

SUN

EVERY
MONDAY

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March 7, 1933

3¢



BILLY THE KID

Billy the Kid *Rescues* Buffalo Bill

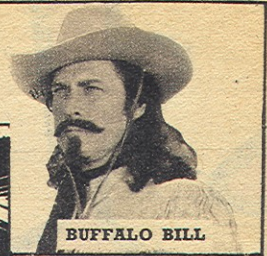
ANOTHER LONG COMPLETE
WESTERN PICTURE-STORY
INSIDE





BILLY THE KID

BILLY THE KID



BUFFALO BILL

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG BOSS OF THE CIRCLE-B RANCH HAD JUST RIDDEN INTO TOWN AND FROM THE STEPS OF FAT FRED'S SALOON HE WATCHED THE GREAT SCOUT GO BY --



THREE CHEERS FOR BUFFALO BILL!



NOW'S THE TIME TO GRAB A QUICK MEAL BEFORE THE CROWD RETURNS!

A GREAT MAN WAS COMING TO LITTLE FALLS AND EVERYBODY IN TOWN TURNED OUT TO GREET HIM. HE WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE FAMOUS FRONTIERSMAN AND INDIAN SCOUT, BUFFALO BILL BODDY.

CHIEF YELLOW HAND, AN OUTLAW INDIAN AND HIS MERCILESS BAND OF REDSKINS WERE OUT ON THE WARPATH, AND BUFFALO BILL WAS ON THEIR TRAIL -- DETERMINED TO DO ALL HE COULD TO PUT AN END TO THEIR MISDEEDS --

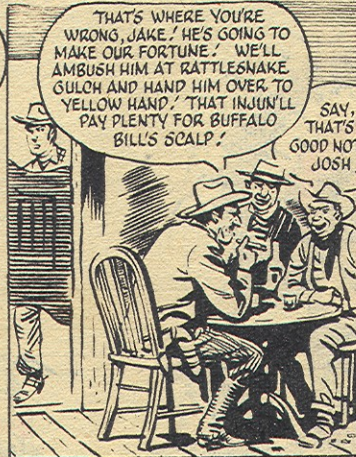


BUT AS WILL REACHED THE DOOR, HE REALISED THE SALOON WAS NOT EMPTY --



THIS CODY GUY IS GOING TO UPSET OUR PLANS FOR TRADING WITH YELLOW HAND, BOSS.

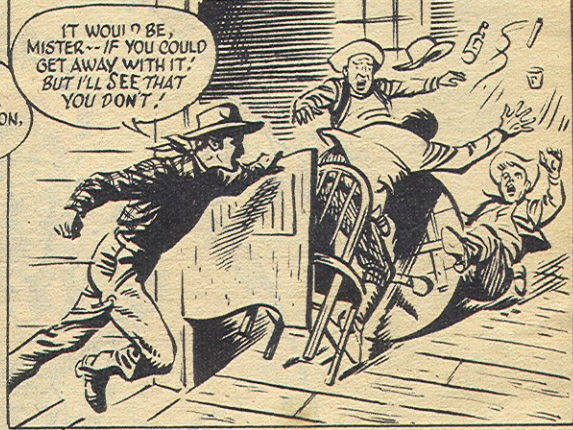
WILL RECOGNISED JOSH CARTER, A RASCALLY INDIAN TRADER AND HIS TWO HENCHMEN.



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, JAKE! HE'S GOING TO MAKE OUR FORTUNE! WE'LL AMBUSH HIM AT RATTLESNAKE GULCH AND HAND HIM OVER TO YELLOW HAND! THAT INJUN'LL PAY PLENTY FOR BUFFALO BILL'S SCALP!

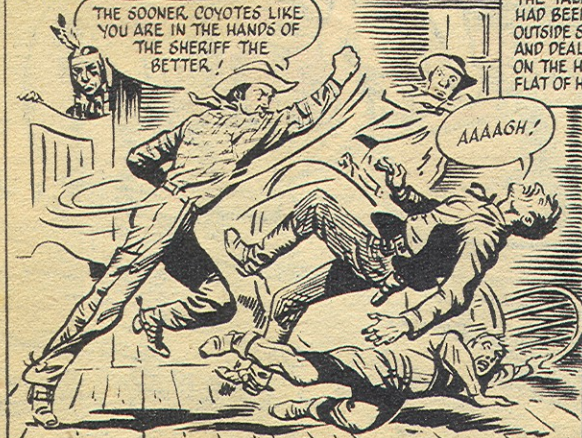
SAY, THAT'S A GOOD NOTION, JOSH!

ON HEARING THE DASTARDLY PLANS OF THE THREE MEN, WILL BONNEY BURST INTO THE SALOON --



IT WOUL'D BE, MISTER -- IF YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH IT, BUT I'LL SEE THAT YOU DON'T!

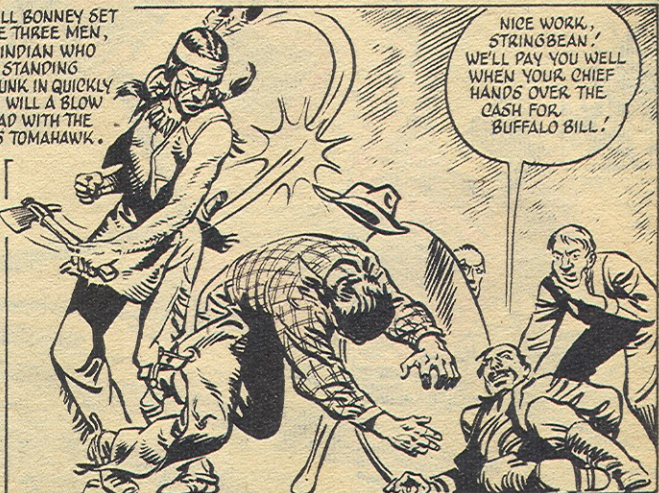
BEFORE THE STARTLED MEN COULD RECOVER, THE YOUNG RANCHER WAS UPON THEM --



THE SOONER COYOTES LIKE YOU ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE SHERIFF THE BETTER!

AAAAGH!

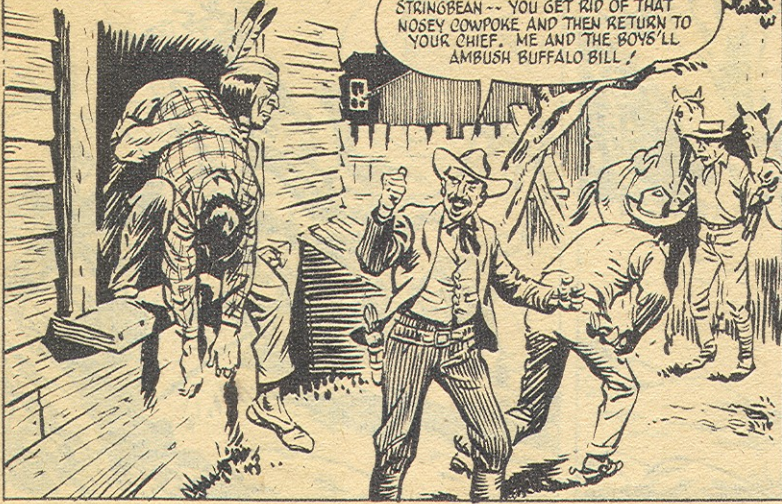
BUT AS WILL BONNEY SET ABOUT THE THREE MEN, THE TALL INDIAN WHO HAD BEEN STANDING OUTSIDE SLUNK IN QUICKLY AND DEALT WILL A BLOW ON THE HEAD WITH THE FLAT OF HIS TOMAHAWK.



NICE WORK, STRINGBEAN! WE'LL PAY YOU WELL WHEN YOUR CHIEF HANDS OVER THE CASH FOR BUFFALO BILL!

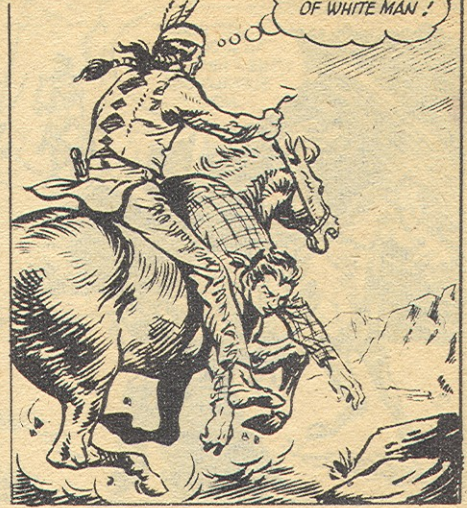
THE THREE CROOKS SLIPPED QUIETLY OUT OF THE BACK WINDOW OF THE DESERTED SALOON -- FOLLOWED BY THE INDIAN WHO WAS CARRYING THE SENSELESS FORM OF WILL BONNEY --

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE WHILE THE CROWD'S STILL DOWN THE OTHER END OF TOWN. STRINGBEAN -- YOU GET RID OF THAT NOSEY COWPOKE AND THEN RETURN TO YOUR CHIEF. ME AND THE BOYS'LL AMBUSH BUFFALO BILL!

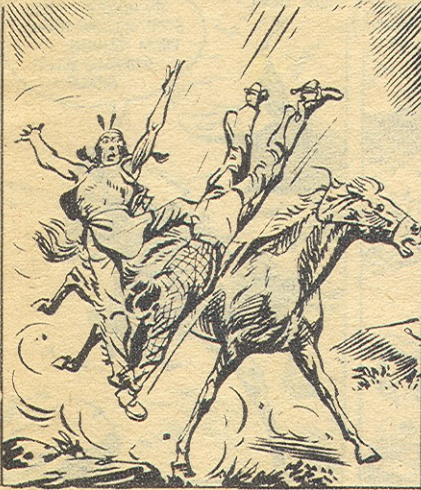


WHEN WILL BONNEY REGAINED HIS SENSES HE FOUND HIMSELF SLUNG ACROSS AN INDIAN PONY HEADING FOR THE OPEN COUNTRY --

ME STOP SOON AND TAKE SCALP OF WHITE MAN!



