

SUN

3^D

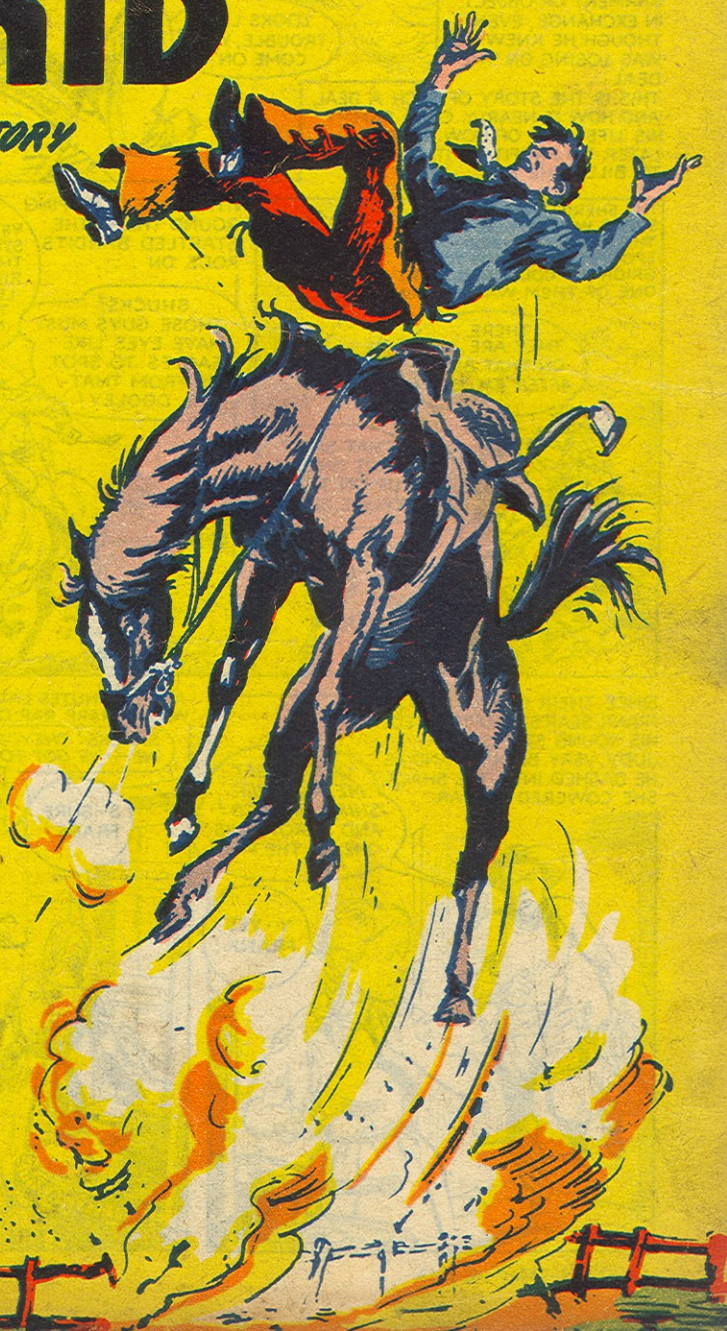
EVERY MONDAY

No. 223.
May 16, 1953

"HE TRIED TO RIDE MY HORSE!" *Says*

BILLY *the* KID

SEE THE GRAND PICTURE-STORY
INSIDE





BILLY THE KID - LONE AVENGER

SAMMY SILVER WAS THE MOST POPULAR SALESMAN IN THE WEST. WHEN FOLKS COULD NOT PAY CASH FOR HIS WARES, SAMMY WOULD HAPPILY ACCEPT ANY OLD GARMENT OR OBJECT IN EXCHANGE, EVEN THOUGH HE KNEW HE WAS LOSING ON THE DEAL... THIS IS THE STORY OF SUCH A DEAL, AND HOW IT NEARLY COST SAMMY HIS LIFE, BUT OF HOW HE WAS LATER TO PROFIT BY IT - THANKS TO BILLY THE KID...

ONE DAY, HAPPY GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, YOUNG BOSS OF THE CIRCLE B RANCH, WAS TALKING TO THE SHERIFF OF LITTLE FALLS. WHEN THE AIR WAS SHATTERED BY GUN SHOTS... DASHING OUT OF THE OFFICE, THEY SAW TWO MEN RIDING HARD OUT OF TOWN...

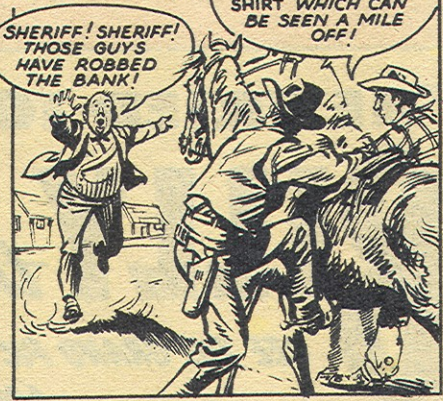


LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE, WILL! COME ON!

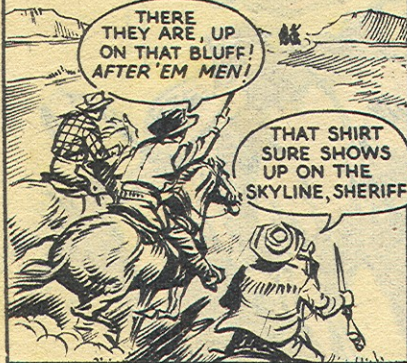
A MOMENT LATER, THE MANAGER OF THE BANK DASHED ACROSS THE STREET.

SHERIFF! SHERIFF! THOSE GUYS HAVE ROBBED THE BANK!

DON'T WORRY, JIM! WE'LL SOON BRING 'EM IN - ONE OF 'EM IS WEARING A FANCY SHIRT WHICH CAN BE SEEN A MILE OFF!



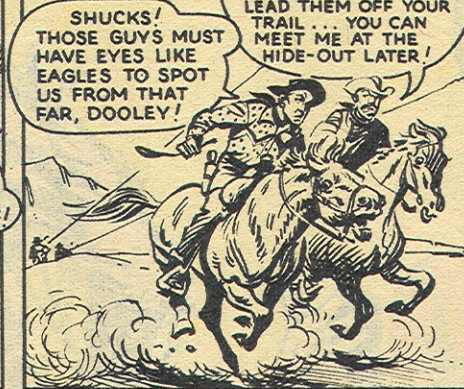
THE SHERIFF WAS RIGHT... A SHORT WAY OUT OF TOWN THE BANDITS WERE SPOTTED - THANKS TO THE BRIGHTLY COLOURED SHIRT ONE OF THEM WAS WEARING.



THERE THEY ARE, UP ON THAT BLUFF! AFTER 'EM MEN!

THAT SHIRT SURE SHOWS UP ON THE SKYLINE, SHERIFF!

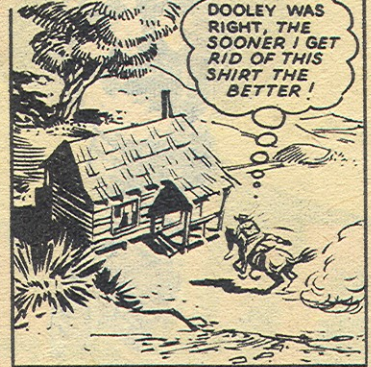
WITH BULLETS RIPPING ROUND THEM, THE STARTLED BANDITS RODE ON...



SHUCKS! THOSE GUYS MUST HAVE EYES LIKE EAGLES TO SPOT US FROM THAT FAR, DOOLEY!

IT'S THAT BRIGHT YELLOW SHIRT OF YOURS, STUPID! RIDE HARD FOR THE SHACK AND GET RID OF IT! I'LL TRY AND LEAD THEM OFF YOUR TRAIL... YOU CAN MEET ME AT THE HIDE-OUT LATER!

THE OWNER OF THE GAILY COLOURED SHIRT WAS A YOUNG TOUGH NAMED FRANK SEARS, WHO LIVED WITH HIS STEP-SISTER IN A SHACK UP IN THE HILLS... THANKS TO HIS PARTNER, THE YOUNG BANDIT REACHED HIS HOME SAFELY.



DOOLEY WAS RIGHT, THE SOONER I GET RID OF THIS SHIRT THE BETTER!

SINCE THEIR FATHER DIED, FRANK SEARS HAD TREATED HIS YOUNG STEP-SISTER, JUDY, VERY BADLY - AND AS HE DASHED INTO THE SHACK, SHE COWERED IN FEAR...



QUICK - GET ME ANOTHER SHIRT, PRONTO! AND THROW THIS ONE ON THE FIRE!

Y - YES, FRANK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THERE WAS A SHARP RAP ON THE DOOR.

SHUCKS! THEY'VE FOLLOWED ME - I'VE GOT TO HIDE! IF IT'S THE SHERIFF, TELL HIM YOU AIN'T SEEN ME! SEE?



S - SURE, FRANK!

WHEN HER STEP-BROTHER HAD GONE, THE TIMID GIRL OPENED THE DOOR...



HOWDY, MISS JUDY! DON'T BE SCARED... IT'S ONLY ME - SAMMY SILVER!

S - SAMMY SILVER!

SAMMY SILVER KNEW HOW HARSHLY FRANK SEARS TREATED THE GIRL, AND WHENEVER HE PASSED THE SHACK, HE WOULD CALL TO CHEER HER UP.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS DRESS, MISS JUDY? TEN DOLLARS TO ANYONE ELSE, BUT TO YOU I GIVE IT AWAY AS A GIFT — ONE DOLLAR!

GEE! IT'S BEAUTIFUL, SAMMY — BUT FRANK WOULD NEVER GIVE ME A DOLLAR!



SUDDENLY SAMMY SAW THE SHIRT...

SAY! HOW'S ABOUT THAT OLD SHIRT? — WE MAKE A SWAP, EH?

I GUESS IT WOULD BE O.K.! FRANK TOLD ME TO GET RID OF IT — SURE, MISTER SILVER!



