

# SUN

EVERY  
MONDAY  
No. 212  
February 28, 1953

3¢



BILLY THE KID

## BILLY THE KID *Rides the* GREAT WHITE BUFFALO

*Another Smashing  
Complete Picture-Strip  
of THE LONE AVENGER  
— INSIDE*



# BILLY THE KID - LONE AVENGER

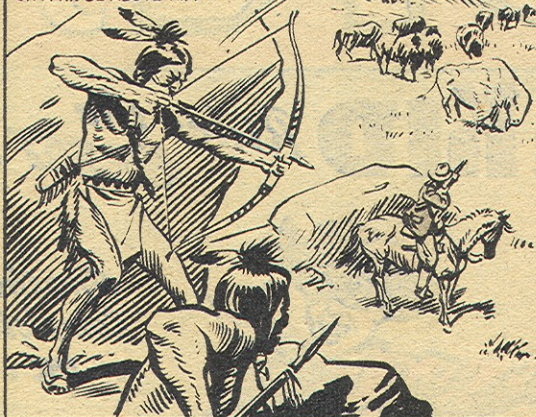


WHEN BRAD MILLIGAN, THE RICH MILLIONAIRE FROM NEW YORK, WHO THOUGHT HIS MONEY COULD BUY EVERYTHING, WAS OUT ON A HUNTING TRIP, HE HEARD ABOUT THE SACRED WHITE BUFFALO OF THE KIOWA INDIANS.

HE MADE UP HIS MIND TO SHOOT IT, EVEN THOUGH WARNED THAT HE WOULD BE STARTING REAL TROUBLE WITH THE INDIANS.



AFTER A FEW HOURS OF HUNTING BRAD MILLIGAN TRACKED DOWN THE GREAT BEAST AND RAISED HIS RIFLE. BUT HE WAS NOT THE ONLY HUNTER ABOUT TO TAKE AIM, FOR ON A RIDGE ABOVE HIM --



PALEFACE TRY TO KILL WHITE BUFFALO. ME KILL PALEFACE FIRST!

HAD HE NOT MOVED TO ADJUST HIS AIM -- BRAD MILLIGAN'S HUNTING DAYS WOULD HAVE BEEN OVER.



WHAT THE!

DOWN FROM THE RIDGE SWARMED THE ENRAGED BAND OF KIOWAS. BRAD MILLIGAN WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE --



KEEP GOING, HOSS!

STILL BRAD MILLIGAN'S HEART WAS SET ON SLAYING THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO. AND IN FAT FRED'S SALOON IN GUNSLIGHT A FEW DAYS LATER, HE PLANNED ANOTHER ATTEMPT -- THIS TIME WITH THE AID OF TWO SHADY CHARACTERS WHOM HE HAD MET.

I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS A PIECE IF YOU WILL PROTECT ME FROM THOSE SAVAGES WHILE I GET THAT BUFFALO.



YOU'RE ON, MISTER!

DON'T WORRY, MISTER! WE'LL PICK 'EM OFF LIKE FLIES!

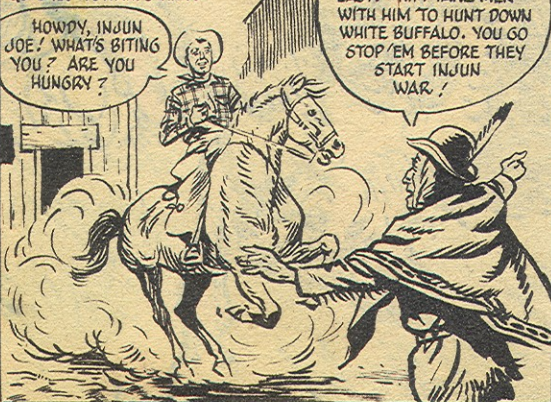
SITTING IN HIS USUAL PLACE ON THE STEPS OF THE SALOON WAS OLD INJUN JOE AND AS THE THREE MEN SET OUT FOR THE PLAINS HE OVERHEARD ALL THAT THEY SAID --



WHEN WE RETURN WE'LL BE DRAGGING THAT WHITE BUFFALO BEHIND US, STONE DEAD!

AND MEBBE A FEW INJUNS, TOO, HAW! HAW!

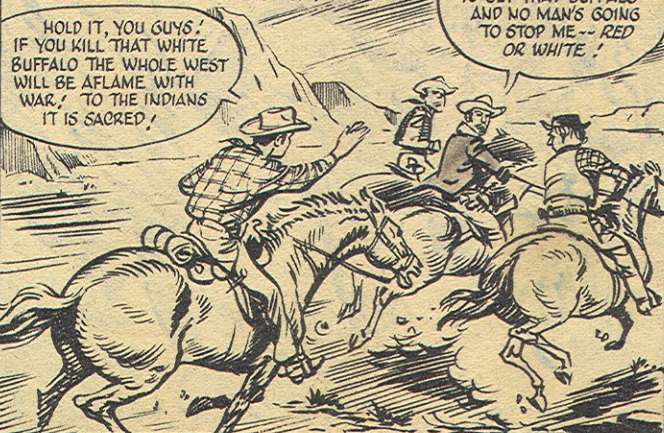
OLD INJUN JOE WAS VERY WORRIED AND WHEN HE SAW HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, BOSS OF THE CIRCLE-B RANCH, RIDE INTO TOWN HE SHUFFLED QUICKLY TOWARDS HIM.



HOWDY, INJUN JOE! WHAT'S BITING YOU? ARE YOU HUNGRY?

ME COME WARN YOU OF PLENTY TROUBLE! THAT RICH MAN FROM EAST, HIM TAKE MEN WITH HIM TO HUNT DOWN WHITE BUFFALO. YOU GO STOP 'EM BEFORE THEY START INJUN WAR!

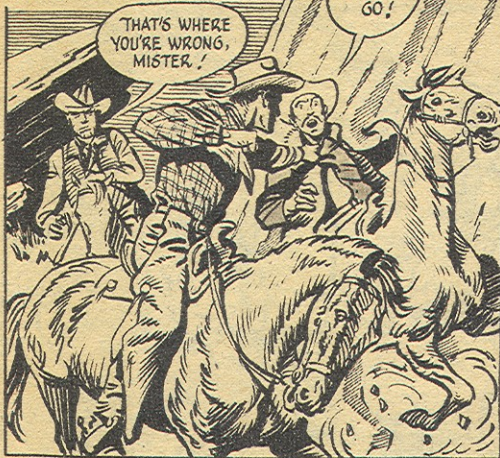
WILL BONNEY, TOO, REALISED THAT THE FOOLHARDINESS OF BRAD MILLIGAN MIGHT MEAN AN INDIAN WAR AND HE ROPE OUT AFTER THE HUNTING PARTY --



HOLD IT, YOU GUYS! IF YOU KILL THAT WHITE BUFFALO THE WHOLE WEST WILL BE AFLAME WITH WAR, TO THE INDIANS IT IS SACRED!

THAT'S YOUR WORRY, MISTER! I CAME HERE TO GET THAT BUFFALO -- AND NO MAN'S GOING TO STOP ME -- RED OR WHITE!

KNOWING THAT TALKING WAS NO USE WILL BONNEY DECIDED TO TAKE ACTION



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, MISTER!

HEY! LET GO!

BUT BEFORE WILL BONNEY COULD STRIKE HIS BLOW, HE HIMSELF WAS STRUCK DOWN WITH A GUN-BUTT--



NO GUNLESS COWPOKES GOIN' TO DO ME OUT OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS. TAKE THAT!

NICE WORK! THAT SHOULD SHUT HIM UP!

WHEN WILL BONNEY RECOVERED HIS SENSES BRAD MILLIGAN AND HIS MEN WERE JUST DISAPPEARING OVER THE HORIZON --



THE CRAZY FOOLS! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO STOP THEM! THIS IS A JOB FOR BILLY THE KID!

WILL BONNEY MOUNTED HIS HORSE AND RODE SWIFTLY TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD PEAK-- WHERE IN A SECRET VALLEY NEARBY, HANGING ON A ROCK LEDGE AND GUARDED BY A GREAT BLACK STALLION, WERE THE BLACK OUTFIT AND GUNS OF BILLY THE KID--



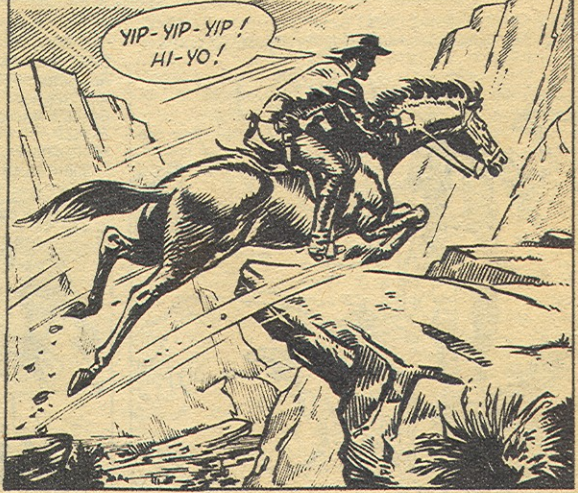
HI, THERE, SATAN!

