

# SUN

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No. 196  
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EVERY  
MONDAY

## BILLY THE KID IN THE HANDS OF THE PAWNEES

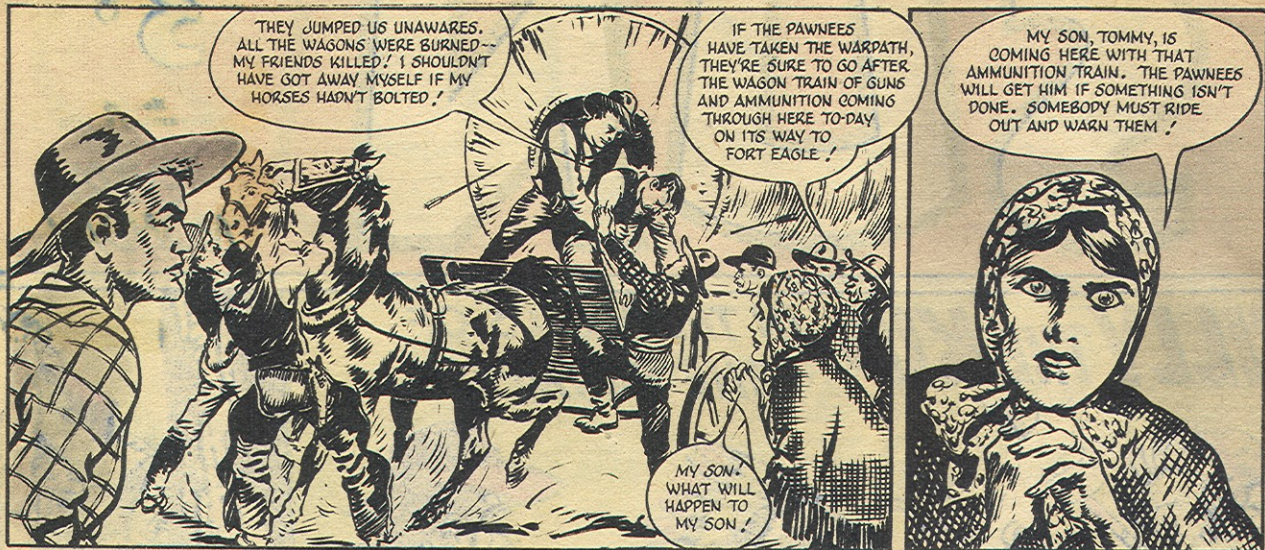


"WHERE ARE PALEFACE WAGONS?  
ANSWER, WHITE BOY ~ ~ ~"

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY  
WILL BONNEY ~  
YOUNG BOSS OF THE  
CIRCLE-B RANCH WAS  
VISITING GUNSLIGHT  
ONE DAY WHEN A  
LONE COVERED  
WAGON CAREERED  
ALONG THE MAIN  
STREET. THE  
TERROR-STRIKEN  
HORSES WERE NEAR  
TO EXHAUSTION AND  
THE DRIVER WAS  
BADLY WOUNDED ~ ~



PAWNEES!  
PAWNEES ON THE  
WAR-PATH!



THEY JUMPED US UNAWARES. ALL THE WAGONS WERE BURNED-- MY FRIENDS KILLED! I SHOULDN'T HAVE GOT AWAY MYSELF IF MY HORSES HADN'T BOLTED!

IF THE PAWNEES HAVE TAKEN THE WARPATH, THEY'RE SURE TO GO AFTER THE WAGON TRAIN OF GUNS AND AMMUNITION COMING THROUGH HERE TO-DAY ON ITS WAY TO FORT EAGLE!

MY SON, TOMMY, IS COMING HERE WITH THAT AMMUNITION TRAIN. THE PAWNEES WILL GET HIM IF SOMETHING ISN'T DONE. SOMEBODY MUST RIDE OUT AND WARN THEM!

MY SON! WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO MY SON!

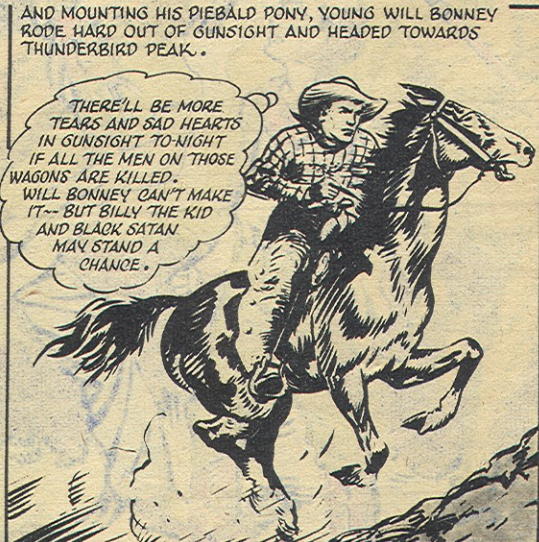


SAL!

HOLD ON, MRS SPENCER. YOUR BOY AIN'T DEAD YET!

THERE AIN'T A HORSE IN TEXAS THAT COULD REACH THAT AMMUNITION TRAIN AFORE IT GETS INTO PAWNEE COUNTRY NOW!

MEBBE NO ORDINARY HORSE COULD DO IT. BUT I RECKON I KNOW ONE THAT COULD-- BLACK SATAN.



AND MOUNTING HIS PIEBALD PONY, YOUNG WILL BONNEY RODE HARD OUT OF GUNSIGHT AND HEADED TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD PEAK.

THERE'LL BE MORE TEARS AND SAD HEARTS IN GUNSIGHT TO-NIGHT IF ALL THE MEN ON THOSE WAGONS ARE KILLED. WILL BONNEY CAN'T MAKE IT-- BUT BILLY THE KID AND BLACK SATAN MAY STAND A CHANCE.

AND, IN THE SECRET VALLEY, THE MAGNIFICENT STALLION, SATAN, HURRIED EAGERLY TOWARDS HIS MASTER, BILLY THE KID-- FOR UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNGESTER WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN, WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER OF THE WEST.

--- AND ACROSS THE WIDE CHASM LEAPED BLACK SATAN, CARRYING BILLY THE KID TO THE RESCUE OF THE DOOMED WAGON TRAIN.

BLACK SATAN ATE UP THE MILES TOWARDS THE WAGON ROUTE, BUT AS THEY ENTERED PAWNEE TERRITORY BILLY THE KID'S KEEN EYES KEPT A SHARP WATCH.



HI, THERE, OLD TIMER. WE GOT A REAL TOUGH JOB THIS TIME!



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!



IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THAT CLOUD OF DUST IS THROWN UP BY A BUNCH OF FIRE-EATING PAWNEES!



THEY'RE PAWNEES  
RIGHT ENOUGH --  
AND HEADING  
THIS WAY.



AS THE PAWNEE PONIES THUNDERED  
PAST, THE KID KEPT WELL OUT OF  
SIGHT.

TO RATTLESNAKE CANYON!  
THE PALEFACE FIRESTICKS  
WILL BE OURS!

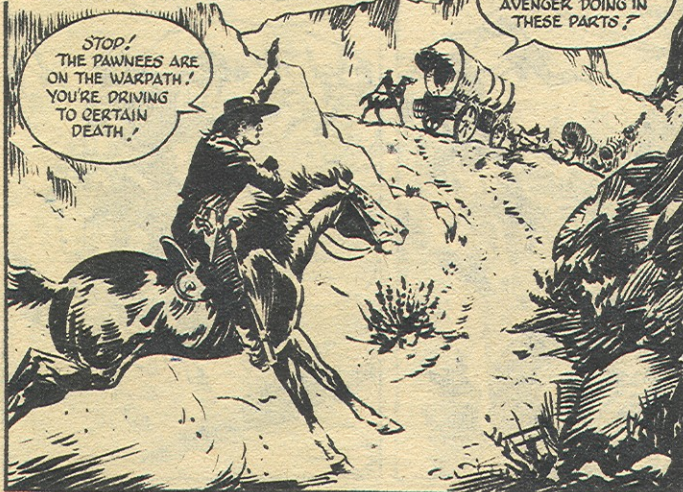
DEATH TO THE  
PALEFACES!



ONCE THE PAWNEE RAIDING PARTY WAS  
OUT OF SIGHT, BILLY URGED HIS MOUNT  
OUT OF THE RIVER AGAIN --

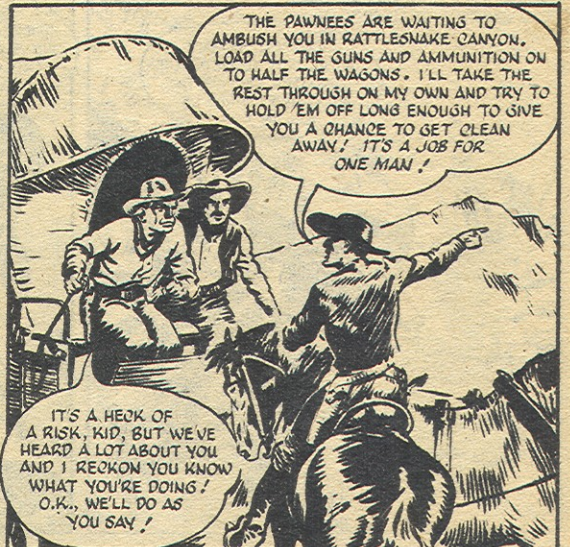
RATTLESNAKE  
CANYON, EH? I'LL  
CUT ACROSS  
COUNTRY, I MAY  
STILL BE  
IN TIME!

AND IT WAS WITH A GASP OF RELIEF THAT BILLY  
THE KID SPOTTED THE WAGON TRAIN PEACEFULLY  
CONTINUING ITS JOURNEY.



STOP!  
THE PAWNEES ARE  
ON THE WARPATH!  
YOU'RE DRIVING  
TO CERTAIN  
DEATH!

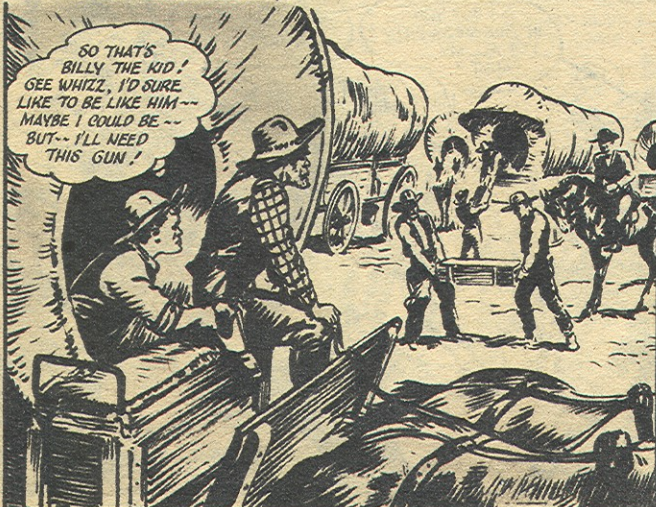
BILLY THE KID!  
WHAT'S THE LONE  
AVENGER DOING IN  
THESE PARTS?



THE PAWNEES ARE WAITING TO  
AMBUSH YOU IN RATTLESNAKE CANYON.  
LOAD ALL THE GUNS AND AMMUNITION ON  
TO HALF THE WAGONS. I'LL TAKE THE  
REST THROUGH ON MY OWN AND TRY TO  
HOLD 'EM OFF LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE  
YOU A CHANCE TO GET CLEAN  
AWAY! IT'S A JOB FOR  
ONE MAN!

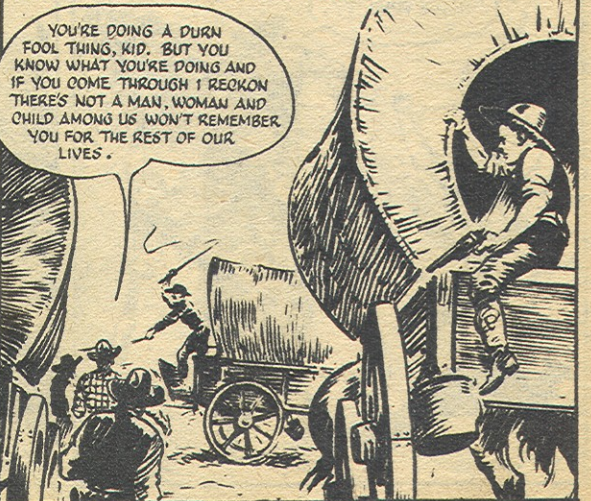
IT'S A HECK OF  
A RISK, KID, BUT WE'VE  
HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU  
AND I RECKON YOU KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE DOING!  
O.K., WE'LL DO AS  
YOU SAY!

