

# SUN

EVERY  
MONDAY

No. 215  
March 21, 1953

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BILLY THE KID

## BILLY THE KID *and the Train Wreckers*

INSIDE  
A MAGNIFICENT  
FULL-PAGE  
PHOTOGRAPH OF  
BILLY THE KID  
SUITABLE FOR  
FRAMING



YO-O-HEAVE-O!



# BILLY THE KID - LONE AVENGER



~ AND SO, MY FRIENDS, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO DECLARE THIS LINE OPEN ~ AND TO RIDE WITH THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROAD ~ MR THOMPSON, HERE ~ ON THIS FIRST TRIP TO GUNSIGHT!

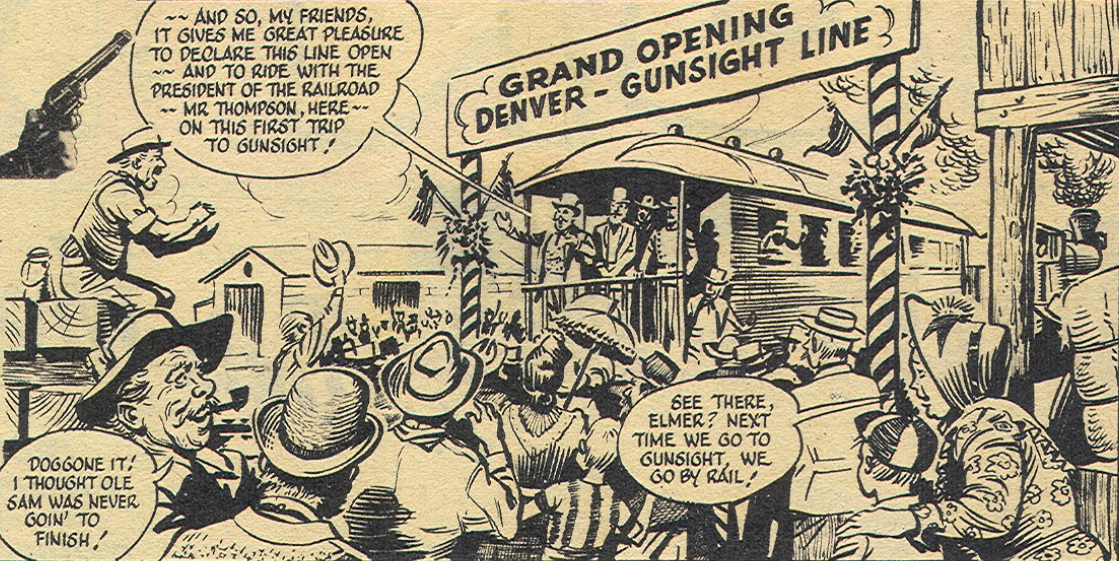
GRAND OPENING DENVER - GUNSIGHT LINE

A SINGLE-LINE RAILWAY FROM DENVER TO GUNSIGHT HAD JUST BEEN COMPLETED. A GREAT CROWD TURNED OUT IN DENVER TO SEE THE FIRST EXPRESS LEAVE FOR GUNSIGHT ~ CARRYING A PARTY OF BIG BOSSSES AND RAILROAD OFFICIALS.

MAYOR SAM CROSBY OF DENVER SAID A FEW WORDS FROM THE BACK CAR ~

DOGGONE IT! I THOUGHT OLE SAM WAS NEVER GOIN' TO FINISH!

SEE THERE, ELMER? NEXT TIME WE GO TO GUNSIGHT, WE GO BY RAIL!



BUT NOT EVERY ONLOOKER ON THAT GREAT DAY WAS A WELL-WISHER.

OFF SHE GOES ON HER FIRST TRIP ~ AND HER LAST!

YEAH! SHE'LL SOON BE LYING AT THE BOTTOM OF BUCKSKIN CANYON! JOE DOGFOX, YOU RIDE OFF OUTA TOWN AND SEND THE SMOKE SIGNAL TO ZEKE MORTIMER TO LET HIM KNOW THE TRAIN HAS PULLED OUT!

SURE THING! ME GO PRETTY QUICK!

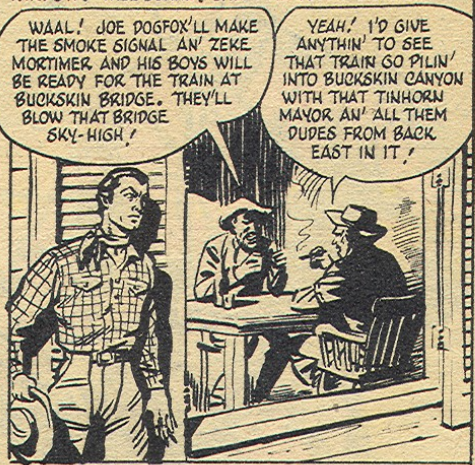
WILL BONNEY, THE CHEERFUL YOUNG BOSS OF CHOLE-B RANCH, NOTICED THE THREE TOUGHS ~ AND WONDERED ~

JAKE LUSBY AND RAWHIDE MATTOCK, THE MAIL-ROBBERS! I THOUGHT THOSE TWO RATS WERE SAFELY IN JAIL AT DALLAS! THIS NEEDS LOOKING INTO ~

LUSBY AND MATTOCK MOVED INTO THE SILVER DOLLAR SALOON AND SAT DOWN AT A TABLE NEAR THE OPEN WINDOW. WILL BONNEY CREEPT NEAR AND LISTENED ~

WAAL! JOE DOGFOX'LL MAKE THE SMOKE SIGNAL AN' ZEKE MORTIMER AND HIS BOYS WILL BE READY FOR THE TRAIN AT BUCKSKIN BRIDGE. THEY'LL BLOW THAT BRIDGE SKY-HIGH!

YEAH! I'D GIVE ANYTHIN' TO SEE THAT TRAIN GO PILIN' INTO BUCKSKIN CANYON WITH THAT TINHORN MAYOR AN' ALL THEM DUDES FROM BACK EAST IN IT!



SUFFERIN' CATFISH! THE TRAIN! I MUST DO SOMETHING!

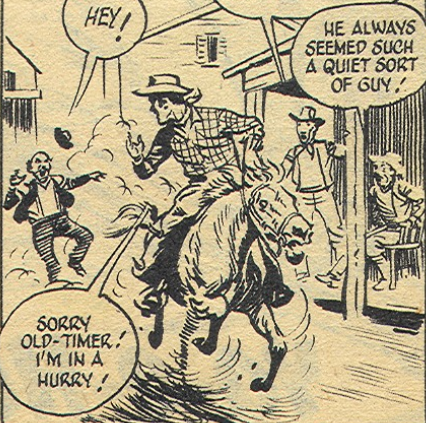
A SECOND LATER, WILL WAS THUNDERING OUT OF TOWN IN A CLOUD OF DUST ~

BLOW ME DOWN! I NEVER SEED YOUNG WILL BONNEY IN SUCH A TEARIN' HURRY!

HEY!

HE ALWAYS SEEMED SUCH A QUIET SORT OF GUY!

SORRY OLD-TIMER! I'M IN A HURRY!



IT WAS WILL BONNEY'S GREAT SECRET THAT HE WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER OF THE WEST -- RIGHTER OF WRONGS AND THE TERROR OF ALL BADMEN.

THE TRAIN WAS IN DANGER. BILLY RODE HARD FOR THUNDERBIRD PEAK ~ WHERE HIS BLACK HORSE AND HIS DISGUISE LAY HIDDEN.

THERE'S THAT HALF-BREED SENDIN' OFF THE SMOKE SIGNAL TO HIS PALS AT BUCKSKIN BRIDGE! THERE'S NOT MUCH TIME!





IN THE SECRET VALLEY ON THUNDERBIRD PEAK WILL BONNEY QUICKLY CHANGED INTO THE BLACK CLOTHES OF BILLY THE KID, BUCKLED ON HIS GUNS--



LUSBY MENTIONED ZEKE MORTIMER-- HE'S THE OWNER OF THE STAGE COACH LINE TO GUNSGIGHT-- IT'S NOT HARD TO GUESS WHY HE'S MIXED UP IN THIS!

-- PUT ON HIS BLACK MASK, AND SADDLED UP HIS MAGNIFICENT BLACK STALLION, SATAN.



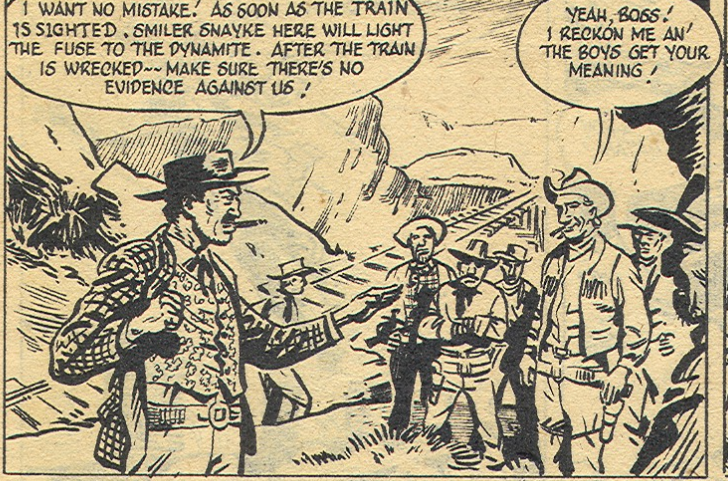
WE'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT OVER THE MOUNTAINS AND GET TO BUCKSKIN BRIDGE BEFORE THE TRAIN, SATAN!