EVEN THOUGH HE'D LOST ON THE DEAL, SAMMY WAS PLEASED AS HE LEFT THE HAPPY YOUNG GIRL...

SO LONG, MISTER SILVER! AND THANKS!

THIS CHEAP FLASHY SHIRT AINT MUCH GOOD TO ME, BUT I MAKE MY CUSTOMER HAPPY — AND THAT'S GOOD BUSINESS, ACCORDIN' TO SAMMY SILVER!



AS JUDY HAPPILY CLOSED THE DOOR, HER COWARDLY STEP-BROTHER RE-ENTERED THE ROOM...

WHO WAS IT? WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG? — COME ON, SPEAK UP, OR YOU'LL FEEL THE WEIGHT OF MY HAND!

IT WAS ONLY SAMMY SILVER... HE SOLD ME THIS LOVELY DRESS, FRANK!



THE CRUEL STEP-BROTHER SNATCHED THE DRESS FROM THE GIRL...

WHO SAID YOU COULD WASTE MY MONEY ON DRESSES — YOU BRAT?

I — D — DIDN'T SPEND ANY M — MONEY, FRANK! I EXCHANGED IT FOR THAT OLD SHIRT YOU TOLD ME TO GET RID OF!



ON HEARING THIS, FRANK SEARS FLEW INTO A TOWERING RAGE — AND FLINGING HIS STEP-SISTER ASIDE, DASHED FROM THE SHACK...

YOU LITTLE FOOL! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT SHIRT BACK!

OH, FRANK! WHY DO YOU TREAT ME SO BADLY?



FRANK SEARS RODE DEEP INTO THE HILLS TO THE HIDE-OUT, TO FIND HIS PARTNER.



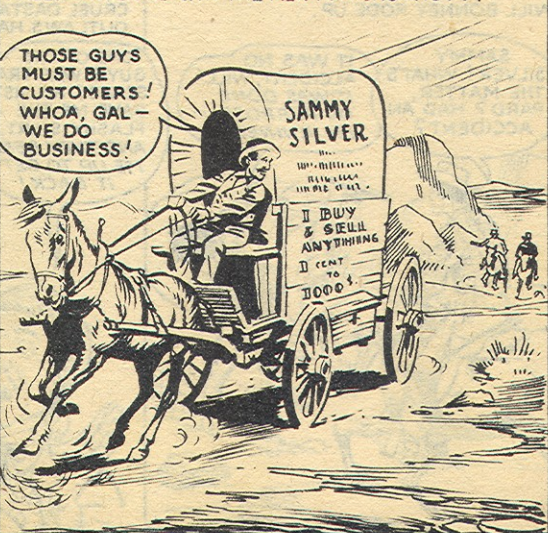
THEN THE YOUNG OUTLAW TOLD HIS PARTNER ABOUT THE SHIRT.

THAT STUPID STEP-SISTER OF MINE GAVE IT TO SAMMY SILVER! IF HE SHOWS THAT SHIRT TO ANYONE IN LITTLE FALLS, THE SHERIFF WILL SOON START ASKIN' QUESTIONS!

YEAH! AND BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, HE'LL HAVE CAUGHT UP WITH US — COME ON, WE'VE GOT TO STOP SILVER!



SAMMY SILVER WAS SINGING HAPPILY TO HIMSELF AS HE HEADED TOWARDS LITTLE FALLS — WHEN HE SAW THE MEN APPROACHING...



BY THE TIME THE OUTLAWS HAD RIDDEN UP, THE UNSUSPECTING SAMMY HAD CLIMBED OFF HIS WAGON TO GREET THEM.



HOWDY, GENTS! ANYTHING YOU WISH TO BUY, SAMMY SILVER CAN SELL YOU!

WHAT WE WANT, WE AINT PAYING FOR, MISTER!

LEAPING FROM HIS HORSE, FRANK SEARS GRABBED HOLD OF THE JOLLY SALESMAN.

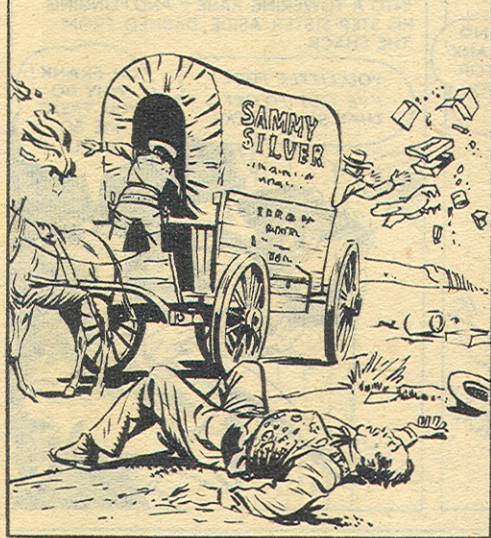
WHERE'S THE SHIRT MY SCREWY STEP-SISTER GAVE YOU, SILVER? HAND IT OVER, PRONTO!

IT'S IN THE WAGON. IF YOU WANT IT, I'LL SELL IT TO YOU FOR TWO DOLLARS!

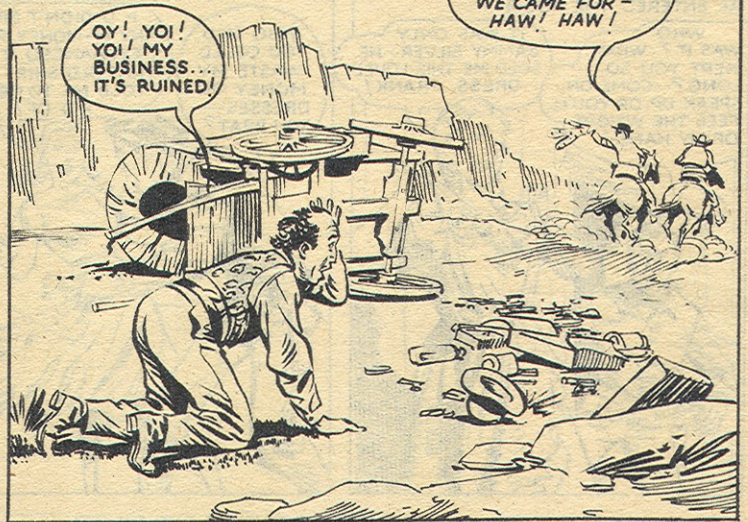
I TOLD YOU WE AINT PAYING FOR ANYTHING! SEARCH THE WAGON, DOOLEY!



LEAVING THE SENSELESS SAMMY WHERE HE FELL, THE TWO OUTLAWS RANSACKED THE WAGON



WHEN SAMMY RECOVERED, HE SAW HIS WAGON OVERTURNED AND HIS WARES STREWN OVER THE GROUND, AND THE TWO MEN RIDING OFF . . .



OY! YO! YO! MY BUSINESS... IT'S RUINED!

SO LONG, SAMMY! WE'VE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR - HAW! HAW!

SAMMY WAS SLOWLY GATHERING UP HIS SCATTERED GOODS WHEN WILL BONNEY RODE UP . . .



SAMMY SILVER! WHAT'S THE MATTER, PARD? HAD AN ACCIDENT?

IT WAS NO ACCIDENT, WILL! IT WAS DONE ON PURPOSE... I'M RUINED!

WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES, SAMMY SILVER TOLD WILL BONNEY OF THE CRUEL DASTARDLY WAY THE TWO OUTLAWS HAD TREATED HIM . . .

ONE OF THE GUYS WAS FRANK SEARS! HIS SISTER GAVE ME THE FLASHY SHIRT, AND THEY BEAT ME UP TO GET IT BACK!

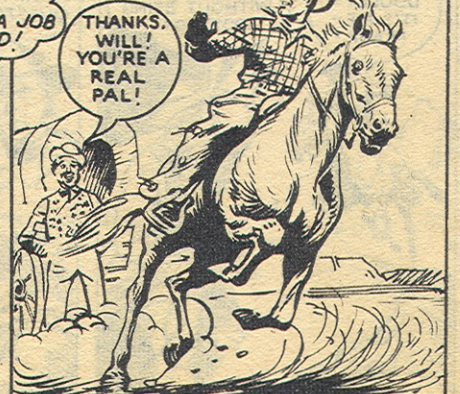
A FLASHY SHIRT! FRANK SEARS-- SO HE'S THE ONE WHO RAIDED THE BANK! HE'S A NO GOOD TROUBLE MAKER. IT'S TIME HE WAS STOPPED-- THIS IS A JOB FOR BILLY THE KID!

WILL HELPED SAMMY SILVER TO GATHER UP HIS WARES . . .

THINK NOTHING OF IT, SAMMY! IF THERE'S ANYTHING MORE I CAN DO FOR YOU, JUST LET ME KNOW!

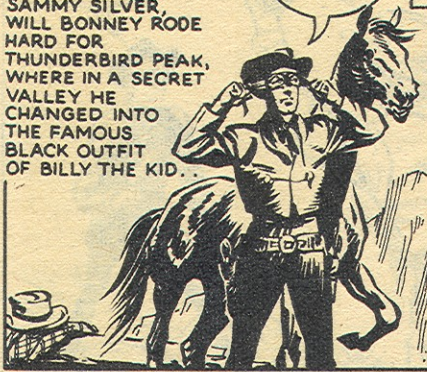


THANKS, WILL! YOU'RE A REAL PAL!



UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID THE LONE AVENGER. . . AFTER LEAVING SAMMY SILVER, WILL BONNEY RODE HARD FOR THUNDERBIRD PEAK, WHERE IN A SECRET VALLEY HE CHANGED INTO THE FAMOUS BLACK OUTFIT OF BILLY THE KID. . .

O. K! SATAN, HERE WE GO AGAIN!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THE VALLEY ECHOED WITH THE FAMOUS WAR CRY OF BILLY THE KID, AS MOUNTED ON HIS WONDER HORSE, BLACK SATAN, THE LONE AVENGER SET OUT ON THE TRAIL OF THE WRONG DOERS. . .

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!



