSAGE, THUDD INTO THE HEAD OF HIS BED --



"A FEAST FIT FOR A KING, EH? VERY WELL, GISBORNE, IF THAT'S THE SORT OF FEAST YOU THINK FITTING FOR YOUR KING, YOU NEED NOT LOOK TO ME FOR ANY MORE FAVOURS -- GOOD-BYE!"

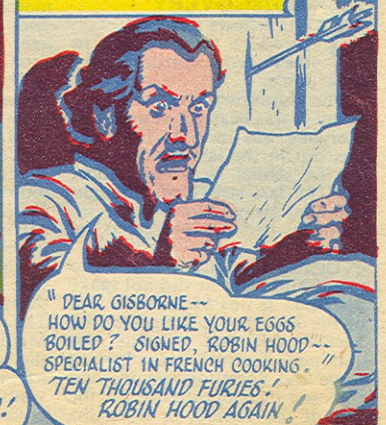
"YOUR MAJESTY! IT WAS A MISTAKE --"

"-- YOU AND YOUR FRENCH COOKS, SHERIFF! YOU WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU!"



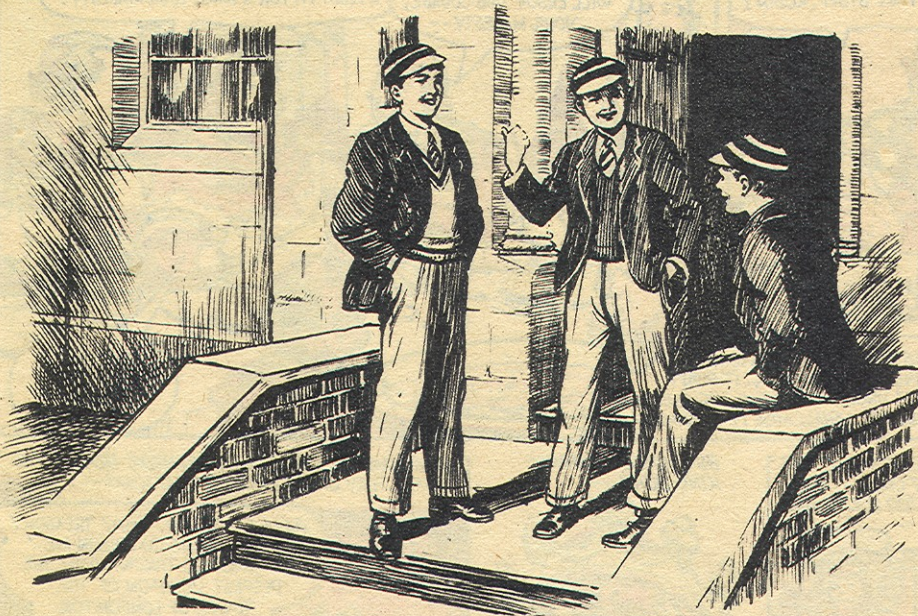
"HAW! HAW! I'VE NEVER LAUGHED SO MUCH IN ALL MY LIFE. YOU ARE A GENIUS TO HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS MERRY JEST, ROBIN."

"HA! HA! NAY -- I THINK THE CREDIT SHOULD GO TO FRIAR TUCK FOR THINKING OF THE SAVOURY FRENCH STEW!"



"DEAR GISBORNE -- HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR EGGS BOILED? SIGNED, ROBIN HOOD -- SPECIALIST IN FRENCH COOKING. TEN THOUSAND FURIES! ROBIN HOOD AGAIN!"

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



Tom Merry, Monty Lowther and Harry Manners on the steps of the School House at St. Jim's.

Thurnel, the strange new junior at St. Jim's, is really a grown man in disguise, and he is taking an unusual interest in the St. Jim's gold and silver plate, which is kept in a secret safe in the School House library.

Mellish, the cad of the Fourth, follows Thurnel and sees the strange "junior" meet his father in the woods. Thurnel and his father are obviously up to something, but Mellish is unable to find out what it is. However, the cad of the Fourth forces Thurnel to give him money to keep quiet about the meeting.

This week: BURGLARS!

AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY

"YOU fellows asleep?" It was a faint whisper in the Fourth Form dormitory at St. Jim's.

The dormitory was dark and silent. It was nearly midnight and everyone was in bed. The light was out in the last window and all the school slept—or almost all. The last stroke of midnight had died away when Thurnel sat up in his bed and whispered the words.

There was one junior who heard him—but he did not make a sound. It was Mellish, the cad of the Fourth. He lay quite still. Mellish felt that a crisis was coming; Thurnel intended to leave the dormitory again, and this was the opportunity for the cad of the Fourth to learn the

whole of the new fellow's strange secret. And Mellish did not mean to lose that opportunity. He had not stayed awake for nothing.

"Are you asleep?" The voice was a little louder now.

There was no reply. Thurnel waited a full minute and then he crept silently out of bed.

Mellish heard a faint sound as the dormitory closed. Thurnel had taken his clothes under his arm and gone out.

The cad of the Fourth sat up in bed.

He was trembling with excitement.

Where was Thurnel going? What did it all mean? Mellish was determined to know. He crept out of bed and put on his trousers and jacket and crept to the door.