AND WHILE THE CHANGE-OVER WAS TAKING PLACE, YOUNG TOMMY SPENCER,  
WHO WAS TRAVELLING TO JOIN HIS MOTHER IN GUNSIGHT, EYED THE TALL,  
LITHE FIGURE OF BILLY WITH ENVY.



SO THAT'S  
BILLY THE KID!  
GEE WHIZZ, I'D SURE  
LIKE TO BE LIKE HIM --  
MAYBE I COULD BE --  
BUT -- I'LL NEED  
THIS GUN!

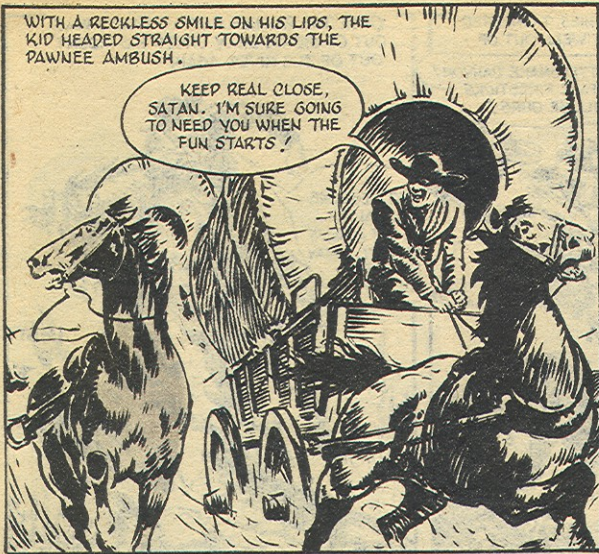
AND AS BILLY SET OFF TO DRIVE DELIBERATELY INTO THE  
AMBUSH WITH HALF THE WAGONS, TOMMY SPENCER HID  
HIMSELF IN ONE OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONERS.



YOU'RE DOING A DURR  
FOOL THING, KID. BUT YOU  
KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING AND  
IF YOU COME THROUGH I RECKON  
THERE'S NOT A MAN, WOMAN AND  
CHILD AMONG US WON'T REMEMBER  
YOU FOR THE REST OF OUR  
LIVES.

WITH A RECKLESS SMILE ON HIS LIPS, THE KID HEADED STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE PAWNEE AMBUSH.

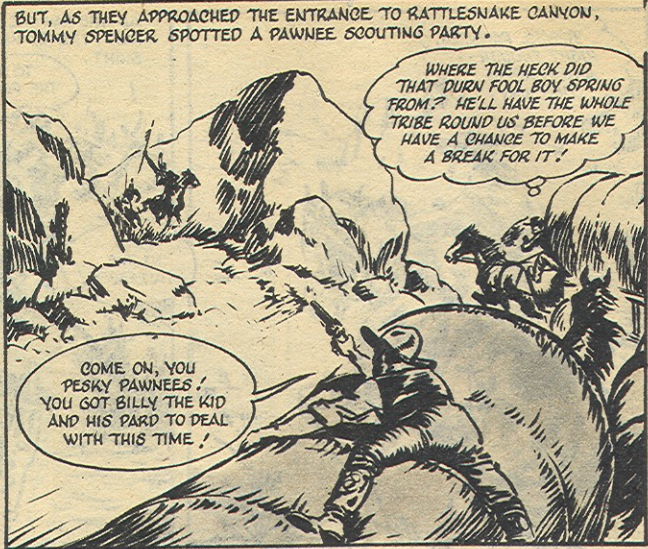
KEEP REAL CLOSE, SATAN. I'M SURE GOING TO NEED YOU WHEN THE FUN STARTS!



BUT, AS THEY APPROACHED THE ENTRANCE TO RATTLESNAKE CANYON, TOMMY SPENCER SPOTTED A PAWNEE SCOUTING PARTY.

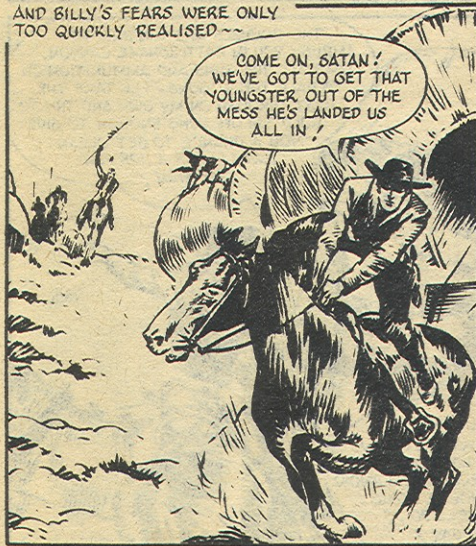
WHERE THE HECK DID THAT DURR FOOL BOY SPRING FROM? HE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE TRIBE ROUND US BEFORE WE HAVE A CHANCE TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT!

COME ON, YOU PESKY PAWNEES! YOU GOT BILLY THE KID AND HIS PARD TO DEAL WITH THIS TIME!

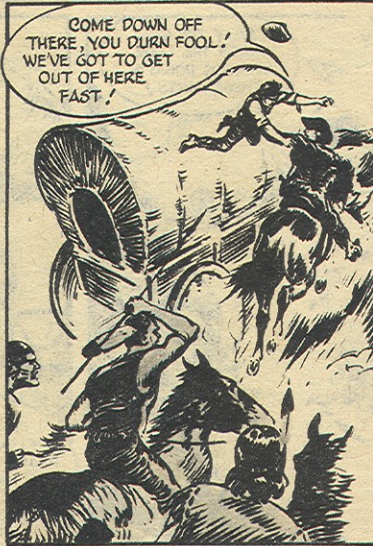


AND BILLY'S FEARS WERE ONLY TOO QUICKLY REALISED--

COME ON, SATAN! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT YOUNGSTER OUT OF THE MESS HE'S LANDED US ALL IN!



COME DOWN OFF THERE, YOU DURR FOOL! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE FAST!



GEE WHIZZ, BILLY, I'M SORRY. I THOUGHT I WAS HELPING YOU!



NEVER MIND THAT NOW. JUST HANG ON!

BUT THE WORDS WERE NO SOONER OUT OF BILLY'S MOUTH THAN TOMMY LOST HIS GRIP.

THAT'S DONE IT!

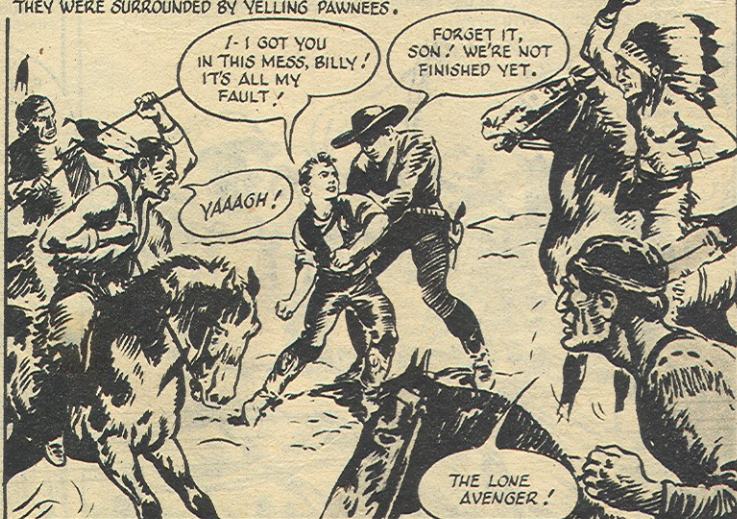


AS BILLY SLIPPED FROM THE SADDLE TO HELP THE SHAKEN AND THOROUGHLY FRIGHTENED TOMMY THEY WERE SURROUNDED BY YELLING PAWNEES.

I-I GOT YOU IN THIS MESS, BILLY! IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

FORGET IT, SON! WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET.

YAAAGH!



THE LONE AVENGER!

BILLY WAS TIED TO A STAKE DRIVEN INTO THE GROUND AND BRUSHWOOD WAS PILED ROUND HIS FEET.

THOSE WAGONS ARE EMPTY. WHERE DID THE OTHERS GO? ANSWER, WHITE BOY, OR THE LONE AVENGER DIES THE DEATH OF FIRE!

I-I WON'T TELL!

STOP! I'LL TELL! THEY WENT OVER THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL!



GUARD THEM WELL. AND IF THE WHITE BOY DOES NOT SPEAK TRULY, THEY WILL BOTH DIE SLOWLY!

WELL, AT LEAST, THEY WON'T FIND THE WAGONS IN THE MOUNTAINS. THEY'LL HAVE REACHED GUNSIGHT BEFORE THOSE RED BULLIES GET BACK HERE, BUT I SUPPOSE THAT MEANS THE END OF US!

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, TOMMY. YOU DID RIGHT TO GIVE THEM A WRONG DIRECTION. AFTER ALL, WHAT ARE OUR LIVES WORTH COMPARED WITH ALL THE MEN IN THAT TRAIN?

NEVERTHELESS, THE LONG PERIOD OF WAITING WAS A NERVE-WRACKING EXPERIENCE FOR THE YOUNGSTER. EVEN THE PAWNEES, BORED AND RESTLESS, STARTED TO ARGUE AMONG THEMSELVES.

I TELL YOU -- I -- THUNDER CLOUD -- AM THE GREATEST THROWER OF KNIVES OF ALL THE PAWNEES. LOOK -- I WILL SHOW!



THERE, CAN YOU THROW SO CLOSE TO THE PALEFACE WITHOUT HITTING HIM?

IT IS EASY, WATCH THIS!

AS THE SECOND BRAVE STEPPED FORWARD TO THROW HIS KNIFE, A GLEAM OF HOPE ENTERED BILLY'S QUICK BRAIN. THE FIRST KNIFE HAD LANDED CLOSE TO HIS BOUND HANDS AND THE SHARP BLADE MADE SHORT WORK OF THE ROPES --

BUT AS THE TWO PAWNEES STEPPED FORWARD TO RETRIEVE THEIR KNIVES, THE BONDS FELL FROM BILLY'S WRISTS --

UGH! BUT COULD YOU PIERCE AN EAR FROM THIRTY PAGES!