AS SOON AS HE HAD REGAINED SUFFICIENT STRENGTH WILL BONNEY SUDDENLY DIVED FROM THE PONY, TAKING THE INDIAN WITH HIM --



QUICKLY THE BRAVE REACHED FOR HIS TOMAHAWK, BUT BEFORE HE COULD STRIKE --

OH, NO, YOU DON'T -- YOU RED COYOTE!



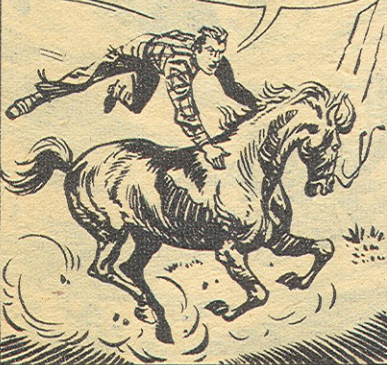
WITH A TERRIFIC PUNCH, WILL BONNEY MADE SURE THAT HE WOULD NOT BE BOTHERED BY THE REDSKIN AGAIN --

THAT'LL STOP YOU FROM INTERFERING AGAIN IN A HURRY!



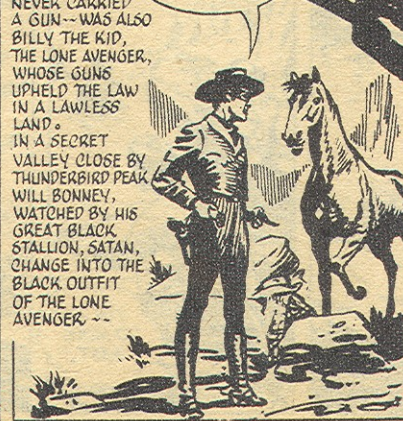
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP, WILL MOUNTED THE INDIAN'S PONY AND ROPE HARD TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD PEAK --

GET GOING, BRONCO! THERE'S ONLY ONE MAN WHO CAN SAVE BUFFALO BILL NOW -- AND THAT'S BILLY THE KID!



UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY -- WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN -- WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER, WHOSE GUNS UPHOLD THE LAW IN A LAWLESS LAND. IN A SECRET VALLEY CLOSE BY THUNDERBIRD PEAK WILL BONNEY, WATCHED BY HIS GREAT BLACK STALLION, SATAN, CHANGE INTO THE BLACK OUTFIT OF THE LONE AVENGER --

WE'VE A JOB TO DO, SATAN -- AND BUFFALO BILL'S LIFE DEPENDS ON OUR DOING IT PROPERLY.

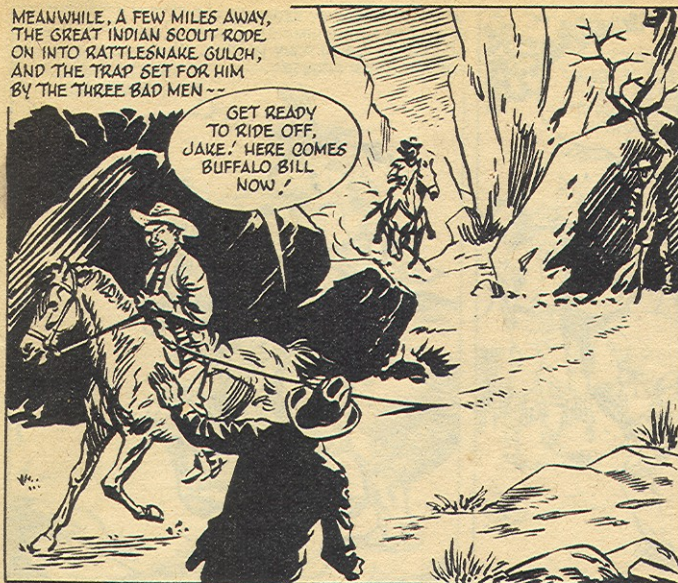


SOON THE HILLS AROUND ECHOED WITH THE FAMOUS WAR-CRY OF BILLY THE KID AS HIS WONDER-HORSE CARRIED HIM TO THE RESCUE OF BUFFALO BILL --

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!



MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY, THE GREAT INDIAN SCOUT ROPE ON INTO RATTLESNAKE GULCH, AND THE TRAP SET FOR HIM BY THE THREE BAD MEN --



GET READY TO RIDE OFF, JAKE! HERE COMES BUFFALO BILL NOW!

ALTHOUGH ON THE ALERT FOR DANGER, BUFFALO BILL WAS COMPLETELY TAKEN BY SURPRISE AS THE HIDDEN ROPE WHIPPED UP -- CAUSING HIS HORSE TO FALL --



NOW!

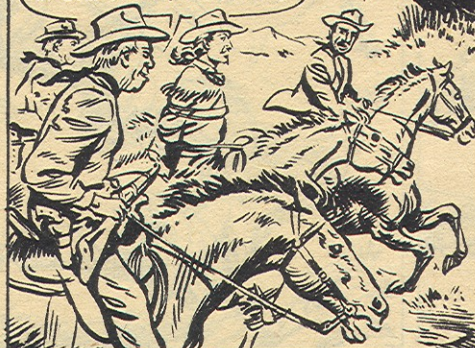
NO SOONER HAD THE SCOUT FALLEN THAN JOSH CARTER AND HIS MEN WERE UPON HIM --



QUICK, LOUIE! THE ROPE! TIE HIM UP!

BUFFALO BILL NEVER HAD A CHANCE AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER, TRUSSSED TO HIS HORSE, HE WAS BEING TAKEN TO THE CAMP OF HIS OLD ENEMY -- YELLOW HAND.

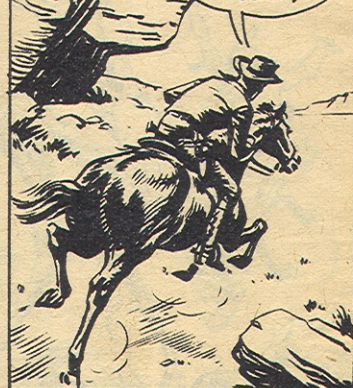
THOSE CURLY LOCKS OF YOURS WILL GET US PLENTY OF GOLD FROM YELLOW HAND!



NOBODY'LL BE THE WISER TO OUR SCHEME. YELLOW HAND WILL TAKE THE BLAME FOR YOUR FINISH, MISTER -- AND WHILE THEY'RE OUT AFTER HIM WE'LL BE SPENDING THE DOUGH!

BUT UNKNOWN TO THE BAD MEN, BILLY THE KID WAS HOT ON THEIR TRAIL --

WE WERE TOO LATE TO STOP THE AMBUSH, SATAN, BUT BY HOKEY -- WE'LL STOP YELLOW HAND FROM TAKING BUFFALO BILL'S SCALP!



YELLOW HAND'S CAMP WAS ON AN ISLAND IN THE CENTRE OF A GREAT LAKE. IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO APPROACH IT WITHOUT BEING SEEN. AS BILLY THE KID REACHED THE SHORES OF THE LAKE, HE SAW BUFFALO BILL BEING HUSTLED ABOARD A WAITING CANOE BY HIS CAPTORS --



WAIT FOR ME HERE, SATAN! IT'S GOING TO BE TRICKY TO REACH THAT ISLAND UNSEEN -- BUT I THINK I KNOW HOW TO DO IT!

AS THE PADDLES OF THE INDIANS STRUCK THE WATER, BILLY SLIPPED QUIETLY INTO THE LAKE --



I'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

A MOMENT LATER, BILLY THE KID DIVED AND SWAM UNDERWATER UNTIL HE SAW THE CANOE ABOVE HIM --



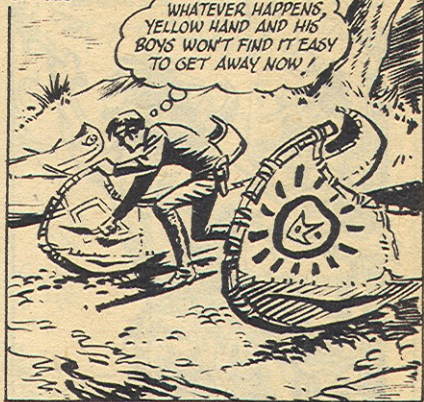
QUIETLY BREAKING SURFACE AT THE REAR OF THE CANOE HE GRIPPED THE STERN AND WITH JUST HIS FACE OUT OF THE WATER WAS TOWED UNSEEN ACROSS THE LAKE --



A FEW YARDS FROM THE SHORE BILLY LET GO THE STERN AND SILENTLY SWAM TO THE COVER OF SOME BULRUSHES --



BILLY THE KID WAITED IN THE RUSHES UNTIL THE PARTY OF BRAVES AND THE BADMEN HAD DRAGGED BUFFALO BILL THROUGH THE WOODS TO THE CAMP AND THEN WITH HIS KNIFE SLICED DEEP SLITS IN THE BIRCH-BARK CANOES --



WHEN BILLY REACHED THE CAMP THE INDIANS WERE ALREADY PERFORMING THE DANCE OF DEATH AROUND A GIANT TOTEM-POLE TO WHICH THE GREAT SCOUT WAS TIED -- SUDDENLY SOMETHING CAUGHT THE LONE AVENGER'S EYE.



BY HOKEY, / STOLEN AMMUNITION AND A SMALL KEG OF GUNPOWDER! MY LUCK'S IN!

TO THE SOUND OF THE INDIANS' FRENZIED SCREAMS, BILLY THE KID QUICKLY CRAWLED BEHIND THE AMMUNITION BOXES AND, PIERCING A HOLE IN THE KEG, COLLECTED A HANDFUL OF GUNPOWDER WITH WHICH TO LAY A FUSE --

THANK GOODNESS BUFFALO BILL'S TIED TO THE FAR SIDE OF THAT TOTEM POLE. RECKON IT'S STOUT ENOUGH TO PROTECT HIM FROM WHAT'S COMING.