He listened there for a few moments and then opened the door softly, crept into the passage, and closed it. Then he listened again.

There was no sound in the passage. Where had Thurnel gone? Mellish stole along to the head of the stairs and paused suddenly and drew back into the shadows. In the glimmer of a moonlit window Thurnel was finishing putting on his clothes. Mellish remained quite still and watched him.

Thurnel, quite unconscious of the watching junior, finished dressing and then moved away. The direction he took showed Mellish that he was making for the window by which they had left the School House the previous night. He was breaking bounds again, then! Mellish

followed noiselessly and heard Thurnel open the window.

But he did not climb out. There was the sound of a soft, faint whistle in the gloom and Mellish almost jumped as it was answered from outside.

There was someone standing below the window to whom Thurnel had given the signal-whistle!

Mellish, straining his ears, heard a faint rustling sound in the deep silence, and knew that

it was the sound of the thick branches of ivy moving under the weight of a climber.

A dark form loomed at the open window and Thurnel helped the climber in.

Mellish crouched into the gloom.

Who was it?

He did not doubt that it was the man Thurnel had met the previous night in the wood and whom he had gone to meet that afternoon.

But what was Thurnel's father doing there, entering the School House of St. Jim's at midnight like a burglar?

Mellish was alarmed now. He realised that there was something more in this than he had imagined!

The window was silently shut and then the two dim figures passed Mellish. He held his breath.

They were making for the school library!

The cad of the Fourth followed them with a thumping heart.

Not a word was spoken, only a faint sound guided him through the shadows on the track of the father and son.

They reached the library door. It was locked, but a faint click told Mellish that the lock had not delayed the two more than a moment.

They entered the library and the great door was closed.

Mellish stopped, his heart beating.

From the keyhole of the library door came a glimmer of light and he knew that the newcomer had turned on a torch. Straining his ears at the door, Mellish heard a faint click within. Another lock had been opened



Constable Duncan Macdonald as played by Tyrone Power.

MACDONALD OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTIES

NEXT WEEK by special permission of 20th Century-Fox Films, you will be seeing the first instalment of a grand picture story in full colour, called "MACDONALD OF THE CANADIAN MOUNTIES." Don't miss a single stirring instalment of this story of a fighting Mountie who carried the Queen's Law, single handed, into a lawless land.

and he knew, as well as if he had seen it, that it was the lock of the dummy bookcase outside the safe.

There was no doubt now!

Mellish's brain was almost swimming with the terrible discovery. There was no doubt, yet it was unbelievable. He felt that he could not give the alarm till he had seen with his own eyes.

He remembered that there was a small room opening off the library that was sometimes used as a study by the Head. There was another door to it. Mellish crept away, and in a minute he was in the little room. The doorway between it and the library was filled only by a thick curtain on brass rings. Mellish pulled one corner of it aside and looked into the library.

The glimmer of light struck his eyes again.

He was some distance from the light. But he could see the whole scene clearly.

Thurnel was holding the torch, a man was with him and the man had some instrument in his hand. The dummy bookcase was swung open and the door of the iron safe was revealed. It was upon the lock of the safe that the midnight visitor was busy.

Mellish drew a sharp, deep breath.

The man was a burglar, there was no doubt of that. Thurnel was his accomplice. He had been sent to the school to find out where the gold and silver was kept—the famous St. Jim's plate—to discover how it could be got at, and at the right moment to let the burglar into the house.

And he had succeeded—so far. Mellish trembled with excitement. A faint sound of voices came to his ears.

"How long will it take, guv'nor?"

"A quarter of an hour at the most," said the burglar with a soft chuckle. "This safe is nothing to some I have handled."

"Good! The sooner the better."

The burglar turned to his task again, Thurnel holding the torch. Mellish crept away. He had seen enough—more than enough. He was trembling so with fear and excitement that he could hardly walk.

He crept away towards Mr. Railton's room. He pushed open the door and entered, and closed the door again silently.

"Mr. Railton!"

There was a stir in the bed.

"Who is that?"

"Mr. Railton, wake up, for Heaven's sake!"

"Is that Mellish?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you doing up at this hour, Mellish?" asked the house-master, sitting up in bed.

"There are burglars in the house, sir!" gasped Mellish. "For goodness sake get up. There are two of them in the library, sir, and they're opening the safe where the school plate is kept."

Mr. Railton sprang up.

"What!"

"It's true, sir."

Mr. Railton struck a match and held it up to Mellish's face and read his expression. The junior's terrified look was sufficient to convince him that it was no joke on Mellish's part. The news was true.

"Very good, Mellish," said Mr. Railton quietly as the match went out. "Remain here. I shall call some of the prefects to help me, but you would be of no use."

Mr. Railton dragged on his dressing-gown and left the room. Even in his scared and excited state, Mellish could not help grinning. The house-master's warning was not needed; Mellish had not the faintest intention of helping to tackle the burglars.

He listened at the door. For a long time he could hear nothing. Was the house-master calling Kildare and Darrel and the other prefects? Had they gone to the library? If so, they were moving very quietly. Mellish could hear no sound. Five or six minutes passed—

Then suddenly, through the deep silence of the night, came a wild uproar.

A sound of shouting, of scuffling, of fierce trampling and struggling!

Mellish gasped.