SHOUTING HIS BATTLE-CRY, BILLY JUMPED SATAN OVER THE BREATH-TAKING GORGE FROM THE SECRET VALLEY-- TO SAVE THE TRAIN AND ITS PASSENGERS.



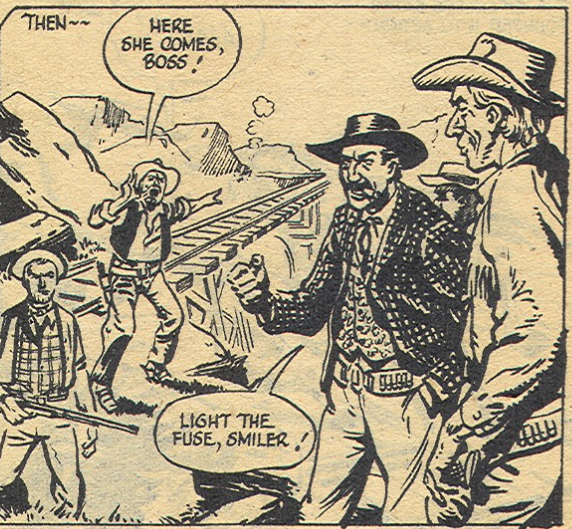
YIP! YIP! YIP!  
HI-YO!

MEANWHILE, AT BUCKSKIN BRIDGE, EZEKIEL MORTIMER, OWNER OF THE DENVER-GUNSGIGHT STAGE-COACH LINE, ADDRESSED HIS GANG OF RUFFIANS--



I WANT NO MISTAKE! AS SOON AS THE TRAIN IS SIGHTED, SMILER SNAYKE HERE WILL LIGHT THE FUSE TO THE DYNAMITE. AFTER THE TRAIN IS WRECKED-- MAKE SURE THERE'S NO EVIDENCE AGAINST US!

YEAH, BOSS! I RECKON ME AN' THE BOYS GET YOUR MEANING!

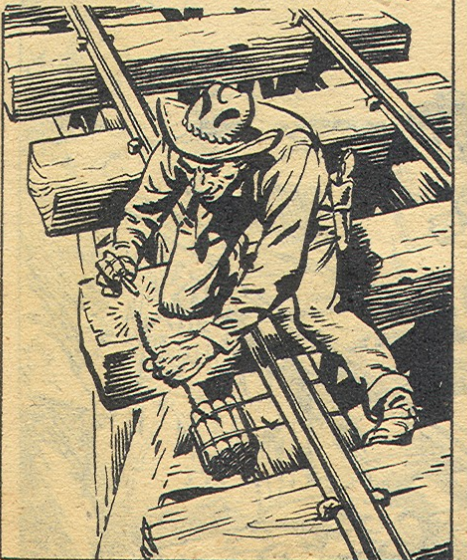


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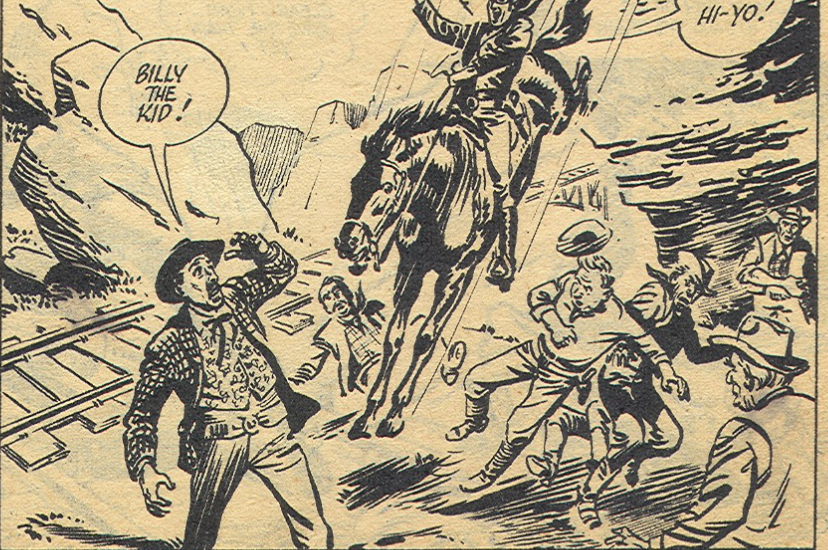
HERE SHE COMES, BOSS!

LIGHT THE FUSE, SMILER!

HALF-WAY ACROSS BUCKSKIN BRIDGE, SMILER SNAYKE LIT A THREE-MINUTE FUSE TO THE CHARGE OF DYNAMITE WHICH WOULD EXPLODE AND LEAVE A YAWNING ABYSS BENEATH THE WHEELS OF THE ONCOMING TRAIN!



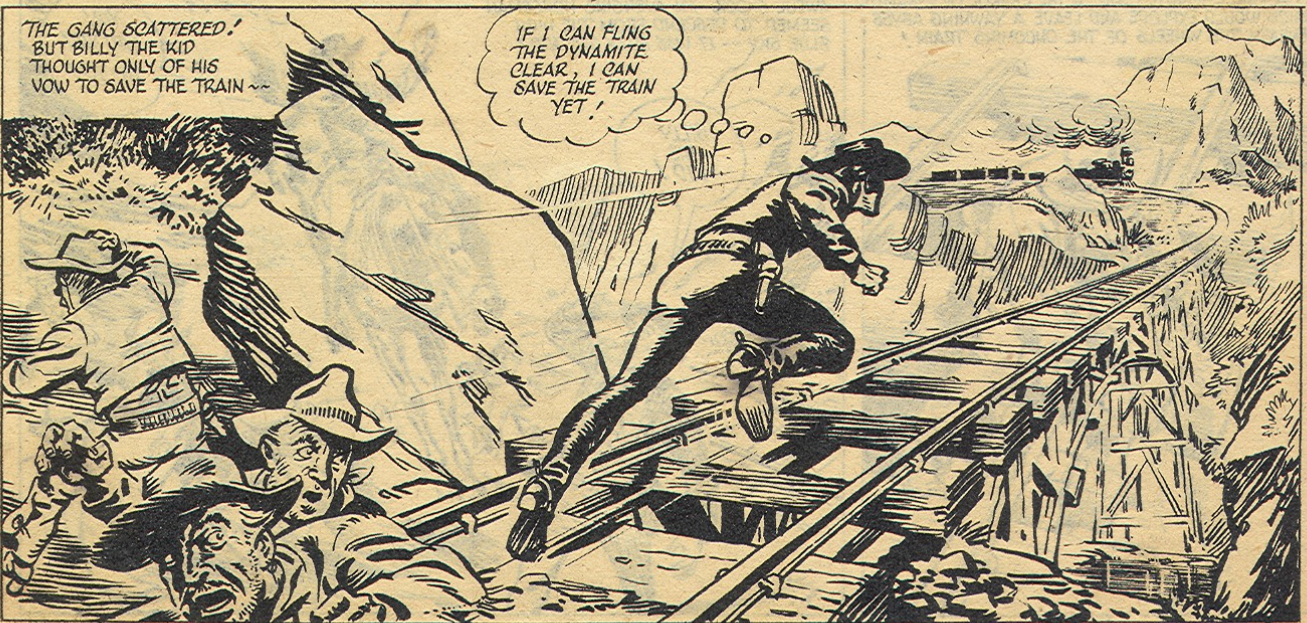
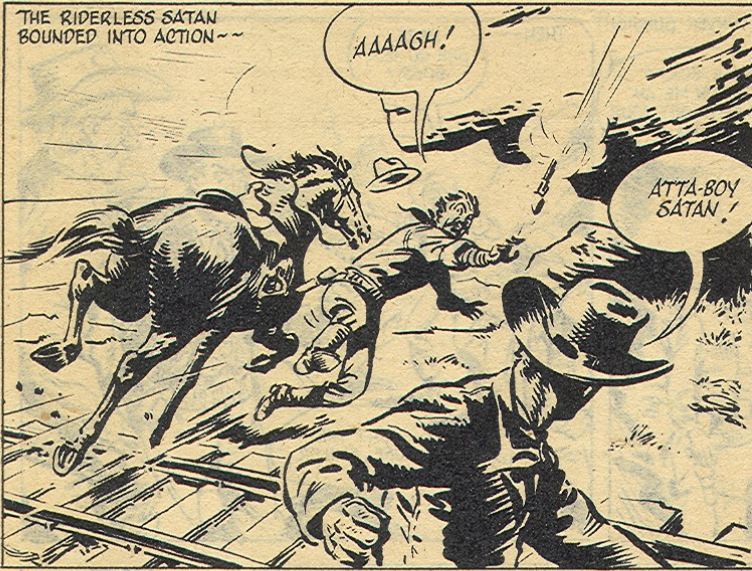
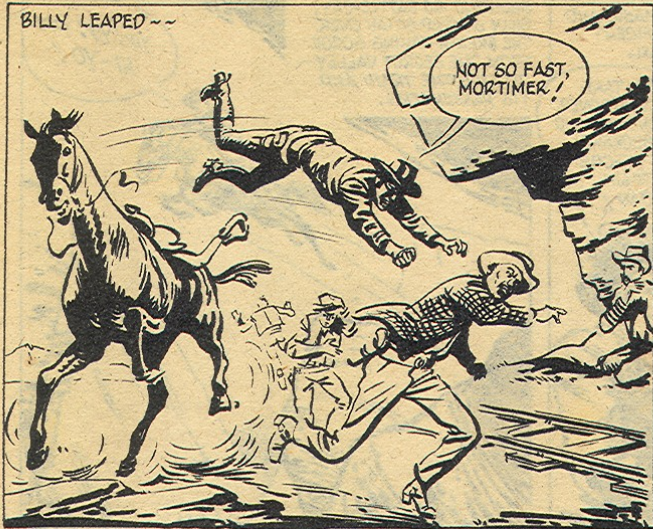
SUDDENLY ZEKE MORTIMER, HAD AN AWFUL SHOCK--AN AVENGING HORSEMAN SEEMED TO DESCEND FROM THE HIGH BLUE SKY-- IT WAS BILLY THE KID!



