

# SUN

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No. 201  
December 13, 1952

EVERY  
MONDAY

## BILLY *the* KID AND THE Bandit Brothers

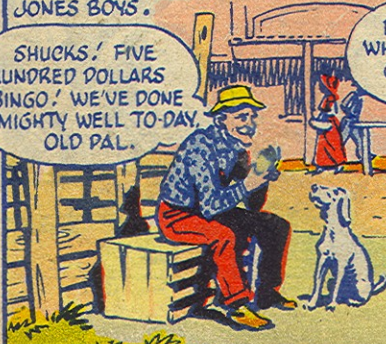


WHEN OLD JEBB SAWYER  
COUNTED OUT THE MONEY  
HE HAD GOT FOR THE  
SALE OF SOME STEERS  
IN GUNSIGHT, HE THOUGHT  
THE ONLY ONE  
INTERESTED WAS  
HIS FAITHFUL OLD  
DOG, BINGO~~



BUT IN TOWN THAT DAY WERE THE BROTHERS CLEM AND JEM  
JONES, TWO TOUGH OUTLAWS KNOWN TO THE WEST AS THE  
JONES BOYS.

SHUCKS! FIVE  
HUNDRED DOLLARS  
BINGO! WE'VE DONE  
MIGHTY WELL TO-DAY,  
OLD PAL.



D'YOU SEE  
WHAT I SEE,  
CLEM?

YEAH, JEM--  
AND I'M THINKIN'  
THE SAME, TOO!





AS THE OLD MAN WENT TO GO HOME, THE JONES BOYS STEPPED UP TO HIM --



HOWDY, PAW! IT'S MIGHTY KIND OF YOU TO INVITE US TO HAVE A DRINK!

UM? B-BUT-- I DON'T TOUCH STRONG DRINK, GENTS!

WELL-- YOU DO, NOW!

AS THEY DRAGGED OLD JEBB TOWARDS FAT FRED'S SALOON HE CALLED OUT TO HIS DOG --



HAW! HAW!

HELP, BINGO! AT 'EM, BOY!

HEY!

-- BUT THE OUTLAWS HEARD HIM.



CALL THAT DOG OFF, MISTER, OR I'LL SHOOT IT!

N-N-O! I'LL CALL HIM OFF!



COME ON, YOU OLD FOOL! WE'RE THIRSTY!

WAIT THERE, BINGO, OLD PAL! I WON'T BE LONG!

AS THEY STOOD AT THE BAR THE JONES BOYS NOTICED THAT OLD JEBB DIDN'T LOOK VERY HAPPY --



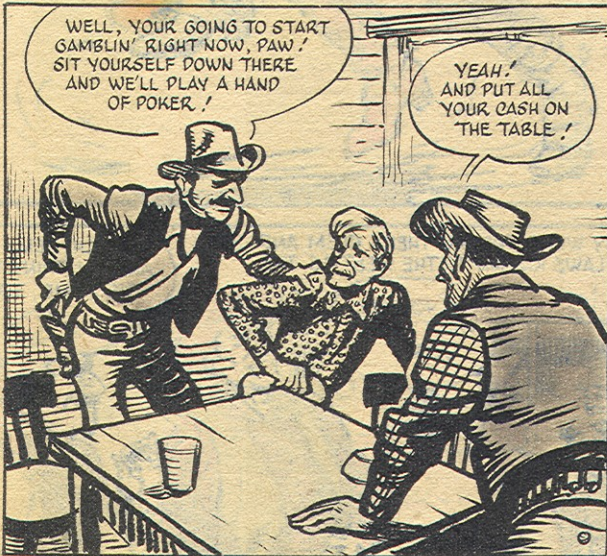
WHY AIN'T YOU DRINKIN', PAW? IS YOUR GLASS DIRTY? HAW! HAW!

N-N-O! I DON'T WANT TO DRINK!

PERHAPS HE'D RATHER PLAY CARDS, BROTHER! HOW'S THAT SUIT YOU, MISTER?

PLAYING CARDS DIDN'T SUIT OLD JEBB SAWYER AT ALL.

I DON'T PLAY CARDS! I GUESS I DON'T KNOW HOW! YOU GENTS GO AHEAD AND PLAY IF YOU WANT! I NEVER GAMBLE!