A SHORT WHILE LATER, NOT FAR FROM THUNDERBIRD PEAK, THE TWO OUTLAWS SET ABOUT DISPOSING OF THE TELL-TALE SHIRT. . .

AW! HURRY UP AND BURN IT! WITH ALL THAT MONEY WE TOOK TODAY, YOU CAN BUY DOZENS OF SHIRTS LIKE THAT!

SHUCKS, DOOLEY! IT SEEMS A SHAME TO BURN SUCH A GOOD SHIRT!



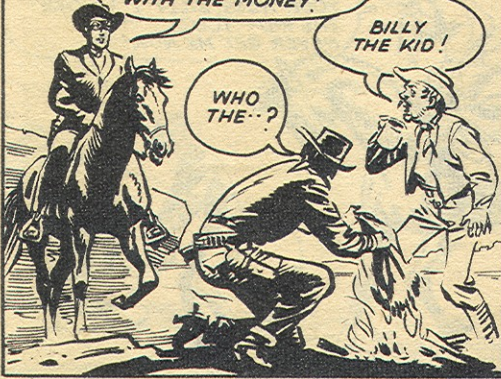
SUDDENLY ANOTHER VOICE JOINED IN THE CONVERSATION-- A QUIET COMMANDING VOICE-- THE VOICE OF BILLY THE KID. . .

LIKE ALL BADMEN, FRANK SEARS KNEW THAT HE WOULD HAVE TO ACT FAST IF HE WAS TO ESCAPE THE LONE AVENGER. . . QUICKLY HE SWUNG ROUND AND HURLED THE BURNING SHIRT IN THE FACE OF BILLY THE KID. . .

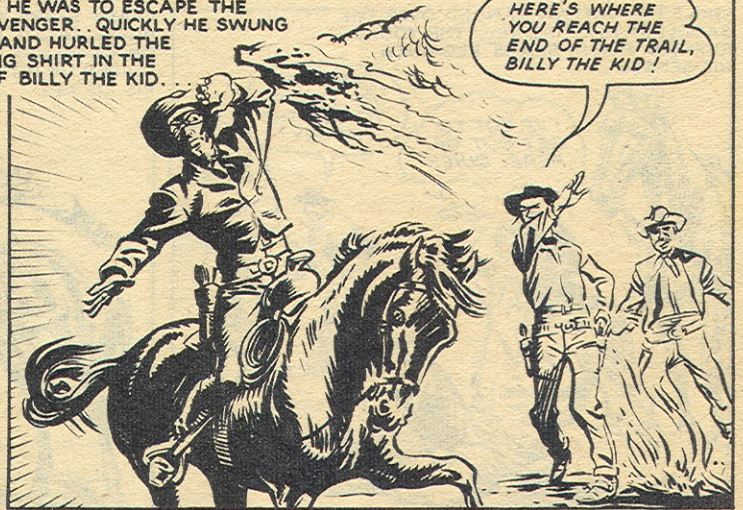
YOUR PARD'S RIGHT, MISTER! THAT IS, IF YOU CAN GET OUT OF HERE WITH THE MONEY!

BILLY THE KID!

WHO THE..?!



HERE'S WHERE YOU REACH THE END OF THE TRAIL, BILLY THE KID!

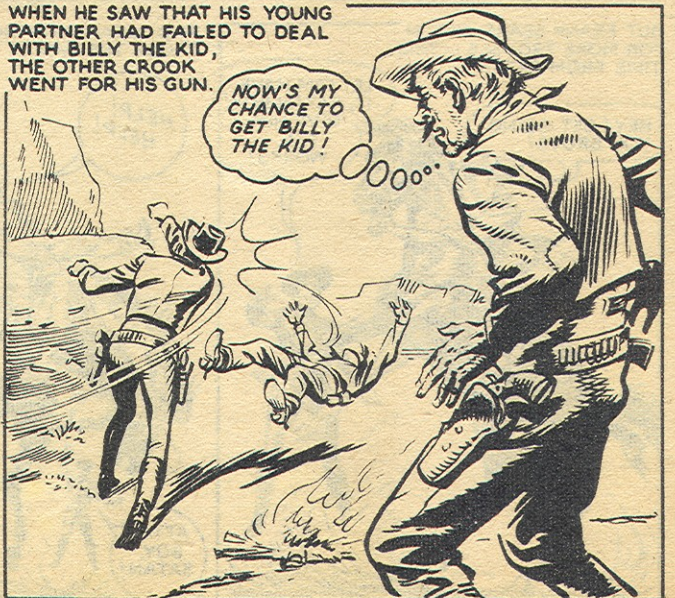


THEN SEARS WENT FOR HIS GUN -- BUT ALTHOUGH HE ACTED FAST, THE LONE AVENGER ACTED FASTER. . .

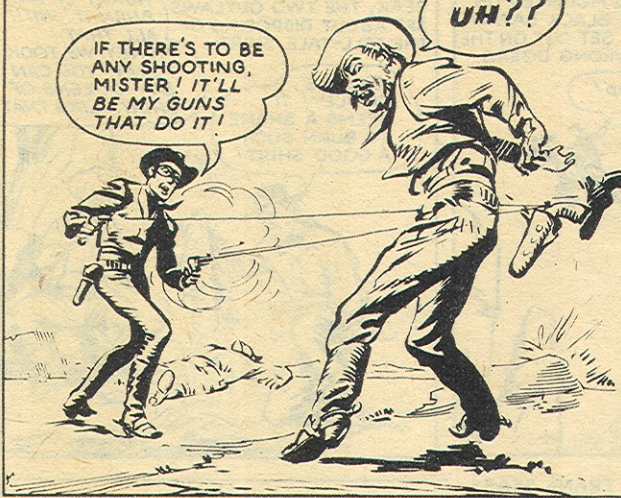
WHEN HE SAW THAT HIS YOUNG PARTNER HAD FAILED TO DEAL WITH BILLY THE KID, THE OTHER CROOK WENT FOR HIS GUN. . .

SO-- YOU WANT TO PLAY ROUGH, MISTER?

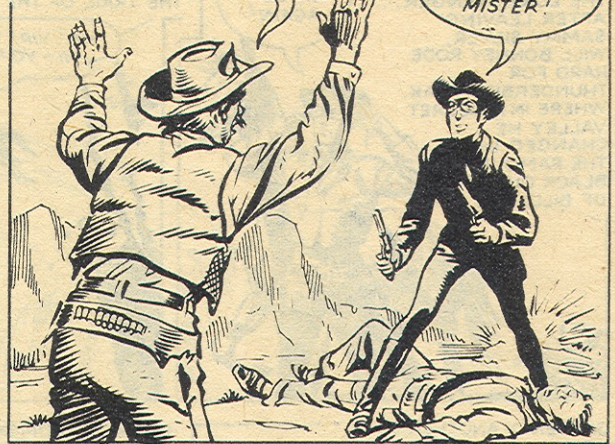
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET BILLY THE KID!



BUT EVEN BEFORE THE OUTLAW
COULD DRAW HIS GUNS...



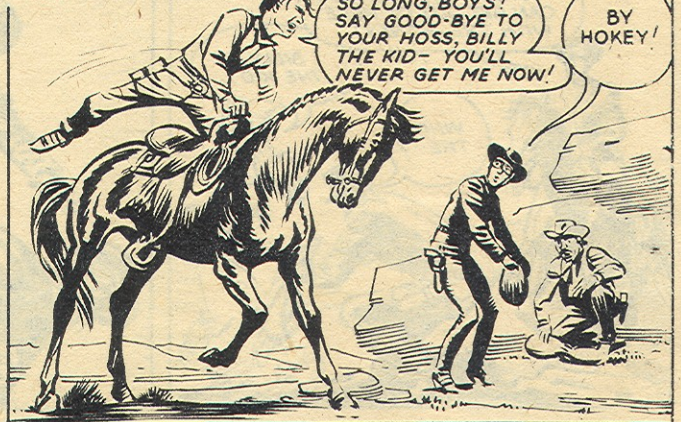
SHAKEN BY THE
SWIFT ACTION,
THE OUTLAW
RAISED HIS ARMS
IN SURRENDER...



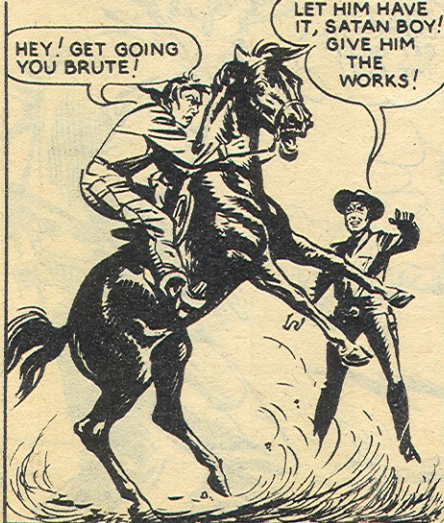
WHILE THE OUTLAW HANDED OVER THE
SADDLEBAGS OF MONEY, THE YOUNG
RUFFIAN FRANK SEARS REGAINED
HIS SENSES...



FRANK SEARS KNEW THAT BILLY THE KID'S
HORSE, SATAN, COULD OUT-PACE ANYTHING
ON FOUR LEGS IN THE WEST -- QUICKLY HE
LEAPED UP INTO THE SADDLE TO MAKE
HIS ESCAPE...



BUT FRANK SEARS WAS IN
FOR MORE TROUBLE -- THIS
TIME FROM SATAN...



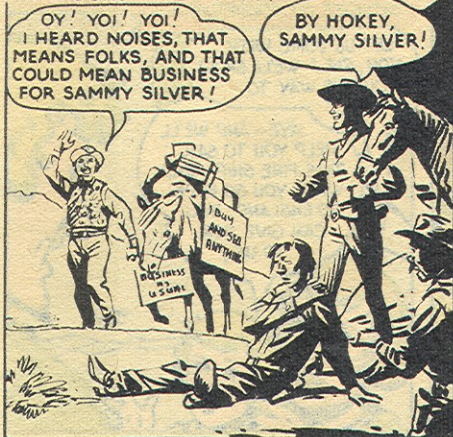
AND SATAN GAVE THE
CROOK THE WORKS...