The burglars had evidently been attacked. The house-master and the prefects had come upon them in the library and they were resisting.

Bang! Crash! Bump!

The fight was desperate but short. In a minute or less the struggling had ceased and only a furious voice raised in rage was heard. It was the voice of the disappointed burglar.

The noise had alarmed the house. Doors were opening and voices calling. Seniors and juniors came out in their pyjamas and the electric light in the passages was switched on. Mellish crept out of the house-master's room at last. Tom Merry came tearing downstairs and caught Mellish by the shoulder.

"What is it? What's happened?" asked Tom.

"Burglars!"

"My hat!"

"And I found 'em out and gave the alarm," said Mellish importantly. "They're in the library. I—"

But Tom did not wait for more. He rushed off to the library. A crowd was gathering there. Mellish followed. The light was on in the library now and a bright illumination showed up the scene.

On the floor, bound with several cricket belts, lay the burglar. Thurnel was standing up, secure in the grasp of Darrel and Kildare. He was white as death. The burglar was shouting furiously, but Thurnel spoke no word. Mr. Railton had gone to the telephone and was ringing up the police station in Rylcombe.

"Thurnel!" cried Tom Merry. "What does this mean?"

Thurnel did not speak or look up. But Mellish was ready to answer.

"Thurnel was the chap who let the burglar in!"

"What?"

"He's his son!"

"Rubbish!"

"It's true! He's really over twenty years old—and he's been spoofing us," said Mellish. "I found him out. If it hadn't been for me they would have had the school plate and we'd never have seen it again!"

Thurnel looked up with a haggard face.

"It's true," he said. "Not much good denying it now. But that fellow who spied upon me isn't much better than I am, either. He made me give him money yesterday to keep my secret, because he found out I was playing a part here."

Mellish flushed scarlet.

"It's a lie!" he exclaimed savagely.

"It's the truth!"

"You liar!" Mellish clenched his hand and struck at the face of the prisoner, but Tom Merry dragged him back in time.

"None of that, you cowardly cad!" said the hero of the Shell sternly. "I believe that what he says is true; it's just like you. And in any case, you don't touch a chap that's down while I'm standing by."

Mr. Railton put down the receiver.

"Go back to bed, boys," he said. "The police will be here in half an hour to take these two to the station. Kildare and I shall remain up. The rest will return to bed."

And the boys of St. Jim's

returned to bed, but not to sleep.

It was a nine days wonder at St. Jim's. The whole story was soon known. Thurnel, the father, was a burglar well known to the London police. Dick Thurnel, owing to his small size, had been very useful to him in many of his exploits. The St. Jim's plate would certainly have been stolen by these two rascals had it not been for Mellish; but everybody agreed that the cad of the Fourth had not shown himself in a very good light in the matter. In fact, he was nearly expelled for taking money off Thurnel to keep quiet about the meeting in the woods.

As Tom Merry put it a few days after the burglary, when the Terrible Three were standing in the sunshine on the School House steps:

"Well, chaps, we've got rid of Thurnel! Blake & Co. have got their study to themselves again, and Mellish has been caned for acting like a cad—so everything has turned out for the best!"

Monty Lowther laughed. "There's only one thing I would have liked to have seen though," he said.

"What's that, Monty?" inquired his chums.

"I'd like to have seen old Gussy giving Thurnel a thwacking!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Some hopes!"

Laughing gaily, the Terrible Three linked arms and strolled into the School House for morning lessons.

And here for the time being we say good-bye to Tom Merry & Co.

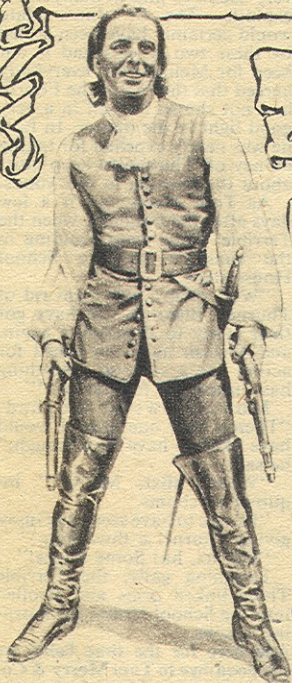
TASTE
THE
CREAM!

Cadbury's
DAIRY MILK
CHOCOLATE
CADBURY'S MILK

Cadbury's Dairy Milk Chocolate—scrumptious chocolatey chocolate with the creamy taste! There's a glass-and-a-half of full-cream milk in every half-pound.
You can get it in penny and twopenny bars too!

DICK TURPIN

and the Mystery of Misty Moor

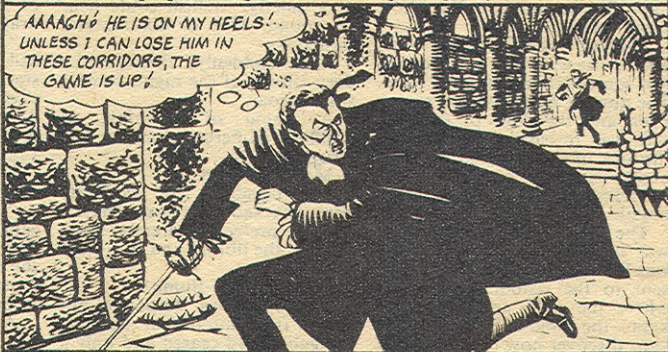


Dick Turpin has come to the eerie King Arthur's Castle to settle once and for all with his arch-enemy, the sinister "Creepy" Crawley... Dick frees a party of country lads whom Crawley has been forcing to do some mysterious work deep in the dank cellars below the castle. Later, Crawley manages to escape from Dick down a secret pit, but the King of Highwaymen is determined not to let the rascal escape, so he dives head-first down the pit after Crawley...