BILLY THE KID!

YIP!  
YIP! YIP!  
HI-YO!

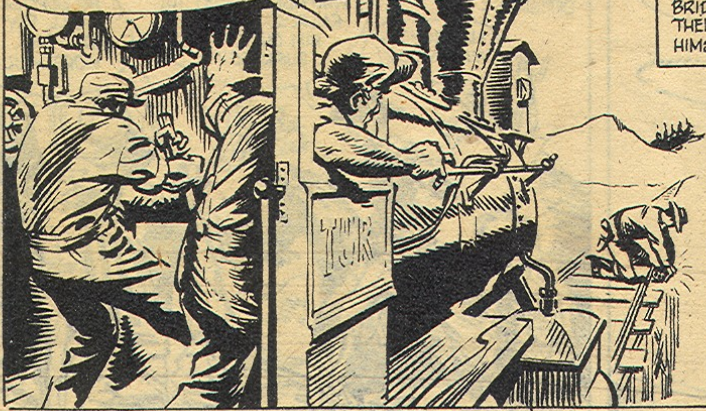




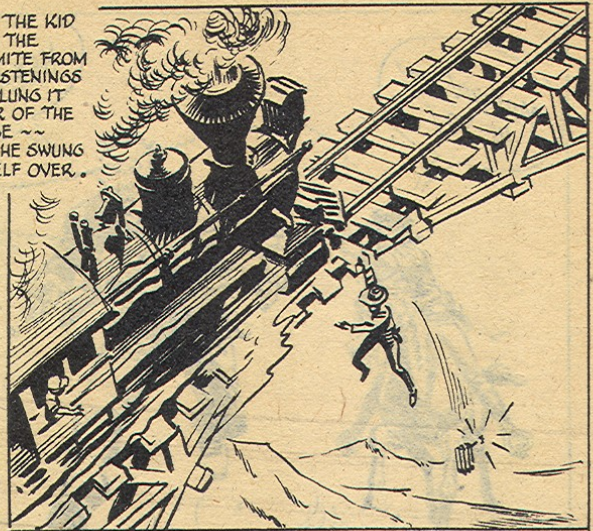


ON THE FOOTPLATE OF THE RACING LOCOMOTIVE.

SLAM THE BRAKE ON, SLIM! THERE'S A CRAZY GUY ON THE BRIDGE!



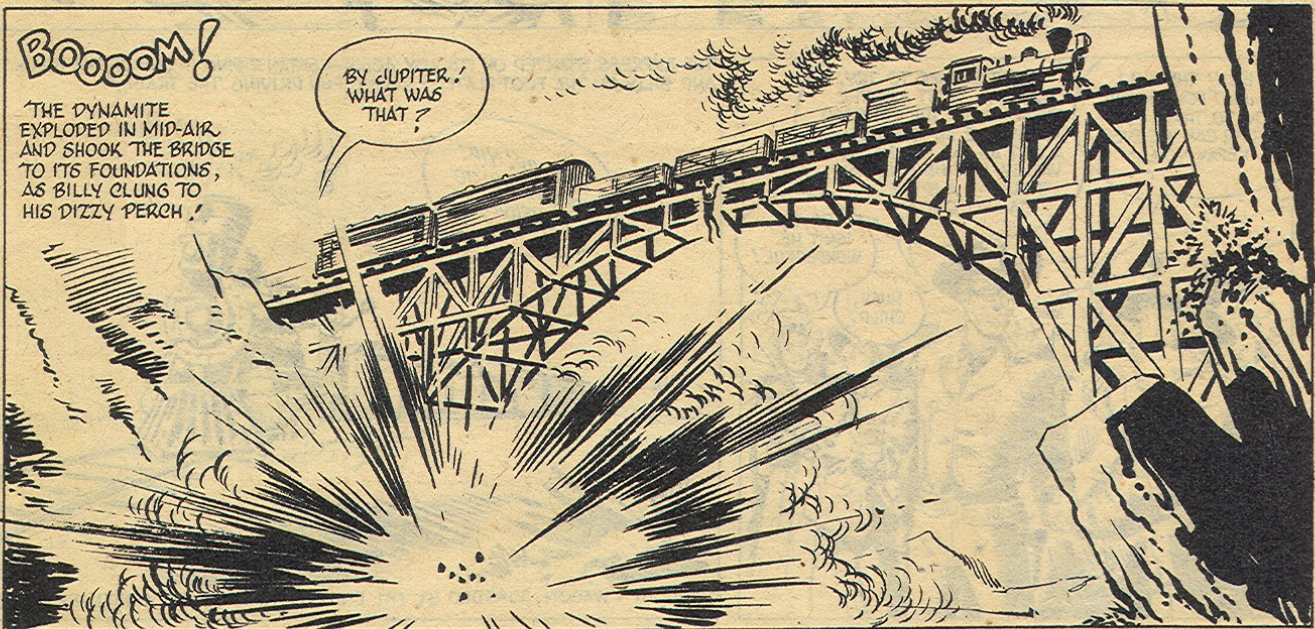
BILLY THE KID TORE THE DYNAMITE FROM ITS FASTENINGS AND FLUNG IT CLEAR OF THE BRIDGE ~ THEN HE SWUNG HIMSELF OVER.



Boooooom!

THE DYNAMITE EXPLODED IN MID-AIR AND SHOOK THE BRIDGE TO ITS FOUNDATIONS, AS BILLY CLUNG TO HIS DIZZY PERCH!

BY JUPITER! WHAT WAS THAT?



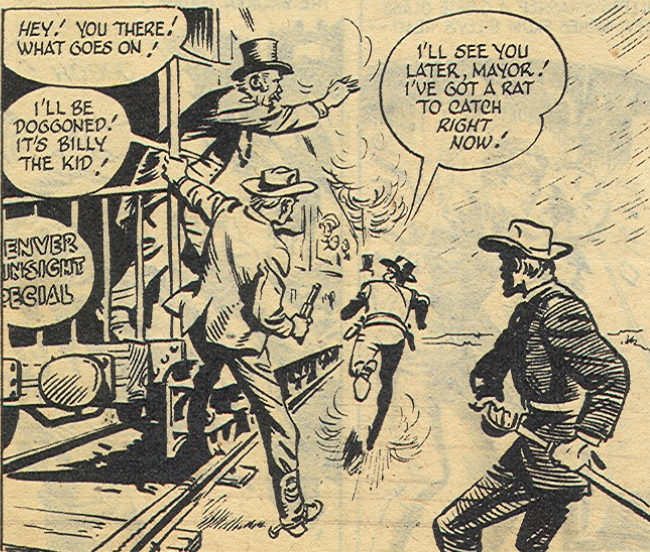
THE MIGHTY LOCOMOTIVE SCREECHED TO A STOP.

HEY! YOU THERE! WHAT GOES ON!

I'LL BE DOGGONED! IT'S BILLY THE KID!

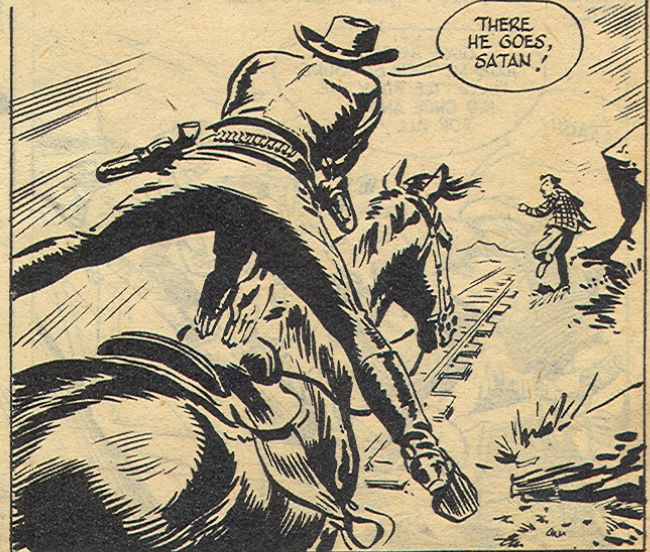
EVER INSIGHT REGAL

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, MAYOR! I'VE GOT A RAT TO CATCH RIGHT NOW!

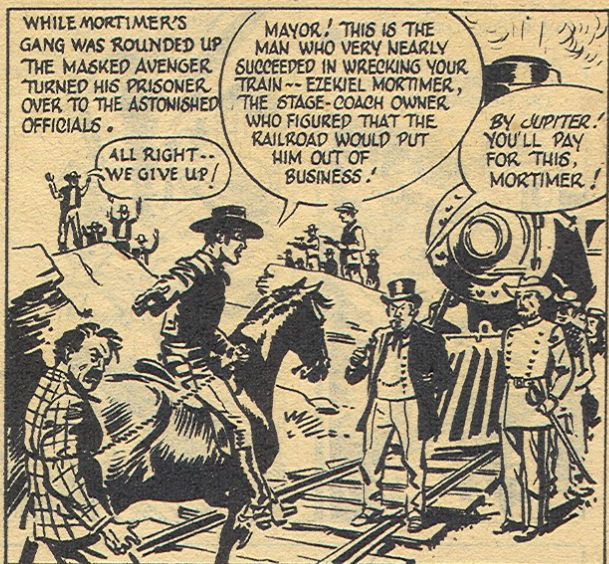


BILLY SPOTTED HIS QUARRY AHEAD AND LEAPED TO SATAN'S SADDLE.