AFTER BUCKING LIKE A WILD
BRONCHO FOR A FULL FIVE
MINUTES, THE GREAT HORSE
FLUNG THE SHAKEN CROOK
TO THE FEET OF
HIS MASTER...



AS THE CROOK LAY GROANING AT BILLY THE KID'S FEET, ANOTHER FIGURE APPEARED AT THE CROOKS' HIDE OUT.



OY! YOI! YOI!
I HEARD NOISES, THAT MEANS FOLKS, AND THAT COULD MEAN BUSINESS FOR SAMMY SILVER!

BY HOKEY, SAMMY SILVER!

WHEN SAMMY HEARD ABOUT THE ROUGH TREATMENT THAT HIS ATTACKER HAD SUFFERED FROM BLACK SATAN, HE IMMEDIATLY SEARCHED AMONG THE WARES CARRIED ON HIS OLD MULE, RACHEL



HERE! OATS FOR YOUR HORSE BILLY, I GIVE THEM FREE - AND A BOTTLE OF SAMMY'S SPECIAL ACHE-REMOVER FOR THAT GEEZER - TWO DOLLARS FOR THAT!

AND WHILE SAMMY ATTENDED TO SATAN, BILLY THE KID DID THE SAME TO FRANK SEARS THE YOUNG TOUGH. THAT'S O.K. SAMMY! THIS COYOTE WILL PAY FOR IT!



HEY! GO EASY BILLY, THAT STUFF'S EXPENSIVE!

THAT'S O.K. SAMMY! THIS COYOTE WILL PAY FOR IT!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, WITH THE TWO CROOKS HELPING TO LIGHTEN THE BURDEN OF OLD RACHEL, SAMMY SILVER, ESCORTED BY BILLY THE KID, RODE INTO LITTLE FALLS.



OY! YOI! YOI! LOOK AT THE CROWDS... PLENTY OF BUSINESS TODAY, BILLY!

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

IT'S BILLY THE KID, WITH SAMMY SILVER!

AND THE OUTLAWS WHO ROBBED THE BANK!

WHILE SAMMY SILVER SOLD HIS WARES, BILLY DELIVERED THE CROOKS TO THE SHERIFF...



NICE WORK BILLY! HERE'S FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD FOR THOSE COYOTES!

THANKS SHERIFF! I'LL SEE THAT THE PERSON WHO REALLY EARNED IT GETS IT!

LATER, AS THEY LEFT TOWN TOGETHER, BILLY HANDED THE REWARD TO SAMMY SILVER...



HERE! THE REWARD IS YOURS, SAMMY! YOU NEED THE MONEY TO PAY FOR THAT NEW WAGON!

THANKS BILLY, I DON'T NEED ALL THIS. I DID GOOD BUSINESS IN TOWN - BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO DOES!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, SAMMY SILVER WENT ONCE MORE TO THE LONELY SHACK WHERE LIVED JUDY SEARS, STEP-SISTER TO THE CROOK WHO HAD WRONGED HIM. SAMMY TOLD JUDY THAT SHE WOULD NEVER BE BULLIED BY HER BRUTAL STEP-BROTHER AGAIN.



AND WHAT'S MORE, MISS JUDY, YOU WILL GET A REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THOSE TWO NO-GOODS! THAT FANCY SHIRT YOU GAVE ME YESTERDAY LED TO THEIR CAPTURE BY BILLY THE KID!

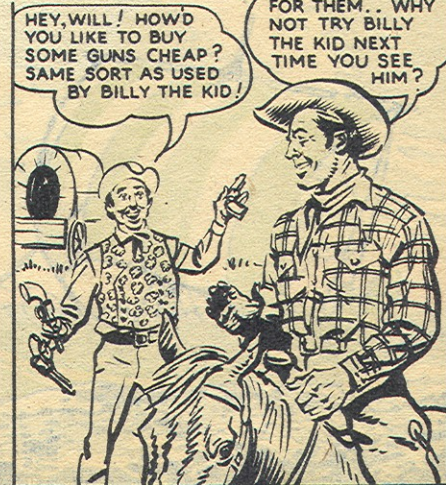
THE YOUNG GIRL TRIED TO THANK SAMMY, BUT HE WASN'T LISTENING, HE HAD SEEN ANOTHER PERSON...



GOSH! T-THANK YOU SAMMY!

OY! YOI! YOI! CAN'T STOP NOW, I SEE ANOTHER CUSTOMER - WILL BONNEY!

IN NEXT TO NO TIME SAMMY DIVED INTO HIS NEW WAGON AND BROUGHT OUT THREE ARTICLES FOR WILL BONNEY'S INSPECTION... THE GUNS TAKEN FROM THE CROOKS.



HEY, WILL! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BUY SOME GUNS CHEAP? SAME SORT AS USED BY BILLY THE KID!

SORRY SAMMY, I'VE NO USE FOR THEM... WHY NOT TRY BILLY THE KID NEXT TIME YOU SEE HIM?

ROBIN HOOD'S QUEST

WITH SIR GUY OF GISBORNE IN HOT PURSUIT, ROBIN AND SOME OF HIS MERRIE MEN ARE TRAVELLING TO THE SCOTTISH ISLAND OF IONA IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY. THE OUTLAWS RESCUE SOME SCOTTISH CHILDREN FROM A CLAN OF WILD HIGHLANDERS AND ESCAPE IN A VIKING DRAGON SHIP, LEAVING GISBORNE AND HIS MEN TO FACE THE ANGER OF THE HIGHLANDERS AND THE VIKINGS --

AS THE GREAT STRIPED SAIL OF THE DRAGON SHIP BORE THEM DOWN THE SPARKLING WATERS OF THE LOCH, ROBIN HOOD ADDRESSED THE CHILDREN HE HAD RESCUED --



NOW, CHILDREN-- MY PLAN IS TO TAKE YOU BACK TO YOUR VILLAGE BEFORE I CARRY ON WITH MY JOURNEY TO IONA --

IONA, SIR.' BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR-- BUT NO ENGLISHMAN WOULD EVER FIND IONA IN THIS MAZE OF ISLANDS AND LOCHS.'

THE CHILDREN GAZED UP AT THE LORD OF SHERWOOD WITH PLEADING EYES-- THEIR CHEEKS ASLOW WITH EXCITEMENT AT THE THOUGHT OF ADVENTURE --

LET US COME WITH YOU, SIR.' WE'LL SHOW YOU THE WAY TO IONA.'

AYE-- AND WE'LL HELP YOU TO SAIL THIS FINE SHIP-- AND WHEN YOU GO BACK TO ENGLAND, YOU CAN GIVE HER TO US.'

ROBIN HOOD LAUGHINGLY AGREED TO THIS EXCELLENT PLAN --

A LITTLE WHILE LATER, ON A HILLSIDE ABOVE THE LOCH-- A BEDRAGGLED KNIGHT AT THE HEAD OF A WOEFUL PARTY OF BEATEN MEN REINED IN AND POINTED A SHAKING FINGER AT THE DISTANT SAIL OF THE DRAGON SHIP. -- IT WAS GUY OF GISBORNE, WHO HAD MANAGED TO ESCAPE FROM THE HIGHLANDERS AND VIKINGS AFTER HAVING BEEN THOROUGHLY DEFEATED IN BATTLE --

HE ADDRESSED HIS HENCHMAN, MORTAIN OF THE BLACK HAND --

SEE THAT, MORTAIN? ROBIN HOOD HAS ESCAPED-- HOW SHALL I EXPLAIN THIS TO KING JOHN? TELL ME THAT, YOU VILLAIN!

YOU MAY TELL HIM WHAT YOU LIKE. I SHALL TELL HIM THE TRUTH-- THAT ROBIN ESCAPED BECAUSE YOU ARE A BUNGLING COWARD. AND WHAT IS MORE IMPORTANT TO ME, I HAVE LOST MY FAVOURITE BATTLE-AXE "GRAVEDIGGER" IN FIGHTING YOUR ACCURSED BATTLE.'

STILL QUARRRELLING BITTERLY, THE NORMANS TURNED THEIR HORSES AND HEADED BACK TO ENGLAND--AND THE TERRIBLE ANGER OF KING JOHN.



FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT, THE DRAGON SHIP SAILED ON THROUGH THE WESTERN LOCHS AND ISLES --



-- AND THE NEXT MORNING, THEY SIGHTED AN ISLAND WHICH THE CHILDREN SAID WAS IONA -- FROM THE HEADLAND OF THE ISLAND, A LONE FIGURE TREMBLED WHEN HE SAW THE DREADED SAIL OF THE VIKING PIRATE SHIP --

AAAH-- VIKING PIRATES.' I AM LOST! BUT I WILL SHOW THOSE BARBARIANS THAT EVEN A POOR HERMIT CAN FACE DEATH LIKE A MAN -- I WILL GO AND MEET THEM.



THE DRAGON SHIP WAS BEACHED ON THE SURF-- AND ROBIN HOOD LOOKED DOWN AT THE RAGGED, PATHETIC-LOOKING FIGURE WHO LOOKED UP AT HIM SO BOLDLY--



HO THERE, MY FRIEND!
I SEEK THE HERMIT
OF IONA.

I AM THE
HERMIT-- BUT WHO ARE YOU?
YOU ARE NO VIKING, BUT
A SAXON KNIGHT BY
YOUR LOOKS.



I AM ROBIN HOOD, LORD OF SHERWOOD!
I COME IN SEARCH OF THE TREASURE OF
ABBOT GODFREY-- SEE-- HERE IS THE
KEY OF THE
TREASURE.

HEAVEN BE PRAISED!
YOU ARE THE BRAVE SEARCHER!
THE ABBOT SAID YOU WOULD COME!
FOLLOW ME, ROBIN HOOD-- I WILL TAKE
YOU TO THE END OF YOUR QUEST!