The pit was not very deep, and the athletic young highwayman landed skilfully and without harm in a dank and gloomy corridor... and he saw his arch-enemy's gaunt black figure hurrying away into the distance.



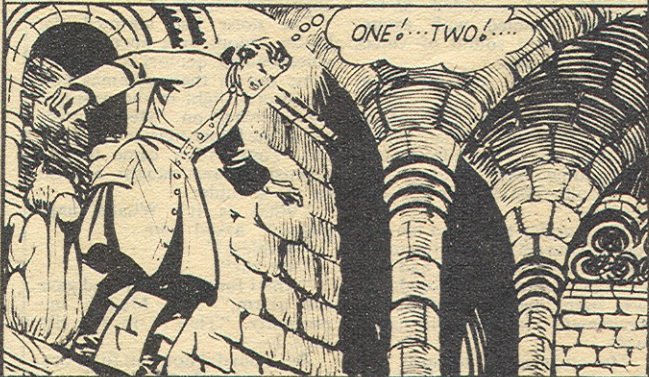
Creepy Crawley had a rapier, while Dick was unarmed... But the sinister Man in Black's nerve had failed him... He knew now that there was no escaping the vengeance of the King of Highwaymen...



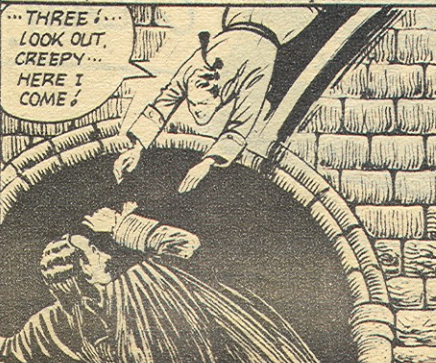
At length, Dick came to a great spiral staircase where Crawley was scurrying like a black spider down the echoing steps...



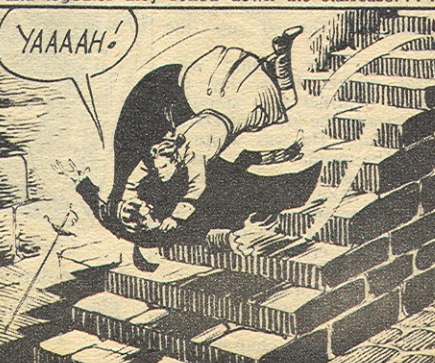
Dick poised himself on the grotesquely-carved balustrade of the stair...



... then, as the hurrying black figure passed below him, he launched himself into space...



THUD!... Dick landed full on Crawley's shoulders and together they rolled down the staircase...



At the bottom of the staircase Dick picked up his cowering enemy and shook him as a dog shakes a rat...

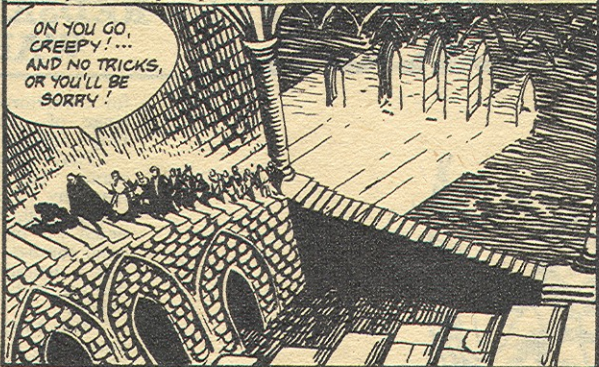
THE GAME IS UP, YOU BLACK VILLAIN!... NOW THEN, OUT WITH IT!... WHAT IS THE SECRET OF THIS MYSTERIOUS WORK YOU HAVE BEEN MAKING THESE POOR FARMERS' LADS DO? M-MERCY!... MERCY, DICK TURPIN... I'LL TELL!... C-COME WITH ME TO MY STUDY!...



Suddenly there came a cheery shout, and Dick's comrades—Moll Moonlight, the Spunyard brothers and the rescued country lads—appeared on the scene. They had overpowered all of Crawley's ruffians and locked them in a dungeon . . . but of course Captain Jonas Whale had been pardoned, and at Whale's request so had his servant, old Jeremiah Grogg.

With his triumphant allies at his heels, Dick drove the cowering Creepy Crawley at the rapier point up to the villain's mysterious study. . . .

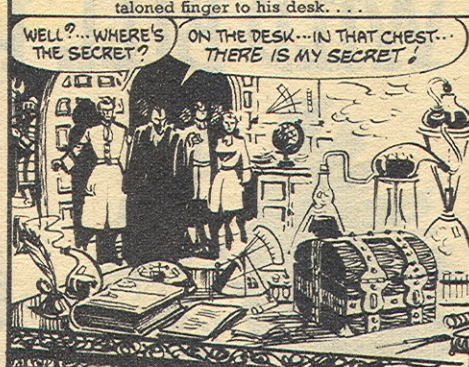
ON YOU GO, CREEPY!... AND NO TRICKS, OR YOU'LL BE SORRY!