WILL QUICKLY DONNED THE BLACK OUTFIT AND BUCKLED ON THE GUN BELT, FOR UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN WAS ALSO BILLY- THE-KID, THE LONE AVENGER--



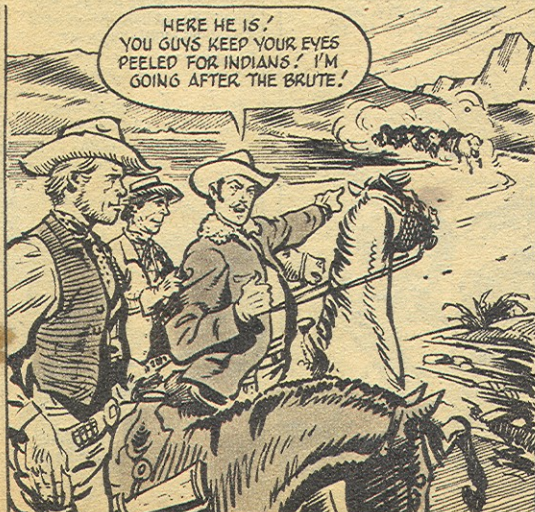
WE'VE A JOB TO DO, SATAN!

SOON THE VALLEY ECHOED WITH THE FAMOUS WAR-CRY OF BILLY THE KID AS HORSE AND RIDER LEAPED THE GREAT CHASM TO RIDE OUT ON THE TRAIL OF JUSTICE --



YIP-YIP-YIP!  
HI-YO!

MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY, BRAD MILLIGAN AND HIS HIRED MEN SIGHTED THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO AS IT THUNDERED AT THE HEAD OF A HERD ACROSS THE PLAINS--



HERE HE IS! YOU GUYS KEEP YOUR EYES PEELLED FOR INDIANS! I'M GOING AFTER THE BRUTE!

SINCE THE MILLIONAIRE HUNTER'S FIRST ATTEMPT TO SLAY THE WHITE BUFFALO, THE INDIANS HAD KEPT WATCH ON THEIR SACRED ANIMAL, AND AS BRAD MILLIGAN RODE DOWN THE SLOPE TOWARDS HIS QUARRY.

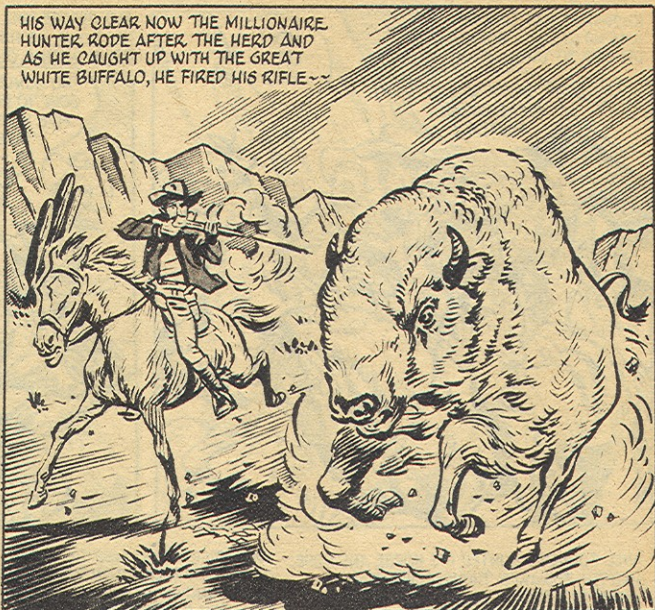


SEE! WHITE HUNTER RETURN TO KILL WHITE BUFFALO! WE STOP HIM!

BUT AS THE INDIANS RODE DOWN THE SLOPE, BRAD MILLIGAN'S HIRED GUNMEN WENT INTO ACTION --



HIS WAY CLEAR NOW THE MILLIONAIRE HUNTER, RODE AFTER THE HERD AND AS HE CAUGHT UP WITH THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO, HE FIRED HIS RIFLE --



NO SOONER HAD THE GREAT BEAST FALLEN THAN BRAD MILLIGAN DISMOUNTED AND PROUDLY STRODE TOWARDS IT --



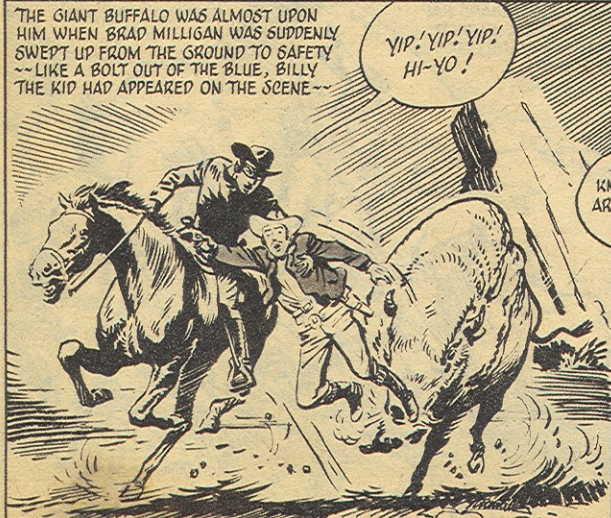
BUT A FEW FEET FROM THE GREAT WHITE BEAST, BRAD MILLIGAN HALTED AS THOUGH FROZEN IN HIS TRACKS -- FOR HIS BULLET HAD ONLY GRAZED THE ANIMAL'S HEAD, STUNNING IT MOMENTARILY --



SNORTING WITH FURY AND HALF-CRAZY WITH THE PAIN OF ITS WOUND -- THE GREAT BUFFALO TURNED ON ITS ATTACKER --



THE GIANT BUFFALO WAS ALMOST UPON HIM WHEN BRAD MILLIGAN WAS SUDDENLY SWEEPED UP FROM THE GROUND TO SAFETY -- LIKE A BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE, BILLY THE KID HAD APPEARED ON THE SCENE --



AS SOON AS BILLY THE KID HAD CARRIED THE FOOLISH HUNTER TO SAFETY, HE PUT HIM DOWN AND TURNED TO GO AFTER THE WOUNDED BUFFALO --



IT'S MORE THAN YOU DESERVE, MISTER! NOW GET OUT OF HERE QUICK BEFORE YOU CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE!

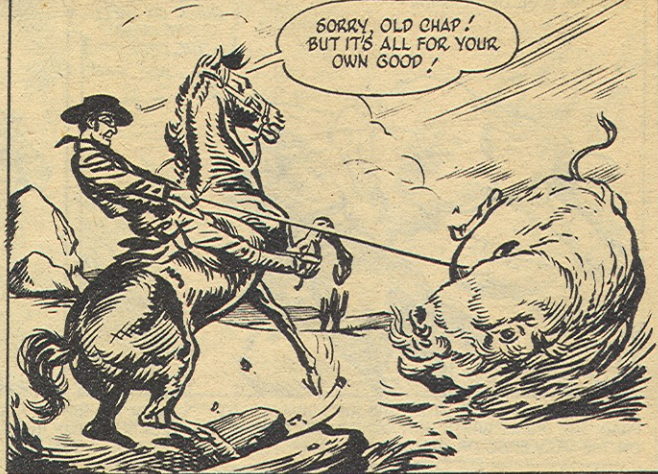
EVEN AS HE RODE AFTER THE MADDENED ANIMAL BILLY SAW SIGNS OF MORE TROUBLE BREWING --



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, BILLY THE KID CAUGHT UP WITH THE WOUNDED BUFFALO AND, AS HE CLOSED IN, HE THREW HIS LARIAT--



AFTER A LONG TUGGLE ON THE END OF BILLY THE KID'S LARIAT, THE GREAT BEAST FLOPPED TO THE GROUND EXHAUSTED--



QUICKLY, BILLY THE KID CLEANED THE WOUND AND STOPPED THE BLOOD FLOWING--



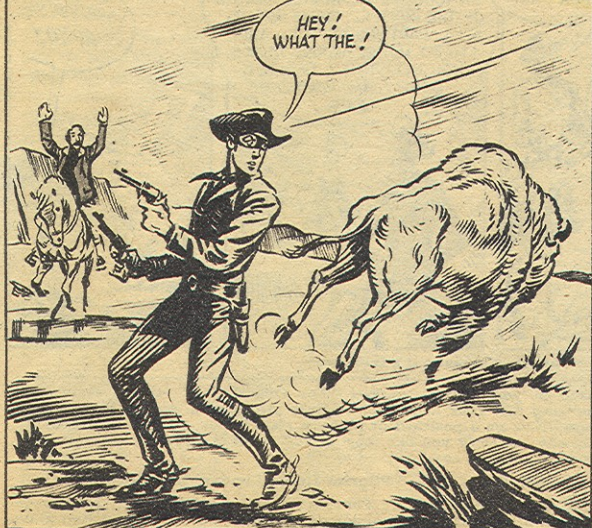
JUST AS BILLY HAD FINISHED ATTENDING TO THE GREAT BEAST, BRAD MILLIGAN RODE UP. RECOVERED FROM HIS NARROW ESCAPE THE MILLIONAIRE HUNTER WAS READY AGAIN TO RISK EVERYTHING TO ADD THE WHITE BUFFALO TO HIS HUNTING TROPHIES--



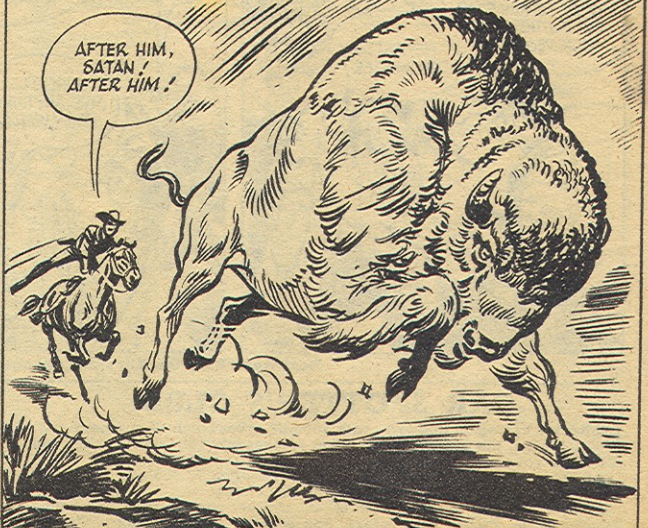
BUT BEFORE THE HUNTER COULD SHOOT--



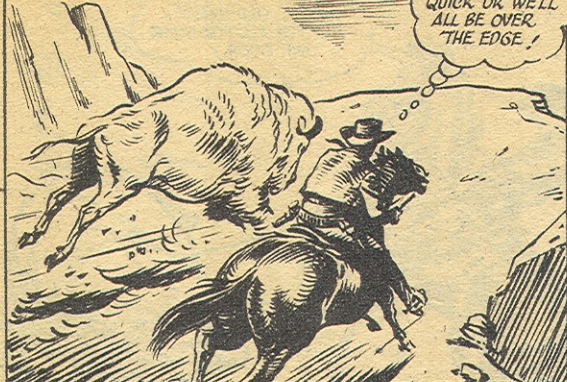
FRIGHTENED BY THE SHOT THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO BURST ITS BONDS-- AND REARING UP-- GALLOPED OFF.