THE HERMIT LED ROBIN AND HIS COMRADES TO HIS TINY CHAPEL-- AT ONE END OF WHICH THERE WAS A ROCK-HEWN CHAMBER, WHICH THE OLD MAN OPENED WITH ROBIN'S SILVER KEY-- AND INSIDE THE CHAMBER LAY-- THE TREASURE OF ABBOT GODFREY!



HERE IS YOUR TREASURE,
BRAVE SEARCHER--
I PRAY THAT YOU WILL
USE IT WELL!

HAVE NO FEAR, GOOD HERMIT.
THE TREASURE WILL BE USED TO HELP
THE POOR AND NEEDY. THAT IS WHAT
ABBOT GODFREY WOULD HAVE WANTED!

ONLY ONE MEMBER OF THE PARTY DID NOT REJOICE TO SEE THE QUEST END SO WELL... THE TREACHEROUS TRISTAN DE BORS, WHO WANTED THE TREASURE FOR HIMSELF--



CURSE YOU, ROBIN HOOD!
I'LL NEVER LAY HANDS ON THE
TREASURE NOW-- BUT AT
LEAST I'LL TAKE THIS!

-- SO SAYING, HE SNATCHED UP A JEWELLED
CROWN WORTH A KING'S RANSOM.

THE TRAITOR DASHED OUT OF THE CHAMBER-- SLAMMING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND TURNING THE SILVER KEY IN THE LOCK.



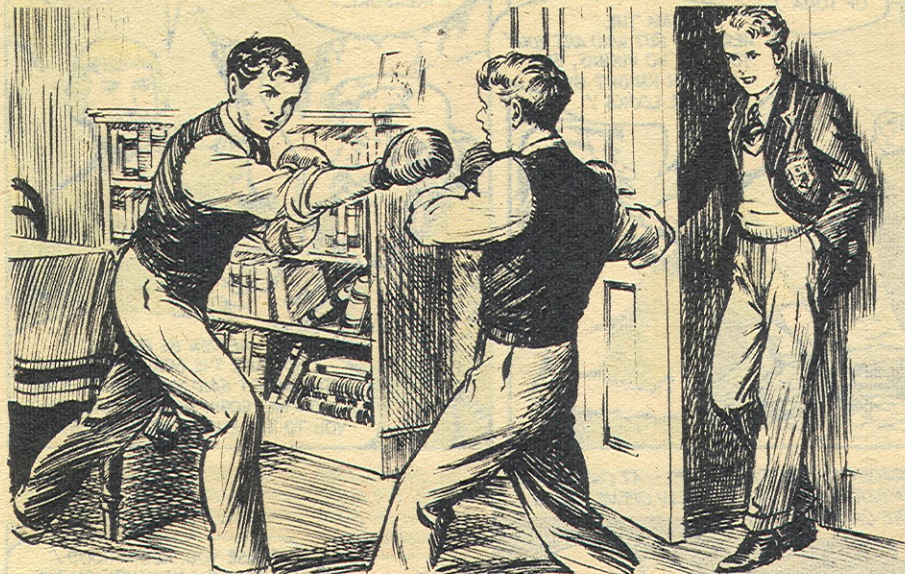
STAY THERE AND ROT WITH
YOUR TREASURE, ROBIN HOOD.
I AM OFF BACK TO ENGLAND
IN THE DRAGON SHIP-- THE
MONEY I'LL GET BY SELLING
THIS CROWN WILL MAKE
ME RICH FOR LIFE.



SUDDENLY-- A SHADOW FELL ACROSS THE DOOR--
DE BORS SPUN ROUND WITH TERROR IN HIS DARK EYES.

WHO--
WHO ARE YOU?
WHY-- WHY ARE YOU
L-LOOKING AT ME
LIKE THAT?

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



When Manners came in, Tom Merry and Lowther were having a friendly practice bout. "You're in jolly good form, Tom," said Manners. "I reckon you'll lick Thurnel tomorrow!"

There are a lot of very queer things about Thurnel, the new junior at St. Jim's. For instance: he acts much older than he is supposed to be, and he is taking an unusual interest in the valuable St. Jim's gold and silver dining plate. He is also making himself unpopular with his schoolmates and although he is not much of a fighter to look at, he has already licked tough Jack Blake and now he is bullying Wally D'Arcy of the third...

THIS THURNEL'S WEEK: PLAN

THE two third formers, Jameson and Gibson, rushed to the aid of their chum, who was struggling wildly in the grasp of Thurnel.

"Let him alone!" shouted Jameson.

"Stand back, you young squirt," roared Thurnel.

"Ow! Rescue! Yow!" yelled Wally.

Tom Merry, his face set and angry, ran up.

"Let him alone, at once!" he cried.

Thurnel looked at him savagely. "Mind your own business!"

"This is my business! Let him go, instantly!"

"I won't!"

"Then I'll jolly well make you!"

And Tom Merry grasped the new fellow, and simply tore him away from Wally. Wally staggered away, with tousled hair and burning face, gasping for breath. "The beast!" he panted.

Tom Merry whirled the new boy back towards the School House steps. Thurnel caught at

the stone balustrade in time to save himself from falling.

"Now then," said Tom, between his teeth, "if you want this to go further, I'm ready!"

Thurnel clung to the balustrade for a few moments, breathing heavily. Tom Merry had not handled him gently.

Wally rubbed his ears, and grinned as he looked on. There was a rush of other juniors to the spot.

"Very well," said Thurnel, between his teeth. "I'll give you what I've given Blake. I'm ready!"

"Not here!" muttered Mellish hastily. "You're right under the Head's windows!"

"I don't care!" said Thurnel.

"But I do," said Tom Merry. "Come into the gym."

Thurnel hesitated, but Tom Merry walked away towards the gymnasium, and the new boy followed. Mellish walked with him, while the others crowded round Tom Merry. There was no doubt where their sympathy lay.

Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's, met the crowd in the doorway of the gym. The big Sixth-Former glanced curiously at Tom Merry's set face.

"What's wrong, Merry?" he asked.

Tom Merry looked a little uneasy.

"Nothing," he said. Kildare laughed.

"Nothing—but a fight, I suppose?"

"Well, you see—"

"The new kid is looking for trouble," explained Monty Lowther. "It seems a pity to disappoint him."

"Just a word to you, Thurnel," said Kildare quietly. "You've been in too many rows since you

came here. You've not been at St. Jim's twenty-four hours yet, and you have been fighting all the time."

"Well?"

"Well, you've got to stop it!" said Kildare sharply. "I don't interfere in these matters among juniors, as a rule; but you are too quarrelsome, and it's got to stop. Merry, you are not to fight Thurnel to-day."

"But—"

"You heard what I said?"

"Yes," said Tom Merry resignedly.

"Thurnel, if you are mixed up in a fight again to-day, I shall look into it, and if you are in the wrong, report you to your House-master to be caned!"

Thurnel shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, all right!" he said.

"Remember what I have said." And Kildare walked away.

Thurnel looked at Tom Merry with a sneer.

"That saves you from a licking just now," he remarked.

"Possibly," said Tom. "But the fight will come off all the same even if we can't have it out today, though."

"Why not?"

"You heard what Kildare said?"

"Who is he, anyway?"

"Captain of the school."

"Well, he won't know, anyway; and we're not bound to fight in the gym," said Thurnel.

"If you're not afraid, we can fight now."

Tom Merry reddened.

"You shall see to-morrow whether I'm afraid or not," he said. "But I shall not fight you to-day."

"Bah!" Tom Merry's hands clenched hard, but he turned away without

a word. Thurnel shrugged his shoulders again, and his brows lowered as he found himself left alone with Mellish. He had only made that one friend at St. Jim's, and his manner was not likely to make him more.

"He's glad enough to crawl out of it," said Mellish. "Of course, you will fight him tomorrow?"

"I suppose so," said Thurnel carelessly.

"You'll be cock of the Lower School if you keep on like this," said Mellish, with a grin. "Of course, the other fellows don't seem to take to it much. But they will come round when they see you mean business."

"I don't want them to come round."

"I mean, you will be more popular."

"I don't want to be popular at all."

Mellish looked puzzled.

"Well, I naturally supposed you'd like to be head of the juniors, as Tom Merry is now; and you could, if you liked—"

"Stuff! I don't care for anything of the sort!"

"Then what do you care for?"

"I only want to be left alone."

Mellish reddened.

"If that's meant for me—"

"Oh, rats! When I've had enough of your company, I'll tell you so," said Thurnel. "I think we shall get on very well."

"Good!" said Mellish. "But, look here, it would be a good idea to put those rotters in their place, and become cock of the walk, you know. You could make Tom Merry put you in the footer eleven."

"I don't play footer."

Mellish whistled.

"Oh, that makes a difference, of course! Why don't you play?"

"I think it's rot!"

"Well, I think so, too, as a matter of fact," said Mellish, with a grin. "But it doesn't do to say so here, you know."

"No, I suppose not."

"But what do you do to amuse yourself then?" asked Mellish curiously. "My idea of spending a half-holiday is to keep as far away from the footer-field as possible, and to get to a place where one can have a smoke and perhaps a game of cards."

Thurnel's face brightened up.

"That's the idea," he said. "You're just the sort of chap I wanted to meet here. When is there a half-holiday?"

"Tomorrow."

"Good! Then, we might arrange something."

"With pleasure—especially if you've got any money," said Mellish. "Of course, there is the football."

"Good! Then, we might arrange something."

"With pleasure—especially if you've got any money," said Mellish. "Of course, there is the football."

"Good! Then, we might arrange something."

"With pleasure—especially if you've got any money," said Mellish. "Of course, there is the football."

"Good! Then, we might arrange something."

"With pleasure—especially if you've got any money," said Mellish. "Of course, there is the football."

"Good! Then, we might arrange something."

"With pleasure—especially if you've got any money," said Mellish. "Of course, there is the football."

"It's the business of the prefects to see that you do," said Mellish. "It's no good trying to get out of it."

"Well, we'll see."
"Better make up your mind to it, and—"

"Never mind that now. Look here, I dare say you've noticed that I'm a studious sort of chap—?"

Mellish stared.
"Well, I hadn't," he remarked. "From the way you went on in class to-day, I should say you weren't anything of the sort."