USING THE INDIANS' OWN METHOD OF MAKING FIRE, BILLY SOON KINDLED A SMALL FIRE BY RUBBING TWO DRY STICKS TOGETHER CLOSE TO THE POWDER TRAIL --

THAT'S IT! HERE'S HOPING YELLOW HAND HAS KEPT HIS POWDER DRY!

IN THE MEANTIME, THE INDIANS HAD WORKED THEMSELVES UP INTO A FRENZY AND THE TIME CAME FOR THE MERILESS YELLOW HAND TO SLAY HIS HATED ENEMY -- BUFFALO BILL.

SAY YOUR LAST WORDS, O LONG HAired ONE. YOUR SCALP WILL HANG FROM MY BELT AND MAKE ME FAMOUS AMONG ALL REDMEN!

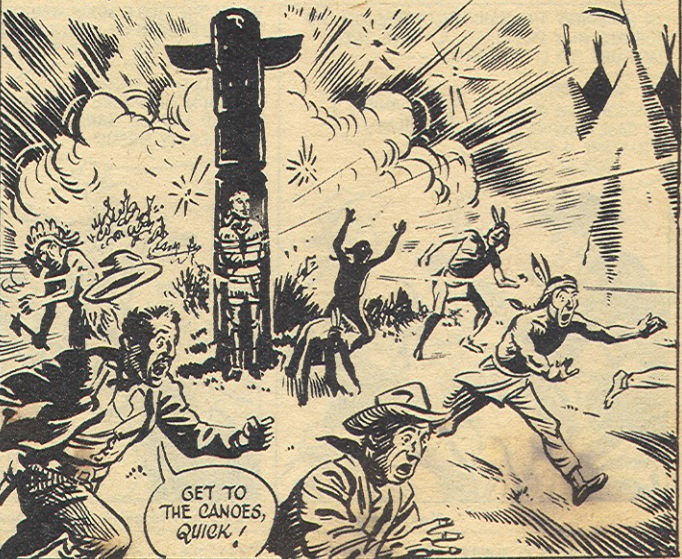


DO YOUR WORST, YELLOW HAND! IN THE END YOU WILL DIE FOR YOUR DEED LIKE THE TREACHEROUS MEN WHO HAVE SOLD MY SCALP TO YOU!

ALL WAS SILENT AS THE SAVAGE CHIEF MOVED TOWARDS HIS UNFLINCHING VICTIM. SUDDENLY THE GROUND SHOOK UNDER A VIOLENT EXPLOSION -- BILLY'S FUSE HAD REACHED THE POWDER KEG.



IMMEDIATELY THE AIR WAS FULL OF EXPLODING BULLETS AND SIGNAL CARTRIDGES.



THE BRAVES AND THE BADMEN HAD RUSHED MADLY TO THE CANOES, BUT YELLOW HAND, DETERMINED TO CARRY OUT HIS DASTARDLY DEED, REMAINED--



YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YELLOW HAND!

THIS TIME YOU WILL DIE, BUFFALO BILL-- AND NOBODY WILL STOP ME!

BUT AS THE SAVAGE CLOSED IN, A MASKED FIGURE LEAPED IN BETWEEN HIM AND THE SCOUT--



YES, NOBODY YELLOW HAND! NOBODY BUT BILLY THE KID!

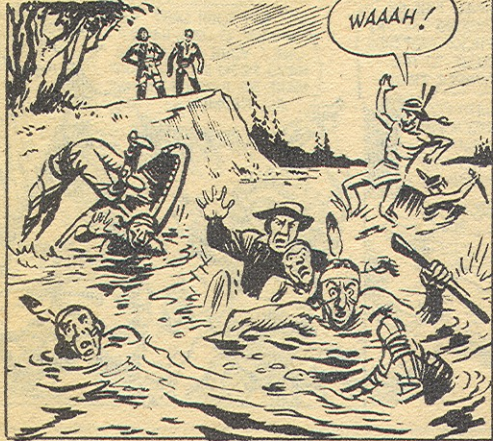
YELLOW HAND FELL IN A SENSELESS HEAP TO THE GROUND AND BILLY THE KID QUICKLY CUT FREE BUFFALO BILL--



THANKS, BILLY THE KID! I'D LIKE TO FURTHER OUR ACQUAINTANCE, BUT THOSE OTHER RASCALS MUST BE CAUGHT FIRST!

THEY WON'T GET FAR, BILL! COME AND SEE!

BILLY THE KID WAS RIGHT, FOR A FEW YARDS OFF SHORE THE ESCAPING INDIANS AND BADMEN SOON FOUND THAT THEIR CANOES WERE USELESS--



WAAAH!

WHEN THE WRETCHED MEN FLOUNDERED TOWARDS THE BANK THEY FOUND THEMSELVES GAZING UP AT THE GUNS OF BILLY THE KID--



DON'T ANY OF YOU TRY SWIMMIN' TO THE OTHER SHORE-- 'COS YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

B-B-BILLY THE K-K-KID!

HERE'S YOUR CHIEF, YELLOW HAND, REDMEN! THE GAME'S UP!

UNDER THE GUNS OF BILLY THE KID, THE TREACHEROUS INDIANS AND THEIR RASCALLY WHITE FRIENDS WERE FORCED TO REPAIR THE DAMAGED CANOES, AND SOON THEY WERE LEAVING THEIR ISLAND FOR THE LAST TIME--



FASTER, YELLOW HAND! YOU'RE SLACKING!

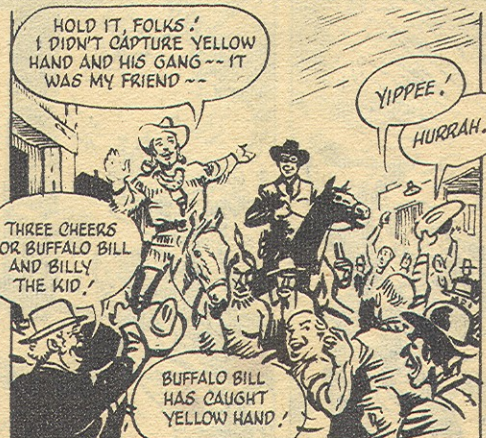
ON REACHING THE BANK BILLY THE KID AND BUFFALO BILL PREPARED TO TAKE THEIR CAPTIVES TO LITTLE FALLS--



YOU'D BETTER BORROW THIS GUN, BILL, IN CASE ANYONE TRIES TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

THANKS, BILLY!

WHEN THE TWO FAMOUS MEN OF THE WEST RODE UP TO THE OUTSKIRTS OF LITTLE FALLS WITH THEIR BAND OF PRISONERS THE WHOLE TOWN RUSHED OUT TO MEET THEM.



HOLD IT, FOLKS! I DIDN'T CAPTURE YELLOW HAND AND HIS GANG-- IT WAS MY FRIEND--

THREE CHEERS FOR BUFFALO BILL AND BILLY THE KID!

BUFFALO BILL HAS CAUGHT YELLOW HAND!

YIPPEE!
HURRAH!

BUT WHEN THE GREAT INDIAN SCOUT TURNED TOWARDS BILLY--



HEY, WHERE THE--?

SO LONG, BUFFALO BILL. GOOD LUCK TO YOU! YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

HIS JOB OF SAVING THE GREAT INDIAN SCOUT COMPLETED, BILLY DID NOT WAIT FOR THE CROWD'S APPLAUSE, BUT RODE BACK TO HIS HIDEOUT ON THUNDERBIRD PEAK.

Next week Billy the Kid comes to grips with a Mexican bandit and his "private army".

The Editor is always glad to hear from SUN readers. . . . How about dropping him a line today, telling him what you like and if there is anything you don't like in SUN. Write c/o SUN, The Amalgamated Press Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

WILD BILL HICKOK

IN THE HANDS
OF THE REDSKINS

AMBUSHED!

WILD BILL HICKOK, the famous frontier marshal of the lightning guns, was riding along the trail headed for Sioux City. Suddenly Gypsy, his sorrel mare, gave a warning neigh and put on a burst of speed. As she did so, a war-party of half-a-dozen painted, screaming Cheyenne Indians charged down a slope towards the marshal.

He ducked hastily as a shower of arrows whizzed past him, dangerously close. Urging Gypsy on at an even greater pace, Wild Bill jerked his Winchester repeating rifle from his saddleboot. Twisting round, he fired several rapid shots at the pursuing Indians.

Hickok's withering fire caused the Redskins to slow down, and they let out a loud wail of anger as two yelling warriors tumbled from their horses' backs. Then Wild Bill caught the shout of "Man-who-shoots-fast"—his Indian name—and knew that he had been recognised. If there was one name that always struck fear into the heart of an Indian it was Man-who-shoots-fast.

Rapidly reloading his repeater he turned once more to fire at the Indians. But to his surprise he saw that they were headed in the opposite direction, taking their wounded with them. One warrior, however, suddenly wheeled away from the group and began shouting and waving his bow at his retreating companions. The marshal, who understood the Cheyenne language, caught the words:

"You are not warriors, but cowards, to flee from Man-who-shoots-fast. He shall die. I, Panther Tooth, shall kill him. Run, cowards, run!"

Wild Bill lowered his rifle and slowed Gypsy down to a slower gallop.

"Reckon that warrior needs to be taught a lesson if he plans on killing me," he murmured, looking back to see if the Indian was pursuing him.

The Cheyenne was mounted on a magnificent white mustang, and as he raced towards the fearless marshal, Wild Bill saw that the Indian was only a youth.

Even as the marshal turned round in his saddle to look at him, the young brave placed an arrow to his bowstring and shot it straight at Wild Bill, who just managed, in the nick of time, to jerk Gypsy to one side.

At that instant the scrawny, greyish body of a wolf sprang out from a clump of bushes and hurled itself at the white mustang. The noble creature let out a scream of terror and reared up so violently it threw its rider heavily to the ground, knocking him unconscious.