. . . The ancient door of Creepy Crawley's study creaked open . . . and Crawley pointed a white and taloned finger to his desk. . . .

WELL?... WHERE'S THE SECRET?

ON THE DESK... IN THAT CHEST... THERE IS MY SECRET!



Dick lifted the lid of the chest . . . his fine blue eyes flashed with amazement. . . .

WHY!... THIS IS GOLD!... A FORTUNE IN GOLD NUGGETS!



YES!... GOLD!... KING ARTHUR'S GOLD!... IN ANCIENT TIMES KING ARTHUR BUILT HIS CASTLE OVER THIS, THE ONLY GOLD MINE IN ENGLAND!... FOR CENTURIES, MEN HAVE SOUGHT IN VAIN FOR KING ARTHUR'S GOLD-MINE... BUT I... SEBASTIAN CRAWLEY, FOUND IT AND SET THESE COUNTRY OAFS TO WORK DIGGING UP THE GOLD FOR ME... AND NOW... CURSE YOU! MY GOLD IS GONE FOR EVER! FOR THERE IS NO MORE GOLD LEFT IN THE GROUND!



Dick Turpin closed the lid of the chest and turned to Creepy Crawley. . . .

IF THIS GOLD BELONGS TO ANYBODY, IT BELONGS TO THE POOR LADS WHO SLAVED TO DIG IT UP!... AND THEY SHALL HAVE IT!... YOU WON'T NEED IT IN NEWGATE PRISON... FOR THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE GOING NOW!



NO... NO... NO...

CRAWLEY WILL GET A STIFF PRISON SENTENCE FOR KIDNAPPING THESE LADS, AND FOR ALL HIS OTHER CRIMES... HE WON'T BE NEEDING THIS CASTLE NOW... WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE PLACE I WONDER...?



That old rascal, Jeremiah Grogg, stepped forward with a pleading look on his wrinkled face. . . .

OH, CAPTAIN TURPIN!... EVER SINCE I FUST CLAPPED EYES ON KING ARTHUR'S CASTLE I'VE THOUGHT "WHAT A FINE BILLET FER OLD JERRY GROG TO SETTLE DOWN IN"... LET ME TAKE CHARGE O' THE PLACE, CAP'IN... IT'LL BE THE SAVIN' O' ME... I'LL NEVER GET MIXED UP IN ANY KNAVERY AGAIN... KEEL-HAUL ME IF I WILL!



Captain Jonas Whale took his old servant by the shoulders.

GO ON, SHIPMATE!... GIVE OLD JERRY GROG A CHANCE... LET THE TWO OF US LIVE HERE TOGETHER... A COUPLE OF OLD SALTS WHAT WENT ASTRAY AND NOW WANTS TO MAKE GOOD!

... A COUPLE OF OLD SEAGULLS A-LOOKIN FER A NEST... RIGHT YOU ARE, YOU OLD RASCALS... THE PLACE IS YOURS!



Outside the castle, Dick and Moll bade farewell to their friends. . . .

THIS IS WHERE WE SAY GOODBYE, LADS...

FAREWELL, DICK OLD MESSMATE... IF YOU EVER NEED US AGAIN... JUST SEND THE WORD!

BLESS YOUR HEART, DICK... WE'LL MAKE GOOD USE O' THIS GOLD... AND WE'LL DELIVER OLD CREEPY TO THE LAW!