"I mean, I've a taste for history," said Thurnel. "I like digging into old manuscripts and that sort of thing."

"My only hat! What a taste!"
"Well, it's mine, and I've heard that there are lots of old manuscripts in the school library here," said Thurnel.

"Yes, that's so—cases full of 'em," said Mellish, with a yawn. "Can a junior get permission to study the manuscripts in the library?" asked Thurnel.

"Oh, yes! You have only to ask one of the masters!"
"Good!"

"Tell him which manuscripts you want to study and he'll give you permission, and the key of the cabinet," said Mellish with a yawn. "But what on earth—?"

"What time do the fellows usually study those things?"
"I don't know—any time—in their spare time, I suppose," said Mellish, more and more puzzled.

"You can get into the library any time out of school hours."
"I like to be quiet and undisturbed over my studies," said Thurnel. "I should like to know some time when the library would be empty."

"Oh, I see! Well it's always empty in the mornings. No one would be likely to be in the room between morning school and dinner."
"Thanks."

"Blessed if I guessed you were going to be a swot," said Mellish, in some disgust.

"Let me see," said Thurnel, without heeding Mellish's remark, "if I tell Mr. Lathom I want to go through the manuscript records of St. Jim's, he'll give me permission to use the library, I suppose?"

"Yes."
"Then I'll ask him now."

And Thurnel strolled in to the School House, while Mellish gazed after him with an expression of great disgust.

PLANS FOR THE NIGHT

TOM MERRY carefully avoided Thurnel that evening. The fight between them was to come off on the following day, and Tom had no desire to avoid it; but his promise to Kildare kept him from finishing matters with the new boy that day. He kept clear of Thurnel, and during the evening he put in half an hour doing some boxing practice with Lowther and Manners in turn. He was boxing with Lowther in the study when Manners came in and stood looking on. Tom Merry and his chum were in their shirt-sleeves, sparring away actively.

"Good!" said Manners. "You are in jolly fine form, Tommy."

Tom Merry paused for a moment, and nodded.

"Yes, and I feel jolly fit," he said. "I really think I shall be able to give Thurnel a licking tomorrow."

"Good!" said Lowther. "He's a strong beast, I know; but he can't box better than you do, Tom."

"I shall give him a good scrap, anyway."

"He's a curious chap," said Manners. "I've just heard the latest about him. Blessed if I know what to make of it!"

"What is it?"
"He's got permission to study the manuscripts in the library."

"My hat!"
"He's the last chap I should have expected to see interested in manuscripts," said Lowther.

"Exactly."

"It must be a dodge for getting into Lathom's good books," said Tom Merry.

"Yes, Thurnel has got permission to use the library for half an hour every day, immediately after morning lessons. Mr. Lathom told me himself."

"Then that proves it must be a dodge to curry favour," said Tom Merry. "But put the gloves on, kid—Lowther's had enough!"

"Right you are."
Manners donned the gloves, and the two Shell fellows started sparring. Monty Lowther sat on the table and looked on, swinging his legs.

Suddenly, the door opened, and Wally D'Arcy of the Third, put his head in.

"I've called to speak to you kids," said the hero of the Third cheerfully. "Stop boxing for a minute, and listen."

Tom Merry paused, and dropped his hands, laughing.

"Well, what is it?" he asked.

"In the first place, I'm much obliged to you for stopping Thurnel ragging me," said Wally.

"Oh, that's nothing."

"We're going to give him a lesson about cuffing Third-Formers," said Wally mysteriously. "Now, I suppose you chaps have noticed that he is a bit too fresh, haven't you?"

"Well, rather."

"He's got to be taught a lesson," said Wally. "We're going to do it."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Then you'd better keep it dark, Wally."

"I thought you chaps might like to have a hand in it," explained Wally. "My scheme is to give him a good ragging tonight."

"I'm to fight him tomorrow," said Tom. "I shan't touch him till then. But you'd better be careful, kid. He's not a safe chap to rag."

"Neither am I; but he ragged me," said Wally. "I'm not going to take that sort of thing lying down, you know."

"Better leave him alone."

"Rats! I thought you Shell chaps might like to take a hand; but if you won't, you won't. You'll keep it dark, though?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Tom.

"Right you are!"
And D'Arcy minor left.

Tom Merry and Manners finished their boxing and went to the common-room. Thurnel was there, chatting near the fire with Mellish, and he glanced at Tom Merry, who was careful not to glance at him. He did not want any further quarrel with the new boy till the time came for meeting him in a fair fight.

"Careful," muttered Mellish,

as the Terrible Three came by. The chums of the Shell heard the word, and they noticed that Thurnel stopped speaking till they were out of hearing. They exchanged glances. Thurnel and Mellish were evidently discussing something that they wished to keep secret from the rest of the juniors. Thurnel did not speak again till there was no chance of being overheard.

"Right," he said. "But I suppose those fellows would not sneak?"

"Probably not; but it's safer to keep anything like this dark," said Mellish.

"Quite right."

"It will be easy enough to get out of the dorm," said Mellish. "We've only got to wait till the other fellows are asleep, and then sneak out quietly."

"But getting out of the house—"

"Is all right—the little window at the end of the passage opens on to a safe place for getting down the ivy."

"Good!"

"We can get over the school wall," said Mellish. "It's a place where Tom Merry has been over often enough. But I say—"

"Well?"

"You must have a jolly good nerve, breaking bounds the second night at the school."

Thurnel shrugged his shoulders.

"And I don't quite see it, either," said Mellish. "What's the good of going down to the village for cigarettes tonight, when tomorrow's a half-holiday, and you can go down without any risk or trouble?"

"Well, I want them tonight—and then, it's partly the fun of the thing. If you don't want to come with me—"

"Oh, that's all right—I'll come—part of the way, anyhow."

"Good. That's settled, then; and now, mum's the word."

And no more was said on the subject. But the cad of the Fourth was very much puzzled, and several times that evening he looked very curiously at the new boy.

What is Thurnel up to? Don't miss one single instalment of this gripping yarn.

The Story of WRIGLEY'S Chewing Gum

2. Gathering Chicle..
the basic ingredient



IN BRITISH HONDURAS, NATIVES SET OUT INTO THE JUNGLE TO FIND THE SAPODILLA TREE AND TAP IT FOR ITS LATEX, WHICH IS CALLED CHICLE. BECAUSE OF THIS, THESE NATIVES ARE KNOWN AS CHICLEROS.



THE CHICLERO FASTENS A BAG TO THE FOOT OF THE TREE TRUNK, THEN CLIMBS TO THE TOP, BRACING HIMSELF AGAINST A ROPE AROUND



HIS WAIST, AS HE GOES UP, HE CUTS A HERRINGBONE PATTERN IN THE BARK SO THAT THE CHICLE RUNS DOWN INTO HIS BAG AT THE BOTTOM.

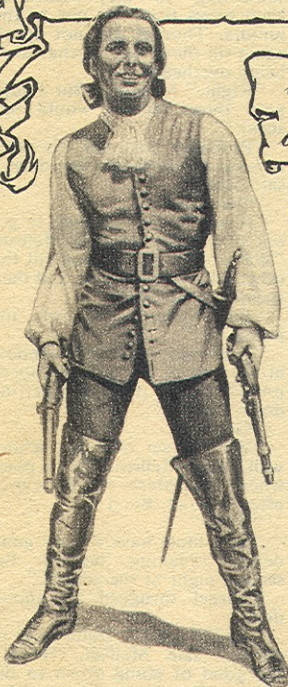


THE 2R YOU PAY FOR A PACKET OF DELICIOUS, REFRESHING, WRIGLEY'S CHEWING GUM HELPS TO PAY THE WAGES OF THESE CHICLEROS.

Cut this out for your Scrapbook

DICK TURPIN

and the Mystery of Misty Moor



Dick Turpin, the gallant King of Highwaymen, and his new comrades, the Spunyard brothers, have entered the eerie King Arthur's castle on Misty Moor to rescue Moll Moonlight and some country lads, who Dick's rascally arch-enemy, "Creepy" Crawley, is forcing to do some mysterious work. Luckily, the three comrades see the country lads being escorted along by Crawley's guards.

The brutal guards escorting the unhappy country lads fell back in confusion when Dick and the Spunyard Brothers sprang out from the shadows. . . .



HOLD THERE, YOU SCURVY PIRATES!

'TIS TURPIN... OR HIS GHOST!... FOR TURPIN HIMSELF SHOULD BE DROWNED BY NOW!

With a triumphant cry on his lips, Dick Turpin leaped into action . . . and the blade of his needle-sharp rapier flashed in the torchlight. . . .



NO, MY LUCKY LADS!... I AM DICK TURPIN, NOT HIS GHOST!... AS YOU SHALL KNOW WHEN YOU FEEL THE POINT OF MY RAPIER!

But Crawley's ruffians had seen the King of Highwaymen in action before. . . . And they did not care to see any more!



AAA-H! I'M OFF!

THE LIKES O' US CAN'T FACE UP TO SKEWER-WORK O' THE LIKES O' THAT!

Big Fred Spunyard's booming, disappointed voice followed the pirates down the dank and murky passage. . . .



COME BACK!... COME BACK, YOU YELLOW-LIVERED SEA-COOKS!... WE HAVEN'T GOT PROPERLY STARTED YET!

LET 'EM GO, BIG FRED!... IF I KNOW CREEPY CRAWLEY, THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF CUT-AND-SLASH FOR YOU BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OUT!

The three comrades hacked off the prisoners' chains. . . .



THERE YOU ARE, ME LAD, FREE AT LAST!... AS THE GOLDFISH SAID WHEN HE FELL INTO THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

WE'RE POWERFUL GRATEFUL TO 'EE, SIR!

FORGET IT, LAD!... NOW TELL ME, WHAT MYSTERIOUS WORK HAS CREEPY CRAWLEY BEEN MAKING YOU DO?

The young farmers' lad scratched his head. . . .