Two shots from the marshal's repeater rang out in quick succession as the vicious wolf was about to sink its fangs into the

mustang's neck. The animal gave a howl as the bullets found their mark, then flopped to the ground. Its body quivered and then lay still.

The marshal galloped swiftly up to the terrified mustang. Vaulting out of his saddle he glanced over at the Indian youth, and seeing that he was still unconscious, he turned to quieten the white horse.

The animal pawed the ground and snorted wildly, but under Wild Bill's gentle touch and soothing voice it soon stopped shaking and calmed down.

As Hickok stroked the mustang's smooth head, he bent down slightly and looked at the dead wolf.

"The critter must have been starving by the look of its ribs," he mused.

But the marshal's thoughts suddenly dissolved into blackness. He had been cracked over the head with the flat blade of a tomahawk!

The Indian brave had gained consciousness quickly, and seeing Wild Bill bending over the wolf, he had slipped noiselessly up to him, and knocked him out. With a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes, he leapt on his mustang and raced off.

When Wild Bill came to some time later, he sat up and gingerly rubbed his head as he looked about him.

"Well," he thought ruefully. "That's all the thanks I get for trying to help an uncivilised savage. Suppose I should be thankful the young varmint didn't kill me. Oh well, I'd better be on my way."

But the Cheyennes had not yet finished with Wild Bill Hickok.

The marshal had been riding for an hour or so when he came to a river. While Gypsy was having a long, cool drink, he decided to make himself some coffee. But as he reached for his saddle bags, he was suddenly attacked by another Cheyenne war-party, a bigger one this time, for there were twenty-five warriors.

Wild Bill's hands made a rapid downward movement towards his silver and ivory butted Colts, and came up blazing. He downed several warriors, but all too quickly there came the ominous click of empty chambers. There was no time to reload, and the Indians, seeing that Hickok's guns were empty, flung themselves at him. He struggled furiously, but was soon overpowered by all the warriors.

With loud cries of "Death to all palefacs," the Cheyennes bound the marshal hand and foot and took him off to the Indian camp.

Chief War Cloud took one look at Hickok and growled angrily:

"Man-who-shoots-fast must

die. He shall be burned to death at the stake."

In vain Wild Bill told the chief in the Cheyenne tongue that he was a friend of the red man, and that the Cheyenne warriors had attacked him first. War Cloud turned a deaf ear and ordered the dance of death to commence.

But as the drums began to beat, a young brave stepped up to the chief and said in a loud voice:

"Man-who-shoots-fast shall not die!"

It was the youth whose horse Wild Bill had saved.

IN THE NICK OF TIME!

THE chief raised his hands for silence and the drums stopped.

"Panther Tooth," he said solemnly. "The life of Man-who-shoots-fast can only be spared if another life is offered in exchange."

"I know that, Chief War Cloud. But I, Panther Tooth, offer my own life in exchange for the life of Man-who-shoots-fast."

A great howl went up from the warriors and they pleaded with Panther Tooth to reconsider his request. But the young brave remained firm. At last the chief gave orders that Wild Bill should be removed from the stake and Panther Tooth tied in his place.

The marshal stood beside the stern-faced chief and begged him to spare the brave's life. But War Cloud curtly told him to hold his tongue, and gave orders for the pile of faggots at the bottom of the stake to be set alight.

The marshal looked about him hopelessly. He was gunless, his hands were still securely bound, and he was guarded by four stalwart warriors. With a heavy heart he realised there was nothing he could do to save the life of the Indian youth who, for some reason of his own, chose to sacrifice his own life in order to save the marshal.

Panther Tooth stood lashed to the stake, his head held proudly high. Not a word passed his lips as little tongues of flame began to reach up towards his feet and legs. He could feel the heat of the fire, but the brave youth never flinched. He steeled himself for the moment when the fire would burn into his flesh.

But that moment never came.

There was a vivid streak of lightning and a terrifying crash of thunder as the summer sky suddenly became darkened by a huge black cloud. The next instant there was a mighty downpour of rain as though the black cloud had burst and was emptying its gallons of water upon the Cheyenne camp.

The Indians gasped in wonderment at the unexpected freak



THE FIGHTING MARSHAL

storm. The fire was immediately put out by the rain, and the Cheyennes looked in terror at their chief.

"It is a sign," they cried. "An omen that Panther Tooth must not die."

"Because the Rain God has spared the life of Panther Tooth, you can release him," ordered the chief in a low voice.

The youth was no sooner released than the rain stopped and the sun burst through the watery sky.

The chief ordered his warriors to untie Wild Bill and return to him his guns and horse.

"Go, Man-who-shoots-fast," he growled. "Leave our camp. If you are taken prisoner again, nothing will save you."

As the marshal climbed thankfully into his saddle he called out to Panther Tooth:

"I shall not forget that you saved my life, Panther Tooth. Thank you."

But the brave turned his back on Hickok and muttered savagely:

"Man-who-shoots-fast saved life of my horse. I saved your life in return. But we are enemies still, for you are white and I am red. Farewell."

When the marshal finally reached Sioux City, he told his friend, the sheriff, about his eventful journey.

"Lucky the freak storm occurred at that moment," said the sheriff. "You know who Panther Tooth is, don't you, Bill? He's the son of Chief War Cloud."

"The chief's son!" exclaimed Hickok. "By Christopher, what a strict code of honour the Indians have! So the chief would have sacrificed his own son!"

And the great marshal whistled in wonderment. Wise as he was in the ways of the redskins, even Wild Bill was amazed.

Wild Bill Hickok rides the adventure trail again next week.

The PRISONER of ZENDA

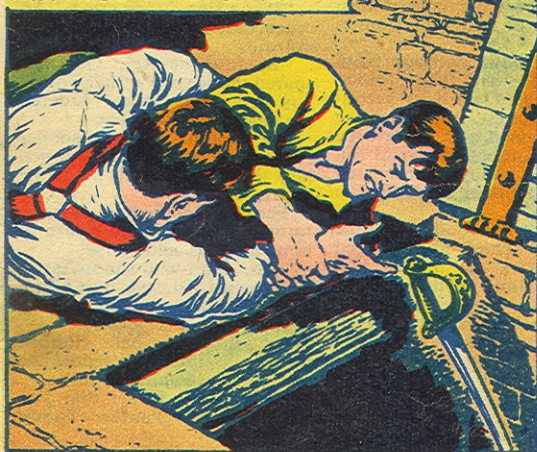
WHEN RUDOLF RASSENDYLL WAS SUDDENLY ATTACKED BY A GUARD IN THE CASTLE OF THE DUKE OF STRELSAU, HE HAD TO FIGHT DESPERATELY TO SAVE HIS OWN LIFE AND THAT OF THE KIDNAPPED KING WHO WAS HELD PRISONER IN THE CASTLE DUNGEON.



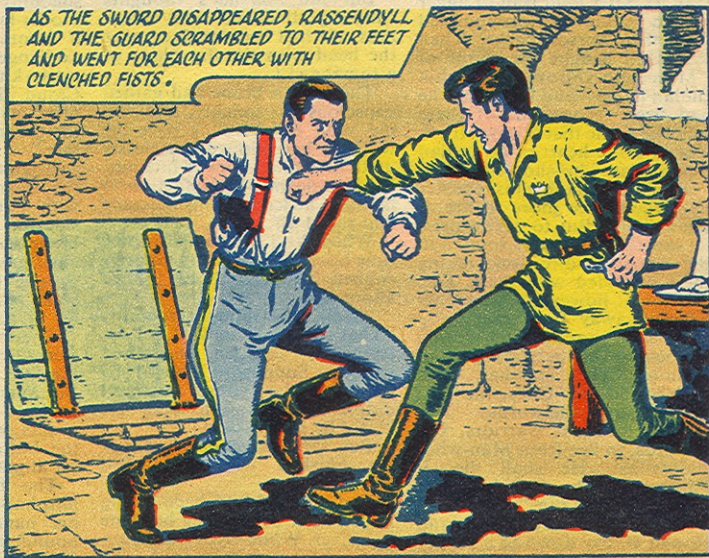
THE GUARD WAS THROWN WITH SUCH FORCE HE CRASHED AGAINST THE STONE WALL AND LAY UNCONSCIOUS. RASSENDYLL RACED ACROSS TO THE DUNGEON AND ESPANG AT THE OTHER GUARD WHO WAS ABOUT TO KILL THE KING WITH A SABRE.



RASSENDYLL AND THE GUARD STRUGGLED VIOLENTLY. THEY CRASHED TO THE FLOOR AND ROLLED OVER TO THE OPEN TRAP DOOR. RASSENDYLL FORCED THE GUARD TO RELEASE HIS GRIP ON HIS SWORD AND IT WENT HURLING DOWN INTO THE DARK WATERS OF THE MOAT BELOW.



AS THE SWORD DISAPPEARED, RASSENDYLL AND THE GUARD SCRAMBLED TO THEIR FEET AND WENT FOR EACH OTHER WITH CLENCHED FISTS.



RASSENDYLL DEALT THE GUARD SUCH A POWERFUL BLOW ON THE CHIN THAT THE MAN REELED BACKWARDS AND FELL THROUGH THE TRAP DOOR.



THE KING STARED IN SURPRISED PLEASURE AT RASSENDYLL.



IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW, YOUR MAJESTY. YOU'RE SAFE!

COUSIN RUDOLF, YOU'VE SAVED MY LIFE!



I'LL GET THE KEYS FROM THE OTHER GUARD, AND UNLOCK YOUR HANDCUFFS, YOUR MAJESTY!



MR. RASSENDYLL, PUT UP YOUR HANDS-- AND TOSS THOSE KEYS OVER TO ME.

WHENEVER WE MEET, HENTZAU, YOU'VE EITHER A GUN OR A KNIFE POINTED AT ME. I'VE NEVER MET SUCH AN UNFRIENDLY FELLOW.