WELL, YOUR GOING TO START GAMBLIN' RIGHT NOW, PAW! SIT YOURSELF DOWN THERE AND WE'LL PLAY A HAND OF POKER!

YEAH! AND PUT ALL YOUR CASH ON THE TABLE!

ON SEEING THE SIX-GUNS PLACED ON THE TABLE, OLD JEBB DECIDED TO DO AS HE WAS TOLD --



REMEMBER, NOW PAW! NO CHEATIN' -- OR WE'LL GET TOUGH!

H-HERE'S MY MONEY! WHERE'S YOURS?

WE AIN'T GOT NONE! WE'RE PLAYIN' FOR YOURS -- SEE!



MEANWHILE JEBB'S DOG BINGO SAT OUTSIDE UNNOTICED UNTIL HAPPY-GO-LUCKY-WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG BOSS OF CIRCLE-B RANCH, WALKED BY THE SALOON --



WELL, WELL, FANCY MEETING YOU HERE, BINGO! YOU KNOW, YOUR MASTER DOESN'T GO INTO SALOONS!

AS WILL BENT DOWN TO PAT THE DOG HE SUDDENLY HEARD OLD JEBB'S VOICE ABOVE LOUD LAUGHTER --



SAY! THAT'S YOUR MASTER'S VOICE, BINGO!

YOU'VE TAKEN HALF MY MONEY -- NOW LET ME GO!

HAW, HAW!

AND WHEN WILL BONNEY LOOKED INSIDE --



WHAT THE --

WE'LL JUST PLAY THIS HAND, PAW, FOR THE REST OF YOUR CASH! I'VE GOT FOUR ACES!

ME, TOO, CLEM, SO I GUESS WE'VE WON! HAW HAW!

REALISING THE OLD MAN WAS BEING CHEATED WILL CALLED TO HIM THROUGH THE WINDOW --



LOOK OUT, JEBB! YOU'RE BEING CHEATED!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO POKE YOUR NOSE IN, MISTER!

AS JEM JONES FIRED OLD JEBB SAWYER, LEAPT UP FROM HIS CHAIR --



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT MY PAL, WILL BONNEY, MISTER!

SWIFTLY THE ENRAGED OUTLAW SWUNG ROUND ON THE OLD MAN.



WHO SAYS I AIN'T, YOU MEDDLIN' OLD FOOL! TAKE THAT!

OW-W!

AS THE OLD MAN CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR, WILL BONNEY LEAPED THROUGH THE WINDOW TO HIS AID --



I'LL TEACH YOU TO HIT AN OLD MAN, MISTER!

BUT BEFORE WILL REACHED JEM JONES, CLEM HIT HIM OVER THE HEAD FROM BEHIND --



NO-YOU DON'T! MISTER NOSEY PARKER!

CLEM JONES WAS ABOUT TO DEAL ANOTHER BLOW WHEN THROUGH THE WINDOW LEAPED BINGO, OLD JEBB'S FAITHFUL HOUND --



OO! OUCH! HELP, JEM! GET IT OFF!

I'LL SOON FIX HIM THE WAY YOU DID THIS GUY!



AND WITH A HEFTY BLOW WITH A GUN BUTT, OLD JEBB'S DOG WAS SILENCED~~

WHEN WILL BONNEY CAME TO HIS SENSES THE JONES BOYS WERE LEAVING THE SALOON WITH THE OLD MAN'S MONEY~~

BUT AS WILL APPEARED THROUGH THE SWING DOORS HE WAS MET WITH A HAIL OF LEAD~~

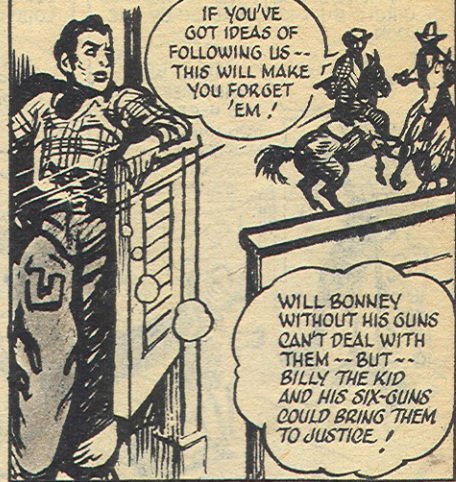


THERE! JOIN YOUR MASTER!



WE'VE GOT HIS DOUGH! LET'S GO, CLEM!