THERE HE GOES, SATAN!





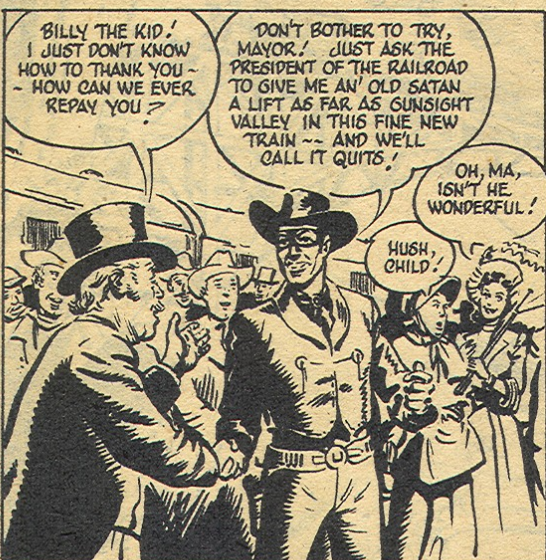


WHILE MORTIMER'S GANG WAS ROUNDED UP THE MASKED AVENGER TURNED HIS PRISONER OVER TO THE ASTONISHED OFFICIALS.

MAYOR! THIS IS THE MAN WHO VERY NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN WRECKING YOUR TRAIN-- EZEKIEL MORTIMER, THE STAGE-COACH OWNER WHO FIGURED THAT THE RAILROAD WOULD PUT HIM OUT OF BUSINESS!

BY JUPITER! YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, MORTIMER!

ALL RIGHT-- WE GIVE UP!



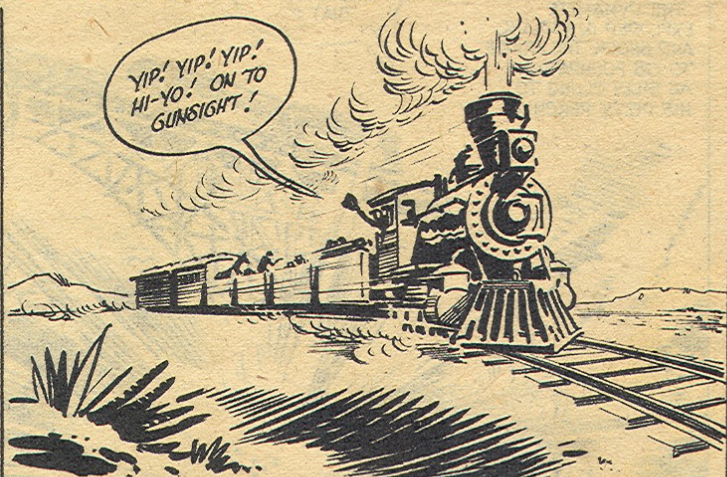
BILLY THE KID! I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU-- HOW CAN WE EVER REPAY YOU?

DON'T BOTHER TO TRY, MAYOR! JUST ASK THE PRESIDENT OF THE RAILROAD TO GIVE ME AN' OLD SATAN A LIFT AS FAR AS GUNSIGHT VALLEY IN THIS FINE NEW TRAIN-- AND WE'LL CALL IT QUITS!

OH, MA, ISN'T HE WONDERFUL!

HUSH, CHILD!

THE EXPRESS STARTED ON ITS WAY AGAIN-- SATAN RIDING IN ONE OF THE TRUCKS AND BILLY ON THE FOOT-PLATE-- HAVING FUN DRIVING THE TRAIN!



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO! ON TO GUNSIGHT!

WHILE IN A WAGON, GUARDED BY THE ENGINEER'S MATE, SAT MORTIMER'S GANG

BUT A TRAINLOAD OF DESPERADOES IS A HOT CARGO, AND TROUBLE STARTED PRETTY SOON-- THEY OVERPOWERED THE ENGINEER'S MATE.



GOOD WORK! HAND ME THEM SIX-GUNS-- I'LL SETTLE BILLY THE KID ONCE AND FOR ALL!

AAAAGH!



BANG! BANG! A COUPLE OF .45 BULLETS SMASHED A GAUGE-GLASS A FEW INCHES FROM BILLY'S HEAD--

-- AND ESCAPING STEAM RUSHED FROM THE BROKEN GAUGE!



OOOOH!



BUT BILLY THE KID WAS A FIGHTER TO THE END! HE STRUGGLED TO THE TOP OF THE ENGINE TENDER, AND FACED HIS DEADLY OPPONENT, GUNS IN HAND-- HIS EYES INFLAMED AND BLINDED BY TEARS.

I CAN'T SEE! I'VE GOT TO WAIT FOR HIM TO SHOOT FIRST-- THEN I'M SHOOTING TOWARDS THE SOUND OF HIS GUNS!

SMILER SNAYKE MISSED AGAIN-- BUT BILLY'S GUNS STABBED TWIN SPURTS OF FLAME TOWARDS THE SOUND-- AND HIS BULLETS STRUCK THE OUTLAW'S GUNS FROM HIS HANDS--

AAAGH!

ANY MORE OF YOU DOGS WANT TO TRY ANYTHING? GOSH! THANK GOODNESS MY EYES ARE CLEARING!

NOT ME!

GUN-FIGHTING LIKE THAT'S OUTA MY CLASS!

WITH A HISS OF ESCAPING STEAM, THE ENGINE CAME TO A STOP--

I CAN'T KEEP A HEAD O' STEAM IN THE BOILER WITH THIS GAUGE BUST, BILLY! WE'LL HAVE TO STOP!

NEVER MIND PAL-- THIS GIVES ME AN IDEA!

BILLY THE KID HITCHED MORTIMER, AND HIS GANG TO THE FRONT OF THE ENGINE AND SET THEM TO WORK HAULING THE TRAIN HOME--

HAUL AWAY, YOU VARMINTS! IT'S ALL DOWNHILL INTO GUNSIGHT, NOW!

AND SO THE EXPRESS WAS HAULED INTO GUNSIGHT AND BILLY THE KID TURNED SATAN'S HEAD TOWARDS THE SECRET VALLEY BEYOND THUNDERBIRD PEAK.

THE FALTERING HOOT OF THE CRIPPLED LOCOMOTIVE WAS ANSWERED BY THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE LONE AVENGER OF THE WEST!

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-HO!

WOO-- WOOOO--

NEXT WEEK THE LONE AVENGER RIDES AGAIN IN ANOTHER EXTRA-LONG PICTURE-STORY ADVENTURE.



# ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

ROBIN HOOD, MARIAN, AND THE TRAFOROUS TRISTAN DE BORS ARE SEEKING THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY, AND THE FIRST CLUE TO ITS WHEREABOUTS IS HELD BY THE PRIOR OF SALTMARSH. THEY ARRIVE AT SALTMARSH PRIORY TO FIND IT BEING ATTACKED BY A ROBBER, BARON SIR GASPARD DE MORTAIN OF "THE BLACK HAND." ROBIN CAPTURES DE MORTAIN AND THE THREE COMRADES RUSH TO THE PRIORY GATE WITH THEIR PRISONER.

HASTILY THE FRIARS OF SALTMARSH FLUNG OPEN THEIR GATE. THEY GASPED WITH AMAZEMENT WHEN THEY RECOGNISED THE LORD OF SHERWOOD --

"TIS ROBIN HOOD! THANK HEAVEN-- YOU HAVE COME IN THE NICK OF TIME!"

CLOSE YONDER GATE QUICKLY, GOOD PRIOR-- THOSE ROGUES OUTSIDE KNOW THAT THEY CAN NEVER TAKE THE PRIORY WHILE WE HAVE THEIR MASTER PRISONER.

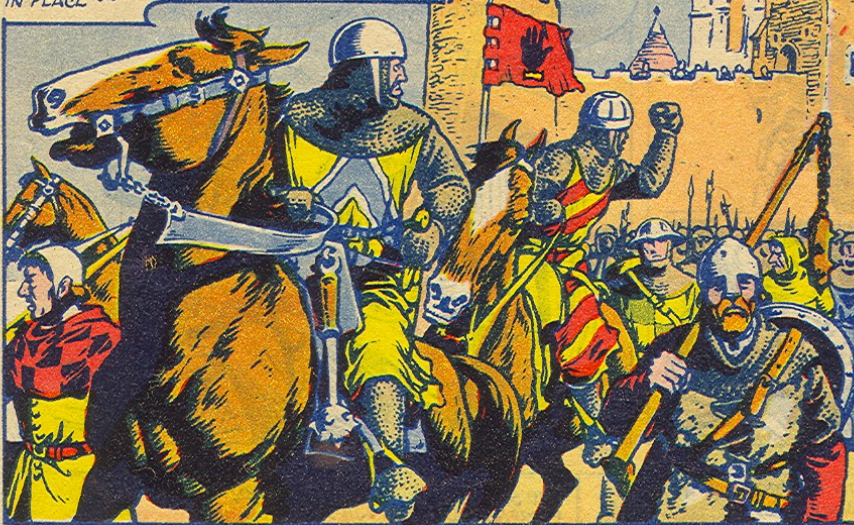
A FEW MINUTES LATER, ON THE WALLS OF THE PRIORY, WITH THE SHARP POINT OF ROBIN'S BLADE TO PROMPT HIM, GASPARD OF THE BLACK HAND ORDERED HIS MEN TO GO AWAY--

MEN-- LEAVE THIS PLACE INSTANTLY-- THAT IS MY ORDER, OR RATHER-- THAT IS ROBIN HOOD'S ORDER. CURSE THE INTERFERING DOG!