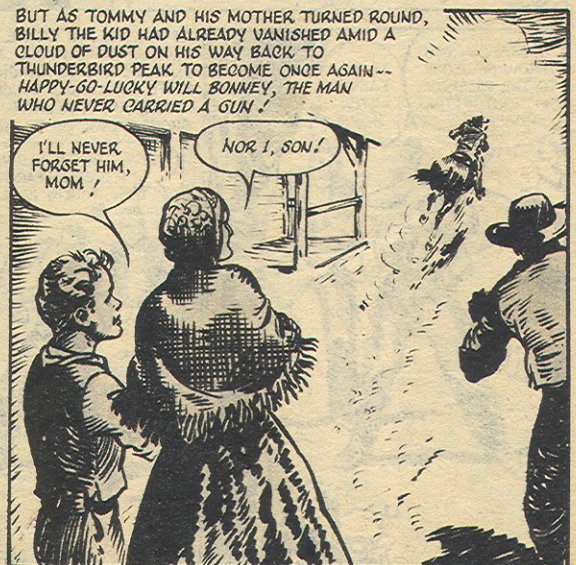
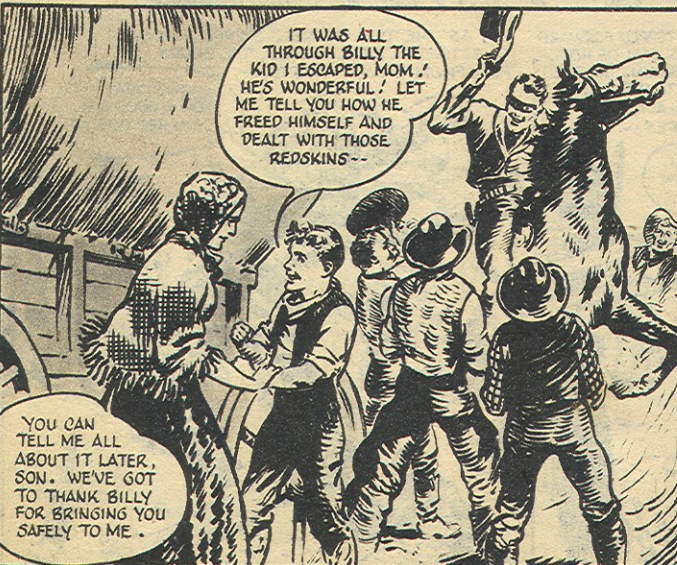
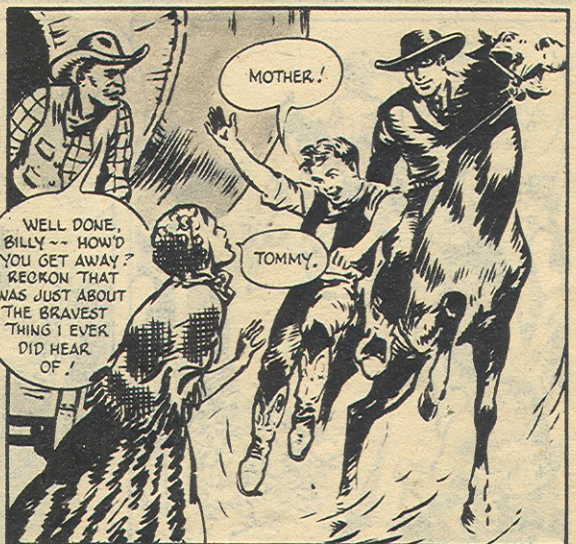
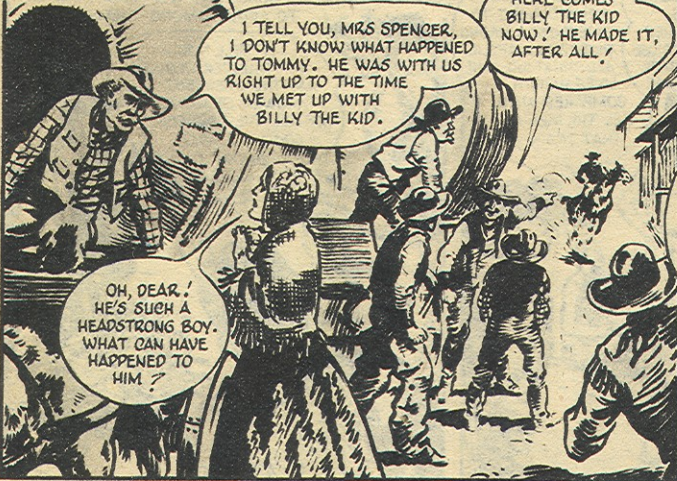
YOU THROW FIRST AND THEN I WILL SHOW YOU.

HOW'S THAT FOR A GOOD AIM, YOU RED DOG?



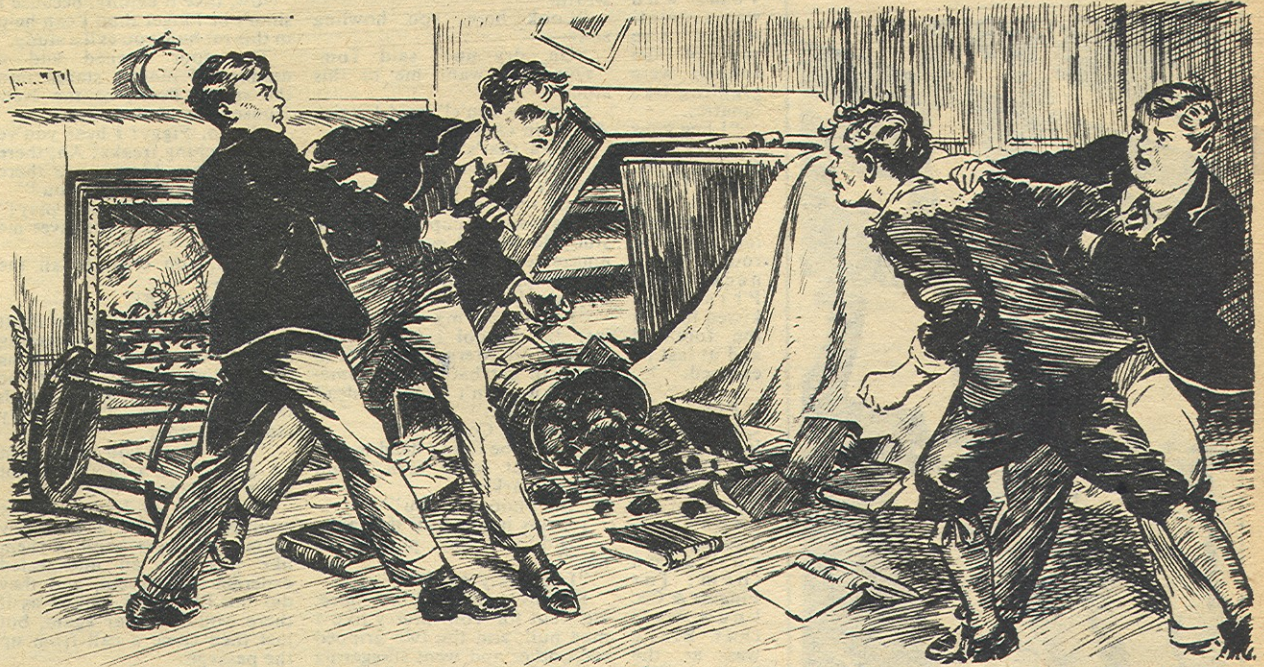


MEANWHILE, BACK AT GUNSIGHT, THE WAGON TRAIN HAD ARRIVED SAFELY, AND MRS SPENCER WAS SEARCHING ANXIOUSLY FOR HER SON.



Billy the Kid rides into another rip-roaring adventure next week!

# TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



Kerr and Fatty Wynn dragged the two fighters apart. Tom Merry and Figgins were panting and glaring at each other. "My hat!" gasped Figgins. "There's more in you than I thought!" From this grand school yarn by MARTIN CLIFFORD.

Clavering College has been disbanded and most of the boys headed by Tom Merry, have been moved to the famous college of St. Jim's. Unfortunately for Tom Merry, his old nurse and guardian, Miss Priscilla Fawcett, has insisted on him arriving at St. Jim's in an ancient blue velvet suit—to the discomfort of Tom and amazement of the chums of the Fourth at St. Jim's.

## FIGGINS & CO. ARE ANNOYED

"ARE you ready, boys?" Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, peered through his big spectacles at the boys as they formed up in the quadrangle.

The Fourth Form and the Third were there, with the Upper Fourth, known as the Shell, ready to be taken for a walk that sunny afternoon, all arrayed in their smartest clothes, and their nicest smiles, to meet the master's eye, and all inwardly fuming at being compelled to waste an hour which might have been devoted to cricket, in ambling round the country lanes behind a short-sighted old gentleman who thought he was giving them a treat.

Mr. Lathom glanced along the line of boys and noted the absence of three juniors belonging to the New House.

"Where are Figgins, Kerr and Wynn?" he asked sternly.

"I dare say they're doing some rejoicing," murmured Jack

Blake. "Tom Merry is going into their house, and I wish them joy of him!"

"Figgins! Kerr! Wynn!" The next moment Mr. Lathom knew where Figgins & Co. were. The three juniors came with a rush out of the porch of the New House and hurled themselves upon Jack Blake.

Figgins, long and lanky; Wynn, short and stout; Kerr, canny and sandy—three of the best, famous at the good old school as Figgins & Co., and leaders of the New House juniors in playing jokes and fighting against the School House!

And at the present moment Figgins & Co. seemed to be on the warpath with a vengeance. Without a word of explanation they hurled themselves upon Jack Blake, and he went down in the dusty quad, with the three on top of him.

Mr. Lathom stared at the strange spectacle in amazement. Figgins seemed not to observe the presence of a master. He ground Blake's nose in the dust in wild excitement.

"Jump on him!" he gasped. "Slay him! Massacre him! Scalp him!"

Blake, breathless, struggling frantically, squirmed under the weight of the New House juniors.

"I'll teach you to palm off your freaks on us!" bellowed Figgins. "I'll teach you to get howling lunatics shoved into

our house!"

"Slay him!" panted Kerr. "We're in for it now! We've got that Tom Merry freak planted on us, but we'll make Blake wriggle!"

"Let me get at him!" ejaculated Fatty Wynn wildly. "I want to sit on his head I—Oh!"

Mr. Lathom's finger and thumb closing on Fatty Wynn's ear interrupted him.

The chums of Study No. 6 had been taken by surprise by the sudden attack. But they quickly rushed to the rescue.

Herries, Digby and D'Arcy rushed to Blake's aid, and Figgins and Kerr were dragged off the suffering chief of the School House.

Figgins gave D'Arcy a thump on the nose that laid him on his back; but then he went down under a slog from Herries, who promptly sat upon him.

"What does this mean?" cried Mr. Lathom. "If you dare to strike another blow I will send you into the headmaster's study! Explain yourself, Figgins."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir!" exclaimed Figgins, as Herries allowed him to rise. "I didn't see you, sir."

"I should imagine not, Figgins," said Mr. Lathom drily. "And now tell me, please, the meaning of this unwarrantable attack upon Blake. Blake, I hope you are not much hurt?"

Blake was looking very dusty and crumpled, but he grinned

cheerfully.

"No, sir; I'm all right! It's only a little joke of Figgins & Co., and I don't mind. It's only fun, sir; really. Don't mind old Figgins!"

"Indeed! I cannot approve of such fun. Figgins, Wynn, Kerr, you will each take fifty lines! Fall in, boys!"

And something like order restored, the boys formed up and marched off. But there came another interruption. Tom Merry was keeping a wary eye open for Miss Fawcett, hoping to escape a public good-bye, but the dear old lady was not to be baffled. She came out into the quad and hugged Tom.

"I am leaving the school now, Tommy, and I shall not see you when you return," she said. "So, goodbye, my sweetest boy!"

"Goodbye, Nurse," said Tom Merry hastily—"goodbye!"

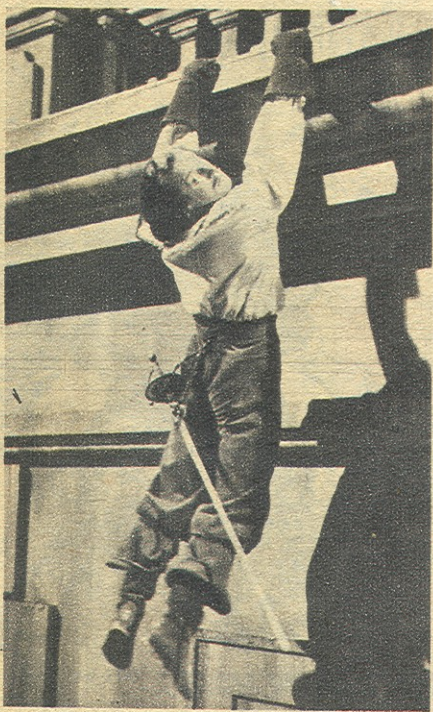
But Miss Priscilla was not finished yet.

"I have inspected the New House, Tommy, and I am quite satisfied with it. For the present, until further arrangements are made, you will share a study with four boys named Figgins, or Wiggins—no, I think it is Figgins—and I forget the others; but I was assured by a very polite young gentleman named Monteith that they are nice boys."

Figgins & Co. glared at one another. Blake chuckled. He had guessed the cause of the

(Continued on next page)

# D'ARTAGNAN DROPS IN . . .



**SPARKLING ACTION—FLASHING SWORDS.** Begin next week a thrilling action-packed picture-adventure of those dashing, daring adventurers, The Three Musketeers.