WITH A LIGHTNING LEAP BILLY WAS IN THE SADDLE AND AFTER THE GREAT BEAST--

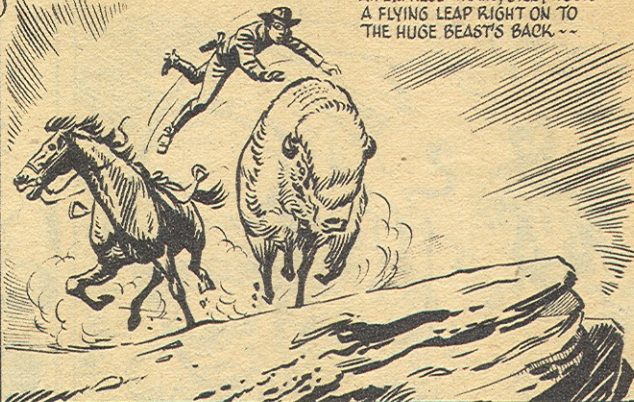


AS BILLY THE KID CAUGHT UP WITH THE GREAT ANIMAL HIS HEART MISSED A BEAT, JUST AHEAD OF THEM WAS THE EDGE OF A CANYON--



BY HOKEY! I'VE GOT TO ACT QUICK OR WE'LL ALL BE OVER THE EDGE!

AS THEY HURLED TOWARDS THE EDGE OF THE GREAT DROP AT THE SPEED OF AN EXPRESS TRAIN, BILLY TOOK A FLYING LEAP RIGHT ON TO THE HUGE BEAST'S BACK--



WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH BILLY THE KID MANAGED TO DRAG THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO ROUND. THEY WERE ON THE VERY EDGE OF THE GREAT DROP--



EASY PARDNER! EASY! OR THERE'LL BE MORE FOLKS KILLED THAN US!

WITH THE BUFFALO NOW UNDER CONTROL, BILLY THE KID TURNED BACK DOWN THE TRAIL. SUDDENLY BEFORE HIM APPEARED A KIOWA WAR-PARTY AND WITH THEM AS CAPTIVES, BRAD MILLIGAN AND HIS TWO HIRELINGS--



WAH! IT IS OUR SACRED BUFFALO.

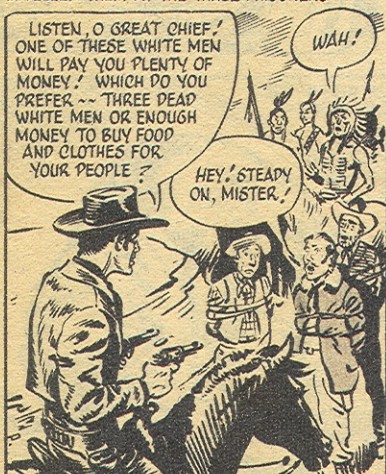
RETURN TO YOUR CAMPS, BRAVES! YOUR GREAT WHITE BUFFALO IS SAFE!

THE CHIEF OF THE WAR-PARTY AGREED TO RETURN IN PEACE-- BUT--



IT SHALL BE PEACE, WHITE MAN IN BLACK-- BUT THESE DOGS SHALL DIE FOR TRYING TO SLAY OUR SACRED BUFFALO!

BILLY THE KID THOUGHT FAST AND, DRAWING HIS GUNS, LEVELLED THEM AT THE THREE PRISONERS--



LISTEN, O GREAT CHIEF! ONE OF THESE WHITE MEN WILL PAY YOU PLENTY OF MONEY! WHICH DO YOU PREFER-- THREE DEAD WHITE MEN OR ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY FOOD AND CLOTHES FOR YOUR PEOPLE?

WAH!

HEY, STEADY ON, MISTER!

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE CHIEF TO MAKE UP HIS MIND--

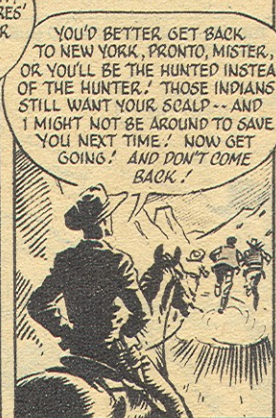


WE TAKE MONEY NOW! MAYBE CATCH MEN AND SCALP LATER!

O.K. MR. MILLIONAIRE HUNTER! YOU'VE PAID PLENTY TO DESTROY OTHER CREATURES' LIVES-- NOW YOU'D BETTER COUGH UP QUITE A SUM TO SAVE YOUR OWN!

SURE, I'LL GIVE ANYTHING THEY WANT.

BILLY THE KID MADE BRAD MILLIGAN PAY DEARLY FOR HIS FREEDOM, AND WHEN THE INDIANS RODE AWAY HE WAS A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS SHORTER IN HIS POCKET--



YOU'D BETTER GET BACK TO NEW YORK, PRONTO, MISTER, OR YOU'LL BE THE HUNTED INSTEAD OF THE HUNTER! THOSE INDIANS STILL WANT YOUR SCALP-- AND I MIGHT NOT BE AROUND TO SAVE YOU NEXT TIME! NOW GET GOING! AND DON'T COME BACK!

HIS JOB DONE, BILLY THE KID RODE BACK TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK, LEAVING THE GREAT WHITE BUFFALO TO ROAM IN PEACE--



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

Next week Billy the Kid rides out again on another smashing adventure!

### CAR SPOTTER'S CLUB

HERE we are again Spotters, with another great batch of numbers and, of course, the same fine selection of presents. So look quickly and see if it's your turn this week.

All those Spotters with Album numbers between 23,500 and 24,000, or between 184,000 and 184,800 inclusive, may claim.

If your number's here, first of all choose one of these presents: Pocket-knife, Purse, Binoculars, Box of Wire Puzzles, Box of Paints, Big Jig-Saw, "Tenni-gun", or a Fountain-pen. Write its name in the

space in your Album marked "For Official Use"--at the same time checking that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Now on a postcard or piece of plain paper, write the name of the character or story you like most in SUN--and in a few words, say why. Then post Album and postcard to:

SUN C.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.).

All claims must arrive by Tuesday, March 10, 1953--and don't forget to put a 2½d. stamp on the envelope! Presents will be despatched about a week after the closing date, and Albums returned at the same time.

# WILD BILL HICKOK

and the  
GOLD ROBBERS

THE famous United States Marshal, James Butler Hickok rode up the main street of Leadville where he had arranged to meet Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack Omohundro. He was looking forward to seeing his two pals again, for it had been several weeks since the three stalwart border cavaliers had met. And whenever they got together there was sure to be some excitement and fun.

Wild Bill threw a friendly smile to several townfolk who greeted him cheerily as they passed along the rough wooden sidewalks. But as he reined in Gypsy, his sorrel mare, outside the hotel, the grin faded from his handsome face. For disappearing through the hotel doorway was Big Bart Shadwell, an outlaw well known to Wild Bill.

Shadwell and gang were wanted for robbing the Oklahoma City Bank. They had escaped with two large chests full of gold bars, and although posses had been scouring the territory for weeks, they could find no trace of the robbers. Big Bart and his boys had disappeared completely and nothing had been seen or heard of them since the robbery, two months before.

The marshal was not sure whether Shadwell had seen him, but he had to risk that. He strode briskly into the hotel and quietly told the man at the reception desk who he was. The man told Wild Bill that there was no one by the name of Shadwell staying at the hotel, but a Mr. Jake Barton in room six fitted the description the marshal gave of the bank robber.

With a nod of thanks to the reception clerk, Wild Bill made his way along the deserted, gloomy corridor to room six.

Putting his ear against the door, Hickok listened carefully. He could hear sounds as though someone was hurriedly packing.

"Ah!" thought the marshal. "Shadwell did see me, then, and is planning to leave."

Softly he turned the door handle. As he slowly pushed open the door he heard a familiar click of a revolver being cocked and the tell-tale creak of a floor-board behind the door.

The next second the marshal flung back the door with all his might and made a rapid downward movement with his hands.

There was a loud yell as the bandit found himself suddenly flattened between the door and the wall, his gun knocked out of his hand by the force of the flung-back door. And then, to his horror, Big Bart Shadwell found himself peering down the barrels of Wild Bill's famous silver- and ivory-butted Colts.