THERE AIN'T NOTHING VERY MYSTERIOUS ABOUT IT, SIR... AND FOR THE LIFE O' ME I CAN'T SEE WHY HE WENT TO THE TROUBLE O' KIDNAPPING US TO DO IT... WHY, ALL WE'VE BEEN DOING IS TO DIG UP EARTH AND ROCKS AND PUT IT INTO SACKS.

Meanwhile, in his sinister study high in the gloomy keep of the castle, "Creepy" heard the news of Dick Turpin's return from a "watery grave."



WHAT?... HIM?... HERE AGAIN?... ALIVE?... GREAT CAULDRONS OF FLAMING PITCH AND BRIMSTONE! AM I NEVER TO BE RID OF THAT INTERFERING DOG?

The trembling pirates flattened themselves against the wall before the terrible rage of their master. . . .

YOU TOLD ME THAT YOU HAD DRIVEN HIM OVER THE CLIFF INTO THE SEA!... BUT YOU LIED TO ME! YOU LIED TO ME!... TAKE THAT!



MERCY, YER HONOUR!... OW! MERCY!



His rage somewhat relieved by the damage he had done, "Creepy" Crawley grew deadly calm. But his eyes glowed like those of a snake.

TURPIN WILL HAVE FREED THE PRISONERS BY NOW, AND THEY WILL HAVE TOLD HIM ABOUT THE DIGGING... LUCKILY THE FOOLS HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN DIGGING FOR, AND TURPIN WILL NEVER GUESS... SO MY PRECIOUS SECRET IS SAFE...



He snarled out an order. . . . BRING FORTH THE GIRL!... I'LL USE HER TO DESTROY TURPIN FOR GOOD!



Moll Moonlight was dragged into the study. . . . She boldly faced the sinister figure in black with the snake-like eyes. . . .

WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME, VILLAIN? YOU WILL SEE... HEH! HEH! YOU WILL SEE... THIS WILL BE VERY... HEH! HEH! AMUSING... TAKE HER TO THE TOWER OF ECHOES!



Down in the gloomy passages below the castle, Dick made his plans. . . .

SEE HERE, LADS!... ARM YOURSELVES WITH THESE WEAPONS THE PIRATES LEFT BEHIND AND HOLD THE PASSAGES AGAINST ALL COMERS TILL MY COMRADES AND I RETURN FROM RESCUING MOLL MOONLIGHT

AND FIGHT WELL, ME LADS!... REMEMBER YOU ARE BOLD DICK TURPIN'S MEN NOW!



Then the King of Highwaymen and his faithful comrades set off on their dangerous mission into the unknown. . . .

WE'LL TAKE THIS PASSAGE... IT SEEMS TO LEAD UPWARDS TOWARDS THE CASTLE...

WHERE YOU LEAD, DICK, WE'LL FOLLER...

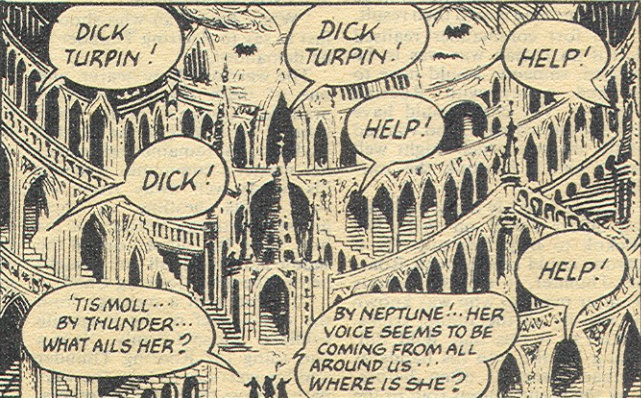


Suddenly they spied a running figure ahead of them. . . .

AFTER HIM, EH, DICK? AYE!... BUT TREAD WARILY... I'LL STAKE MY BOOTS AND SADDLE THAT THE ROGUE IS LEADING US INTO AN AMBUSH! HOWEVER COME ONE, COME ALL... 'TIS ALL THE SAME TO DICK TURPIN!

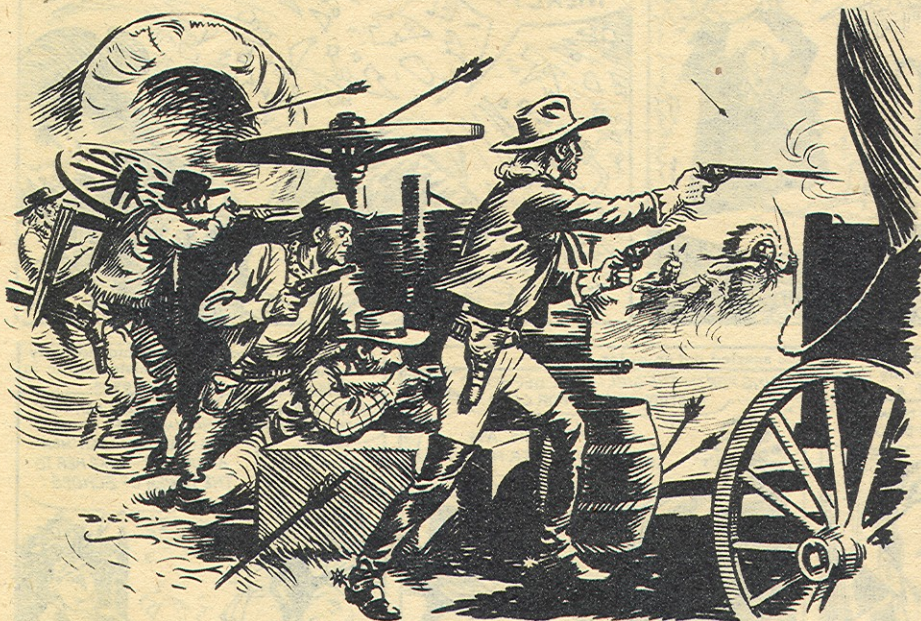


They followed the running figure, and presently came to a mighty chamber which looked like the inside of a tower. . . . Riddled with staircases and dark forbidding holes and corners, the wet granite walls soared up into the darkness of the bat-infested ceiling. Of the man they had followed there was no sign, but as they stood there in the gloom, a cry broke the awful stillness. . . . a cry which echoed from all sides of that horrible place. . . . THE VOICE OF MOLL MOONLIGHT!



What has "Creepy" Crawley got in store for Dick and his comrades in "The Tower of Echoes"? See next week

THE GUNS OF WILD BILL HICKOK



The Redskins charged! . . . and the air was filled with fierce war-whoops and the thunder of flying hooves! . . . "Make every shot count, men!" shouted Wild Bill.

WILD BILL'S WARNING

TROUBLE was brewing among the Kiowa Indians. Chief Roaring Thunder and his warriors were about to take the war-path against their hated enemies, the palefaces. War-drums sounded throughout the vast Kiowa camp, and from the summit of their rocky mountain fortress there wafted the smoke of signal fires which could be seen for miles.

Everything pointed to an immediate outbreak, and the commanding officer of the nearest army post had a difficult problem on his hands. He knew Roaring Thunder well enough to know that if he sent a cavalry battalion to the Kiowa Camp to quell the unrest, the wily Chieftain would cry out that he had been attacked and would call on all the other hostile tribes to help him. A huge Indian uprising would then result.

The fort commander realized that if an Indian war was to be averted, someone would have to go and parley with Roaring Thunder. The chief would have to be reasoned with, and warned of the disaster which might well befall him if he took the war-path.

And very wisely the commanding officer called on Wild Bill Hickok to help him out, for if anyone could reason with Roaring Thunder, it was the famous frontier marshal who was known so well by all the Indian tribes.

And so it was that Wild Bill, taking his life into his hands as he had done so often before, took the mountainous trail to the unfriendly Kiowa camp.

A war dance was in full swing as the marshal rode into the Indian camp on Gypsy, his sorrel mare. Had he been a day later, Hickok would have been too late to have had a parley with the chief, for the Kiowas were setting out on the war-path the following morning.

The shrill cries and the frenzied dancing died down as the intrepid marshal rode slowly up to the semi-circle of seated warriors. He drew up before the proud and defiant Chief.

"Greetings, Chief Roaring Thunder," began Hickok in the guttural Kiowa language, raising his gauntleted hands in a sign of peace. "I come in peace and would have a pow-wow with you."

Sullenly the chief regarded the handsome, beautifully dressed white man who sat so calmly and fearlessly in his saddle.

"What has Man-who-shoots-fast to say to Roaring Thunder?" he demanded.

The warriors drew nearer, and one of them reached out and grabbed Gypsy's bridle. She snorted her dislike of the painted Redskin, but remained still under her master's command. Keeping his hands well away from the twin Colts nestling in their greased, cutaway holsters at his hips, Wild Bill slipped out of the saddle and stood tall and straight before the fierce-looking Chief.

"I come with a message from the white chief of the longknife soldiers," he said firmly. "It is a bad thing for Roaring Thunder and his warriors to take the war-path against their white brothers. No good will come of it. Much

blood will be shed, and in the end your people will be taken from this fine valley and will be herded together in a great stone building away from your beautiful forests and mountains. For the longknife soldiers are many, and their guns speak true. Hear me, Roaring Thunder. Put away your war-drums and spare the lives of your brave warriors."

"Ugh!" snorted the chief in scornful disdain. "The Kiowas do not fear the palefaces. We too, have guns that speak many times. Roaring Thunder hates the palefaces. Their medicine is bad for the redman. You come to my camp uninvited—now go, for what can you do to stop me, Chief Roaring Thunder, from taking the war-path?" he asked sneeringly.

"Just this," replied the marshal coolly, and made an incredibly swift draw on his guns. One second his hands were hanging loosely at his sides, the next they were filled with guns!

Roaring Thunder blinked in sheer astonishment at the two Colts held steady in the marshal's hands, and a gasp of surprised wonder came from his warriors.

"It is the magic of Man-who-shoots-fast," said Wild Bill quietly. "You have your warning, Roaring Thunder. If you take the war-path against my people, you will die by these guns."

Recovering somewhat from his surprise, the Chief scowled at the marshal and stretching out his arm, pointed towards the end of the camp.

"Go!" he ordered. "You are not welcome in the Kiowa camp."