Here comes a grand new story! Make sure of starting with the first exciting instalment in next week's SUN of

## "THE KING'S MUSKETEERS"

sudden outburst of wrath on the part of Figgins & Co., but he had not known that it was so bad as that.

The new boy was not only going into the New House, but into the very study of Figgins & Co., and they owed that treat to Monteith, the head prefect of the New House.

"Mr. Ratcliff will introduce you to this Stiggins, I think the name is," went on Miss Fawcett. "Stiggins, or Wiggins, is a nice boy, and I am sure he will be kind to you, and pleased to have you in his study. The drains of the New House seem to be in perfect order, so far as I can discover, and there is no dreadful smell like in the room first assigned to you in the School House."

"Ye-ss, yes; goodbye, Nurse!"  
"You will not forget what I told you about always wearing flannel on your chest, and the hot-water bottle—"

"Yes, yes."  
"If you take the cod-liver oil I left for you every evening, a tablespoonful—"

"Yes, goodbye!"  
"Pardon me, madam, but

you are delaying us," said Mr. Latham politely.

Perhaps he took pity on Tom, who was scarlet, while the rest of the column were giggling like lunatics.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Goodbye, dear Tommy!"

And throwing her arms round Tom's neck, Miss Priscilla kissed him on the forehead and at last he escaped.

Figgins & Co. were looking hostile. Blake had succeeded in planting the peculiar-looking new boy upon them; for Figgins & Co. knew well that Blake was at the bottom of it. It was some trick proceeding from Study No. 6 that had disgusted Miss Fawcett with the School House and sent Tom Merry across the way to his new

quarters.

But to have the new boy planted upon them in their very own study was the unkindest cut of all. The study was not a large one, but it was cosy. It had done very comfortably for Figgins & Co. Now to have a fresh arrival, and that arrival a freak, thrust upon them, was simply too bad.

"There's only one consolation," said Figgins, sitting on the study table that evening. "As he belongs to the next Form above ours they can't leave him long in this study, I should imagine. It's only a question of how long they take to shift him out, though I suppose we shall have to put up with him in the house."

"Rotten!" said Kerr. "The sooner we make him clear the better," said Fatty Wynn. "Hallo, here he is!"

Tom Merry walked in. His face was as merry and good-tempered as ever, and but for his ridiculous clothes he would not have made an unfavourable impression upon the chums.

"Hallo, freak!" said Kerr. "Why don't you get back into

the monkey-house?"

"Please, I've come," said Tom Merry.

It took Kerr some seconds to see the point of that remark, and when he did he turned red with wrath.

"Look here, you howling sissy—"

"Oh, dry up!" said Tom. "You don't want me in this study?"

"No, we don't!" said Figgins & Co. in chorus.

"Then that's the way I feel, for I don't want to come here. I don't want to be in your measly old house."

The four occupants of the study looked at each other in amazement. This was decidedly an unexpected line for the new boy to take.

"I made up my mind to go into the School House," continued Tom Merry calmly. "I'm going to get back there somehow. I wouldn't be found dead in this house."

Figgins & Co. gasped. "You'll be found dead in it if you're not more civil," said Figgins darkly.

"Oh, phooey to you!"

Figgins jumped off the table. "Did you say phooey to me?"

"I certainly did!"

Figgins waited for no more. He went for Tom Merry like a mad bull, and the two gripped each other and went staggering round the study in deadly strife. It was not in accordance with the laws of fair play for Kerr and Wynn to interfere, so they contented themselves with dodging the combatants, who tramped and reeled right and left, first one way and then another.

The study table went flying and the bookcase was knocked over on top of it. Figgins kicked the coal-box out of his way and Tom Merry trampled on the fender. Still, neither having gained any advantage, they struggled.

"Here, I say, chuck it, the study will get wrecked!" exclaimed Kerr. "Pull 'em apart, Fatty!"

Kerr laid hold of Figgins, and Wynn gripped Tom Merry. They came apart with a tug and stood glaring and panting. Figgins was the first to recover.

"Well, my hat!" he ejaculated. "There's more in you than I thought, Sissy. You know how to wrestle, and you've got some muscle, too!"

Tom Merry laughed.

"It's not my fault that I'm in these clothes," he said. "You shouldn't judge by appearances. As soon as my box comes from Clavering I'm going to change into my proper clothes and make a bonfire of these silly things."

"Well, in that case I'll let you alone," said Figgins magnanimously. "Look here, you belong to the Shell, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm not a Fourth Form infant."

"If you call the Fourth infants," said Figgins, looking warlike again, "there will be

ructions, Mr. Awfully Clever Merry."

"Oh, that's all right! I'll call you fatheads if you like, and perhaps that would be nearer the mark," said Tom Merry. "Now, take it calmly, because I shan't be longer than I can help in this rat hole you call a study."

The door opened and a number of juniors stared into the room. Pratt, of the New House, was at their head.

"Hallo, Figgy! I hear you've been catching freaks! Ah, there it is! I say, Merry, are there any more at home like you?"

"Oh, go away and play!" said Tom. "Your face gives me a pain!"

"Well, your clod, of all the cheek—"

"Oh, buzz off!"

And Tom Merry gave Pratt a push that sent him staggering against his followers, and as they obligingly got out of the way, Pratt measured his length in the passage. Tom Merry closed the door.

"Now, Figgy, you chaps must be quiet," he said. "I've got some studying to do."

Figgins & Co. looked at one another. To have a new boy taking the upper hand of them like this was an unexpected experience for them, and they did not like it. It looked as if there would be war again, but just then came a call from up the passage.

"Fag! Faa-a-a-ag!"

"That beast Monteith!" exclaimed Figgins. "I've got to go!"

And he left the study. Tom Merry sat down at the table. Kerr and Fatty Wynn looked at him dubiously and then looked at one another. Then they left the study after Figgins.

Tom Merry had some studying to do for the morrow's lessons, and the master had told him that he would be able to borrow some books of Figgins till his own arrived. He looked round the study for what he wanted, found the same, and settled down to work, borrowing pen, ink and paper from the supplies of Figgins & Co.

He was busily occupied when there was a sound of bumping on the stairs, and the door of the study flew violently open. Tom Merry jumped up. Taggles, the school porter, came into the room with a grunt, carrying a good-sized parcel on his shoulder. He thumped it down on the floor.

"Which I says," said Taggles, glaring at Tom as if he had mortally offended him in some unknown way—"which I says that I won't carry it no further."

"Don't, then," said Tom politely.

"Which I'm an old soldier, and I'm not going to carry that blessed parcel up those blessed stairs to the blessed dormitory to please any blessed kid in this blessed school!"

"My word!" said Tom. "What a number of blessings flying about! Who's the parcel

(Continued opposite)



for?"

"It's for Master Figgins," grunted Taggles. "Which it's the clothes from the tailors, and Figgins not here to give me a tanner even for my trouble."

"Would it do if I gave you the tanner?"

Taggles looked at him suspiciously.

"Yes, it would do just as well, sir," he replied with unusual civility.

"Then I'm sorry, I've not got one," said Tom.

Taggles stamped to the door. "Which I says," he remarked, "that any blessed kid who comes to a blessed school dressed up like a blessed guy ought to have his blessed neck wrung."

"That's rude, my dear fellow; here, catch. I haven't a tanner about me, but I suppose a bob will do."

Taggles caught the shilling as it spun in the air.

"Which you're a gentleman," he said, "a real gentleman, though you do look like a blessed guy. You're a gentleman, you are."

"Thanks," said Tom. "Who wouldn't be a gentleman at the low price of one shilling?"

Taggles looked at him as if he did not quite catch on, and left the study. Tom Merry stood regarding the parcel with a twinkle in his eye. His box had not yet arrived from Clavering, and might not arrive till the following day. The clothes he was wearing were getting on his nerves, and seemed to be getting on everybody else's. Figgins had insisted upon Tom changing into more suitable clothes at the earliest possible moment. It seemed only fair that Figgins should provide the change.

"Gee-whizz!" murmured Tom. "It's a super idea, and if I can get a quick change done before those bounders come back, it's a go! I'll buzz off to the dormitory; I shan't be interrupted there."

He picked up the parcel and hurried upstairs with it.

At that hour the dormitory was, of course, deserted, and Tom Merry had it to himself. He laid the parcel on a bed and unfastened the string. He opened it and disclosed a brand new suit of clothes, made to the measure of the great Figgins.

Tom's eyes danced at the sight. With a little squeezing Figgins's clothes would fit him very well. They were much of a build, only Figgins was leaner. Tom unfolded the clothes and discarded his own, and made the change in record time.

The nice new suit really looked quite smart. The trousers were rather tight round his legs and the jacket close across the shoulders, but the fit wasn't bad, considering. Tom Merry was satisfied. Whether Figgins would be satisfied was another question.

Tom looked at himself in a glass, and was pleased. He folded up his own clothes and placed them in the parcel, wrapping it up very carefully

and tying the string. The outside bore the name of Figgins, so there would be no mistake about its delivery.

Then Tom descended the stairs to the study. He found Figgins & Co. in their quarters. They looked up when he entered, not knowing him at first.

"Hallo! Who are you?" said Figgins. "Why—what—it's the new boy!"

"Large as life!" said Tom cheerfully. "I've got a change of clothes at last."

"What have you done with the others?"

"Wrapped them up as a present for a silly bounder I know!"

"Well, that's the kind of fellow they're suitable for. You look better—much better," said Figgins, surveying the changed Tom Merry with a critical eye. "But, I say, you've got a rotten bad tailor!"

"Think so? Well, the chap who made these clothes makes things for some awful rotters," said Tom blandly.

"I dare say. The trousers are like pipe-stems. Must have been made for a chap who hadn't any calves to speak of, I should say."

"Very likely," said Tom, with a glance at Figgins's long thin legs. "In fact, I think you're right. To tell you the truth, Figgy, these clothes were not made for me, but I got them for nothing, so I can't grumble."

"Eh? Do you have your clothes given to you, then? You seem to be a queer fellow, anyway. Still, they're rotten-looking things, but they're better than the sissy stuff you've been wearing. Next time you get any clothes on the cheap, don't take any that were made for a skinny scarecrow, if you can help it."

"I'll remember," said Tom, inwardly bubbling with mirth at Figgins's unflattering description of his own lanky person. "You're right, Figgy, I admit, that the chap these clothes were made for must have been a howling specimen of a scarecrow, and no mistake. The kind of chap you wouldn't see at all if he stood sideways. But I'm glad you think I'm improved. I attach a lot of value to your opinion, Figgins—I do, really. And I especially wanted to have it on the subject of these clothes."

Figgins looked at him suspiciously.

"You seem to be pleased with something," he remarked. "What's the joke?"

"Oh, you'll know soon, so that's all right. I say, I see you're making preparations for tea. Good! Of course, you want me to join you?"

"Not on your life! Still, as you're here, you may as well tuck in."

"Figgy, your hospitality is only equalled by your pleasant manners."

"Look here," exclaimed Figgins exasperated, "if you call

me Figgy again I'll stick some of this marmalade down the back of your neck!"

"All right, Figgy! I won't call you Figgy, if you don't like being called Figgy, Figgy. But really, Figgy, Figgy is a pretty name and, if you don't mind, Figgy—"

That was too much for Figgins. He seized the pot of marmalade and went for Tom Merry. Tom dodged, and the marmalade, instead of going where Figgins had threatened he should have it, smothered the back of the smart new jacket.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Figgins. "That will improve your clothes and no mistake!"

"May as well improve them a bit more," said Kerr; and he poured the contents of the milk jug over Tom's legs with a light sweep of the hand.

"Good wheeze!" exclaimed Fatty Wynn. "He can have some coffee on his waistcoat, too. It will give the thing a flavour."

And a coffee-cup deposited its contents on Tom Merry's manly chest.

Figgins & Co. were prepared for war to follow; but, to their surprise, the new boy took the assault in good part and could not contain his laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Figgins & Co. at the spectacle Tom presented.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom in reply.

Figgins & Co. were taken aback.

"Why, the lunatic seems to enjoy it!" ejaculated Figgins. "He must be right off his silly rocker!"