"Shadwell, you're under arrest for the robbery of the Oklahoma City Bank," snapped Hickok. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of two large chests in a dark corner of the room. Both had "Oklahoma City Bank" printed on the side.

"You're mistaken," faltered Shadwell nervously. "My name is Jake Barton. I'm—I'm a businessman from back East."

"Is that so?" returned Wild Bill as



Suddenly four masked armed men sprang into view . . . it was a hold-up! From this thrilling complete Western yarn by BARRY FORD.

he snapped a pair of handcuffs over Shadwell's wrists. "Well, you're coming to the jailhouse all the same. You've got some explaining to do about those two chests of gold over there."

Shadwell's face turned ugly at Hickok's words. He called the marshal every name under the sun while he struggled frantically to break open the handcuffs. He continued to pour curses down on Wild Bill's head while Hickok grabbed him by the back of his coat collar and hauled him over to the jailhouse.

"Guard him well, Sheriff," cautioned the marshal. "He's Big Bart Shadwell. You've a wanted notice for him in your files. I'll be back soon and let you know what I'm going to do with him."

Wild Bill returned to the hotel to await the arrival of Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack. And while he waited he thought up a plan to capture the rest of Shadwell's gang who were still at large. He had no idea where, or who they were, but he was determined to have the entire gang clapped in jail.

The news of Shadwell's capture spread like wildfire throughout Leadville. And two days later the whole town turned out to see Wild Bill Hickok and his prisoner leave for Oklahoma City.

The marshal decided to take Shadwell to Oklahoma by stagecoach. The bandit, his feet securely manacled, was inside the coach. Wild Bill sat up on the driver's seat alongside the driver. One of the gold chests was slung on the top of the coach and the other was tied on a luggage platform at the back.

Amid the cheers of the waving crowd the coach rolled away and was soon rumbling along the two hundred-mile trail to Oklahoma City.

It had travelled about twenty miles when suddenly four masked, armed men dashed out from behind some large boulders and ordered the driver to stop.

As the driver pulled the team of

horses to a halt one of the men rapped out a curt command.

"Reach for it! You too, Hickok. And don't try any fancy tricks unless you want to die of lead poisoning!"

As Wild Bill and the driver raised their hands above their heads they were told to climb down.

"This is one time you're not so smart, Marshal Hickok," sneered one of the men. "Thought you'd get Big Bart and the gold safely to Oklahoma City, didn't you? Well, you might have done if you'd gone about things more quietly, but everyone for miles around knew you were settin' out today. You were just askin' for trouble!"

Two men covered the driver and Wild Bill, who watched in silence while the other two hold-up men opened one of the coach doors and helped Shadwell out. They took a small key from Wild Bill's pocket and released Shadwell from his fetters. Then they lifted the chests down on to the road.

"Say, boss," said one of the men to Shadwell, "these chests are mighty heavy, you know. It might be a better idea to shove 'em back on the coach, and take the stage with us. We'd make better time that way."

"Yeah, we'll do that," agreed Shadwell. "And just to make sure this infernal marshal doesn't catch up with me again, we'll shoot him and the driver. We'll be safe then, for dead men tell no tales! Pick up the chests, boys, and put 'em back on the coach."

But as the men bent to pick up the chests the lids suddenly flew open and out sprang Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack!

Before the startled bandits could recover from their surprise the two famous frontiersmen and Wild Bill went into action.

The huge Texan hurled himself at Big Bart and knocked the bandit chief out, stone cold.

Frantically the bandits started firing their guns. Bullets began flying

thick and fast, but the men were no match for Wild Bill and Buffalo Bill, who made lightning draws on their Colts and shot the guns out of the bandits' hands, leaving them helpless.

"Well, that didn't take long, fellers," beamed Texas Jack. "Say," he turned to the driver, "you can put your hands down now, old timer!"

The driver, who had been completely bewildered by the rapid turn of events, slowly lowered his hands.

"Never saw anythin' like it in my whole life!" he exclaimed. "Such rapid shootin' and fast fist work. My, but you boys are good! You sure know your stuff!"

"We sure do," chuckled Buffalo Bill. "It would be too bad for us if we didn't!"

"Your plan worked just fine, Bill," grinned the Texan as he heaved the bandits into the coach and slammed the door.

"Thanks to the help of you two," smiled the marshal. "But then I can always count on you to help me out. Tex, just throw those empty chests back on the coach and we'll get going. You and Bill ride two of the bandits' horses and lead the others. I'll ride with the driver."

A few minutes later the coach moved off on its way to Oklahoma City. On either side rode Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack. Inside, piled on top of one another, were the bandits, moaning and groaning and cursing the day they ever met Wild Bill Hickok.

And to add insult to injury their cries of self-pity were drowned by the cheerful voices of Wild Bill Hickok, Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack Omohundro who were lustily singing: "Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,  
And the deer and the antelope play,  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,  
And the skies are not cloudy all day!"

Meet Wild Bill next week in another thrilling adventure.

# The PRISONER of ZENDA

RUDOLF RASSENDYLL WAS ABOUT TO RESCUE THE KIDNAPPED KING FROM THE DUKE OF STRELSAU'S CASTLE. IT WAS A VERY DARING AND RISKY VENTURE, AND IT WAS DOUBTFUL WHETHER HE WOULD COME OUT ALIVE. BUT THE ENGLISHMAN WAS BRAVE AND FEARLESS AND SCORNE THE DANGER THAT FACED HIM.

IT'S EXACTLY TWO A.M., AND THERE'S ANTOINETTE'S SIGNAL! GOOD LUCK, LAD-- AND BE CAREFUL.

WE'LL SEE YOU WHEN THE DRAWBRIDGE IS LOWERED. TAKE CARE, RUDOLF!

I WILL. GOODBYE. I'LL SEE YOU BOTH LATER-- I HOPE!

RASSENDYLL LOWERED HIMSELF QUIETLY INTO THE COLD WATER AND STARTED TO SWIM ACROSS THE MOAT. HE WAS HALF WAY ACROSS WHEN A WINDOW IN THE CASTLE WAS THROWN OPEN AND A STREAM OF LIGHT SHONE ACROSS THE WATER. HASTILY RASSENDYLL SUBMERGED AS RUPERT OF HENTZAU TOSSED OUT A CIGARETTE.

A LOVELY NIGHT! OH WELL, I'D BETTER MAKE THE ROUNDS OF THE DOORS AND DRAWBRIDGE BEFORE I TURN IN. AND MAKE SURE THE KING'S SAFE IN HIS DUNGEON!

AS HENTZAU CLOSED HIS WINDOW, RASSENDYLL SURFACED AND SWAM QUICKLY OVER TO ANTOINETTE DE MAUBAN'S LIGHTED WINDOW--

SSH! NOT A WORD!



HERE'S A GUN, MR. RASSENDYLL. I'LL GIVE YOU TIME TO HIDE IN THE PASSAGE, THEN I'LL OPEN THE GREAT DOORS AND LET DOWN THE DRAWBRIDGE!

DUKE MICHAEL HAS GONE TO BED. HENTZAU IS IN CHARGE OF THE GUARDS. THE CRASH OF THE DRAWBRIDGE WILL ROUSE THE CASTLE. THE GUARDS WILL KILL THE KING BEFORE YOUR MEN CAN GET TO HIM UNLESS--

-- UNLESS I CAN REACH THE GUARDS FIRST!

DOWN THE STEPS IS THE PASSAGE TO THE GUARD ROOM. ACROSS THE GUARD ROOM IS THE DOOR TO THE DUNGEON AND THE KING. GO QUICKLY! AND MR. RASSENDYLL, I WANT MICHAEL'S LIFE SPARED. PROMISE ME NO HARM WILL COME TO HIM?

HE WILL NOT BE HARMED. HIS PUNISHMENT FOR KIDNAPPING THE KING WILL BE EXILE. YOU CAN MARRY HIM THEN AND LIVE IN PEACE. AND NOW TO TACKLE THE GUARDS!



RASSENDYLL CROPT SILENTLY DOWN THE STEPS AND MADE FOR THE GUARD-ROOM.



THE MAN SERVANT MEANWHILE GLIDED NOISELESSLY UP THE STAIRS AND WAS HASTILY FUMBLING WITH THE ROPE HOLDING THE DRAWBRIDGE WHEN HENTZAU APPEARED BEHIND HIM.



AND HENTZAU, GRABBING A CROWBAR, CRACKED THE SERVANT OVER THE HEAD

DOWN IN THE GUARD-ROOM, RASSENDYLL HAD HIS GUN TRAINED ON ONE GUARD WHO SAT AT A TABLE PLAYING CARDS.



RASSENDYLL SLID BEHIND A PILLAR BEYOND THE GUARD JUST AS THE SECOND GUARD ENTERED THE ROOM THROUGH THE DUNGEON DOOR.



AS THE SECOND GUARD LOOKED OVER AT HIS COMPANION HE NOTICED THE SHADOW OF RASSENDYLL OUTLINED ON THE WALL.



CREEPING ROUND THE PILLAR THE GUARD HURLED HIMSELF AT RASSENDYLL'S BACK.



Will Rassendyll's gallant attempt to save the King be in vain? See next week.

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# ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

GOOD ABBOT LEOFRIC OF KIRKDALE ABBEY SENT ONE OF HIS FRIARS TO ROBIN HOOD'S CAMP IN SHERWOOD FOREST ASKING FOR THE LORD OF SHERWOOD'S HELP. JOURNEYING TO THE ABBEY IN ANSWER TO THE ABBOT'S PLEA FOR AID, ROBIN AND THE FRIAR WERE SHOT AT BY A MYSTERIOUS BOWMAN.