NICELY PUT, FELLOW-- THOUGH I FEAR THAT YOU ARE IN NEED OF A LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS.

GRUMBLINGLY, SIR GASPARD'S MEN SHEATHED THEIR SWORDS AND RODE OFF, LEAVING THE PRIORY IN PEACE --

-- AND THEIR LEADER, IMPRISONED IN ONE OF ITS DEEP STONE CELLARS --



MEANWHILE, IN THE PRIOR'S CHAMBER --

ROBIN HOOD, WHAT CAN I DO TO REPAY YOU FOR SAVING THE PRIORY?

THIS, GOOD PRIOR -- I COME FROM KIRKDALE ABBEY AND I UNDERSTAND THAT THE LATE ABBOT GODFREY GAVE YOU A MESSAGE BEFORE HE DIED -- WHAT WAS THAT MESSAGE?

WHY, YES -- NOW WHAT WAS IT? AH! I REMEMBER -- THE ABBOT SAID " TELL THE BRAVE SEARCHER TO VISIT THE HERMIT WHO LIVES ON THE ISLE OF IONA "



ROBIN AND HIS COMPANIONS HAD NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A PLACE --



WHERE IS THE ISLE OF IONA?

IT IS A DESOLATE ISLAND OFF THE WILD PART OF THE SCOTTISH COAST CALLED THE HEBRIDES -- WHICH IS A TERRIBLE WILDERNESS SWARMING WITH WILD WOLVES AND EAGLES WHICH CAN CARRY OFF MEN -- THE SEA AROUND IS ALIVE WITH WHALES AND OTHER SEA MONSTERS -- A TERRIBLE PLACE, GOOD ROBIN!

ROBIN SMILED GOOD-NATUREDLY AT THE PRIOR'S HAIR-RAISING DESCRIPTION, AND HE RESOLVED TO SET OUT FOR SCOTLAND NEXT MORNING. THE THREE COMRADES LAY DOWN TO SLEEP IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE PRIORY --

-- BUT, AS MIDNIGHT STRUCK, THE TREACHEROUS TRISTAN DE BORS CREEPT OVER TO ROBIN AND REMOVED THE KEY OF THE TREASURE FROM AROUND HIS NECK --

I HAVE HAD ENOUGH OF FIGHTING FOR ROBIN HOOD -- I'LL TAKE THE KEY NOW AND GET THE TREASURE MYSELF!



DE BORS KNEW THAT THE TREASURE LAY IN A SECRET ROOM IN KIRKDALE ABBEY AND HE HAD ONLY BEEN TRAVELLING WITH ROBIN IN ORDER TO FIND AN OPPORTUNITY OF BETRAYING THE LORD OF SHERWOOD TO KING JOHN --



I HAVE A PLAN WHICH WILL PUT PAID TO ROBIN HOOD.

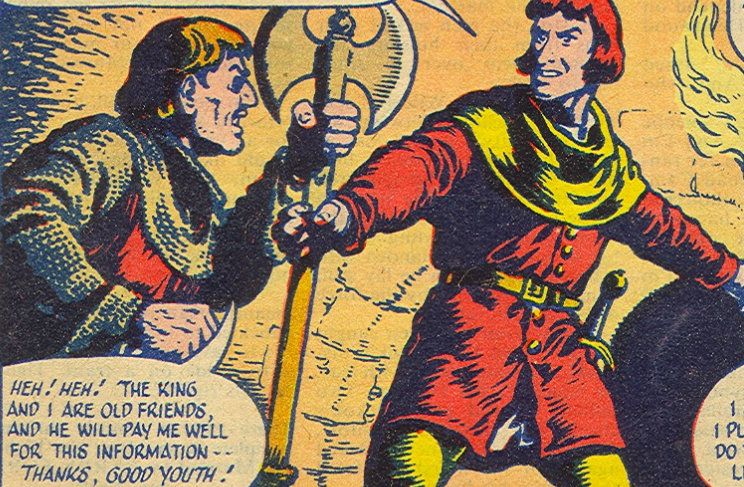
GASPARD OF THE BLACK HAND AWAKENED TO SEE TRISTAN DE BORS FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS CELLAR --



WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

HUSH -- YOU MUST TRUST ME -- I AM GOING TO SET YOU FREE -- ON ONE CONDITION!

HERE IS YOUR BATTLEAXE -- RIDE TO KING JOHN AND TELL HIM THAT HE WILL FIND ROBIN HOOD ON THE ROAD TO SCOTLAND TO-MORROW -- TRAVELLING TO THE ISLE OF IONA!



HEH! HEH! THE KING AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS, AND HE WILL PAY ME WELL FOR THIS INFORMATION -- THANKS, GOOD YOUTH!

THE NEXT DAY, BACK IN KIRKDALE ABBEY, DE BORS HAD A SHOCK. HE HAD OPENED THE SECRET ROOM TO FIND IT EMPTY -- EXCEPT FOR A NOTE WRITTEN BY THE LATE ABBOT GODFREY AND ADDRESSED TO HIMSELF --



"DEAR NEPHEW TRISTAN -- I SAW YOU SPYING ON ME WHEN I PUT THE TREASURE IN THIS SECRET ROOM -- DO YOU THINK I WOULD BE FOOL ENOUGH TO LEAVE IT HERE AFTER THAT?"

So the treasure is not at Kirkdale Abbey after all . . . what will the rascally De Bors do now? Read next week's stirring instalment.



# WILD BILL HICKOK HAS FUN



THE TWO-GUN MARSHAL

## THE MEAN MAN

**T**ITUS WADHAM was the President of the Dakota and Deadwood Railroad. He was a tall man with long silvery-grey hair and a neatly trimmed snow-white beard. His eyes were small and set close together. He was short tempered and disagreeable, and although he was the richest man in town, he was also the meanest. Titus Wadham was so close with his money he was given the nickname of "Tight-Wad" by the disgusted townsfolk.

Wadham liked going off on hunting trips by himself. And he was in the midst of making preparations for one when Wild Bill Hickok called on him.

"What can I do for you, marshal?" asked Wadham curtly as Wild Bill was shown into his study. "Kindly make it brief. I'm getting ready to go off on a hunting trip."

Hickok glanced at the rifles, boxes of cartridges and knives that lay on the table.

"You go well armed, I see," he smiled. "What is it this time—bear hunting?"

"It is," snapped Titus. "But get on with it, man. Why do you want to see me?"

"Mr. Wadham, I've come here to warn you, I've received secret information that Jim Murrell and his gang plan to kidnap you and hold you for ransom."

Titus gave a snort of contempt.

"The Murrell Gang indeed! Think I'm afraid of that bunch of no-good cowpunchers?"

"They're not cowpunchers any longer, Mr. Wadham. They're ruthless, cold-blooded badmen. They're robbers, cattle rustlers and killers. They're wanted in every State in the West. And if I were you I wouldn't dismiss their threat quite so lightly. Jim Murrell and his boys will stop at nothing."

"Bah! There have been plenty of threats against my life," retorted Wadham. "And I'm not going to be scared by this

one. Now if you'll excuse me, marshal, I'll get on with my packing. I'm leaving in the morning for the Black Hills."

"Mr. Wadham," said Wild Bill patiently, "at least let me make a suggestion to you. I think I know of a way that I can save you a lot of trouble—and money."

At the word "money," Titus Wadham perked up his ears.

"If you can save me any money, marshal, start talking. What's on your mind?"

"Just this, grinned Hickok, and proceeded to tell the mean old railroad president his plans.

## WILD BILL ENJOYS HIMSELF!

**T**HE following morning the tall figure of Titus Wadham was seen riding through town on his way to the Black Hills. His long silvery hair flowed back onto his shoulders, and his neat beard gleamed snowy-white in the sunlight. He rode at a leisurely pace, leading a well laden pack-horse. He did not appear to be wearing any guns, though a rifle was stuck in his saddle-boot.

He had been riding for several hours and was just entering a narrow canyon when he was suddenly surrounded by four tough-looking men who rushed out at him from behind some rocks.

"Throw up your hands, Wadham," ordered one of the men. "You ain't going hunting today."

As the railroad president raised his hands, one of the men drew up alongside and jerked his rifle from the saddle-boot, while another snatched up the reins of the pack-horse.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" Wadham demanded angrily. "How dare you do this to me!"

The leader of the gang gave a sneering laugh. "You, Mr. Titus Wadham, are gonna be our guest for a while. How long yer stay with us will depend on the Dakota and Deadwood Railroad Company."

"What do you mean?" asked Wadham sharply. "And who are you?"

"I'm Jim Murrell—mebbe you've heard of me? And I'm figurin' on holdin' you fer ransom. When the Railroad Company pay over fifty thousand dollars to me I'll be happy to release you. But if the company don't consider you're worth that much money, then I'm afraid we'll jist have to kill yer."

The railroad president stared at the squat figure of the ugly-looking man facing him.

"I don't reckon anybody will pay fifty thousand dollars for my life, Murrell," he said.