"He's crackers!" said Kerr.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Tom.

He was wriggling with mirth, and the amazed Co. had to admit that his mirth seemed quite genuine, and his obvious enjoyment of the situation rather took the edge off the joke.

"Oh, let him cackle!" said Figgins. "Let's have tea."

And they sat down to tea, and Tom, in spite of the terrible state he was in, was quite at his ease, and enjoyed the meal. His occasional chuckles as the humour of the situation struck him further amazed the Co.; but Figgins was destined to be enlightened in a way that was far from pleasant; and Tom Merry serenely anticipated the moment when the chief of the New House juniors would discover the terrible truth.

Don't miss the fun over Figgins' new suit next week!

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# IVANHOE

IVANHOE CHALLENGED THE JUDGMENT OF PRINCE JOHN'S COURT AND DEMANDED THAT REBECCA'S GUILT OR INNOCENCE BE DETERMINED BY WAGER OF BATTLE --

DOES THE COURT PERMIT THE MATTER TO BE SETTLED BY WAGER OF BATTLE?

MAY THE COURT CHOOSE ITS OWN CHAMPION?

IT DOES, SIRE. AN APPEAL TO THE JUDGMENT OF THE COURT CANNOT BE DENIED BY LAW. ONLY THE PRISONER CAN REJECT THE OFFER OF CHAMPIONSHIP.

IT MAY, SIRE!

I ACCEPT IVANHOE'S OFFER WITH ALL MY HEART!

SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GILBERT -- IT IS MY WISH THAT YOU ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE.

I DO HUMBLY ACCEPT THE HONOUR BESTOWED UPON ME TO UPHOLD THE MERCY AND JUSTICE OF MY PRINCE BY WAGER OF BATTLE!

THE COURT SO ORDERS -- ON THE THIRD DAY HENCE, LET THE TRIAL BY BATTLE BE FOUGHT IN THE LISTS AT ASHBY -- TO THE DEATH!

TO THE DEATH!

AND SO, THREE DAYS LATER, AT ASHBY, IVANHOE MET BOIS-GILBERT.

THE MASTER OF THE LISTS GIVES US OUR INSTRUCTIONS!





AS MASTER OF THE LISTS, I HEREBY DECLARE THAT IF EITHER OF YOU BREAKS THE LAWS OF CHIVALRY -- I WILL CRY 'FOUL CRAVEN', AND UPON THE CASTING OF MY BATON TO THE GROUND, THE OFFENDER SHALL INSTANTLY BE SLAIN BY THE ROYAL BOWMEN!



INFORM THE MASTER OF THE LISTS THAT IF OUR CHAMPION FALLS FIRST, HE IS TO CRY 'FOUL CRAVEN' -- WHEREUPON IVANHOE IS TO BE SHOT DOWN. SO EITHER WAY THE SAXON DOG WILL DIE THIS DAY.

AN EXCELLENT IDEA, SIRE!



SINCE YOU RIDE FOR THE COURT, BOIS-GILBERT, YOU HAVE FIRST CHOICE OF WEAPONS. WHAT DO YOU SELECT?



I CHOOSE MACE-AND-CHAIN.

SINCE BOIS-GILBERT WISHES CLOSE COMBAT, I CHOOSE THE AXE!



ARM YOURSELVES, VALIANT SIRS, AND TO YOUR STATIONS!

THE TWO KNIGHTS, MOUNTED ON THEIR CHARGERS, AND EACH GRIPPING HIS WEAPON, STOOD BEFORE PRINCE JOHN, AWAITING THE SIGNAL TO BEGIN.



LET THE TRIAL BY BATTLE COMMENCE!

MEANWHILE, KING RICHARD, WHO HAD JUST RETURNED FROM AUSTRIA, TOGETHER WITH HIS CRUSADERS, WERE POUNDING ALONG THE ROAD TO ASHBY. SUDDENLY THEY WERE STOPPED BY A FAMILIAR FIGURE IN LINCOLN GREEN.



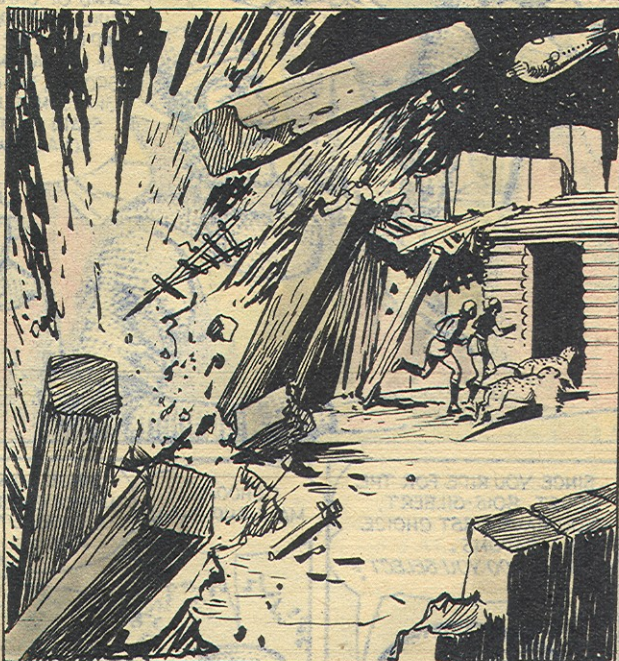
WELCOME HOME, SIRE. THIS IS A HAPPY DAY FOR ENGLAND. MAY I, AND MY TRUSTY BOWMEN, HAVE THE HONOUR OF ESCORTING YOU TO THE TOURNAMENT?

YOU MAY INDEED, FAITHFUL ROBIN OF LOCKSLEY, YOU HAVE DONE MUCH FOR THE SAXON CAUSE AND FOR THAT YOUR DAYS OF OUTLAWRY ARE OVER. COME, ROBIN, EARL OF LOCKSLEY, TO ASHBY -- AND TO IVANHOE.

JAK OF THE JAGUARS ON  
*The* **PLANET of PERIL**



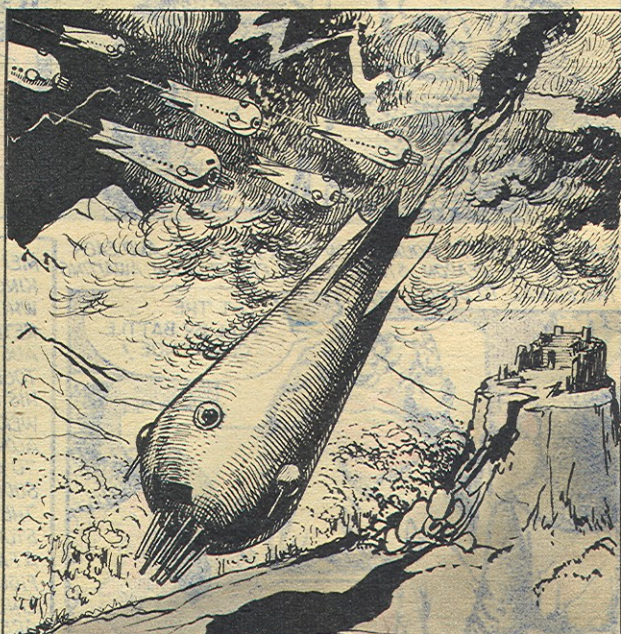
Trapped on the perilous planet of Mars, Jak and Karina, with their two jaguar pals, had escaped from the Brane City with the help of the Troggs. These huge creatures, half beasts, half men, had worked for the Branes as their slaves. But under Jak's leadership, they revolted, escaped to a high plateau some distance from the City and built a fort for their protection. But the Branes sent a fleet of space-ships to attack the fort and to beat the Troggs into submission.



The leading space-ship swooped down on the tiny fort with a high-pitched whine of its powerful jet engines. The bomb doors opened and a wicked-looking atomic bomb plunged towards the defenders. "Quick!" cried Jak. "Into the blockhouse for your lives!" They were only just in time. They reached the door of the blockhouse just as the bomb exploded, blowing a great gap in the heavy palisade built by the Troggs round the edge of the plateau.



Nearly half the defences which had been built with such labour disappeared in smoke. The Brane in charge of the space-ship uttered an evil chuckle. "One more and they are doomed!" he snapped. But as the pilot turned the space-ship for another bombing run the captain of the Tween guards pointed ahead of them. A huge black cloud was approaching rapidly, flashes of blue and yellow lightning splitting the dark Martian sky. An electric storm was brewing, and they were running right into it.



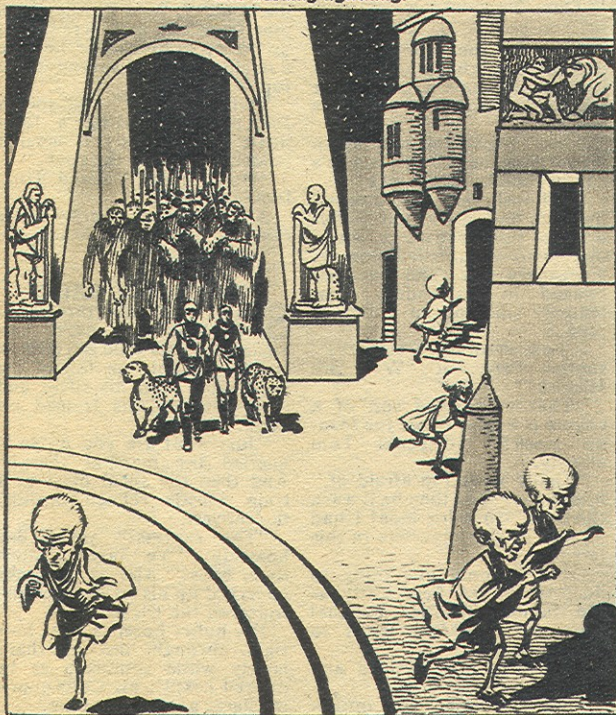
In a moment the leading space-ship was enveloped in the black cloud. Sparks flashed all around it, it was thrown this way and that by the force of the electric explosions, the instruments refused to work, and the crew were flung violently to the floor. And then there was another explosion, louder than the others. The jet engines had caught fire. Completely out of control, the space-ship plunged towards the ground—even as the rest of the space-fleet zoomed in to attack Jak's tiny fortress.



Unable to stop themselves in time, the rest of the space-fleet plunged into the terrific electric storm. Sparks flew from their metal bodies and explosion followed explosion. In a few minutes the entire fleet was out of control. Forced off course, they flew into each other and into the surrounding mountains. One by one they crashed to the ground and lay there, tangled masses of twisted, burning metal. The noise was deafening and the whole sky was lit by burning space-ships and flashing lightning.



It was complete victory for Jak and his friends. No shot had been fired from the tiny fortress. Yet the entire Brane space-fleet lay on the plain below the plateau, a mass of shattered wreckage. "So much for the Branes," said Jak, pointing to the wreckage. "Now perhaps our friends, the Troggs, will be free to live their own lives, and you and I, Karina, can find our way back through space to our old home on Earth. Come, let us return to the City and see if there is a space-ship left to take us home."



At the head of the Troggs, Jak and Karina, with the two jaguars, made a triumphal entry into the Brane City. The entire Tween army had been wiped out by the electric storm. Only the Branes remained. These puny creatures were no match for the Troggs without their Twens to help them—and they knew it. They took one look at the victorious Jak and the following Troggs and bolted for their lives. "You won't be bothered by them again," Jak told the Troggs.