AFTER THAT SINGLE TREACHEROUS ARROW THERE WAS NO FURTHER SIGN OF THE UNKNOWN ATTACKER. PRESENTLY, ROBIN AND THE FRIAR REMOUNTED AND WENT ON THEIR WAY -- BUT AS THEY RODE THROUGH THE ABBEY GATE, A LONGBOW WAS AIMED AT THE BROAD BACK OF ROBIN HOOD.

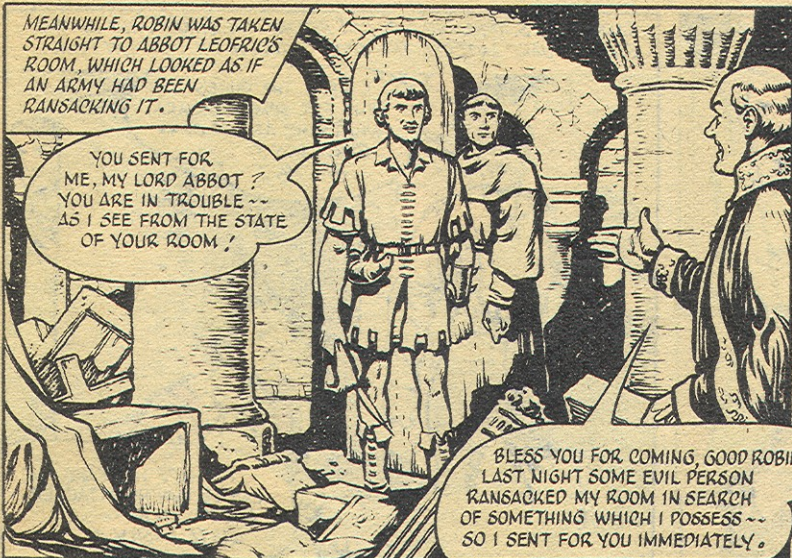


WITH A SNARL, THE BOWMAN LOWERED HIS WEAPON AND DREW BACK HIS HOOD -- TO REVEAL THE FEATURES OF THE RASCALLY TRISTAN DE BORS.



I DARE NOT RISK ANOTHER SHOT -- IF I MISSED ONCE MORE, HE WOULD HAVE THREE ARROWS IN THE AIR TOWARDS ME BEFORE I COULD PUT ANOTHER SHAFIT TO MY BOW! CURSE YOU, ROBIN HOOD! YOU SHALL NOT INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS -- I'LL GET YOU LATER!

MEANWHILE, ROBIN WAS TAKEN STRAIGHT TO ABBOT LEOFRIC'S ROOM, WHICH LOOKED AS IF AN ARMY HAD BEEN RANSACKING IT.



YOU SENT FOR ME, MY LORD ABBOT? YOU ARE IN TROUBLE -- AS I SEE FROM THE STATE OF YOUR ROOM!

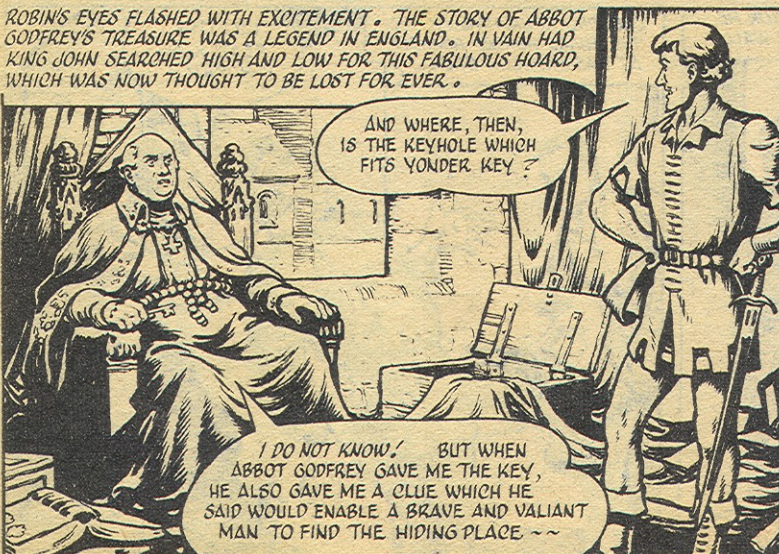
BLESS YOU FOR COMING, GOOD ROBIN! LAST NIGHT SOME EVIL PERSON RANSACKED MY ROOM IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING WHICH I POSSESS -- SO I SENT FOR YOU IMMEDIATELY.

I'LL WARRANT THAT IT WAS THE SAME MAN WHO SHOT AT ME IN THE FOREST TO PREVENT ME FROM SEEING YOU. WHAT WAS THE KNAVE LOOKING FOR?



THIS! THE KEY OF THE SECRET HIDING PLACE OF ABBOT GODFREY'S TREASURE. THE LATE ABBOT GAVE ME THE KEY AS HE LAY DYING. THE THIEF DID NOT FIND IT -- FOR I KEEP IT ROUND MY NECK, DAY AND NIGHT!

ROBIN'S EYES FLASHED WITH EXCITEMENT. THE STORY OF ABBOT GODFREY'S TREASURE WAS A LEGEND IN ENGLAND. IN VAIN HAD KING JOHN SEARCHED HIGH AND LOW FOR THIS FABULOUS HOARD, WHICH WAS NOW THOUGHT TO BE LOST FOR EVER.



AND WHERE, THEN, IS THE KEYHOLE WHICH FITS YONDER KEY?

I DO NOT KNOW! BUT WHEN ABBOT GODFREY GAVE ME THE KEY, HE ALSO GAVE ME A CLUE WHICH HE SAID WOULD ENABLE A BRAVE AND VALIANT MAN TO FIND THE HIDING PLACE --

ABBOT GODFREY WAS A STRANGE AND WISE MAN -- KNOWING THAT I AM BUT A SIMPLE OLD PRIEST AND NO MATCH FOR THE CUNNING KING JOHN, HE WOULD NOT TELL ME WHERE THE TREASURE IS HIDDEN. IT WAS HIS LAST WISH THAT THE TREASURE BE GIVEN TO THE POOR PEOPLE OF SHERWOOD, AND HE SAID THAT ONLY A MAN BRAVE ENOUGH TO SEEK AND FIND IT WOULD BE STRONG ENOUGH TO KEEP IT FROM THE KING'S HANDS. ROBIN HOOD -- WILL YOU TAKE THE KEY AND FIND THE TREASURE?



ROBIN WILLINGLY AGREED-- THEN HE ASKED THE GOOD ABBOT FOR THE CLUE.

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR OPENED AND TRISTAN DE BORS ENTERED. ABBOT LEOFRIC TOOK THE TREACHEROUS YOUTH FONDLY BY THE ARM.



HERE IS THE CLUE. YOU ARE TO TRAVEL TO SALTMARSH PRIORY IN THE HEART OF THE FEN-COUNTRY. THE PRIOR OF SALTMARSH HAS ANOTHER CLUE WHICH WILL LEAD YOU ANOTHER STEP NEARER THE TREASURE!

BY MY LONGBOW! ABBOT GODFREY HAS MADE IT A REGULAR TREASURE HUNT. IT WILL BE A GREAT ADVENTURE-- I SHALL ENJOY IT MIGHTILY!

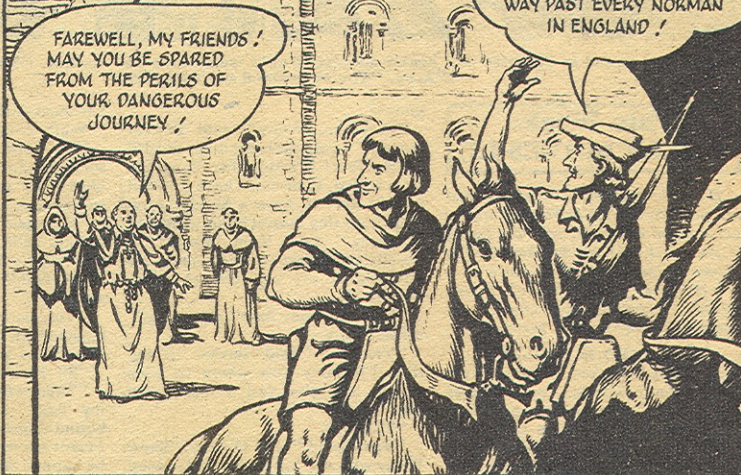
THIS IS TRISTAN DE BORS, ABBOT GODFREY'S NEPHEW-- HE WILL ACCOMPANY YOU ON YOUR ADVENTURE-- I WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM THE KEY AND LET HIM GO ALONE, BUT HE IS SO YOUNG AND INEXPERIENCED--

GREETINGS, TRISTAN!

SO YOU ARE THE FAMOUS LORD OF SHERWOOD? I AM LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A COMRADE-IN-ARMS!