"Why not?" growled Murrell. "You're the president of the Railroad Company and an

important man."

"Say, boss," broke in one of the men who, with his three companions, had dismounted and was rummaging through Wadham's packs, "if the Railroad Company won't pay up, old Tight-Wad here should be able to pay off his own ransom, he's wealthy enough. But if we kill him we won't get a cent."

"You're right there, Lofty," agreed Jim. "But we'll try the Railroad Company first."

"Won't do you any good, Murrell," chuckled the white-haired president. And to the amazement of the Murrell Gang, he suddenly removed his hat and whipped off his wig and false beard. "The railroad isn't interested in me. The name's Hickok—not Wadham. And for your further information, I'm not on a hunting trip. I'm out for some fun!"

"Wild Bill Hickok!" gasped Murrell, staring open mouthed at the marshal.

"G-gosh all hemlock! We've k-kidnapped the fastest gun-fighter in the frontier!" croaked Lofty in a trembling voice. His knees began to knock together.

"Let's get out of here, boss," yelled the other two, almost scared out of their wits, and they made a wild dash for their mounts. Kidnapping Titus Wadham was one thing, kidnapping Wild Bill Hickok was another.

But before they could spring into their saddles, the fighting marshal whipped back his buckskin jacket which had completely hidden his cutaway holsters, and made a lightning draw on his silver- and ivory-butted Colts.

Flame spurted from the nozzles of his six-guns and his bullets kicked up tiny showers of dust round the feet of the two badmen. They yelled in terror and leaped up and down, throwing their legs in the air in a frenzied dance.

"When you're through waltzing, toss away your guns," laughed the marshal.

Hastily the men jerked their guns from their holsters and pitched them over to some nearby rocks.

As they did so, Wild Bill sent a bullet whistling between the ears of Lofty's horse, just as Lofty had one trembling foot in the stirrup. The horse reared violently and sent the badman flying head over heels onto the stony ground. Howling at the top of his voice, he landed with a heavy thud. Then he lay still, completely stunned by the force of his sudden fall.

Jim Murrell had been caught off his guard by Hickok's disguise, and whimpering with fear, he squeezed his triggers. Two bullets whizzed past Hickok's cheek, too close for comfort. But Murrell's guns never barked again, for the marshal blasted them from his hands.

Without a moment's hesitation, Murrell dug his spurs into his horse's sides and started up the trail, perspiration pouring down his cheeks.

At the same time the two gunless outlaws took a chance and made a desperate dash for their horses. Two bullets remained in Hickok's Colts. Without appearing to take aim, Wild Bill fired, severing the trouser-belts of both men. Their trousers fell around their ankles and both fell sprawling in the dust. Their horses, frightened by the gunfire, galloped away up the trail.

Wild Bill slipped his Colts back in their holsters and, spurring his mount into an instant gallop, set off after Murrell. Grabbing his lariat from his saddle horn, he twirled it expertly round his head in a wide circle and tossed it towards the fleeing Murrell. It dropped neatly over the man's head and shoulders, and as Hickok jerked the noose tight, the gang leader was plucked from his saddle and sat down on the rocky ground—good and hard! Every bone in his body felt as though it had been jarred out of place.

"Well, Murrell, your days of outlawry are over. You and your boys are going to spend the next few years cooling your heels in the State Prison," said the marshal sternly.

Several hours later the marshal rode back into town leading a loaded pack-horse. Trailing behind were four securely bound and cursing outlaws. After turning his prisoners over to the sheriff, Wild Bill paid a visit to the railroad president.

"It's O.K., Mr. Wadham," he said. "You can go safely off on your hunting trip now. As I expected, Jim Murrell ambushed me. He intended holding you for a fifty thousand dollar ransom, and if the Railroad Company wouldn't pay it he was going to make you pay it yourself—or kill you. So by your agreeing to let me impersonate you, I not only saved your life and your money, but rounded up the Murrell Gang as well."

"I'm most grateful, marshal," returned Wadham. "Thank you for all you've done. In return I would like to repay you. So if at any time you'd like a free ride on my railroad, just let me know."

Wild Bill's eyes twinkled merrily as he left Wadham's house.

"Reckon he's about the meanest man in the West," he chuckled to himself. "I risk my life to save his and he offers me a free ride on a train. Tight-Wad is right!"

There will be another thrilling complete story about the Fighting Marshal by BARRY FORD . . . next week.



AN EXCITING YARN ABOUT THE BOYS OF ST. JIM'S BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

# TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.

Young Wally D'Arcy has broken bounds to go out and find his dog. Blake and Co. decide to go out after him and bring him back by force. While they are talking, Tom Merry walks in...

**This week: EXCITEMENT  
IN THE WOODS!**

"HALLO, here's Tom Merry looking as if he had lost a threepenny bit. What's the trouble, Merry? Anything wrong?" asked Jack Blake.

"Skimpole hasn't come in."

"Well, let the silly ass stay out, then."

"That's all very well, but I don't want him to get into trouble," said Tom Merry. "It isn't only that he will get a licking for staying out late. That would serve him right. But it looks as if he has really gone looking for the poachers. He may get knocked on the head as likely as not. I wish I had yanked him in and locked him up in a study, now, although he had a pass from Knox, the prefect."

"If you take it on yourself to keep watch on Skimpole, you'll never be in want of a job," grinned Blake. "I suppose you're responsible as head of the Shell. You ought to bring him up better."

"Well, I'm uneasy about him, and I've half a mind to go out and look for him," said Tom. "He's such an ass. He's bound to lose his way in the wood if he goes into it, and he never thinks of anything till it happens. He may stay there all night, and it's going to be a cold night."

"It's not a bad idea," said Herries thoughtfully. "If you like, I'll come with you and bring my bulldog. Towser is a wonder at following a scent!"

"Well," said Tom Merry, "Skimpole ought to be looked for. I've a good mind to go."

"Yes! We might make up a party and look for young Wally at the same time."

"What's that about young Wally? Where is he?"

"He's gone out to look for that dog of his which ran away," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, Wally's older brother.

Tom Merry gave a whistle.

"My hat! He's starting his career at St. Jim's pretty well. You'd better give him a hiding when you get him in again."

"Yes, I was thinking of giving him a thwacking. I must go and look for him, at any rate. Are you coming, Blake?"

"Well, you'll get into mischief if I don't come with you!" growled Blake.

"I wefuse to accept your company on those terms, Blake."



A strong hand grasped Wally D'Arcy and dragged him into the open. "Who are you?" demanded the mysterious young man in a low voice.

I wefuse—"

"Rats! We may as well all go together and take the licking together when we come in. We shall be company for one another in Railton's study when he lays it on."

"Yes! Pewwaps if we explained to Mr. Waitton, we might get his permission to go out and look for the young wascal."

"More likely get a caning for letting him go, and then he'd go out and look for him himself, or send a couple of prefects," said Blake. "And if two prefects had to go out and find Wally, I should feel sorry for him on the way home."

"Yes. Pewwaps we had better go now and ask Mr. Waitton's permission afterwards."

"I suppose so. Are you game, Tom Merry?"

"Yes. There's a clear moon, luckily. We'll meet you at the old oak tree!"

"Right!"

And ten minutes later the juniors were on the outer side of the walls of St. Jim's. When Mr. Selby marched the Third Form off to bed, D'Arcy minor was missing, and when, at half-past nine, the Fourth Form and the Shell went up to their dormitories, they went up without the Chums of Study No. 6 or the Terrible Three.

## A NIGHT OUT

"PONGO—Pongo!"

D'Arcy minor called the name softly as he went down the moonlit lane. It was a perfect night—clear, and cold, and quiet.

Wally D'Arcy kept his eyes

about him as he walked down the lane. He called to his dog, and he whistled at intervals; but no sound came from Pongo. It was clear that the dog had made straight for the woods in search of rabbits. Wally stopped at a spot where a gap showed in the hedge. He bent down, and examined the thick fallen leaves in the ditch. There were traces that seemed to indicate that a dog had scrambled across. Wally had often had to follow Pongo to recapture him, and he recognised the signs. He plunged through the hedge.

"This is just where the brute would get in!" muttered Wally. "He's after rabbits. I'll make him sit up when I catch him. The worst of it is, it's no good whistling him. He won't come if he's on the scent."

Although Wally would not have admitted it to anyone else, he knew very well that while Pongo was tracking rabbits, his master's voice would only have had the effect of making him slink quietly away beyond the sound of it. Pongo was not a well-disciplined dog.

Wally breathed all sorts of threats as he plunged into the wood. He always did when he was hunting for Pongo. He never carried any of them out, but they were a comfort to him.

Crack! Crack!

The report of a gun echoed twice through the gloomy wood. Wally started.

"Poachers!" he murmured.

Then another thought flashed into his mind. He remembered Herries's remark about Barberry, the head-keeper of Sir

Neville Boyle. His eyes blazed as he thought that the gun he had just heard might have been aimed at Pongo.

"My hat!" he muttered. "Pongo! Poor old Pongo! If he is—"

He did not finish the remark, but hurried on in the direction of the shots.

The wood was thick. Wally blundered through the thickets. He gave a sudden start at the sound of a rustle close at hand, but before he could escape, a hand of iron was on his shoulder. He struggled.

"Quiet!" muttered a voice.

"Who are you?"

It was a pleasant voice. The strong hand that gripped the junior dragged him into the open and the moonlight fell upon him. Wally looked at his captor curiously. He was dressed like a keeper, but he had no gun. Wally had pictured to himself a savage-featured poacher, and he was relieved to see a kindly, bronzed face, certainly not more than twenty-five years old with a kindly but worried expression.