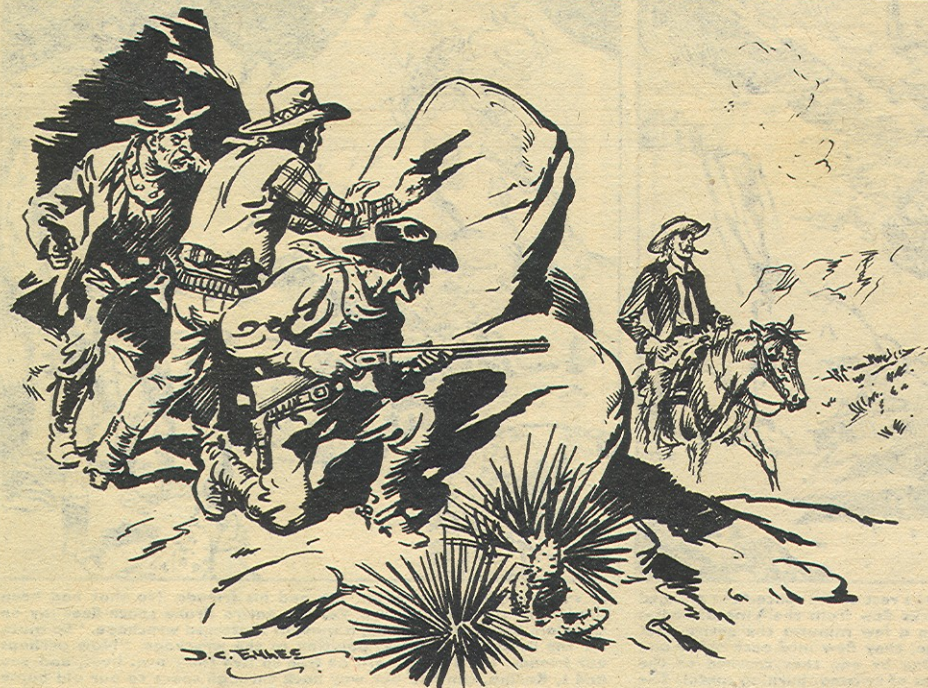


There was still one space-ship standing on the launching platforms in the centre of the City. The Troggs gathered round Jak, Karina and the jaguars as they climbed aboard. "The City is yours now," Jak told them. "May you live in peace from now on." And the Troggs raised a mighty cheer, drowned by the roar of the space-ship's engines as the four space travellers set out on their homeward journey. It would be many a day before they forgot their adventures on Mars.

So ends the adventure on the Planet of Peril! Next week make sure of starting the gripping new picture-story of those dare-devil swordsmen—"The King's Musketeers"!

# WILD BILL HICKOK

and the  
TRAIN WRECKERS



"We'll be doin' every outlaw in the West a favour by downin' Hickok," murmured one of the gunmen. "Yeh!" snarled another. "We'll get him as he passes beyond the boulder!" From this grand complete yarn by BARRY FORD

## "DROP YOUR GUNS!"

**A**NOTHER thirty minutes, boys, and the express will be roundin' the bend," rasped Joe Nason with a glance at his watch.

"We should hear her whistle any moment now as she chugs round the track into the far end of the canyon," remarked Pete Harris, biting off a piece of plug tobacco.

"This will be the biggest haul ever—forty thousand dollars in gold! We were sure lucky to hear about this army shipment, boys," smirked Tom Lloyd.

"I'll say we were. I'd like to see the paymaster's face at Fort Turner when he finds out the army payroll has been stolen! I'd sure hate to be in his shoes when he faces that mob of angry troopers. I hear they haven't had any pay for the last eight months!" laughed Joe raucously.

"Hark! There's the train whistle now! About five miles away. She'll soon be a'comin' into the canyon, fellers," exclaimed Pete, rubbing his hands gleefully.

The three men who were known as the Oklahoma Gang were tough outlaws who lived by the gun and made their living dishonestly by robbing trains and holding up stage coaches. They were three thoroughly bad men, ruthless and dangerous, who hailed from Oklahoma territory. They snapped their fingers at the law, escaped every posse sent out after them, and never hesitated to shoot anyone

who got in their way.

The outlaws were sitting behind a large boulder perched up on the side of the canyon. A few feet below them lay the railroad tracks. Where the rails curved round a bend the men had cunningly ripped up the wooden sleepers and torn up the steel rails, so that when the express rounded the bend the unsuspecting driver would have no time to apply the brakes, and the engine, rushing off the rails, would overturn, dragging the carriages with it. And then, in all the confusion that followed, the Oklahoma Gang planned to break open the guard's van and make off with the gold.

If the engine driver and fireman and any of the passengers were killed or badly hurt in the wreck it was of no interest to the cold-blooded robbers. All they cared about was the gold which they intended rushing across the Mexican border to safety.

And the gold they were determined to steal was army pay for the brave, hard fighting men of the 9th United States Cavalry Regiment at Fort Turner. Because of the difficulty of transport on the frontier, the courageous men of the Indian Fighting Army had gone months without any pay whatsoever, and all of them were anxiously awaiting the paymaster so they could get their back pay.

As the three outlaws sat behind the boulder talking and

waiting for the express which was steadily chugging its way towards the canyon, there came the sudden sound of a horse's hoofs.

"Ssh!" hissed Joe, holding up a warning hand. "Someone's comin', confound the luck!"

Cautiously they peered round the rock and saw a beautifully-dressed rider astride a sorrel mare who was trotting along at a leisurely rate. The rider sat relaxed in his saddle, contentedly smoking an old briar pipe.

"Ten thousand curses!" snarled Pete. "It's Wild Bill Hickok!"

"That sharp-eyed son of a coyote is bound to see the torn-up track!" whispered Tom angrily.

"That's what I'm afraid of," hissed Joe. "For then he'll warn the train. Durn his hide! I had no idea he was anywhere in this territory."

"There's only one thing to do," whispered Pete softly as the famous frontier marshal drew nearer. "And that's to shoot him!"

The three men nodded and reached for their guns.

"We'll be doin' every outlaw in the West a favour by downin' Hickok," murmured Tom as he cocked his six-shooter. "He's a menace to all of us."

"We'll get him from behind as he passes beyond this boulder," breathed Joe. "He'll never know what hit him!"

But as the boulder was a very

large one, the Oklahoma Gang could not see Wild Bill as he passed behind it, and unbeknown to them, the sharp ears of the handsome peace officer had caught the sound of the outlaws cocking their pistols.

Silently he jerked Gypsy to a standstill while his steely-blue eyes scanned the trail.

"Reckon there's only one place where that sound could have come from," he thought. "And that's behind this boulder."

Taking his pipe out of his mouth he appeared to be casually examining it, but all the time his brain was rapidly working out a plan.

"That's funny," he said aloud. "My pipe won't draw. The stem seems clogged up. Guess I'd better stop and clean it. Hold on there a minute, Gypsy, old girl."

"Sufferin' wild cats! He's stopping to clean out his pipe!" muttered Pete. "We'd better shoot him from the other end of the rock and not wait till he rides on—we've no time to lose, the express is gettin' nearer every minute."

While the other two nodded in agreement and began to step silently to the opposite end of the boulder, Wild Bill flung his pipe from him and, scrambling up on top of his saddle, he gave a mighty leap and sprang to the top of the rock.

"What's that?" whispered Joe tensely, hearing a faint jingle of spurs as the marshal landed lightly on the rock.

"Don't know," hissed Tom, looking round.

At that second a crisp order rang out above their heads.

"Drop your guns!"

## THE TRAIN RACE

**S**TARTLED, the three outlaws looked up and, to their amazement saw Wild Bill Hickok standing calmly on top of the rock, with both his silver and ivory-butted Colts trained on them.

"Just what are you up to?" queried the marshal sharply. And then the shrill blast of a train whistle echoed through the canyon.

"The express!" yelled Joe hoarsely. "We haven't much time, boys!" And as he spoke he jerked up his six-shooter and squeezed the trigger.

His bullet bored a neat hole right through the marshal's jaunty white sombrero as he ducked hastily, his Colts spurning flame at the same time.

Joe gave a scream of rage as his gun was suddenly blasted out of his grip. Ignoring the pain in his wrist, he wrenched a second gun from its holster as his brothers flew into action.

Bullets whined and pinged as they smashed against the rock, ricocheting off in all directions.

As the marshal nimbly ducked and dodged the flying bullets, he seemed oblivious of the danger to which he was exposed high up on top of the rock. Fearlessly he faced the three gunmen and, with their bullets dancing all round him, ripping holes in his clothes, his Colts blazed away in rhythmic spurts. And each shot found its mark.

Joe's second gun was shot out of his hand as rapidly as his first had been, and Pete was winged in his right arm and left shoulder.

"Get him, Tom," groaned Pete, "or we're lost!"

With a string of oaths, Tom opened up on the light-footed marshal who skipped about above him. But Tom's anger spoiled his aim and his bullets skimmed over the top of the boulder and flew off into space. The marshal gave a quiet chuckle and the next second Tom was flat on his back from the impact of Wild Bill's bullet, and with a groan he clutched his wounded forearm.

"Had enough fellows?" drawled Hickok sarcastically. "If not, just say the word, I've plenty more bullets where those others came from."

But the Oklahoma Gang had had enough. They thanked their lucky stars they were still alive. They had never seen anything quite so fast as the marshal's gunplay.

Wild Bill was about to jump down from the boulder when his eyes happened to travel to the canyon below. They followed the railroad tracks round the bend, and when he saw the torn-up rails he gave a gasp of horror. At that moment, from some way off, there came the sound of the oncoming train.

"Why, you white-livered varmints!" Wild Bill snapped, his handsome face white with anger. "I thought you were merely hold-up men, but I see you're train wreckers as well. By glory, you'll pay in full for this!"

Leaping from the rock, Wild Bill rushed round to Gypsy and snatched his lasso from his saddle. Flying back to the wounded outlaws, he made them sit up in a small circle with their backs towards each other. Rapidly he bound them up with his lasso, after first removing their sheath-knives.

"I'll be back for you later," he said coolly, and picking up their fallen guns and their knives, he pitched them all into the canyon. Another shrill blast of the train's whistle made him realise that he had not a moment to lose, for the train was very close now.

Vaulting into his saddle, he spurred Gypsy into an instant gallop and streaked down the trail to the canyon bed. Reaching the railroad tracks, Wild Bill tore along, heading for the oncoming train. Within a couple of moments the locomotive steamed into view. Wildly the marshal waved his arms in a flagging-down signal,

but the driver evidently did not see him, for the express came puffing onward.

Frantically the marshal waved his kerchief up and down, but still the driver paid no attention and the train rushed on.

"What's the matter with the engine driver?" thought Hickok, a worried look on his face. "Surely he must see me!"

The train raced nearer and nearer. There were no signs that it was stopping. The engine was almost upon the marshal, when he suddenly wheeled round and galloped along the track with the express only a few feet behind him. As he tore along he kept waving the train down with his left hand.

Beads of perspiration broke out on his forehead as he wondered whether Gypsy could keep ahead of the train.

"Why doesn't the darn fool driver pull up?" he wondered in desperation. "There's the bend ahead. Another few yards and the train will be wrecked!"

And then Wild Bill took his life in his hands. He urged Gypsy on at an even faster pace, and for a few moments the noble animal responded gallantly. A bare twenty-five yards ahead of the engine, Wild Bill jerked Gypsy to a sudden stop right in the path of the onrushing train. Drawing his guns, Wild Bill fired them into the air in a final desperate effort to stop the express. Gypsy neighed in fear and reared up at the sight of the huge iron monster bearing down on her from only a few feet away.

And then, to Wild Bill's thankful ears came the screech of brakes as the train pulled up with a sickening jolt. It was so close, the cow-catcher was only a few inches from Gypsy's hooves.

The sensitive mare was quivering with fright, for the noise of the brakes and the gush of steam from the boiler had almost deafened her.

Quickly Wild Bill dismounted and, leading her off the tracks, began to quieten her.

"What's the big idea?" roared the red-faced driver as he leaned over the side of the engine.

"Track's up round the bend," yelled the marshal above the noise of the gushing steam.

Mopping his perspiring brow, the

marshal continued to soothe Gypsy while the driver and fireman walked over to him.

"Sorry, feller," said the driver. "I only spotted you a few moments ago. Then I heard your gun-shots. I thought at first you were a hold-up man after the army gold. Then my fireman recognised you!"

"All's well that ends well," answered Wild Bill briefly. "Did you say you were carrying army gold?"

"That's right, Marshal. It's pay for my troopers at Fort Turner," said a pleasant voice behind him.

Turning, Wild Bill saw a tall, smartly-dressed cavalry officer. "Why, Paul Jackson! Of all people!" exclaimed Hickok in surprise, giving the officer, who was an old friend of his, a warm handshake.