ABBOT LEOFRIC AND ROBIN WENT TO ORDER FRESH HORSES FOR THE JOURNEY-- LEFT ALONE IN THE ROOM, DE BORS' EYES TURNED TO THE CARVED LEOPARD ON THE WALL--

PRESENTLY, ROBIN HOOD AND HIS TREACHEROUS COMPANION RODE OUT ON THE STRANGE QUEST



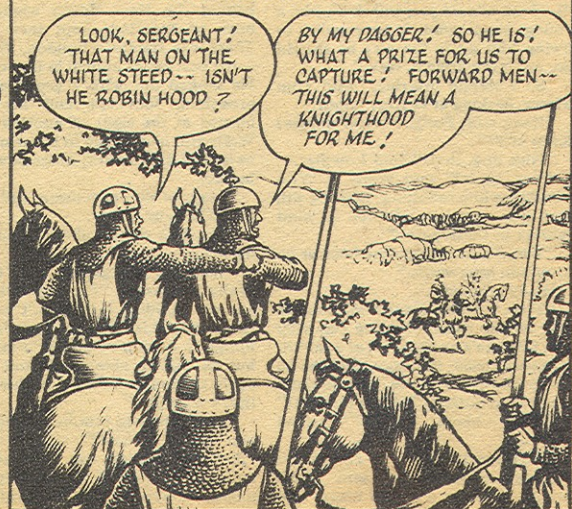
FAREWELL, MY FRIENDS! MAY YOU BE SPARED FROM THE PERILS OF YOUR DANGEROUS JOURNEY!

FAREWELL, GOOD ABBOT. WE'LL FIND THE TREASURE IF WE HAVE TO FIGHT OUR WAY PAST EVERY NORMAN IN ENGLAND!

THE FOOLS! LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT THE TREASURE LIES BEHIND THIS WALL, AND THAT THE KEY FITS INTO THE MOUTH OF THIS LEOPARD. IF ONLY I HAD FOUND THE KEY LAST NIGHT, THE TREASURE WOULD HAVE BEEN MINE BY NOW.

THEY RODE THROUGH THE BROAD GREENWOOD.

ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE FOREST PATH, A PARTY OF KING JOHN'S MEN SPOTTED THE RIDERS--



'TIS A PITY THAT WE CAN'T TAKE ANY OF MY MERRIE MEN WITH US, BUT THE ABBOT SWORE ME TO SECRECY--

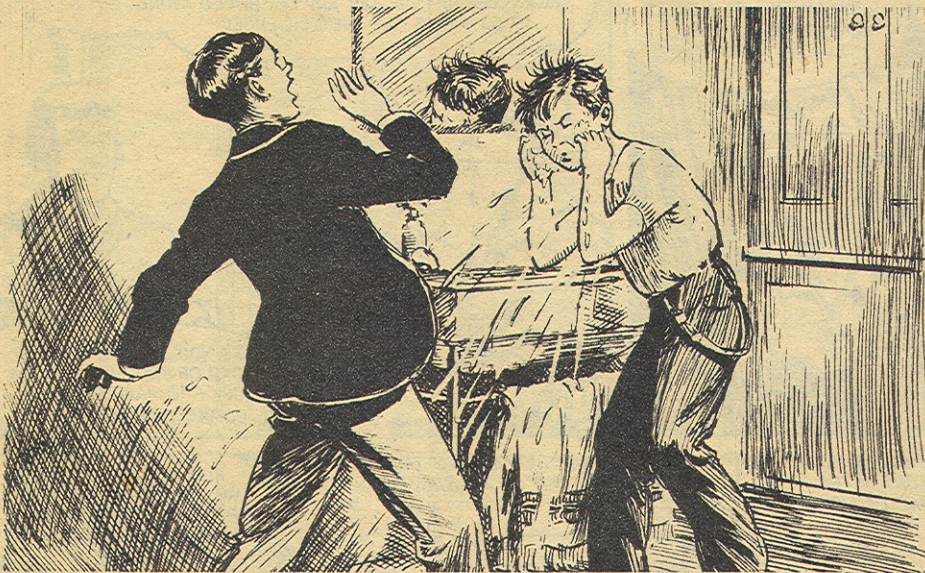
THERE IS LESS CHANCE OF BEING SEEN IF WE TRAVEL ALONE. THE COUNTRYSIDE IS TEEMING WITH THE KING'S MEN!

AFTER I HAVE GOT THE KEY FROM HIM, I'LL HAND HIM OVER TO THE KING'S MEN-- THEN I'LL GET THE REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE. IT WOULD MEAN A KNIGHTHOOD FOR ME! WITH THE TREASURE AND A KNIGHTHOOD, I'LL BE A GREAT MAN IN ENGLAND!

LOOK, SERGEANT! THAT MAN ON THE WHITE STEED-- ISN'T HE ROBIN HOOD?

BY MY DAGGER! SO HE IS! WHAT A PRIZE FOR US TO CAPTURE! FORWARD MEN-- THIS WILL MEAN A KNIGHTHOOD FOR ME!

# TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



Wally spun round in surprise and sent a shower of cold water over his brother. "You young ass!" cried D'Arcy. "You've ruined my twousers!"

## This Week: WALLY MOVES IN!

D'Arcy's brother, Wally, has just arrived at St. Jim's. The Fourth Formers get a shock when they see him, for he is not much like his brother, who is known as the Dandy of St. Jim's. . . . On the steps of the School House, Arthur Augustus introduces his younger brother to Tom Merry & Co.

### THE FEED IS STOLEN!

WALLY looked round at Tom Merry. His dog had answered his whistle at last and Wally had taken a grip on his collar and lifted him into his arms. Pongo struggled a little and deposited a fresh coating of hairs on Wally's jacket.

"Tom Mewwy, this is my younger brother, Wally," said D'Arcy feebly. "I—I am afraid you will think him a young wagamuffin. I have tried to bring him up in the way he should go, but it is a difficult task."

"So I should imagine," said Tom Merry, looking at D'Arcy minor.

"Keep still, Pongo! Good doggie! Keep still!"

"Nice dog, that!" said Lowther.

"Yes, he is!" said Wally. "You should see him rabbiting; nothing will stop him. Are you allowed to hunt rabbits in these parts?"

"Yes, if you can pay the fines or go to prison afterwards."

Wally grinned.

"Then I expect Pongo will get me into terrific rows. Nothing can stop him when he's on the scent of a rabbit. It comes cheap, in a way, because he keeps himself, you see, and he costs me next to nothing for dog biscuits!"

"What breed is he?" asked Manners.

"Fox-terrier-pointer-retriever-bulldog-newfoundland," said Wally calmly. "Rather a mixed breed, you

know."

"Come in, Wally!" said D'Arcy sharply. "Leave the beast in the quad!"

"No fear! It's time for Pongo to have a feed. If he can't have a rabbit he will have to have a biscuit. Anybody got a dog biscuit in his pocket?"

"Sorry," said Tom Merry. "I usually have plenty of them about me but I gave my last one to Percy Mellish!"

"Does anybody here keep a dog?" asked Wally.

"Yes, I do," said Herries. "If you like, I'll show you where to keep Pongo and give you a biscuit for him."

"Thanks!" said D'Arcy. "Show Wally where to put the dog, Hewwies, and then bring him in. Then I will take him to a bathroom."

Herries led Wally to the building behind the New House where the boys of St. Jim's kept their pets. There was Herries's bulldog, Towser—the best-hated animal in the school. He looked out with a growl at approaching footsteps and his eyes burned at the sight of another dog. Wally still had Pongo in his arms and he looked distrustfully at the powerful bulldog.

"I say, he won't get loose, will he?" asked D'Arcy minor.

"No, he's on his chain. Don't be nervous."

"Who are you getting at?" asked Wally pleasantly. "I'm not afraid of any old bulldog, but I don't want a brute that size to go for Pongo. Pongo is certain to go for him, too, but he will be able to get out of it again if your brute's on a chain, so that's all right."

"You can keep him in this box till you get a kennel," said Herries. "Better tie him up, too. They always make a row here if my bulldog gets loose, though he's a pleasant and

harmless animal."

Wally chuckled.

"No good tying up Pongo. He's such an artful beggar! He would be bound to get loose. He'll be off some where, as sure as eggs are eggs!"

"If he gets into the woods after the rabbits he'll get shot," said Herries warningly. "Barberry has shot twice at my bulldog and he's a nice, quiet animal!"

"Yes, he looks it," agreed Wally, glancing at the savage-looking bulldog. "And who is Barberry?"

"Sir Neville Boyle's head-keeper."

"There will be a row if he shoots at my dog," said Wally. "Pongo is bound to go rabbiting, it's his nature. I can't see why people can't let a dog be happy! My mother made an awful fuss because I had him in my room one night and he tore up the pillows."

"Here's the biscuit," said Herries.

"Thanks very much! There's a lot of animals here! I see some white mice over there."

"Lots of the fellows keep pets."

"Good! I like that! Pongo always kills white mice and rats. I dare say there will be some rows about that, too!" said Wally with a chuckle.

Herries made no reply. He felt that this new ornament of the Third Form was a little too much for him. He led him back to the quadrangle and, as they passed the angle of the New House, three juniors in running shorts came into sight. They were Figgins, Kerr and Wynn of the New House, taking their evening sprint round the quad to keep in form. Figgins & Co. halted as they saw Herries and his companion.

"Hallo!" said Figgins. "I hear that D'Arcy's young brother is coming to St. Jim's. Is that right, Herries?"

"Yes, here he is!"

Figgins and Co. looked closely at Wally. They looked at him and they looked at one another.

"My hat!" said Figgins.

"My Aunt Matilda!" murmured Kerr.

"Great Scott!" remarked Fatty Wynn.

And Figgins & Co. sprinted on, still chuckling. D'Arcy minor stared after them.

"Who are those chaps?" he asked.

"Figgins & Co., of the New House."

"Oh, you have separate houses here?" asked Wally as they walked on through the dusk towards the School House. "I think I remember Gussy telling me something about it. You have House rows, I believe?"