"Who are you?" said the young man, in a low voice, still keeping a tight grip upon Wally.

"I'm D'Arcy minor."

The young man started and smiled.

"You are from the school?"

"Yes," said Wally.

"And you have come out after rabbits, I suppose?"

Wally flushed.

"I'm not a poacher."

"Then what are you doing here?" The young man looked at him. "You ought to be in

(Continued over page)



bed. The boys of St. Jim's are not allowed out at this time."

"I know that. I've broken bounds," said Wally with a grin. "You see, my dog's bolted."

"Your dog?" said the other, looking puzzled.

"Yes, my dog Pongo. He's a rare old rabbit, and he's out after rabbits. I've come to look for him."

"At this time of night?"

"I've been out at midnight looking for him at home!" grinned Wally. "That's nothing new. Pongo is a terror!"

"You are not allowed here, though," said the young man. "There is a public footpath through the wood, and people have to keep to it."

"Are you a keeper?" asked Wally.

To his surprise, the young man flushed at the question.

"No," he replied, after a pause, "I am not a keeper—now."

"Then run along and don't interfere with me!" said Wally. "If you're not a keeper, it doesn't matter to you what I'm doing here. But you look like a keeper," he added, eyeing the young man curiously.

"I was one," said the other shortly. "I was one of Sir Neville Boyle's keepers. This wood is on Sir Neville's land."

Wally gave a low whistle. "Oh, ho! You're the chap they were talking about, perhaps—young Lynn?"

"My name is Lynn."

D'Arcy minor chuckled. "I know now. You are engaged to Mary at the School House at St. Jim's?"

"Yes," said Lynn quietly. "But that is no affair of yours."

"Oh, it's all right!" said Wally. "I heard Gus—that's my brother Gus—talking about you. He's sorry about it, because Mary is worried; and he thinks you are innocent of what you were charged with, and he says he is going to set matters right—though I'm blessed if I know how."

Lynn smiled faintly. "It is very kind of him to think so well of me. I am afraid the matter will not be set right unless I am able to set it right myself. Now, you had better go back to the school, youngster!"

"Thank you for nothing!" said Wally coolly. "I'm looking for my dog!"

"I will look for him if you like. Give me his description."

"A ragged little fellow, with a cast in one eye and one ear bitten off!"

"Good!" said Lynn with a smile. "I will look out for him. I shall be about the woods for some time yet. Now you get back to the school!"

Wally shook his head. "I daresay that's very good advice," he remarked, "but I can't take it. I'm here to look for Pongo. He may be shot by some keeper. I'm not going in till I've found him."

Lynn laid his hand earnestly on Wally's shoulder.

"Don't be foolish, my lad! There are poachers in the wood!"

"Were they poachers I heard firing just now?"

"I don't know, very likely," Lynn looked thoughtful. "It sounded to me, though, like the report of Barberry's double-barrelled gun."

"Perhaps he was shooting at Pongo. Let me go!"

"Listen to me. There are poachers in the wood. The magistrates lately have been very severe with them. They would not hesitate at anything to get rid of a witness. If you saw them at work you might be beaten up. Go home!"

"I'm not afraid!"

"I tell you you can't stay here!" said Lynn impatiently. "You must go!"

"I'm not going! I say," added Wally suspiciously, "you haven't taken to poaching yourself, have you, now that your boss has sacked you?"

Lynn turned very red. His grasp tightened on Wally, who was very near to getting a box on the ear at that moment.

"No," said Lynn quietly, "I have not turned poacher. But I am going to see you out of the wood!" His grip tightened again. "Come with me!"

Wally did not argue the matter. He was determined not to go without Pongo, but he would have been a child in the hands of the powerful young keeper. He walked a few paces beside Lynn without a word, and the young man's grip relaxed. And the moment it relaxed Wally twisted out of his grasp like an eel and darted into the wood.

"You young rascal!" cried Lynn. "Come back!"

But Wally was gone.

### TOM MERRY AND CO. ON THE TRAIL!

TOM MERRY & CO. hurried down the moonlit lane and entered the wood at a point some distance farther on than the place where Wally had entered it. There was a beaten track leading through to the footpath, and the juniors preferred it to pushing their way through dense thickets. They had left St. Jim's to look for the truants, and it was not till they were in the wood that they realised what a job it was going to be. The woods extended for miles, and the two missing juniors might have taken any path, or might be wandering in the thickest part of the wood where there were no paths.

"I suppose we had better separate and start calling for them," said Blake doubtfully.

"The trouble is that all the woods on this side of the footpath are on Sir Neville Boyle's land, and his keepers are having rows with the poachers lately. If they heard us, they'd be down on us like a ton of bricks."

"And they couldn't very well fail to hear us, I should think,"

Monty Lowther remarked. Tom Merry wrinkled his brows thoughtfully.

"We don't want to have a row with the keepers," he said. "It would lead to no end of trouble at St. Jim's. They would be bound to think we came out for rabbits, and Sir Neville might go to the Head about it."

"My hat!" said Manners. "That would make a row!"

"All the same, I don't see how we are to find them without shouting. Skimpole would be pretty certain to answer. But when you come to think of it, young Wally would guess that we were after him, and he would keep mum."

"Yes, he's a cunning young beggar!" said Arthur Augustus.

"Let's look round for them first, anyway. We—Hullo! What's that?"

It was a double report, the same that Wally had heard from a different part of the wood. The juniors started as the dull heavy sounds echoed through the dark trees.

"Poachers!" muttered Digby. Tom Merry shook his head.

"I don't know. The poachers use snares for hares and rabbits, you know. That was more likely a keeper's gun. Perhaps young Wally's dog has got it in the neck."

"Poor little chap! It may save Wally from a row, though."

"That's pretty clear proof that somebody's out in the wood, and the less row we make the better," said Monty Lowther.

"Yes." Hark! Tom Merry stopped and held up his hand, and the juniors stopped breathlessly. There was a rustle in the thicket. The boys from St. Jim's remained as still as mice in the thick shadow of a big tree. Near them was an open patch where the moonlight fell, and a form was seen to emerge from the thickets into the light. The moon's rays glimmered on a huge pair of spectacles. Tom Merry muttered a word of warning to his comrades.

"It's Skimmy! Quiet, and we'll give him a lesson about wandering at night. He's as much trouble as Wally's dog and he ought to know better."

"What's the game?" murmured Blake.

"He's out looking for poachers. Why shouldn't he find some?"

The juniors chuckled softly. They caught on at once to Tom Merry's idea. Skimpole paused and looked round him, blinking in the moonlight. His trousers were drenched from the wet thickets and he was shivering with cold.

"We'll collar him," murmured Tom Merry, "and make him think he's fallen into the clutches of a gang of poachers. We'll make him swear an oath to get out of the wood and never come back again."

Blake chuckled aloud. The sound seemed to catch Skimpole's ear, for he turned round

and stared into the black shadows under the big tree. The glimmer of the moonlight on his spectacles was all that could be seen of his face and the effect was curious.

"Is anyone there?" said Skimpole in a voice quivering with the cold. "If anyone is there I shall be glad to be informed where I am—I have lost my path in this horrible wood!"

Skimpole did not go farther. Tom Merry had crept round in the dark shadows and got behind the nose parker of St. Jim's. A grip on the back of his neck interrupted Skimpole, and before he could think of resistance he was forced down into the grass upon his face and a knee was planted in the small of his back.

"D-d-dear me!" gasped Skimpole. "This is—is most unpleasant! You are hurting my back! I really wish you would not be so violent!"

It was impossible for Skimpole to see his attackers. His face was pressed into the damp grass and his spectacles were covered with moisture, so that he could not have seen Tom Merry if he had been looking straight at him. He had not the slightest doubt that he was in the grasp of a gang of poachers. One was kneeling on his back and another was standing on his legs and two more were holding his arms. There wasn't much chance for Skimpole. He could only gasp and wriggle.

"Hold him tight!" said Tom Merry in a deep bass voice which bore little resemblance to his usual tones. "He is a spy!"

"I am nothing of the sort!" stammered Skimpole. "I came into the wood to—"

"You came to spy on us poachers!" said the deep bass voice sternly.

Skimpole wriggled uncomfortably.

"Tell me the truth!"

The deep bass voice sent a thrill of terror through every nerve of the nose parker of St. Jim's.

Don't miss next week's exciting instalment.

Howdy folks! . . . Billy the Kid speaking. . . . The Editor tells me that he has had a lot of requests from my many pals for photographs of old Satan and me. Well, on the next page you'll find a picture of both of us together, which I hope you'll like a lot. Cheerio for now! . . . YIP-YIP-HI-YO!