The marshal slipped his guns back into their holsters and swung into his saddle.

"Think well on my words, Roaring Thunder," he said. "And heed my warning, for I tell you again, the guns of Man-who-shoots-fast will surely kill you if you make war on my people."

As the Kiowas fell back and let the marshal ride through their sullen ranks, the Chief watched him go with a certain amount of uneasiness, for Hickok's amazing lightning draw had shaken him.

But the proud Chieftain had no intention of letting his tribe see his uneasiness, and openly scorning the marshal's warning, he sharply ordered his warriors to get on with the war-dance, for tomorrow they would take the war-path.

HERE COME THE REDSKINS!

AFTER leaving the Kiowa camp, Wild Bill headed back to the fort to report on his interview with Roaring Thunder. He had been riding a couple of hours when he caught up with a wagon train lumbering its way slowly across the wide prairie.

"Howdy," he called to the man driving the leading covered wagon. "You California bound?"

"Yep," returned the pioneer. "But we've had a bit of bad luck. Our scout has fallen ill, and he was plannin' on takin' us on a shorter route. Guess we'll just have to go the long way round now. I'm boss of this here wagon train," he added.

"That's bad," replied Wild Bill. "For you need a scout in this hostile Indian country. Tell you what, stranger, I'm going to Fort Henry, I'll lead you there and find you a reliable civilian scout to guide you the rest of the way west. My name's Hickok. I'm a United States Marshal."

"Why I've heard tell of you back East, marshal. I'm right proud to meet you," beamed the captain of the wagon train. "It's mighty nice of you to guide us to the fort. We sure do appreciate it, and thanks a lot."

Word spread through the long train of covered wagons that the handsome man in the stylish clothes riding the magnificent sorrel mare, was Wild Bill Hickok, the famous marshal of the lightning guns. The anxious pioneers were greatly relieved to hear that the marshal was acting as their guide as far as Fort Henry. They knew they were in hostile Redskin territory, and the thought that so experienced a frontiersman was leading them gave them confidence and wiped away some of their fears.

All went well until noon the following day. Wild Bill was riding ahead of the train, keeping a sharp look-out for hostiles, when his keen eyes spotted a large band of feathered Redskins

topping the rim of a distant hillock. They were too far away for Hickok to recognise the tribe, but he knew they were unfriendly by the way they were brandishing their weapons in the air, and he guessed they were Kiowas.

Wheeling Gypsy round, he raced back to the wagons and gave orders to prepare for action. As the train swung round into a wide circle, the distant Indians let out triumphant cries. The proud chief, mounted on his war pony and surrounded by his sub-chiefs, looking contemptuously down on the little band of pioneers. It was Roaring Thunder of the Kiowas!

"We will wipe out the pale-faces," he snarled. "Not one shall be spared. This shall be my answer to Man-who-shoots-fast."

The pioneers, under the marshal's calmly-given orders, worked with desperate haste. The horses were unhitched from the wagons and herded in the centre of the circle. A couple of the wagons were overturned and several men took up their positions behind them and hurriedly loaded their rifles. The women and children were huddled together under two of the prairie schooners, scantily guarded by half a dozen of their menfolk. Wild Bill stationed the rest of the pioneers round the circle so that when the Indians milled round, they would be fired upon from every direction.

The ground shook with the pounding of hooves and the air was filled with shrill war-cries as the army of Kiowas thundered down on the little group of courageous pioneers.

"Steady, men. Make every shot

count, and don't take any notice of their hideous yelling—that's only meant to scare the day-lights out of us. O.K. let 'em have it!" And the marshal started pumping his Winchester repeating rifle.

The fire from the pioneers' rifles raked the line of charging Indians, but the Kiowas, who outnumbered the white men ten to one, only opened their ranks to avoid trampling on their fallen companions, and surged round and round the circle of wagons, firing rifles and shooting arrows.

The dust kicked up by their ponies swept over the wagoners, choking and blinding them, but they kept up a steady, rapid fire until their rifles became red hot. Wild Bill was everywhere, going from group to group encouraging the men and giving them confidence. And all the time he was pouring lead into the Indians.

White and red men alike fought desperately, but things looked bad for the pioneers for they were greatly outnumbered by the painted savages, and their stock of ammunition was fast dwindling.

And then suddenly the Indians withdrew. With sinking hearts the dismayed pioneers saw them line up for a second charge.

The marshal glanced hurriedly round the circle of pioneers. Half a dozen of them were wounded and out of commission. The chances of the remaining handful of men holding off the Indian attack seemed hopeless. They had shot down a goodly number of Kiowas, but the odds against them were still too great.

A look of grim determination

settled on Hickok's face as he saw Roaring Thunder place himself in the centre of his long line of warriors. The chief raised his right arm and gave the signal for the Kiowas to charge. As the Redskins bore ruthlessly down on the little group of white men, Wild Bill suddenly tossed aside his Winchester and whipped his Colts out of their holsters.

The range was long for a revolver, but the marshal had to risk that, and drawing a bead on Roaring Thunder, he fired. As always, his marksmanship was perfect. The mighty chieftain threw up his arms and toppled headlong from his pony.

Seeing their chief downed, the Kiowas immediately pulled up and surrounded him, uttering howls of dismay.

"Hold your fire, men!" cried Hickok. "Don't shoot unless the varrants attack again." And to the amazement of the pioneers, the marshal leapt on to his mare's back and raced over towards the group of Indians, guns in hand. For Wild Bill, wise in the ways of the red man, knew that a critical moment had been reached. With the death of a chief, warriors invariably gave up the fight, for a fallen leader was a bad omen, and a warning that the tribe would not be successful in battle.

The Kiowas muttered angrily as the fearless marshal rode up to them. Some of them raised their rifles and began to close in on him, but they faltered as their glance fell on the twin silver and ivory butted Colts pointing so menacingly at them.

And then the weak voice of their dying chief ordered them to fall back and let Man-who-shoots-

fast pass through their ranks. Suddenly they dropped "back and the marshal rode between their lines. He pulled up beside the fallen chief and looked down at him coolly.

"Roaring Thunder should have heeded the warning of Man-who-shoots-fast," gasped the chief faintly. "I did not know you were with the palefaces. Things have come to pass as you said they would. It is indeed a bad thing for the Kiowas to take the war-path against their white brothers."

"A very bad thing," agreed the marshal sternly. "Unnecessary blood has been shed because you scorned my words."

But Roaring Thunder did not hear the marshal's reply for his spirit had gone to join his forefathers in the Happy Hunting Grounds.

Wild Bill turned to the waiting Indians.

"Take the body of your dead chief and return to your Camp," he ordered. "Remember this day, and never again sound your war drums against my people."

And sorrowfully the Kiowas moved off, taking the body of Roaring Thunder with them. Motionless, the marshal sat in his saddle, his Colts still grasped in his hands. Only when the Indians had ridden over the hillock and disappeared from view did he return his guns to their holsters and ride back to the pioneers, who greeted him with loud cheers of joy.

And so the undaunted courage and the lightning guns of Wild Bill Hickok averted another Indian war.

Another adventure of the Peerless Pistooleer next week.

THREE FIGHTING SWORDSMEN



Richard Greene (United Artists)



Burt Lancaster (Warner Brothers)



Marlon Brando (M-G-M.)

SUN

EVERY MONDAY 3^p

THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

This week's prize-winning jokes from readers! The First Prize is 1s. 6d., the remainder receive 5s. How about a joke from you? Send it TOGETHER WITH THIS J.F.P. COUPON, to The Joker, 6 Carmelite St., London, E.C.4. The Editor's decision is final.

J. F. P. COUPON

1ST PRIZE

WHY ARE YOU LATE?

PLEASE, SIR, I DREAMT I WAS AT A FOOTBALL MATCH AND THE REFEREE ORDERED EXTRA TIME, SO I STAYED TO SEE THE FINISH!

FROM ALAN FAULKNER OLD TRAFFORD.

SAID A MAN TO HIS WIFE DOWN IN SYDENHAM, 'MY TROUSERS - WHERE HAVE YOU HYDENHAM?' IT IS PERFECTLY TRUE THEY WEREN'T VERY NEW, BUT I FOOLISHLY LEFT HALF A QUIDENHAM!"

FROM PAUL SMART. COWLEY.

NOW, SAMBO, DID YOU HIT RASTUS IN DEFENCE?

NO SAH! I HIT HIM IN DE FACE AN' HE FELL OVER DE FENCE!

FROM J. JOINER. LONDON. SW.11

WHY IS A DOG'S TAIL LIKE THE HEART OF A TREE?

BECAUSE IT'S FARTHEST FROM THE BARK!

FROM PETER PAGE ST ANNES

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LAST WHITE TRADER? - I HEAR HE WAS THE PRIDE OF THE ISLAND!

VASSUH, BUT WE GOT HUNGRY AND WE HAD TO SWALLOW OUR PRIDE!

FROM J. WHITTLE. RADFORD.

Barry Ford's

WESTERN SCRAPBOOK

NO DANDIES - INDIAN BRAVES WERE RARELY, IF EVER, DANDIES OR FOPS, ALTHOUGH THEY WERE FOND OF PERSONAL FINERY AND WOULD DECORATE THEMSELVES WITH ALL SORTS OF TRINKETS.

TRAVELLING GAMBLER-- A MAN BY THE NAME OF MANUEL BLASCO WAS THE OWNER OF A GAMBLING SALOON CARAVAN. HE TOURED NEW MEXICO WITH HIS GAMBLING DEN ON WHEELS AND MADE A PILE OF MONEY WHEREVER HE STOPPED.

ROPING RABBITS-- COWBOYS OFTEN AMUSE THEMSELVES BY ROPING JACK RABBITS-- A TASK WHICH NEEDS SKILL, SPEED AND A TRUE EYE.

GRASSHOPPERS-- THE CALIFORNIAN INDIANS ATE GRASSHOPPERS AND ENJOYED THEM. THEY WERE BAKED OR ROASTED, DRIED FOR LATER USE, OR MADE INTO A PASTE OR CAKE.