BUT RASSENDYLL HAD NO SOONER REMOVED THE KEYS FROM THE BELT OF THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD THAN THE COLD VOICE OF RUPERT OF HENTZAU SOUNDED FROM THE DOORWAY OF THE GUARD-ROOM.



I ADMIRE YOUR COURAGE, PLAY-ACTOR. YOU DON'T SEEM AFRAID TO DIE. IT'S A PITY I MUST KILL YOU. BUT AS I'VE JUST KILLED MICHAEL FOR TRYING TO PROTECT THE WOMAN WHO BETRAYED US--IT SEEMS ONLY FAIR THAT YOU, TOO, SHOULD DIE.

SO YOU'VE KILLED THE KING'S RASCALLY BROTHER. HAVE YOU? BUT WHY KILL ME? I COULD BE OF HELP TO YOU. MAY I HAVE A LAST CIGARETTE WHILE WE TALK THINGS OVER?

HENTZAU TOOK A BOX OF CIGARETTES FROM HIS POCKET AND THREW IT ACROSS TO RASSENDYLL. THE ENGLISHMAN TOOK OUT A CIGARETTE AND TOSSED BACK THE BOX.



THANKS!



AND THEN RASSENDYLL THREW HIMSELF AFTER THE PACKET OF CIGARETTES AND GRABBED HENTZAU'S GUN-HAND BEFORE HE COULD FIRE.



HENTZAU HIT RASSENDYLL OVER THE HEAD WITH THE KEYS AS RASSENDYLL FORCED HIM TO DROP THE GUN.



KNIVES, GUNS, SWORDS, IT'S ALL THE SAME TO ME, ENGLISHMAN. I CAN KILL YOU EQUALLY WELL WITH ANY OF THEM.

I'M NOT DEAD YET, HENTZAU. SAVE YOUR CROWING UNTIL I AM!

Don't miss the final instalment of this rousing story next week.

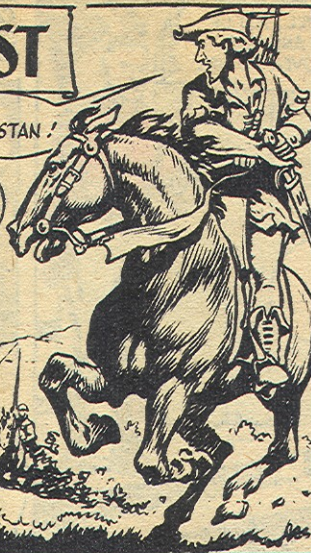
ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

ROBIN HOOD IS TRAVELLING TO SALTMARSH PRIORY IN SEARCH OF A CLUE TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY. HE IS ACCOMPANIED BY THE TRAITOROUS TRISTAN DE BORS, WHO, UNKNOWN TO ROBIN, WANTS THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF. SUDDENLY THEY ARE ATTACKED BY A PARTY OF KING JOHN'S MEN --

WHEN HE HEARD THE THUNDER OF HOOVES BEHIND HIM, ROBIN HOOD WHEELED ROUND HIS HORSE TO FACE THE FOE --

NORMANS!
OUT SWORD, TRISTAN!

AT THEM,
MEN! RIDE
THEM DOWN!



CURSING UNDER HIS BREATH, ROBIN'S TRAITOROUS COMPANION ALSO PREPARED TO DEFEND HIMSELF --

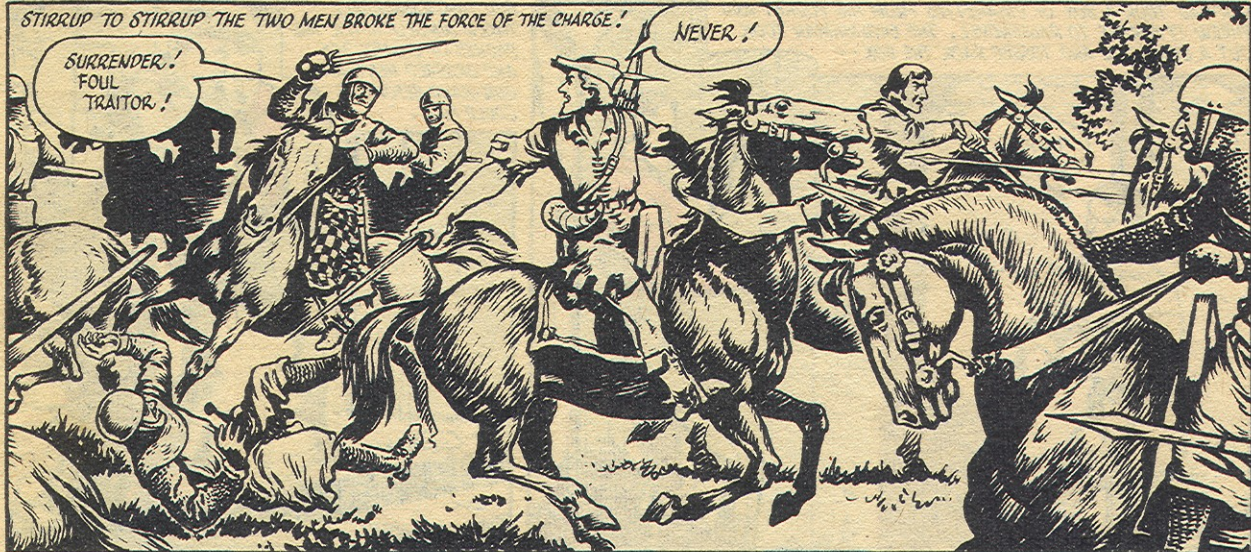
BAH! I TOO SHALL HAVE TO FIGHT THESE NORMANS! I DON'T WANT ROBIN CAPTURED UNTIL I HAVE GOT THE KEY OF THE TREASURE FROM HIM!



STIRRUP TO STIRRUP THE TWO MEN BROKE THE FORCE OF THE CHARGE!

SURRENDER!
FOUL
TRAITOR!

NEVER!



ROBIN BEAT DOWN THE BRUTAL SERGEANT'S BLADE -- THEN, LEANING FORWARD AND GRASPING THE FELLOW'S FOOT HE HEAVED HIM FROM HIS SADDLE.



PERHAPS THIS WILL TEACH YOU TO MIND YOUR MANNERS WHEN YOU ADDRESS A SAXON KNIGHT.

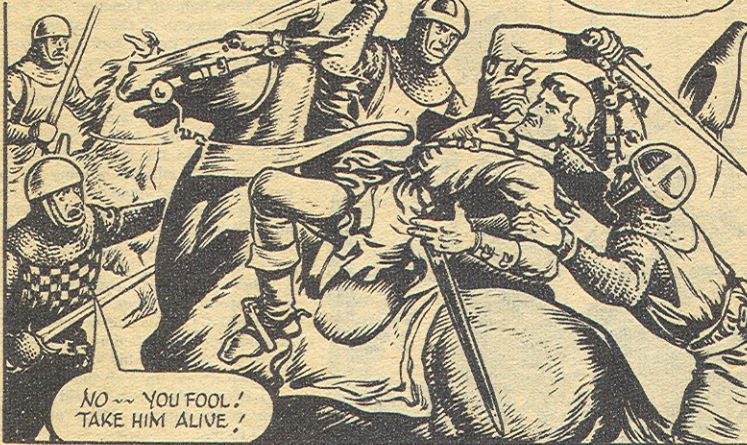
EVEN TRISTAN DE BORS, RASCAL THOUGH HE WAS, GAVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF --



AAAGH!

TAKE THAT!
YOU SHALL NOT
ROB ME OF MY
TREASURE!

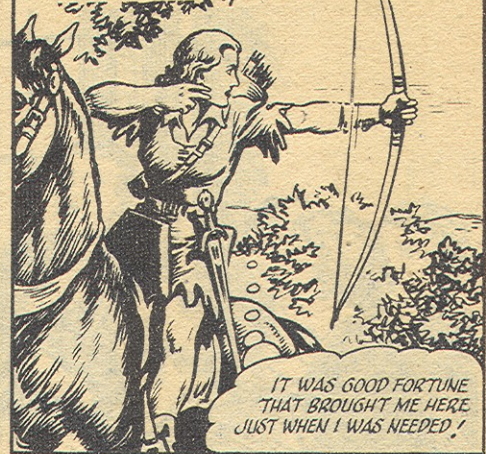
BUT EVEN THE MIGHTY ROBIN HOOD FIGHTING FOR THE HONOUR OF SHERWOOD AND TRISTAN DE BORS FIGHTING FOR GREED WERE NO MATCH FOR THEIR ENEMIES-- HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, THEY WERE AT LAST DRAGGED FROM THEIR SADDLES--



THIS FOR YOU, ROBIN HOOD!

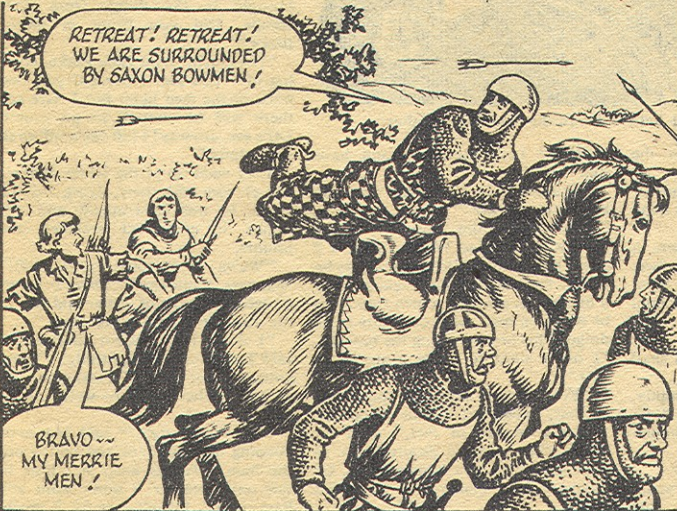
NO-- YOU FOOL! TAKE HIM ALIVE!