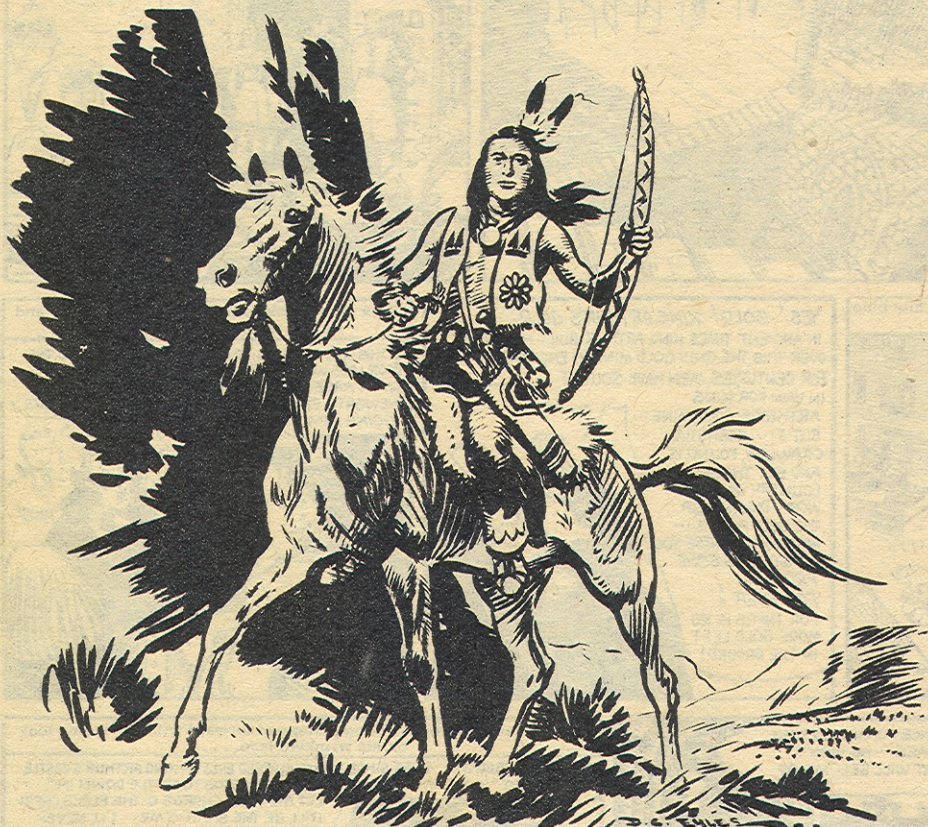


. . . and so, the sinister figure of Creepy Crawley passed from the story of Dick Turpin.

Next week THE KING OF HIGHWAYMEN begins a mysterious and thrilling adventure which will set you all talking—it is called "DICK TURPIN IN THE HOUSE OF A HUNDRED LOCKS."

WILD BILL HICKOK

—REDSKIN WARRIOR



Dressed in the magnificent trappings of a Sioux brave, Wild Bill presently came in sight of the Redskin camp.

WHITE EAGLE, the good and mighty Sioux chieftain, was dead. Under his wise leadership the Sioux had lived at peace with their white brothers, and prosperity had come to the tribe.

For several days the Sioux had mourned the death of their chief, but at last the long, drawn-out burial ceremony had ended and the time had come to appoint a new chief.

The aged medicine man, the sub-chiefs, and the leading warriors held a council to decide who should hold the high position of chief of all the Sioux.

The name of Soaring Eagle, son of White Eagle, was suggested, and many at the council were in favour of the late chief's son becoming their leader. But although Soaring Eagle was a good and brave warrior who was liked by all the tribe, he was not appointed chief.

The council, after much talking, elected the tribal war chief, Snarling Dog, to be their leader. For Snarling Dog was fierce and warlike and was feared by his fellow tribesmen because of his skill in fighting. Not another warrior in the tribe could beat him in a duel with knives and tomahawks. His coup stick was

covered with feathers to denote his deeds of daring when battling with the enemy. He was vicious, cruel and savage, and all the braves and warriors, even Soaring Eagle himself, stood in awe of the fearsome Snarling Dog.

Word went round the huge Indian encampment that Snarling Dog had been chosen by the council to be the new chief. But before the initiation ceremony took place it was the custom for the newly-appointed chief to issue a challenge to fight in single combat any warrior who questioned his right to become chief. If such a challenge was accepted by another Sioux and Snarling Dog lost the fight, the winner would then become the new chieftain.

But Snarling Dog issued the challenge with confidence, for he knew that no other warrior would dare to fight him. The initiation ceremony was set for seven days after the council had appointed the new chief, and the duel—if the challenge were accepted—formed the first part of the ceremony.

While the camp was bustling with preparations for the forthcoming ceremony, a worried commanding officer at a nearby fort was in earnest conversation

with Wild Bill Hickok, the famous fighting marshal of the West.

"It was a bad thing for us when old White Eagle died," said Major John Cardeen, "for as you know, he kept his tribe at peace. But this Snarling Dog, the newly-appointed chief, has made no secret of his intention to take the warpath against the whites. My scouts report that the red devil plans to sound the war-drums as soon as the initiation ceremony is over. And that takes place in two days' time."

"I've heard of Snarling Dog, though I've never met him. He's the war chief, isn't he? Reckon that's the reason he doesn't hold with peaceful living! Say, John, I've got an idea," and Wild Bill thumped the Major's desk with his fist as a daring plan formed in his mind.

"What is it, Bill? We sure need your help in this matter. Actually there's nothing the Army can do at the moment. We need someone like you to go and have a pow-wow with Snarling Dog."

"That would be a waste of time, from what I've heard of him," replied Hickok. "No, my idea is this. You say the initiation ceremony hasn't taken place yet. Then that means there's still time

for a warrior to accept the challenge of questioning Snarling Dog's right to become chief."

"That's right," replied the major. "But it is most unlikely that any of his tribesmen are going to fight Snarling Dog. He's noted for his skill in hand-to-hand combat. From all accounts he's a demon when it comes to fighting with knives and tomahawks."

"Well, I'm not exactly a greenhorn when it comes to hand-to-hand fighting," grinned the marshal.

"You? But I don't follow you, Bill. You can't fight him, you're no Indian!"

"Ah, but I soon could be," chuckled Hickok. "If I shaved off my moustache and beard, darkened my hair and skin, and donned an outfit of a Sioux warrior, you'd never know that I wasn't a Redskin! I plan to do just that and go and challenge Snarling Dog."

"But you can't take that risk, Bill. You'd be killed if the Sioux found out—and even if they didn't, you're taking your life in your hands by fighting Snarling Dog. You haven't had the experience, or the practice that he's had in knife and tomahawk fighting. No, Bill, it's too risky."