"That's it," said Herries. "The School House is the top house at St. Jim's, you know, and we have to keep Figgins & Co. in their place!"

"Do you always beat them?"

"Oh, yes, always—except—except when they beat us! Here we are!"

They entered the School House. Tom Merry & Co. were waiting for them in the hall. Arthur Augustus looked depressed. Wally gave him a friendly dig in the ribs that made him start violently.

"Cheer up, old cock!" said Wally.

"Weally, Wally, if you address me in that disrespectful manner—"

"Oh, don't get on the high horse, Gussy! I've had enough of that in the holidays!" said Wally. "Father was talking to me the same way, too, just before I left! I suppose I had better go in and see the boss."

"The—the—the what?"

"The Head, then."

"If he heard you refer to him as the boss," said Tom Merry, "there would be a licking for the cheekiest kid at St. Jim's!"

"Oh, but he didn't hear, so it's all right! Where is his den?"

"You must come and have a wash and bwush-up first, Wally," said D'Arcy, "and you had better wewort yourself to the housemaster first. I suppose that awwagements have been made for you to be in the School House?"

"I hope so. I shall want to keep Pongo in my study."

"Pets are not allowed in the House, and Third Form kids don't have studies," said Tom Merry.

Wally stared.

"Ain't I going to have a study to myself, then?"

"No, You'll do your evening studies in the Third Form room, with the rest of the infants, and you'll have a locker there to keep your things in, if you can find an empty one. The other infants often take two or three when there are vacant places and you may have to fight somebody for one!"

Wally pushed back his soiled cuffs with a grin.

"Oh, I shan't mind that," he said. "I know Gussy will hold my coat!"

"Weally, Wally, I should wewuse to do anything of the sort," said D'Arcy. "Come with me and make yourself tidy. Tom Mewwy has been kind enough to have a feed wewpared in his study for you, to celebrate your awwivai. This is an unheard-of honour for a Third Form kid!"

"I hope it's an unheard of feed, too," said Wally. "I'm hungry!"

"Come on!"

Arthur Augustus marched his terrible younger brother off. Tom Merry & Co. exchanged glances and chuckled.

"My hat!" said Tom Merry. "This will be a sad trial for the one and only Gus! I hardly expected to see anything like this!"

"Nor I," grinned Blake. "He came as a surprise! Poor old Gus! And his mother told him that Wally was coming as a joyful surprise!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Let's get up to the study," said Lowther. "We may as well have the feed quite ready by the time young D'Arcy comes up. I can foresee a heap of flickings in store for that young gentleman, and he may as well start with a good feed."

"Right! Hallo, Skimmy, going out?"

Skimpole had just come downstairs with a leather bag in his hand, and his cap obviously concealed under his jacket. He tried to avoid the chums of the Shell, but it was impossible, and he stopped.

"Yes, I am going for—a little walk," he said. "It is a—very pleasant evening and—and I am going for a little walk."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Yes, it's a pleasant misty evening, with a pleasant little drizzle coming on," he agreed. "May as well speak out, Skimmy. You are up to something!"

"Really, Tom Merry, I—"

"You are going out of bounds," said Tom Merry severely, "and that bag contains the grub you told us you were going to hide in the wood. Now, then, isn't that it?"

Skimpole turned very red and looked uneasy.

"Well, perhaps you are right," he said. "I really think you might show a little more sympathy in this matter, Tom Merry. You can see that poor Mary is upset over that young fellow Lynn getting the sack and it will be a great comfort to her to know that he deserves it. When I have proved him guilty—"

"When you have what?" roared Blake.

"When I have proved him guilty she will naturally cease to worry about such a worthless fellow and will be happy again."

"You idiot!"

"Really, Blake, that was very rude! Do not delay me any more, I am in a great hurry!"

Tom Merry laid his hand on Skimpole's shoulder.

"Look here, Skimmy," he said, "you'll get into a row if you go out of bounds at night! You've done it before and been let off lightly, but you can't rely on Mr. Railton's patience too often, you know!"

"I should not hesitate to break bounds for the sake of doing good," said Skimpole, "but, as it happens, I have a pass out of bounds tonight!"

"A pass?" said Tom Merry suspiciously. "Where did you get it?"

"Knox, the prefect, gave it to me," said Skimpole. "I told him I particularly wanted to go down Rylcombe way and he has given me a pass. I am going to do a little shopping for him in the village."

Jack Blake gave a sniff. Knox was an unpopular prefect.

"Yes, I know what that means! You are going to get cigarettes for

him!"

"Really, Blake, I suppose a prefect can do as he likes? If Knox chooses to ruin his wind by smoking cigarettes, why shouldn't he? It's his own wind, isn't it?"

"Rubbish!" said Tom Merry. "You're talking rot, Skimmy, but you always are, so we won't argue the point! If you hadn't a pass I should march you in again by the scruff of your neck. As it is, I suppose I can't stop you from making a fool of yourself!"

Skimpole left the house rather hurriedly as Tom Merry & Co. went upstairs.

They entered Tom Merry's study. The light was turned on, showing that someone had been there since the chums of the Shell left the room. Tom Merry looked round quickly, then he gave a whoop.

"My hat! Look!"

His shout was echoed by Manners and Lowther. The good things that had been piled on the table had disappeared—hardly a thing was left. But in the place of a feast laid for D'Arcy minor's honour, was a scrawled note, pinned to the tablecloth. They did not need to guess that it was in Herbert Skimpole's handwriting. Tom Merry picked it up and read it out:

"Dear Merry.—I have been compelled to borrow your feed. I shall return the full value of it to you out of the profits of my book on *How to Help People*, which will be published before Christmas. Yours sincerely, "Herbert Skimpole."

The chums looked at one another. Blake sat down, gasping. Digby burst into a row. Herries stared at the empty table. The Terrible Three were furious.

"I think this takes the cake," said Jack Blake. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"Skimmy has passed the limit this time," said Monty Lowther wildly. "Let's get after him! He can't be out of the gates yet."

Tom Merry brightened up.

"Good! He can't be gone yet. Come on, lads! We may catch him and get the grub back and give him a hiding into the bargain."

The juniors did not need telling twice. Tom Merry rushed from the study and the others followed him fast. They rushed headlong down the stairs and out into the dusky quadrangle.

#### WALLY MEETS HIS MASTERS

"HERE'S the bathroom, Wally." "Right!" said D'Arcy minor. "While I'm having a wash you might find out where they've put my box and get me out a clean shirt, will you?"

"Yes." "And bring me a brush to get some of this dust off."

"Yes," said Arthur Augustus. And he left his young brother to clean up and went away in search of the cheerful lad's box. It was not done for a Fourth Form fellow to run errands for a youngster in the Third Form. But D'Arcy's desire to make his brother's appearance a little more respectable before he saw the housemaster overpowered every other feeling. He went to the Third Form dormitory and found the box. He was just stooping down to open the box and remembered that he had forgotten to ask Wally for the key.

"By Jove!" murmured the dandy of

St. Jim's. "That young bounder will exhaust me at this rate. I shall have to go down again."

He went down to the bathroom. Wally was puffing and blowing under the flowing tap and did not see or hear him. D'Arcy tapped him on the back to gain his attention and Wally started and suddenly raised his head, sending a shower of cold water over Arthur Augustus. D'Arcy started back with a gasp.

"You young ass! You've ruined my trowsers!"

"Hallo," said Wally, "is it you? You startled me, Sorry."

"Yes, I should think you are sorry," said D'Arcy as he mopped himself with a towel. "I regard you as a careless young ass. You did not give me the key of your trunk and I have had to come down again for it."

"Oh, that's all right," said Wally cheerfully, "it's not locked. I've lost the key ages ago. It's just corded up. You can cut the cord."

D'Arcy did not reply, his feelings were too deep. He left the bathroom and went up to the Third Form dormitory once more. He sawed through the cord with his pen-knife and the lid of the trunk started up. It was evidently crammed full, and a little over. Arthur Augustus's boxes were models of neatness. But not Wally's!

Shirts and collars were jammed together with sweaters and boots, and an overcoat was crammed round a muddy football. Boots and caps, marbles, dog biscuits and shirts, formed a heap of untidiness that made D'Arcy's flesh creep.

"Shocking!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "The young wascal!"

It was rather difficult to find a shirt without a stain of some kind on it. Arthur Augustus selected the cleanest and sorted out a clothes brush. He carried them down to the bathroom. "Thanks!" said Wally. "You're a good pal, Gussy."

"Your box is in an awful state, you young wascal."

"Yes, isn't it?" chuckled Wally. "Curious thing that my box always gets like that, isn't it? You can tidy it up for me tomorrow, Gus."

"Get finished and let me take you to the housemaster," said D'Arcy, frowning.

Wally did not take long to finish. Three rubs with the brush and he announced that his clothes were all right. One hack with a comb and his hair was finished. D'Arcy looked at him hopelessly and led him out. He certainly looked cleaner and tidier and a little more of a credit to the dandy of the School House.

Arthur Augustus tapped at Mr. Railton's study door. The housemaster bade him enter, and the brothers went in. Wally held his cap in his hand, but did not look at all scared. He glanced round the room and nodded to Mr. Railton. The master of the School House looked at them curiously.

"If you please, sir, this is my young bwother," said D'Arcy. "He has awvived at the school, sir, and I have brought him to you."

"Ah, I am glad to see you, D'Arcy minor!" said the housemaster. "Dr. Holmes has spoken to me about you and I have been expecting you. The Head informs me that you will go into the Third Form."