"Nice to see you again, Bill," smiled the captain. "Now what's this about rails being torn up?"

"I've caught three men who planned to wreck and rob this train. They're tied up behind

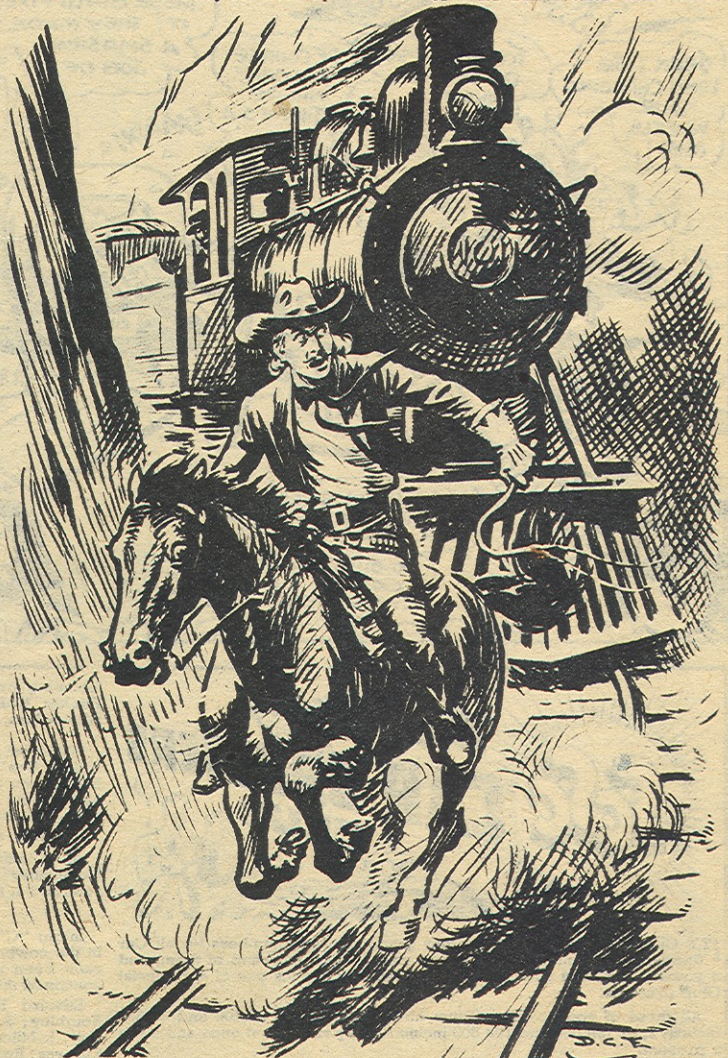
one of those boulders. Reckon you can take over from here, Paul. They're all yours! I can leave them in your capable hands, knowing the army will deal with them satisfactorily! Any skunks who would stoop low enough to steal an army payroll should be taught a lesson. And your boys at Fort Turner are just the lads for the job!" grinned Hickok.

After a couple of hours the tracks were repaired and the train got under way. The three prisoners, bound and handcuffed, were thrown into an empty luggage van and carefully guarded by two troopers.

Wild Bill climbed into his saddle and watched the train disappear from view.

"There'll be some smiling faces at Fort Turner tonight when the payroll arrives," he murmured. "And now, Gypsy, old girl, let's go back and try to find my pipe. I'd rather like to finish my smoke!"

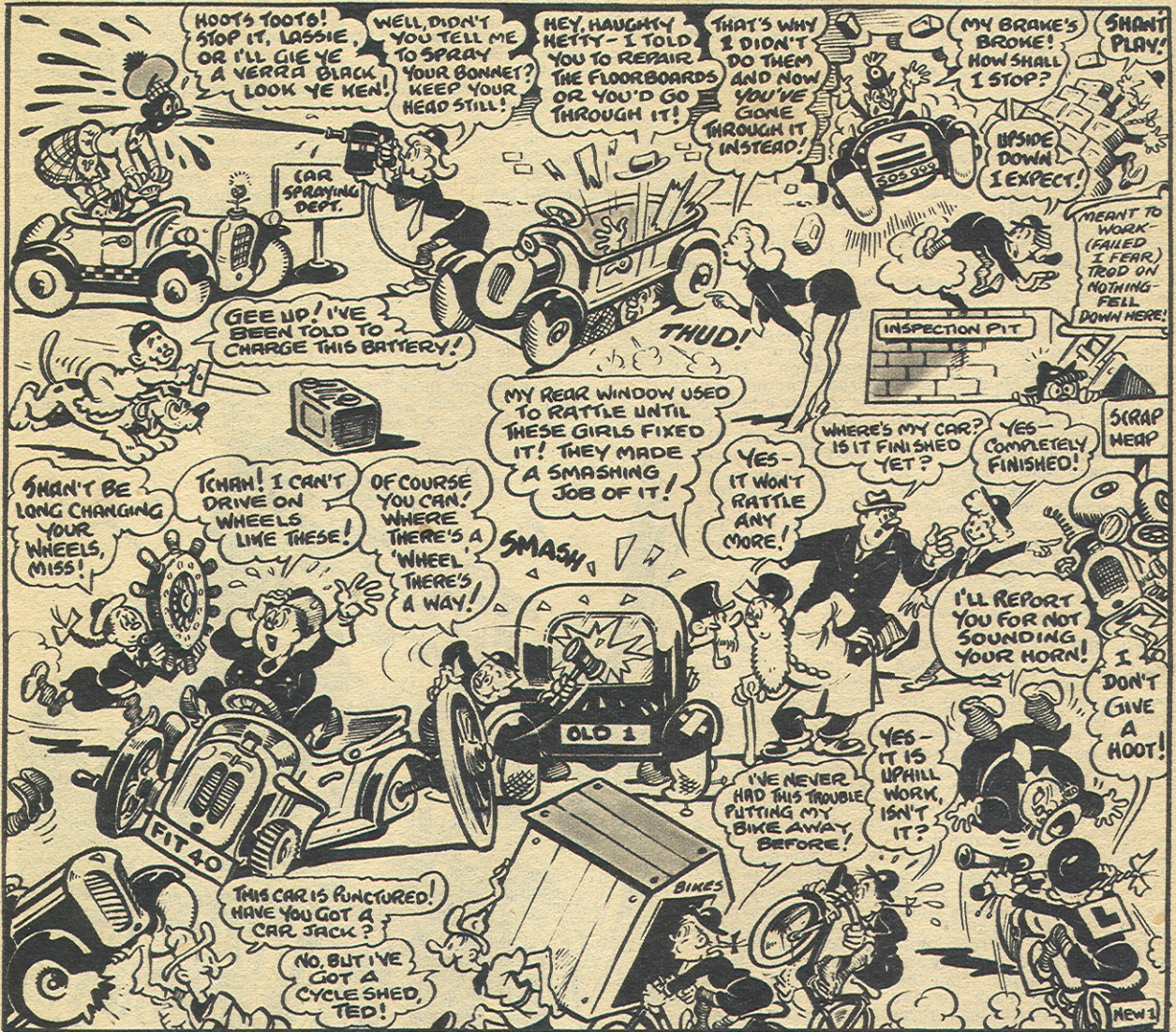
Another action-packed adventure of Wild Bill Hickok next week!



Frantically Wild Bill urged Gypsy along in front of the racing train. Every second it drew closer. . . .

# THE PENGUIN PATROL

THEY RUN A GARAGE.



**The SUN**  
**S&S CAR SPOTTERS CLUB**

IT'S Club Time again, with another grand range of numbers for all Car Spotters. Once more we've given you a whole thousand of them, and if yours is included among them, you can send up for one of our special Club presents.

All those of you holding Album numbers between 38,300 and 38,800 inclusive, or 198,000 and 198,800 inclusive may send up at once and claim a present.

Of course, you must first make sure that one of these numbers appears on the back page of your Album, and then you can select which of the

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Write its name in the space in your Album which is marked "For Official Use". At the same time make sure your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Then on a sheet of paper, write the name of the character or story you like best in SUN—and in a few words, why. Post the Album and paper in a 2d. stamped envelope addressed to:

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

All claims for presents for this week's numbers must arrive by Tuesday, November 18. Presents are sent about a week later and Albums are returned at the same time.

**PRIZE WINNERS!**

In our "C" Puzzle, in which readers were asked to find as many objects in the cowboy picture beginning with the letter "C", the following have each been awarded a grand Table Tennis set for their entries, which contained the longest correct lists:

Edward Hargreaves, Penketh; John Sloman, Sidcup; J. Crabtree, Keighley; S. Goddard, Bracknell; A. Copeland, Rotherham; R. Wallis, Hull; J. Miles, Coventry; Anne Bennett, Borstal; J. Dickinson, Barrow-in-Furness; Robert Northey, Bryn.

Congratulations to all these winners, and to those who didn't get into the final list, we say better luck next time!

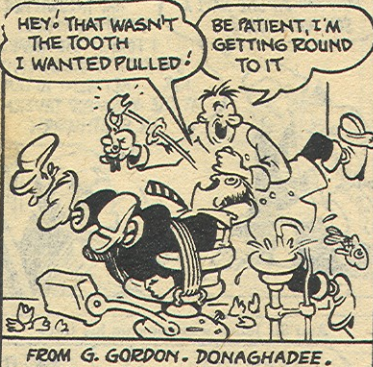


# THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

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



FROM F. J. SUMMERS, COVENTRY



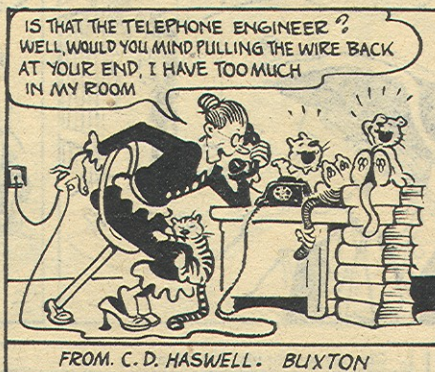
FROM G. GORDON-DONAGHADEE.



FROM PAMELA COOK, PETWORTH.



FROM VALERIE COMBELLACK, CORNWALL.



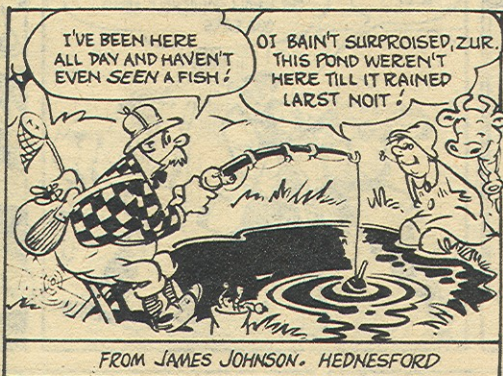
FROM C. D. HASWELL, BLIXTON



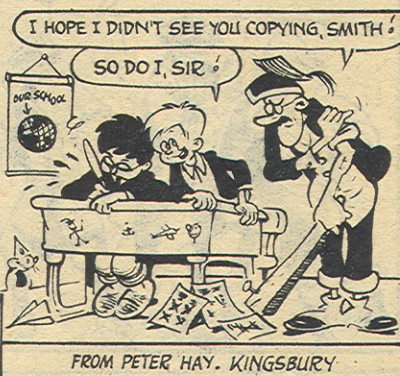
FROM MICHAEL TAYLOR, LAMBETH.