THE COYOTES! THEY'RE NOT GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS!



IF YOU'VE GOT IDEAS OF FOLLOWING US-- THIS WILL MAKE YOU FORGET 'EM!

WILL BONNEY WITHOUT HIS GUNS CAN'T DEAL WITH THEM-- BUT-- BILLY THE KID AND HIS SIX-GUNS COULD BRING THEM TO JUSTICE!

QUICKLY WILL MOUNTED HIS HORSE AND AS HE DID SO THE OLD MAN STAGGERED OUT~~

ON LEAVING GUNSIGHT WILL BONNEY RODE FAST TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD PEAK, WHERE IN A SECRET VALLEY NEARBY WERE THE CLOTHES AND GUNS OF BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER.. ALSO IN THE VALLEY WAITED SATAN, BILLY'S GREAT BLACK STALLION. ONLY WILL BONNEY KNEW OF THIS, FOR THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY RANCHER, WAS NONE OTHER THAN THE FAMOUS BILLY THE KID HIMSELF~~

AS SOON AS HE REACHED THE VALLEY HE SWIFTLY CHANGED INTO THE FAMOUS BLACK GARB OF THE LONE AVENGER.

SOON BILLY THE KID, ASTRIDE HIS GREAT BLACK HORSE, WAS LEAPING THE CHASM THAT SEPARATED THE VALLEY FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD, ONCE AGAIN ON THE TRAIL OF THE WRONG-DOERS~~



WHERE ARE YOU GOIN', WILL? YOU AIN'T AIMIN' TO GO AFTER THOSE ROUGHNECKS, ARE YOU?

DON'T WORRY, OLD TIMER, I'M NOT! I KNOW WHEN WILL BONNEY'S HAD ENOUGH!



WE'VE ANOTHER JOB TO DO, SATAN!



YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

NOT FAR FROM THUNDERBIRD PEAK, CLEM AND JEM JONES HALTED TO REST THINKING THAT ALL WAS SAFE~~

BUT AS JEM BEGAN TO SHUFFLE THE CARDS~~

SWIFTLY TURNING TO THE DIRECTION OF THE SHOT THEY SAW A SINISTER BLACK HORSEMAN~~

ROB AN OLD MAN AND BEAT HIM UP-- KNOCK HIS DOG SENSELESS, WOULD YOU? O.K. BOYS-- I'M AFTER YOU!

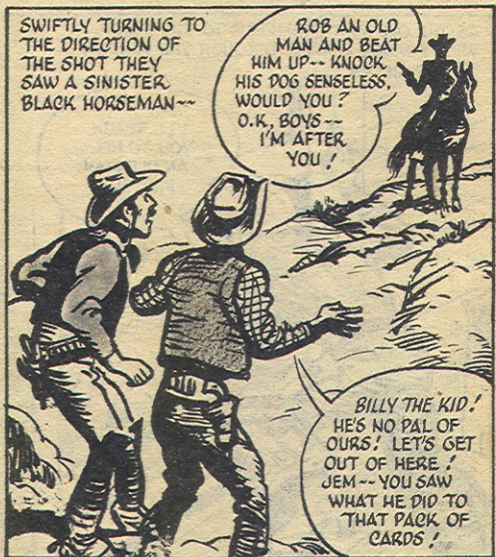


HOW'S ABOUT A LITTLE GAME O' CARDS, CLEM?

SURE, JEM! I'LL PLAY YOU FOR YOUR SHARE OF THAT OLD FOOL'S CASH!



HEY! WHAT THE~~



BILLY THE KID! HE'S NO PAL OF OURS! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! JEM-- YOU SAW WHAT HE DID TO THAT PACK OF CARDS!