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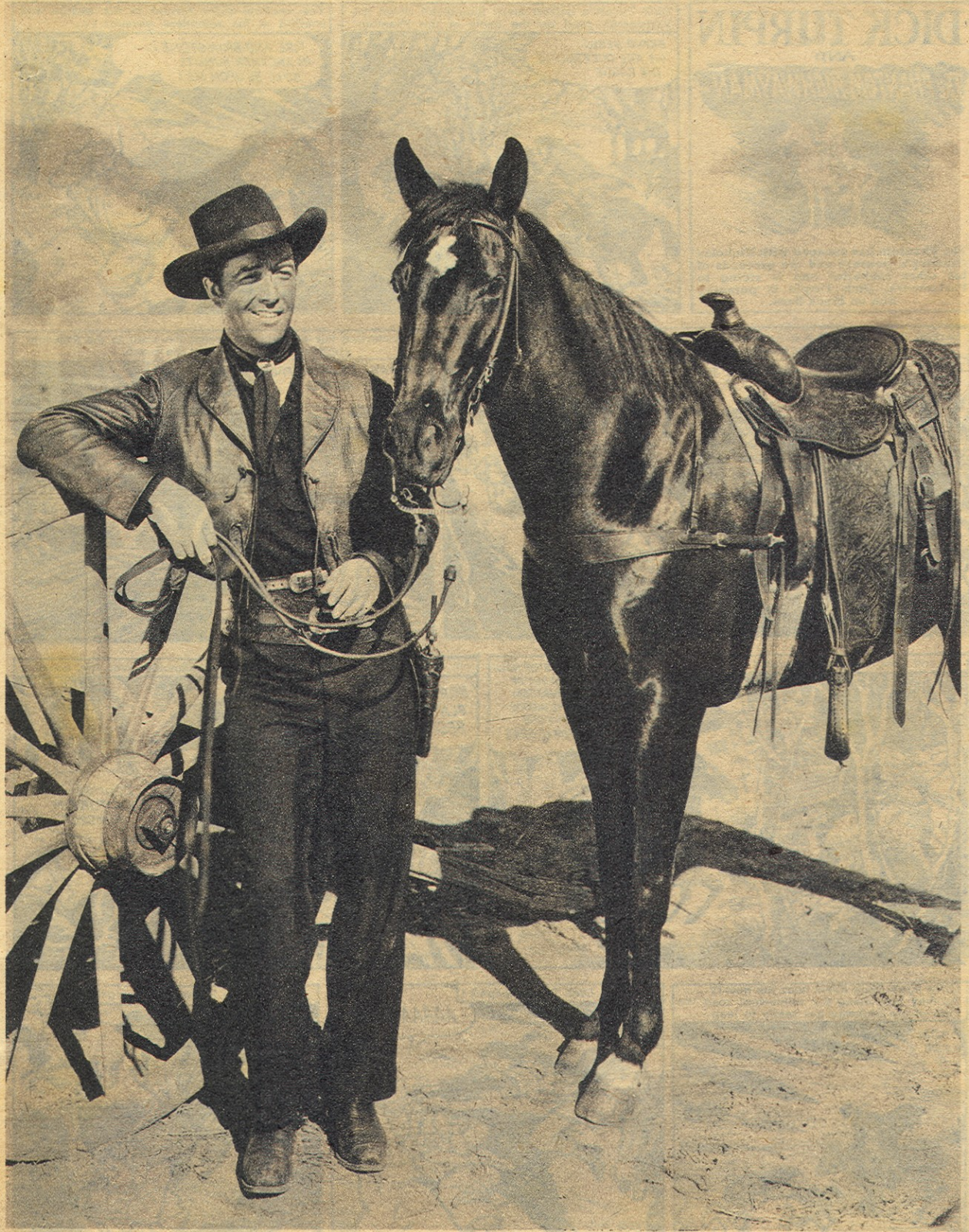
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*Billy the Kid and his wonder horse Black Satan*



# DICK TURPIN

## AND The PHANTOM HIGHWAYMAN



The Phantom has escaped with Nicholas Crawley's treasure and the proceeds of his other robberies and is riding to Portsmouth. Dick Turpin is pursuing him on Black Bess.

Dick Turpin's gallant mare thundered down the Portsmouth road on the heels of the Phantom!



BRAVO, BESS!  
WE ARE OVERTAKING  
THE ROGUE

The spectral rider turned in the saddle and snarled at his relentless pursuer...



FIRE AND BRIMSTONE!...  
IN ANOTHER MINUTE  
HE'LL BE UPON ME!

Further down the road a stage-coach coming from Portsmouth reined-in violently when the coachman saw the approaching horsemen...



LUMME! 'TIS THE PHANTOM HIMSELF!  
WHOA THERE YOU NAGS!

EGAD! THE MAN BEHIND HIM IS  
RIDING LIKE OLD NICK HIMSELF!

The startled horses swerved across the road as the Phantom Highwayman flashed past the coach...



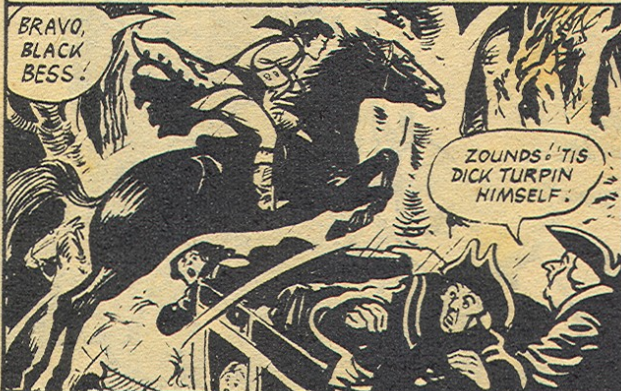
AAAAAH! I SAW HIS FACE!  
...IT WAS AWFUL!

... and Dick's way was barred!



I DARE NOT STOP NOW!  
IF I LET HIM OUT OF  
MY SIGHT, THE PHANTOM  
WILL TAKE TO THE WOODS...  
THERE'S ONLY ONE  
THING FOR IT, BESS!

In a breathless instant Bess sailed magnificently over the coach!



BRAVO,  
BLACK  
BESS!

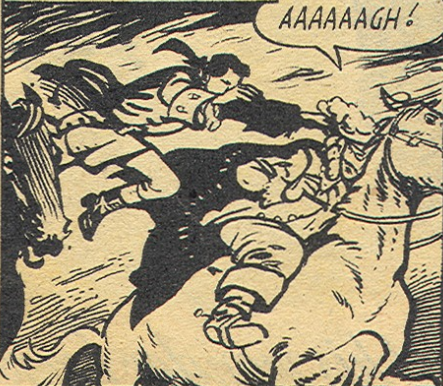
ZOUNDS! 'TIS  
DICK TURPIN  
HIMSELF!

Once again Dick drew near his quarry... As they tore along the rain-swept road the king of the highway got ready to leap...



NOW  
FOR  
IT

... then, Dick Turpin leaped!



AAAAAAGH!

And bore the Phantom to the ground.



LUGH!



Snarling, the cornered Phantom drew a pistol!

**INTERFERING DOG! ... TAKE THIS ...**

... but Dick sent the rogue spinning!

**NO! YOU TAKE THIS... MASTER "PHANTOM"!**

Dick Turpin picked up the unconscious villain and slung him across the saddle. Then he led the Phantom's horses back to "The House of Secrets." ...

**SO YOU'VE GOT HIM AT LAST ... GOOD WORK, DICK!**

**MASTER CRAWLEY, YOUR TREASURE IS OUTSIDE TOGETHER WITH THE PHANTOM'S LOOT, WHICH CAN BE RETURNED TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS...**

Dick Turpin laid the unconscious figure on the floor. ...

**UNMASK THE PHANTOM MASTER CRAWLEY! ... HE HAS WRONGED YOU WORST OF ALL...**

**I-I TREMBLE FOR WHAT I MIGHT FIND BEHIND THAT MASK!**

Trembling violently, Nicholas Crawley whipped off the mask of the Phantom highwayman!

**AAAAAGH! ... SEBASTIAN!**

**SEBASTIAN CRAWLEY... MY STEPBROTHER! AFTER ALL THESE YEARS! ... THAT SCOUNDREL BROKE MY POOR FATHER'S HEART... HE WAS CALLED "CREEPY" CRAWLEY BECAUSE OF HIS EVIL, UNDERHAND WAYS. I KNEW HE WOULD COME TO A BAD END!**

Unaware that the "Phantom" was now conscious, Dick examined the man's costume. ...

**LOOK! HIS CLOTHES ARE TREATED WITH LUMINOUS PAINT TO MAKE THEM GLOW IN THE DARK! ... NO DOUBT THAT WAS THE STUFF HE USED TO WRITE HIS GHOSTLY MESSAGES... AND SEE! ... HE IS WEARING A BULLET-PROOF WAISTCOAT!**

Suddenly the man called "Creepy" Crawley lashed out with his fist!

**AAAAAGH!**

Wrenching the pistol from Moll's hand, and using the girl as a shield, he backed away.

**DICK TURPIN... NICHOLAS, MY FINE STEP BROTHER... YOU MAY HAVE GOT MY TREASURE... BUT YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME!**

A secret panel opened behind him. ...

**HEH-HEH! THE LAST SECRET OF THE HOUSE OF SECRETS... A NARROW PASSAGE WHICH WILL TAKE ME FAR AWAY FROM HERE... GOODBYE, DICK TURPIN! ... I HOPE WE MEET AGAIN! ... IF WE DO... LOOK OUT!**

Moll wrenched herself free, then... SLAM!

**HE'S GONE!**

Later, Dick and Moll watched Nicholas Crawley delving his hands into his family treasure. ...

**SEE! JEWELS, DOUBLOONS, GUINEAS, PIECES-OF-EIGHT! AN EMPEROR'S RANSOM! ... I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO. I'LL USE IT TO TURN THIS PLACE INTO AN ORPHANAGE, IN THANKS FOR MY DELIVERANCE FROM THE PHANTOM!**

**WELL SAID, MASTER CRAWLEY! ... AND NOW... FAREWELL!**

THE END

Beginning next week ... another thrilling yarn about the swashbuckling King of the Highway ... "DICK TURPIN AND THE MYSTERY OF MISTY MOOR."



# SUN

EVERY  
MONDAY

3<sup>p</sup>

## 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, 6 Carmelite Street, London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