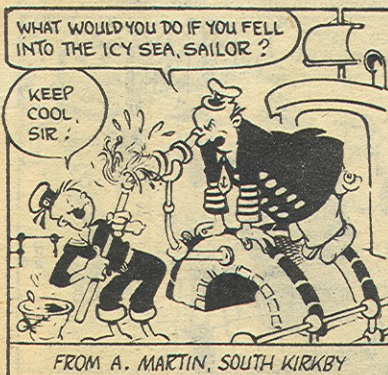
FROM DEREK NEW, Co. DURHAM



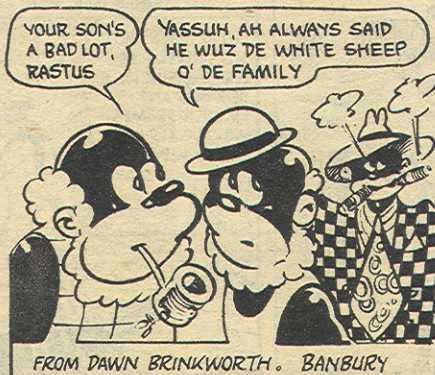
FROM JAMES JOHNSON, HEDNESFORD



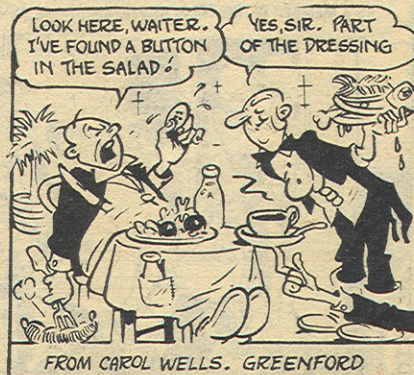
FROM PETER HAY, KINGSBURY



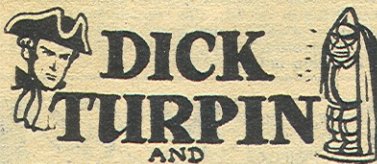
FROM A. MARTIN, SOUTH KIRKBY



FROM DAWN BRINKWORTH, BANBURY



FROM CAROL WELLS, GREENFORD



# DICK TURPIN AND THE SILVER DWARF

Dick Turpin and his friends have traced the missing heir to the Chessington fortunes as far as Jonathan Wild's house in Cock Alley. But Wild, the rascally thief-taker, is their lifelong enemy. The trail has come to a dead end.

But not for Sir Julius Rymer, who wanted the inheritance himself. He hurried to Jonathan Wild.

THE WOMAN YOU BOUGHT THIS HOUSE FROM - WHERE IS SHE NOW AND DID SHE HAVE A SON WITH HER?

SHE WAS THE WIFE OF A NOBLEMAN WHO HAD THROWN HER OUT OF HIS HOUSE. I FORGET THE NAME, SHE HAD A YOUNG SON WITH HER. THEY WENT TO LIVE AT THE MERMAID TAVERN IN SOUTHWARK.

SHE WAS LORD CHESSINGTON'S WIFE AND HER SON WAS HIS HEIR, CHARLES. NOW WE MUST MAKE HASTE TO THE MERMAID TAVERN BEFORE THAT INTERFERING TURPIN CAN GET THERE

Young Charles, whose mother had long since died of her grief, was employed as odd-job man and pot-boy of the tavern.

And Sir Julius was soon on his track.

PSSST!

WHO THE...?

I WANT A WORD WITH YOU, YOUNG MASTER

WHAT CAN A GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU WANT WITH THE LIKES OF ME?

SEIZE HIM, DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

Charles fought like a wildcat...

HELP!

SILENCE THE FOOL! WE'LL HAVE THE WHOLE HOUSEHOLD ABOUT OUR EARS

AAAAH!

TAKE HIM TO THE DOCKS. I KNOW A CAPTAIN WHO WILL SIGN HIM ON AS A MEMBER OF THE CREW AND NO QUESTIONS ASKED

Meanwhile, Dick and his friends, Moll Moonlight, Tom King and Sixteen String Jack, were bemoaning the failure of their quest.

WELL, THAT'S THAT. WE'LL NEVER FIND LORD CHESSINGTON'S HEIR NOW AND SIR JULIUS RYMER WILL SUCCEED WITH HIS CROOKED PLANS

LOOK, DICK, ISN'T THAT SAM SUPPLE?

The ragged figure was indeed the old tramp who had helped the friends.

WATCHER, GUVNORS ALL DID YOU FIND THE SILVER DWARF

WE FOUND IT, SAM, BUT WAS ALREADY OPEN AND ALL IT CONTAINED WAS A BIRTH CERTIFICATE PROVING THAT LORD BHESSINGTON DID HAVE AN HEIR. BUT WE KNEW THAT ALREADY



OPEN WAS IT? I SAW IT FALL ON JONATHAN WILD'S HEAD. NOW I WONDER IF THAT BIT O' PAPER I PICKED UP JUST AFTERWARDS COULD'VE FALLEN OUT OF IT?

WHAT BIT OF PAPER? WHAT DID IT SAY? WHERE IS IT NOW?



OH, I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS IMPORTANT. I LIT ME PIPE WITH IT!

WHAT?



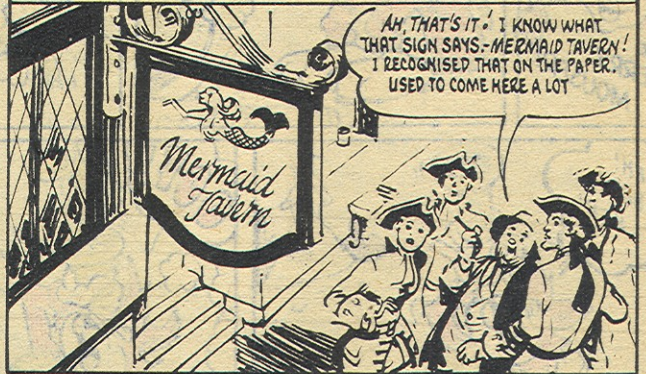
BUT WHAT DID IT SAY? DID YOU READ IT?

I CAN'T READ, GUVNOR, NOT A WORD. THOUGH IT SEEMS TO ME I DID RECOGNISE SOME O' THE CHARACTERS ON IT



Suddenly Sam's gaze rested on the signboard above his head.

AH, THAT'S IT! I KNOW WHAT THAT SIGN SAYS - MERMAID TAVERN! I RECOGNISED THAT ON THE PAPER. USED TO COME HERE A LOT



COME ON! THIS MAY BE IMPORTANT!

DAFT, I CALLS 'EM



LANDLORD, HAVE YOU A BOY NAMED CHARLES STAYING HERE?

OH, YOU'LL MEAN CHARLIE. HIS MOTHER DIED SOON AFTER THEY CAME HERE, AND THE BOY'S WORKED FOR ME EVER SINCE



WHERE IS HE NOW?

IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD ASK THAT. HE WAS OUTSIDE CHOPPING WOOD A FEW MINUTES AGO, BUT WHEN I CALLED HIM HE DIDN'T COME. I CAN'T FIND HIM ANYWHERE



Dick and his friends dashed outside, followed by the landlord.

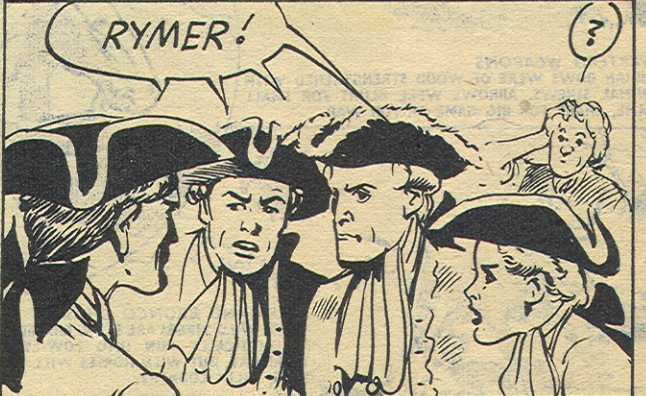
IS THIS HIS HAT?

WHY SO IT IS, I DIDN'T NOTICE THAT BEFORE!

DICK: THERE ARE SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE HERE AND THE MARKS MADE BY THE WHEELS OF A COACH



RYMER!



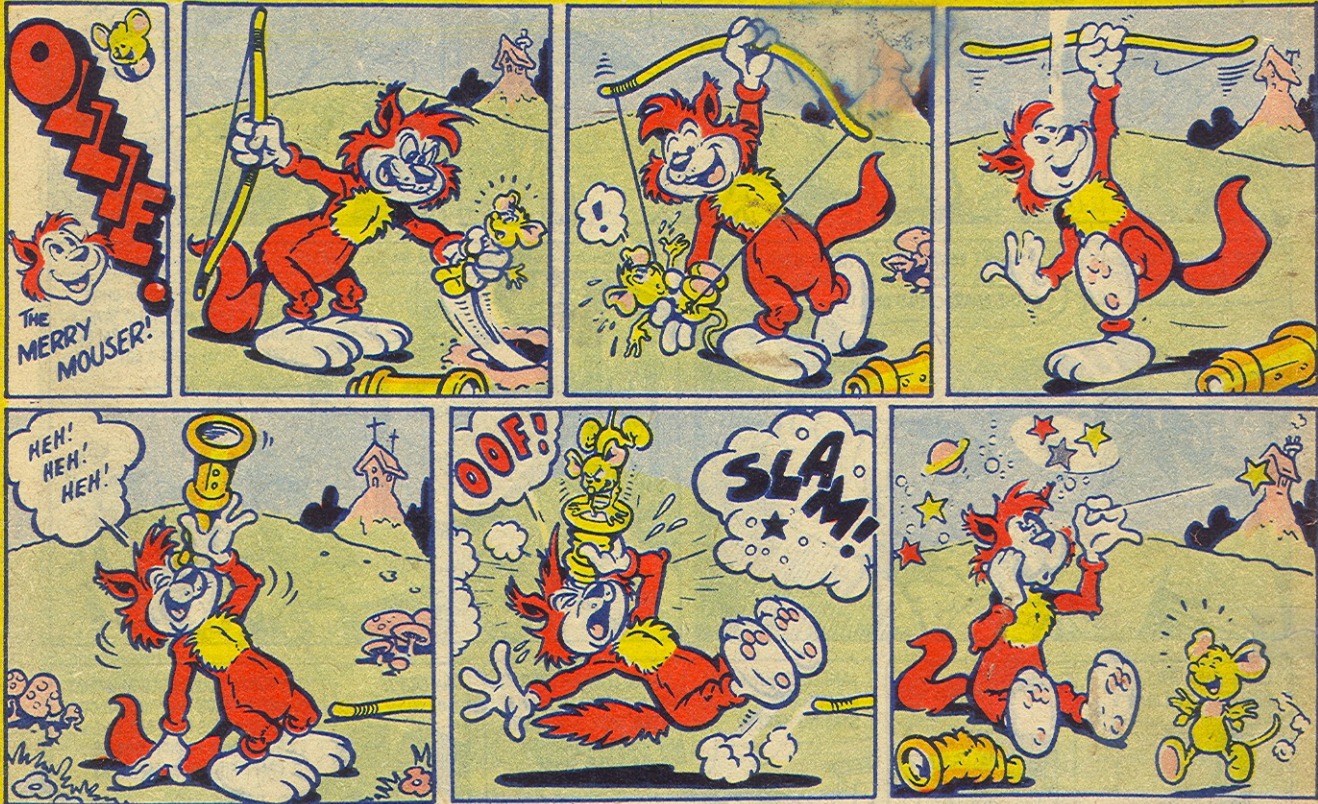
Can the friends of the road find Charles and rescue him? More of this popular and thrilling story next week!

SUN—November 8, 1952—19

# SUN

EVERY  
MONDAY

3<sup>p</sup>



## Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



**WESTERN WEAPONS**  
INDIAN BOWS WERE OF WOOD STRENGTHENED WITH ANIMAL SINEWS. ARROWS WERE BLUNT FOR SMALL GAME, SHARP FOR BIG GAME OR FOR WAR.



**SAD BALLADS**  
SLOW MOURNFUL TUNES ARE SAID TO QUIETEN CATTLE AT NIGHT. GAYER SONGS ARE ONLY SUNG BY DAY.



**GOOD LUCK CHARM**  
THESE ARE DECORATED WITH MOLE PAWS AND BEADS AND WORN AROUND THE NECK TO WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS.



**STEER AND BRONCO CHASING**  
WHEN WILD STEERS ARE BEING CHASED THEY WILL AUTOMATICALLY RUN INTO LOW-LYING, BUSHY TERRITORY, BUT WILD HORSES WILL TAKE TO THE HIGH, HILLY COUNTRY.



**FIRST GOLD RUSH**  
THE FIRST GOLD RUSH IN THE UNITED STATES TOOK PLACE IN THE SOUTH, IN GEORGIA, ABOUT 1837-8.