"John, my job is made up of risks. I know I'm taking a great chance, but I think I can pull it off all right. And anyway, I've got to risk it. Something must be done to prevent an unfriendly Indian from becoming chief. We can't have another Indian war on our hands just now. Fortunately I know many of the Sioux customs and can speak their language. Now, let's see, what shall I call myself? I know—'Wild Buffalo the lone Sioux.' How's that?"

"Fine," smiled the major. "The first part of your name, and also that of your old pal, Buffalo Bill. Yes, that's a good name. Well, Bill, I wish you all the luck in the world. And I can't thank you enough for what you're doing. But do be careful. Don't take more risks than you can help."

Early the following morning a transformed Wild Bill Hickok rode off in the direction of the Sioux reservation. He looked every inch an Indian. His long golden hair had been dyed black and in it he had stuck two eagle feathers. He had shaved off his moustache and chin beard and stained his face and body a copper colour. He wore a short, sleeveless jacket, fringed buckskin leggings, and moccasins.

In place of the wide, heavily-embossed gunbelt which normally encircled his waist, he wore a wampum belt, and hanging from it was a hunting knife. A quiver filled with arrows was slung across his back and he carried a bow and a tomahawk. Gypsy, his sorrel mare, had been

stripped of her saddle trappings and had just an ordinary blanket-type Indian saddle.

The marshal pushed his mare hard all that day, and after a brief rest during the night, arrived at the Sioux camp soon after dawn.

Keeping well out of sight, Wild Bill waited until the initiation ceremony had begun, and then, at the very moment when Snarling Dog, stripped, greased and armed with a tomahawk called out his challenge of: "Who challenges the right of Snarling Dog to hold the high position of chief of all the Sioux?" the marshal rode slowly up to the circle of painted Redskins.

"I challenge you," he called in a loud, guttural voice. "I am Wild Buffalo, the lone Sioux."

A hush fell over the camp as the Sioux looked in amazement at the tall, majestic figure of the strange Indian. He sat motionless in his saddle and looked down at them in a stern, haughty manner.

"I know you not," said Snarling Dog. "You are not of this camp."

"True," replied the marshal. "I am not of your camp. But the numbers of the Sioux are as countless as the blades of prairie grass. Our great tribe has scattered far and wide across this mighty land. I, Wild Buffalo, do not stay long in one place. Like the wild buffalo, I roam from place to place. When I heard you had been chosen to take the place of White Eagle, who has gone to join our fathers in the happy hunting grounds, I was unhappy. I knew this would not be a good thing for the Sioux, so I decided to challenge your right to accept the chieftainship. Snarling Dog would be wise to remain war chief. You make good war chief, but bad chieftain. You would not rule wisely or well. Wild Buffalo has spoken."

The eyes of Snarling Dog flashed with hatred and fury. Waving his tomahawk menac-

ingly in the air, he took a step towards the marshal.

"Snarling Dog allows no man to speak to him in such a manner. Get off your horse and take up your tomahawk. This shall be a fight to the death."

"It shall be as Snarling Dog says," murmured Hickok, and slipped off Gypsy's back.

Every eye was on him, but so good was his disguise, everyone in the camp believed he was a fellow tribesman. He stripped off his sleeveless jacket and bared his broad, muscular chest and shoulders. Grasping his tomahawk firmly in his right hand, he stood at ease, confidently eyeing his opponent.

Snarling Dog, like the marshal, was a powerfully-built man, though not as tall as Hickok. Vicious hatred was written across the Indian's face as he crouched his body and put all his weight on his extended right leg, as though about to make a sudden spring at Wild Bill.

The medicine man gave the signal for the duel to begin, and both men began to stalk each other cautiously, never once taking their eyes off each other. Suddenly, Snarling Dog gave a quick jerk towards the marshal and, swinging his weapon in an arc, brought it swiftly down, blade first, in line with Hickok's scalp. But the marshal ducked nimbly to one side, just missing the wicked blow, and as he did so his tomahawk crashed against his opponent's. But Snarling Dog had a firm grip on his weapon and it did not slip from his grasp.

With an angry grunt the Indian shot out his foot in an attempt to trip the marshal, and as Hickok stumbled, the Sioux flung his tomahawk at Wild Bill's head.

But again the marshal ducked and the weapon whizzed past him, so perilously close it clipped off a lock of his hair before embedding itself harmlessly in a nearby tree. Beads of

perspiration broke out along Wild Bill's forehead at the closeness of the weapon, and he realised that he was fighting a man who would stoop to any dirty tricks in order to win.

With a snarl of disappointed rage, the Sioux's hand flew to his waist and he jerked out his scalping knife. But Hickok was too quick for him, and swinging his tomahawk, he hurled it at Snarling Dog's right hand and sent the knife spinning from his grip.

Immediately the marshal tore into the Indian with his bare fists, and for several minutes they fought furiously.

Snarling Dog was powerful and strong. Even without his traditional weapons he knew how to fight. The pair were evenly matched as they gave blow for blow, but the Sioux had a slight advantage by having his body greased, and he slipped in and out of Wild Bill's grasp with the ease of a slippery eel.

Several times they tripped and fell to the ground where they rolled about, fighting like a couple of wild cats, before they scrambled to their feet again and rained hammer-like blows on each other's faces and bodies.