SUDDENLY, A GOOSE-FEATHERED ARROW SANG IN THE WIND!-- AND ANOTHER-- AND ANOTHER!-- HELP HAD ARRIVED IN THE NICK OF TIME!-- IT WAS MARIAN!



IT WAS GOOD FORTUNE THAT BROUGHT ME HERE JUST WHEN I WAS NEEDED!

UNDER THE DEADLY HAIL OF ARROWS-- SHOT BY MARIAN-- THE NORMANS BROKE OFF THE FIGHT AND FLED IN CONFUSION--



RETREAT! RETREAT! WE ARE SURROUNDED BY SAXON BOWMEN!

BRAVO-- MY MERRIE MEN!

EVEN ROBIN STARED IN AMAZEMENT TO SEE THE SOLITARY BOYISH FIGURE OF MARIAN, HIS WIFE--

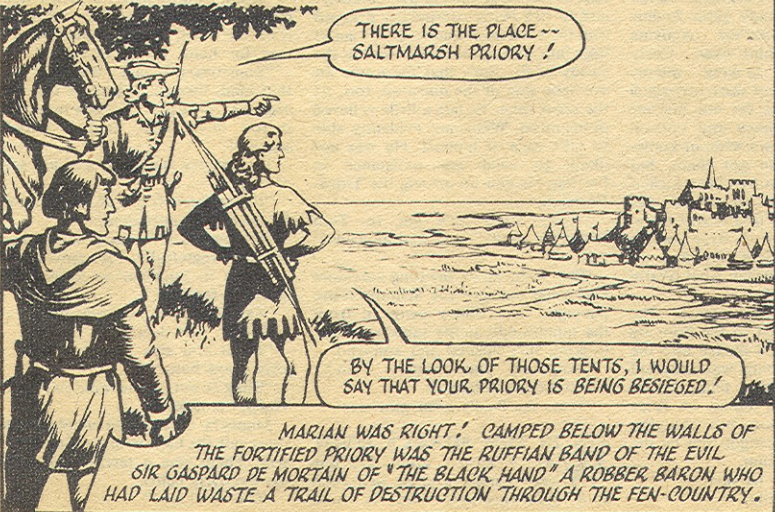
WELL SHOT, MARIAN! BUT HOW DO YOU COME TO BE HERE?

I GUESSED THAT SOMETHING DANGEROUS WAS AFOOT WHEN YOU RODE OFF TO KIRKDALE ABBEY THIS MORNING-- I HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING YOUR TRAIL ALL DAY!



ROBIN WAS GLAD TO HAVE MARIAN'S TRUSTY YEW-BOW BY HIS SIDE, SO HE GAVE HER PERMISSION TO JOIN THEM IN THE QUEST-- MUCH TO THE ANGER OF TRISTAN DE BORS.

FOR THREE MORE DAYS THEY RODE EASTWARDS THROUGH THE DENSE FOREST UNTIL THEY CAME TO THE MARSHY WASTE OF THE LINCOLNSHIRE FENS--



THERE IS THE PLACE-- SALTmarsh PRIORY!

BY THE LOOK OF THOSE TENTS, I WOULD SAY THAT YOUR PRIORY IS BEING BESIEGED!

MARIAN WAS RIGHT! CAMPED BELOW THE WALLS OF THE FORTIFIED PRIORY WAS THE RUFFIAN BAND OF THE EVIL SIR GASPARD DE MORTAIN OF "THE BLACK HAND" A ROBBER BARON WHO HAD LAID WASTE A TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION THROUGH THE FEN-COUNTRY.

SIR GASPARD'S CRUEL LIPS DREW BACK IN A WOLFISH GRIN AS HIS LIEUTENANT MADE HIS REPORT--

WE ARE READY TO ATTACK THE PRIORY, SIR GASPARD!



GOOD! WE'LL STRIKE AS SOON AS I'VE FINISHED BREAKFAST! HAW HAW! I WANT THAT PRIORY FOR MY WINTER STRONGHOLD-- DOES THAT PRIOR THINK HE CAN KEEP OUT MORTAIN OF THE BLACK HAND?

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.



A yelling crowd of inky-fingered fags threw themselves at Arthur Augustus and his brother.

This week: MORE RUCTIONS!

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's young brother, Wally, has just arrived at St. Jim's, and the dandy of the Fourth is taking his brother to his new Form Room. . . .

PREP. was over in the Third Form room. The infants, as they were called at St. Jim's, were enjoying themselves. The Form-rooms were common property between the two Houses, and there were New House as well as School House boys there. Twenty-five or thirty youngsters, from the age of nine to that of thirteen or fourteen, were in the room, most of them with inky fingers and a great many with inky faces. Two or three of them were older still—lazy "slackers," who had failed again and again to get into the Fourth Form and remained among the infants of the Third, although they towered above many of the smaller boys in the Fourth Form. Among these was Jameson who, by reason of his size, was the cock of the Form.

The Third-Formers were playing leap-frog down the centre of the room and Jameson had just landed close to the door when Arthur Augustus opened it. Jameson turned round and looked at D'Arcy cheekily. "Hallo!" he exclaimed. "If it isn't Gussy!"

D'Arcy gave him a withering look. Jameson was bigger than D'Arcy, as a matter of fact, and nearly as old, but he was an "infant," while Arthur Augustus was in the Fourth. Therefore, he should have been respectful. But he wasn't.

"Jameson," said D'Arcy icily, "you will have the great kindness to give the key of No. 10 locker to my young

bwother, who is coming into the Third."

"What!" roared Jameson. "Another Gussy, and in the Third! We'll soon fix him!"

"Rather!" said Curly Gibson, a little fellow with an innocent face, flaxen hair, blue eyes, and the most mischievous disposition in the School House. "Won't we just!"

"If you treat my bwother with wudeness, Jameson," he said, "I shall give you a thwashing."

"Rats!" said Jameson promptly. "Get out! Travel! Slids! We don't allow Fourth-Formers in this room. Bunk!"

"I wefuse to bunk."
"Then we'll jolly well bunk you," shouted Jameson. "Come on, kids!"

An inky-fingered crowd surrounded the dandy of St. Jim's at once. Jameson laid violent hands upon Arthur Augustus, and Arthur Augustus promptly pushed him over. Curly Gibson collared D'Arcy minor. D'Arcy minor did not show any signs of being scared. He let out his left with scientific accuracy and Gibson sat down. He sat down without knowing exactly how he got there, but feeling as if his chin had been kicked by a mule. He felt for it and was almost surprised to find it still there. Gibson looked at D'Arcy minor doubtfully and retired. He had no desire to sample further what Wally could do with his left.

But the odds were great. The brothers were rushed to the door by force of numbers and hurled into the passage. The doorway was crowded with a pack of jeering fags. Arthur Augustus, with his blood at fever heat with indignation, was charging back, when Wally caught him by the sleeve and stopped him.

"Hold on, Gus," he said.
"Wefuse me, Wally!"

"Rats! Let's get along and have that feed."

"Jameson has not given you the key to the locker."

"I'll make him give it to me presently," grinned Wally. "I think I could knock that fellow out, big as he is. But the fact is, if I'm backed up by a brother in a higher Form they'll all be down on me," went on Wally as he dragged his brother along the passage. "I don't want to make a start like that."

"Yes, there is certainly something in that," admitted Arthur Augustus. "As a matter of fact," went on Wally, "it's rather a disadvantage to have a brother in a higher Form. Of course, I don't blame you," he added kindly.

Arthur Augustus breathed hard through his nose. It was a disadvantage to have a brother in the "infants," and to risk being continually dragged into the rows and squabbles of a set of inky fags. It had never occurred to the dandy of St. Jim's that there was an opposite side of the question, too. At the same time, he felt a little relieved in his mind. Wally was evidently able to take care of himself. He was not likely to need any assistance in keeping his end up among the Third-Formers.

"Vewy well, let's get to Tom Mewwy's study," said Arthur Augustus.

They went down the long corridors and came out into the School House passage. Tom Merry came in from the quadrangle at the same moment, looking very flushed and annoyed.

"Anything the matter, Tom?" asked Arthur Augustus.

"Yes, the feed's been pinched!"

TEA IN TOM MERRY'S STUDY
WALLY gave a grunt. He was very hungry and he had been looking forward to the feed. He would

have been fighting Jameson now had not the thought of the feed in Tom Merry's study drawn him away from the Third Form room. He felt annoyed.

"Heavens!" said Arthur Augustus, "it is a New House waid!"

"No, it's that villain Skimpole. He's borrowed the feed and walked off with it. The silly ass is going out to track down the poachers and he wanted to take provisions along with him. We've hunted round the quadrangle for him and can't find him. He's vanished!"

"He's gone out, right enough," said Mory Lowther, coming in. "I've asked Taggles and he says he let him out and Brown's man gave him a lift to the village in his van!"

"Then it's all up with the grub."

"I say, that's rotten!" said Wally. "I'm pretty hungry. What are you going to do?"

Tom Merry laughed.
"We won't let you starve, youngster. Where's Blake? I suppose he brought in the things from Rylcombe. Did you bring in much, Blake?"

"No much," said Jack Blake, coming in. "You see, I thought you had most of the feed here. But I dare say there will be enough to go round. Let's see, anyway! I left the stuff up in your study."

They went up to the study. Blake's parcel was still there, lying on the table. It was unwrapped and the things it contained satisfied the juniors.

"We've got some grub left," Manners remarked. "There's heaps of bread and lots of butter and jam in the cupboard, and some ham."

"I don't know about that ham," said Tom Merry thoughtfully. "I was going to have some of it last night and it was rather—rather—well, rather off!"

"Oh, it's all right!" said Manners, opening the cupboard and taking out the ham. "Things keep any time in this cold weather. I don't want any ham myself. I don't care for it much, but this is perfectly good and you needn't be afraid of it."

"I don't know that I care for ham much," remarked Lowther. "But put it on the table, by all means. Do you care for ham, young D'Arcy?"