"Yes, sir," said Wally meekly. "You will have a locker in the

Third Form room for your books and other things, and you will do your evening studies there," said Mr. Railton. "Your brother will, I have no doubt, show you about the school and explain matters to you. You had better go and report yourself to your Form-master—Mr. Selby, in the next room."

And Mr. Railton shook hands with the new School House boy and D'Arcy led him from the study. Wally was looking thoughtful.

"I rather like Railton," he remarked. "Seems a decent sort of bloke."

"Mr. Wailton is wather a decent sort," said D'Arcy, with some emphasis on the "Mr."

"I wonder what my own boss will be like?"

"Mr. Selby is wather a sharp man, and he will keep you up to the mark."

"O.K. Let's wake the old boy up."

And Wally thumped on the door of the study next to Mr. Railton's. D'Arcy jumped and a thin voice bade the boys enter. Mr. Selby was sometimes very lenient and sometimes very severe with his boys. He was fortunately in a lenient mood now or that thump on the door might have cost D'Arcy minor a ticking-off.

"Ah, D'Arcy!" he said, looking over a book on his table. "D'Arcy minor—yes, quite correct. What is your full name, D'Arcy minor?"

"Walter Adolphus Montague Fitzroy Plantagenet Tudor D'Arcy, sir," said Wally with a face as grave as that of a graven image. Mr. Selby gave a start and looked curiously at the new junior. Then he wrote the name down in his book.

"Dear me!" he remarked. "I think Walter D'Arcy will do for—for all ordinary purposes. You will be known as D'Arcy minor, as you have an elder brother here. I shall examine you further in the morning. You will have—er—No. 10 locker in the Third Form room. You will—er—ask Jameson for the key, Jameson having been allowed to use the locker while it was empty. You will find the rules for your conduct written up in the Form room and I have no doubt that your brother will explain anything to you. You may go."

"Thank you, sir," said Wally meekly.

And they went. The moment the door had closed Arthur Augustus took a grip on his brother's ear that made that young gentleman wriggle.

"Here, hold on, Gus!" grunted D'Arcy minor. "Hold on! Let go!"

"You young wascal, why did you tell Mr. Selby that ridiculous list of names? He will find out some time that you have only two Christian names."

Wally chuckled.

"Can't you understand a joke, you solemn old owl?" he said. "I think I shall have to liven you up a little, Gus."

"Don't be a cheeky young wascal. I suppose I had better show you to the Form room as I shall have no time to bother with you tomorrow."

"Right-ho!"

Arthur Augustus led the way to the Third Form room.

Wally D'Arcy seems to have taken to St. Jim's like a duck takes to water.... But will St. Jim's take to Wally? See next week's instalment of this cheery yarn.

# DICK TURPIN

AND

## The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN



While Nicholas Crawley is leading Dick and Moll to his family treasure in the maze beneath the house, he is captured by the Phantom, and the two comrades are left alone in the dark. . . .

Dick and Moll were lost in the blackness of the maze.

DICK! WHERE ARE YOU?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, MOLL! I HAVE FLINT AND TINDER IN MY POCKET... WE'LL SOON HAVE A LIGHT

Dick relit the candle. . . .

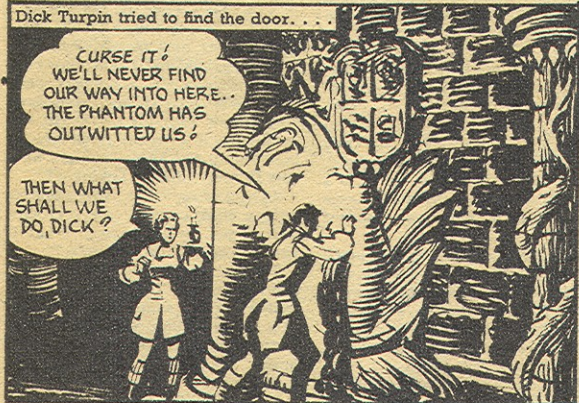
THAT'S WHERE THE PHANTOM TOOK MASTER CRAWLEY... THERE IS A SECRET DOOR SOMEWHERE THERE



Dick Turpin tried to find the door. . . .

CURSE IT! WE'LL NEVER FIND OUR WAY INTO HERE... THE PHANTOM HAS OUTWITTED US!

THEN WHAT SHALL WE DO, DICK?



IT'S NO GOOD GOING BACK THE WAY CRAWLEY BROUGHT US... WE WOULD VERY QUICKLY LOSE OURSELVES! WE'LL GO THAT WAY...

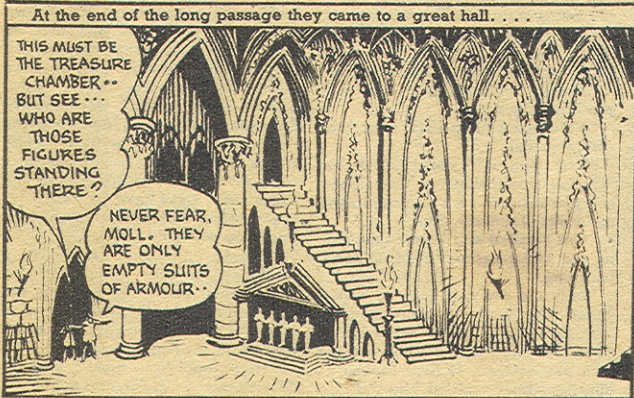
... TO THE TREASURE CHAMBER?



At the end of the long passage they came to a great hall. . . .

THIS MUST BE THE TREASURE CHAMBER... BUT SEE... WHO ARE THOSE FIGURES STANDING THERE?

NEVER FEAR, MOLL. THEY ARE ONLY EMPTY SUITS OF ARMOUR.



Suddenly Dick's eyes fell on a terrifying sight!

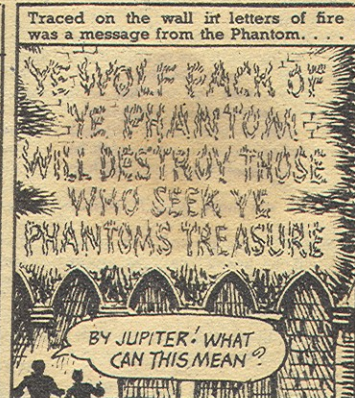
MOLL!..LOOK!



Traced on the wall in letters of fire was a message from the Phantom. . . .

YE WOY WOLF PACK OF YE PHANTOM WILL DESTROY THOSE WHO SEEK YE PHANTOM'S TREASURE

BY JUPITER! WHAT CAN THIS MEAN?



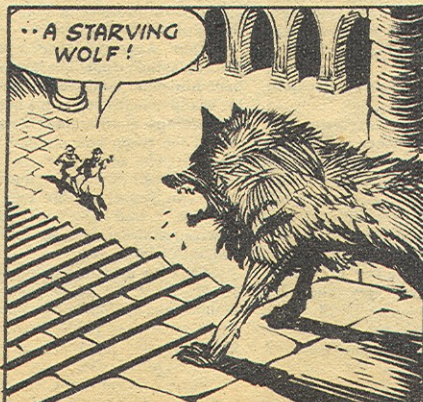
Then a savage howl from beyond the great staircase echoed through the chamber. . . .

WHAT'S THAT? I NEVER HEARD SUCH AN AWFUL NOISE IN MY LIFE!

I KNOW THAT SOUND! I ONCE HEARD IT IN THE FROZEN WASTES OF RUSSIA... IT IS THE HOWL OF...

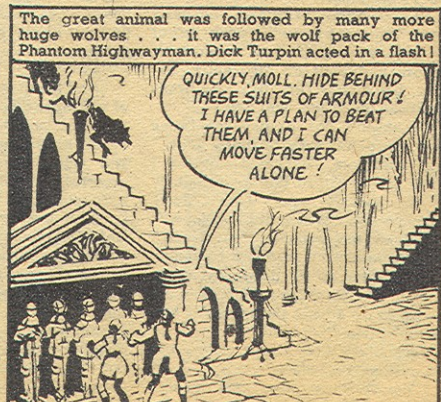


..A STARVING WOLF!



The great animal was followed by many more huge wolves. . . . it was the wolf pack of the Phantom Highwayman. Dick Turpin acted in a flash!

QUICKLY, MOLL. HIDE BEHIND THESE SUITS OF ARMOUR! I HAVE A PLAN TO BEAT THEM, AND I CAN MOVE FASTER ALONE!



Dick bounded across the great hall. . . .

IF I CAN REACH THE TOP OF THAT NARROW STAIRCASE... I'LL BE ABLE TO TURN AND TACKLE THEM ONE BY ONE!

. . . up the narrow staircase

At the top the gallant highwayman turned and, seized the wolf pack leader by its hairy throat. . . .

NOT SO FAST, YOU UGLY BRUTE!

. . . and hurled it down at the snarling teeth of the rest of the pack!

Another wolf leaped at Dick's throat!

As he stepped back . . . THE FLOOR GAVE WAY BENEATH HIS FEET!

AAAAGH!

Man and wolf rolled down another gloomy staircase. . . .

They landed with a crash at the bottom . . . Dick stared about him. . . .

BY MY BOOTS AND SADDLE, I'M BACK IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE HOUSE OF SECRETS!

Meanwhile, back in the treasure chamber, Moll had a shock!

WHAT IS THIS? . . . I SWEAR THAT THERE WERE ONLY FIVE SUITS OF ARMOUR HERE WHEN WE CAME. NOW THERE ARE SIX!

Alone in the eerie chamber with the Phantom! What will Moll Moonlight do now? See next week!

## THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 7s. 6d., the remainder receive 5s. How about a joke from you? Send it to The Joker, 5 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