Wild Bill realised that unless he did something quickly to end the fight, the Sioux might win through sheer endurance, for he seemed utterly tireless. So mustering all his strength, he lunged at Snarling Dog and delivered a terrific pile-driving blow to the point of the Indian's jaw, following it up with a rapid hard punch to the body which sent the warrior thudding to the ground.

Panting heavily, the marshal brushed his arm across his forehead and looked down at the prostrated form stretched out at his feet. Snarling Dog was knocked out cold.

A loud cheer greeted him as he turned towards the watching Sioux. The fight had been a

tough one, but he had won through.

"Wild Buffalo is as strong as his name implies," said the aged medicine man. "You are the first warrior ever to win a fight against Snarling Dog. And since you have beaten him in a fair fight, you shall be our chief."

"No," replied Hickok with dignity. "I shall not be your chief. But since I am the champion and have beaten Snarling Dog, I would ask you to make White Eagle's son, Soaring Eagle, your chief. He is a good and brave warrior and will uphold his father's law. Like his father he will keep the peace with our white brothers and prosperity will remain in our tribe. Soaring Eagle will make you a good chief."

"It shall be as Wild Buffalo says," agreed the medicine man. "And Snarling Dog shall be banished from the tribe for he has failed to beat his challenger."

The Sioux begged Wild Buffalo to accept the hospitality of their lodges and stay awhile in their camp, but he refused, and after thanking them for their invitation, he climbed on his mount's back and rode slowly out of the camp.

"Whew!" he murmured to himself. "That was a tough fight, but it was worth it. The Sioux won't be sounding their war drums now. Everything worked out as I had hoped it would."

The Sioux, of course, never saw Wild Buffalo again, but the great fight lived in their memories. The name of Wild Buffalo, the mysterious lone Sioux who had seemingly come from out of nowhere and disappeared into the blue, became a legend to be talked of and sung about whenever the Sioux gathered round their camp fires and talked about old times.

Another grand WILD BILL story next week.

GOOD NEWS! A FREE GIFT FOR ALL READERS NEXT WEEK



"Yes!... I'll be delighted!"

—says ALAN LADD

The other day, SUN visited the film studio where, "HELL BELOW ZERO" (the new Warwick Productions film in Technicolor for Columbia Pictures) is being made.

This photograph was taken just as Alan Ladd smilingly agreed to pose for a special 3rd Dimensional photograph for SUN which will be printed in next week's SUN, and in the same issue, a pair of special spectacles will be given away FREE. When you look at the photograph of Alan Ladd through those spectacles, you will think that you are looking at him in real life!

ORDER YOUR SUN NOW AND DON'T BE DISAPPOINTED

SUN

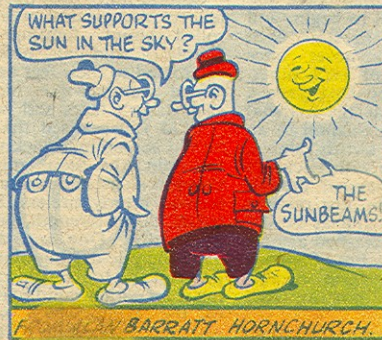
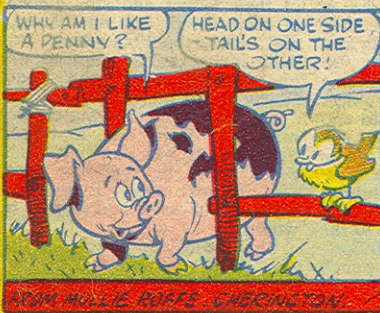
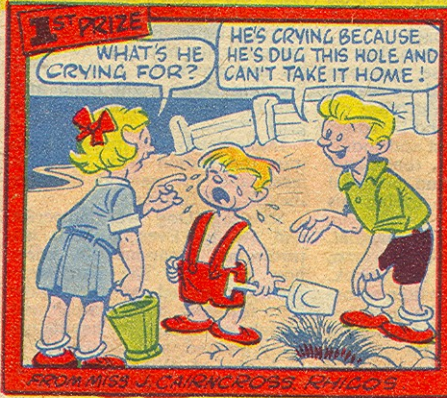
EVERY
MONDAY

3^p

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 7s. 6d., the remainder receive 5s. Now about a joke from you? Send it TOGETHER WITH THIS I. F. P. COUPON, to The Joker, 5 Carnarville St., London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

I. F. P. COUPON



Barry Ford's

WESTERN SCRAPBOOK

ROPING ONCE A STEER IS SEPARATED FROM THE HERD, IT IS ROPED. THE COWBOY DOES THIS WITH HIS RIGHT HAND WHILE HE GUIDES HIS HORSE WITH HIS LEFT. THE STEER IS EITHER LASSOED ROUND ITS HEAD OR ITS LEGS.



DENTIST-GUNMAN DOC HOLLIDAY, A FRIEND OF MARSHAL WHATT EARP, WAS A DENTIST BEFORE HE TURNED GUNMAN.



BAD MAN! JOHN WESLEY HARTIN, A GUNMAN WITH THIRTY-FIVE KILLINGS TO HIS ACCOUNT, BECAME A MODEL PRISONER WHILE SERVING A LONG SENTENCE IN PRISON. HE STUDIED MATHEMATICS AND HISTORY, AND RAN THE PRISON SUNDAY SCHOOL.