"Sometimes," said Wally. "Not that kind, though. I suppose this is a high tea, but I don't believe in having it too high. That ham is simply soaring!"

Tom Merry smiled in a sickly sort of way.

"Better shove it out of the window, Manners!" he remarked.

"It's been a jolly good ham!" said Manners regretfully. "It seems a pity to waste it. Suppose we keep it for Herries's bulldog."

"Let me catch you poisoning my bulldog!" said Herries.

"I tell you this ham has been a jolly good ham!"

"Slings it out of the window!" said Wally. "It talks!"

Manners opened the window and slung out the ham with a swing of his arm. There was a terrific yell from the darkness below.

"Ow! Ow! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry. "That's Gore's voice. You've stumped him!"

"I didn't know anybody was there," said Manners. "I suppose he's gone out into the quad to do some of his filthy smoking on the quiet. Serve him right!"

"Well, we've seen the last of the ham, that's one comfort!" said D'Arcy minor.

But D'Arcy minor was mistaken. There was a sudden crash of breaking glass and the ham came whizzing back into the room. Gore had returned it—through the window-pane. The ham dropped on the knees of Arthur Augustus, who had just sat down.

"Ouch!" cried D'Arcy. "What's that? Ow!"

He jumped up and the ham rolled on the floor. There was a yell of laughter from the quadrangle. Gore considered that he had got his own back. Manners picked up the ham once more and started towards the door with a vengeful look.

"Where are you going?" called out Tom Merry.

"To find Gore!"

"Leave him alone! You banged him on the nut, you know!" said Tom Merry, laughing.

"He's busted our window and it hasn't been broken for more than a week!"

"Never mind, you must have nearly busted his nut. Chuck the ham into his study and come in and feed."

Manners grinned and went along the Shell passage to the next study. He hurled the ham into it and closed the door. He came back with a faint, lingering scent of the ham about him.

"Sit down!" said Lowther affectionately, pushing a chair towards D'Arcy minor. "Make yourself comfortable and don't stand on ceremony! Dear me!"

One leg of the chair gave way as D'Arcy minor sat on it and he rolled on the floor. Lowther gazed at him with great concern.

"I hope you're not hurt," he said. "How stupid of me to forget that that was the visitors' chair—I mean, that that was the one with the weak leg. Not hurt, I hope?"

"Oh no!" said Wally, rubbing his leg. "Not at all, not a bit!"

He sat down on another chair. Manners made the tea and Tom Merry poured it out.

"Pass my cup, kid!" said Lowther, who was sitting next to Wally.

"Certainly!" said Wally politely.

He was busy with knife and fork on a pork pie. He laid them down and passed Lowther's cup of tea along. As it approached Lowther the cup slid from the saucer and emptied itself on Lowther's knees. Monty gave a shriek and jumped up, knocking the table with his knees and making the crockery dance.

"Oh! Ow! I'm scalded!"

"Oh dear!" said D'Arcy minor. "I'm so sorry! I hope you're not hurt!"

"You young—"

"Hold on!" said Tom Merry warningly. "Visitors!"

"Ow! My trousers are soaked and I'm scalded!"

"Well, I'm sorry," said Wally. "As sorry as you were for giving me the visitors' chair by mistake! I can't say more!"

Lowther looked daggers at the new junior. The others burst into a roar. Monty mopped the tea off his trousers

with his handkerchief and sat down again. He took care to get a little farther from D'Arcy minor, who ate his meal with a cheerful smile upon his face.

D'Arcy minor was hungry, and he did justice to the feed in Tom Merry's study. The juniors looked after him well. Lowther was unusually quiet, and Manners did not seem to have much to say. But Tom Merry took the cheek of the new "infant" with perfect good humour. D'Arcy minor amused him.

D'Arcy minor was quite unconscious of either annoying or amusing anybody. He had a good tea and was comfortable. When the feed was over he rose at last with a very satisfied expression and a smear of jam upon his chubby face.

"Well, that was a good feed, and I'm much obliged," he said. "It was decent of you to look after me like this. I'll do as much for you when I get settled here."

"You may not be aware, young man," said Blake solemnly, "that it would be impossible for Fourth-formers to feed with a Third Form infant. We would not come!"

"Oh, I expect you'd come when you saw the grub!" said Wally calmly. "You wouldn't stand so much on your dignity as a Fourth-former if you were hungry. If your fellows would like to see some fun you can look into the Third form-room presently."

"You had better not go back there now, Wally!"

"I must get the matter settled tonight and start clear tomorrow!" said Wally. "I've got to make Jameson give me the key of my locker, and I know he won't give it up without a hiding!"

"You—you young ass!" gasped Tom Merry. "Jameson will make mincemeat of you!"

"That's what you think!" said D'Arcy minor cheerfully. "You can come and look on if you like, provided you don't interfere!"

"We may as well go and see him slaughtered!" said Blake.

"That's a vevy good idea!"

"Right!" said Tom Merry. "We'll go along and we won't interfere unless D'Arcy minor asks us to."

"I shan't ask you to!" said D'Arcy minor. "Come on, kids!"

And Wally led the way. The juniors followed—Tom Merry laughing, Lowther frowning, and the rest of the juniors wearing mingled expressions, as if they did not quite know what they thought about the latest addition to the Third Form at St. Jim's.

THE CHALLENGE

D'ARCY MINOR opened the door of the Third form-room. There was still a great deal of noise in the room. Some of the youngsters were reading or playing draughts or dominoes. Everything ceased at once as the face of D'Arcy minor, with its calm smile and its smear of jam, was seen in the doorway.

"Hallo! Here's that kid again!" exclaimed Jameson. "Have you come back to be slaughtered?"

"I've come for the key of my locker, please!" said Wally.

"The what?" said Jameson in a terrifying voice.

"The key of my locker. I am to have No. 10, and Mr. Selby says that you have the key, as you've been

using the locker while it was empty."

"And I'm going to continue to use it," said Jameson, grinning. "You can shove your books and things under a desk, or in the coal-box! That's good enough for a new fag! Here, what are these outsiders doing here? We don't allow the Fourth Form and the Shell in this room!"

Tom Merry & Co. had walked in. Arthur Augustus had been thrown out earlier in the evening. But it was different when it came to throwing out seven of the best junior athletes in the School House. As a matter of fact, Tom Merry & Co. could have taken on the whole of the Third Form and knocked them into a cocked hat.

"You'd better kick us out then," said Blake sweetly. "Come on! We're waiting to be kicked out, Jameson!"

"Oh, don't let's have a Form row!" said Curly Gibson. "Let young jam-face have his key!"

"No!" said Jameson angrily.

"Look here, if all these fellows have come here to back him up it's no good having a row," muttered Curly. "You can bung him in the eye tomorrow to make up."

Jameson shook his head obstinately.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Wally. "You're making a little mistake. These chaps haven't come to back me up. They're here to see the fun. They've promised not to interfere."

"Unless D'Arcy minor asks us to," said Tom Merry.

D'Arcy minor sniffed.

"I'm not likely to ask you to, Merry. I can look out for myself. You see, you kids? These chaps are only spectators. Jameson is going to give me my locker key or I shall make him—off my own bat!"

Jameson laughed, and the other Third-formers joined in the laugh. Wally was a head shorter than Jameson, and slighter built in every way.

"You'd better be careful, kid!" murmured Tom Merry.

"Rubbish!"

Wally crossed over to Jameson. The cock of the Third looked at him with a grin.

"I want the key of my locker," said Wally.

"Can't be done," said Jameson. "I have three lockers at present. I need them all. One of the other fellows will let you have a corner of his, perhaps. Gibson might."

"Well, I might let you keep some things in my locker, young D'Arcy," said Gibson. "We'll talk it over in the tuckshop tomorrow morning."

"Thank you for nothing," said D'Arcy minor. "I want the key of my locker."

"You'll have to go on wanting," said Jameson, yawning.

"If you don't give it up I shall fight you for it."

"If you don't stop your cheek I shall lick you," said Jameson, beginning to get red in the face. "I've had about enough of it, you know. Drop it!"

Wally put up his right and gave Jameson a slight tap on the nose. The cock of the Third staggered back. He was not hurt, but he was very surprised.

"You—you cheeky young villain!" he gasped.

"Is that enough," asked Wally, "or do you want one in the eye to warm you up?"

For answer, Jameson hurled himself at the new boy. Wally dodged the clumsy rush and gave Jameson a dig in the ribs in passing, which made him reel against a desk. He leaned on the desk and stared at Wally. Some of the Third gave a yell.

"Bravo, young Jam-face!"

Perhaps they were not sorry to see Jameson knocked about a little. There were few in the Form whom he had not knocked about himself.

Jameson's face went very dark. He slipped off his jacket and passed it to Curly Gibson.

"Right!" he said. "If you mean it, I'll give you a chance to show what you can do. I am going to smash you into little pieces."

"Good!" said Wally, grinning. "That's what I want."

He glanced towards Tom Merry & Co., who had closed the door and arranged themselves in a row just inside the room, leaning back against the wall to look on.

"Which of you is going to be my second?" he asked.

"I will back you up, Wally" said his brother.

Wally shook his head.

"You don't know enough about the game, Gus," he said.

"Weally, young Wally—"

"Will I do?" asked Tom Merry. "I shall be happy to act as second for a young gentleman whom I regard with so much respect and admiration."

"Not so much hot air," said the young gentleman, "but you'll do. Get a basin of water and a sponge from somewhere—this chap will need 'em."

It was rather new to Tom Merry to take orders from a Third Form infant, but he did as he was told with an amused look upon his face.

Young Wally D'Arcy is certainly a game 'un . . . but he will have his hands full with big Jameson! Read about the fight in next week's SUN.

CAR SPOTTERS' CLUB

HERE we are again, Spotters, with another set of numbers for you and, of course, the usual grand batch of presents. So look below, and see if your number is included among this week's.

All those with numbers between 3,000 and 3,500 inclusive, and between 53,500 and 54,000 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 to like most in SUN—and in a few words why. Post Album and postcard to:

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

to arrive by Tuesday, March 17, 1953. 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.

DICK TURPIN

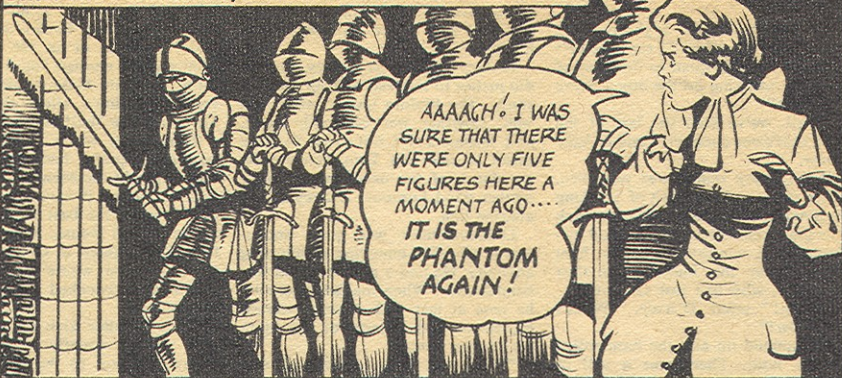
AND

The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN



Dick has been pursued by the Wolf Pack of the Phantom. Meanwhile, down in the treasure chamber, the Phantom, hidden in a suit of armour, is lying in wait for Moll.

Before Moll's astonished eyes the sixth suit of armour . . . MOVED!



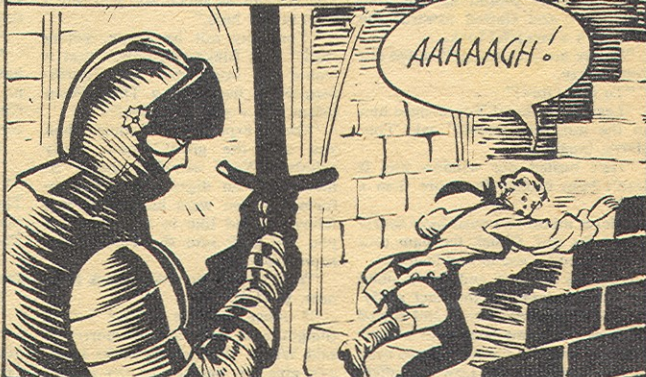
AAAAGH! I WAS SURE THAT THERE WERE ONLY FIVE FIGURES HERE A MOMENT AGO... IT IS THE PHANTOM AGAIN!

The girl highwayman turned and fled . . . pursued by the armoured figure bearing on high his great sword!



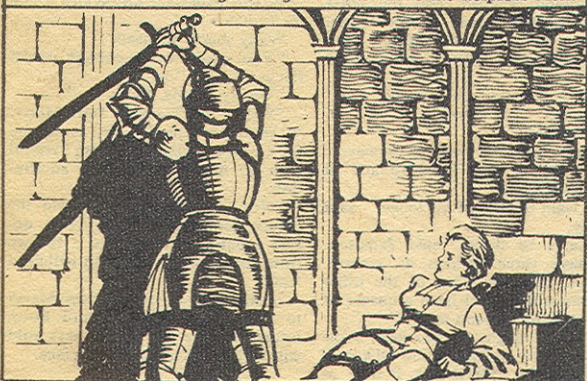
I'LL GO UP THIS STAIRCASE... THE WAY DICK WENT...

At the foot of the staircase she tripped and fell!

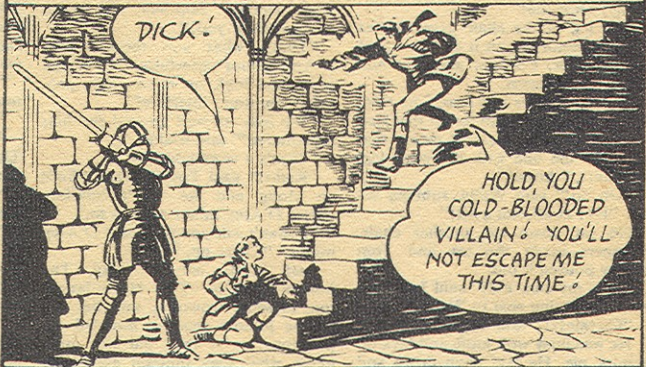


AAAAAGH!

The Phantom raised his glittering sword to strike the helpless Moll.



But a sudden shout made him pause . . . and as Dick Turpin came bounding down the staircase towards him . . .



DICK!

HOLD, YOU COLD-BLOODED VILLAIN! YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE ME THIS TIME!

. . . The sinister spectre leaped out of sight into one of the gloomy passages.



HE'S GONE! WE'VE LOST HIM AGAIN!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MOLL?

ONLY A TWISTED ANKLE... THANK HEAVENS YOU CAME WHEN YOU DID!... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, DICK?



Dick helped Moll back up the staircase. . . .

I FOUND A WAY BACK TO THE GREAT HALL OF THE HOUSE... WE'LL GO BACK THERE NOW... BUT KEEP A GOOD LOOKOUT FOR THE WOLF PACK IS STILL PROWLING ABOUT THE PASSAGES...



Soon they were once again at the top of the great hall stairway.

SEE, MOLL, WE ARE OUT OF THE MAZE!

AYE... AND WE HAVE DISCOVERED A QUICK WAY TO THE TREASURE CHAMBER....

They found some food in the kitchen and had a meal... then while Dick bandaged Moll's ankle, they made their plans for the next move.

THIS IS WHAT WE MUST DO... WE MUST RESCUE NICHOLAS CRAWLEY, THE OWNER OF THE HOUSE FROM THE PHANTOM... AND WE MUST FIND OUT IF CRAWLEY'S TREASURE IS SAFE....

BUT FIRST WE MUST CATCH THE PHANTOM...!

Dick glanced at his watch... .

YES...! AND I THINK I KNOW A WAY TO CATCH HIM... IN HALF-AN-HOUR'S TIME THE PORTSMOUTH MAIL COACH IS DUE TO PASS CROSSBONES CORNER....

Outside, the night mist and the chill darkness lay like a cloak on the eerie "House of Secrets"... .

TO CROSSBONES CORNER

Presently the Portsmouth Mail approached.

UGH!... THIS HATEFUL SPOT... IF I HADN'T A WIFE AND CHILDREN TO SUPPORT NOTHING ON EARTH WOULD BRING ME HERE....

DO YOU THINK THAT HE WILL BE AT CROSSBONES CORNER TONIGHT, COACHMAN?

I DO... THERE IS A CHILL FEELING OF TERROR IN MY HEART!... THE PHANTOM HAS HELD ME UP THREE TIMES ALREADY... AND EACH TIME I HAVE HAD THIS SAME FEELING BEFORE HE APPEARED!

Soon the passengers were helping to push the coach up the hill leading to Crossbones Corner.

QUICKLY, QUICKLY, GENTLEMEN! THIS IS NO PLACE TO TARRY!

But they hastened in vain! The Phantom Highwayman was awaiting them.

But two people had been lying in wait for the Spectre himself! Dick and Moll saw terrified passengers throwing down their valuables....

THE COACH WILL SOON BE GONE, DICK... WHAT THEN?

THERE MUST BE SOME SECRET WAY BACK TO THE HOUSE. WE'LL FOLLOW HIM... HE WILL LEAD US BACK TO NICHOLAS CRAWLEY... FOR ONCE HE IS UNAWARE OF OUR PRESENCE!

Does the Phantom know that Dick and Moll are watching him? 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.

FIRST PRIZE

I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO BREATHE, DOCTOR!

RIGHT! - EXCUSED FROM BREATHING FOR SEVEN DAYS!

FROM A. DULIEU - NARROW HEALD.

I CAN'T GET THIS BOTTLE OF TEA INTO MY POCKET!

WELL - POUR SOME OF IT OUT, SILLY!

FROM BRENDA WEAVER - CRADLEY

IF I HAD A POTATO AND CUT IT INTO HALVES, QUARTERS, THEN EIGHTHS, WHAT WOULD I HAVE?

CHIPS!

FROM A. CAMERON - DALKEITH

POOR OLD SHERIFF - HE'S JUST DISCOVERED THAT HIS 'IN-LAWS' ARE OUTLAWS!

FROM A. WRIGHT - ILKESTON.

I'M VERY SORRY I CAN'T SMOKE! I LEFT MY PIPE AT HOME!

SMOKING

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FROM R. SOFLEY - LISBURN, CO. ANTRIM

THAT'S A JERSEY MISS!

OH! I THOUGHT IT WAS ITS SKIN!

FROM B. CROWLEY - WATFORD.

I THOUGHT I FIRED YOU LAST WEEK! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? - TRYING TO GET YOUR JOB BACK?

NO SIR - I JUST WANTED TO SEE IF YOU WERE STILL IN BUSINESS!

MANAGER

FROM R. MORGAN - LONDON, N.W.

DO YOU EVER GIVE YOUR DOG ANY EXERCISE?

YES - HE GOES FOR A TRAMP EVERY DAY!

FROM JENNIFER LE PAGE - GUERNSEY.

I WONDER WHAT THAT TIGER WOULD SAY IF IT COULD SPEAK?

IT WOULD PROBABLY SAY 'PARDON ME, SONNY, BUT I'M A LEOPARD!'

FROM P. TANNER - MAIDENHEAD.

WINTER TIME!

IF I WAS STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROAD AND IT WAS SNOWING, WHAT IS THE TIME?

FROM P. NORMAN - LONDON, S.E.

ALL THE OTHER DOORS HAVE 'PUSH' ON THEM, BUT THIS ONE HAS 'LIFT' ON IT!

WELL, WE'D BETTER LIFT IT, OR WE'LL NEVER GET OUT!

PUSH

LIFT

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FROM MARGARET SMITH - BIRMINGHAM.