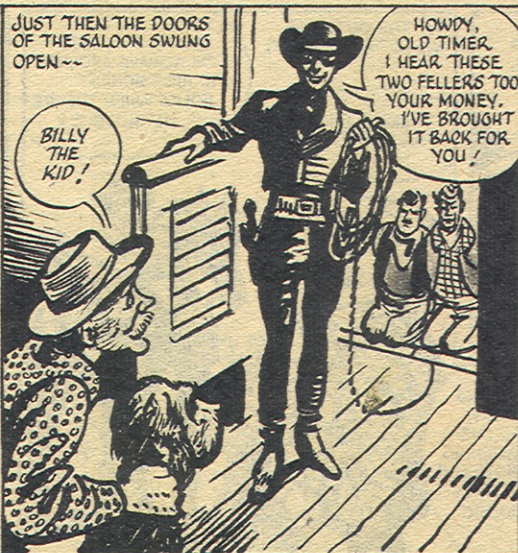
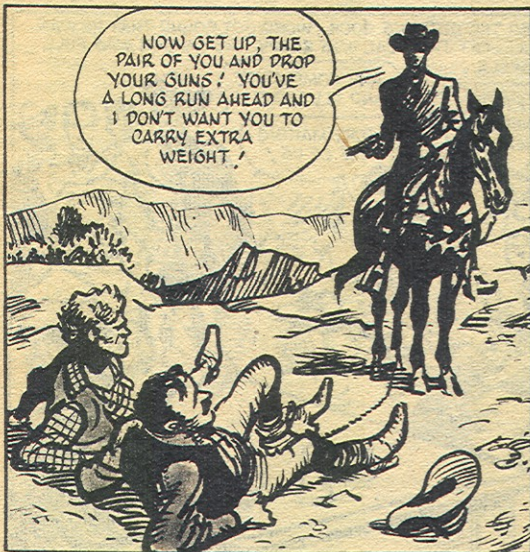
THE TWO OUTLAWS MADE FOR THEIR HORSES --



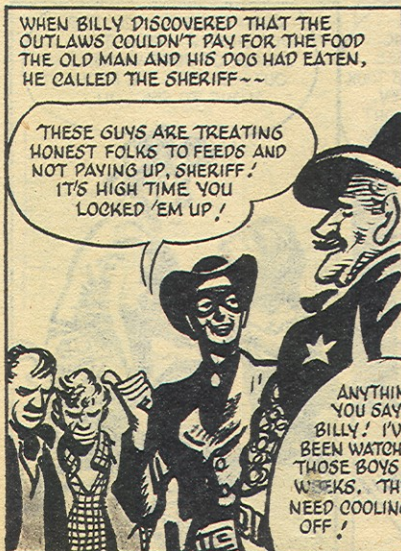
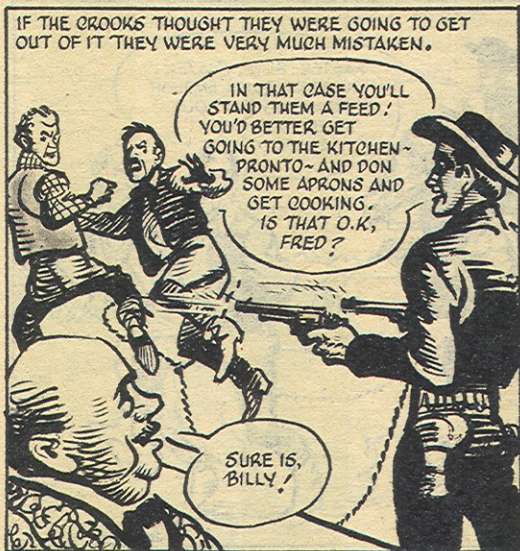
HAD THEY LOOKED ROUND THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN THE LARIAT OF BILLY THE KID WHIPPING TOWARDS THEM.



SO SKILFULLY WAS IT THROWN THAT IT TRAPPED THEIR LEGS AS THEY SWUNG INTO THEIR SADDLES --









# TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.

**This week: THE KIDNAPPING OF TOM MERRY**

**A PLAN THAT DID NOT QUITE WORK**

FIGGINS laid down his pocket-knife and leaned back lazily against a mass of broken masonry in the ruined castle on the hill. For the time of the year it was quite warm. Kerr and Fatty Wynn were still eating.

The picnic in the ruins of the old castle had been a success. The chums of the New House had brought a well-filled lunch-basket, and they had very nearly demolished the contents. Kerr and Fatty Wynn were finishing up the last of the jam tarts.

"Well, this is all right," said Figgins lazily. "I could stay here for weeks! But I suppose it's time we made a move to get back to St. Jim's."

Kerr looked up. "Right-ho!" he said. "The sun's going down. Let's get a move on."

"Wait a minute," said Fatty Wynn. "There's one more tart!"

They waited while he finished the last morsel.

"We'll have a bigger feed here next Saturday," said Figgins, "and ask Blake and his lot to it in return for the ripping feed that they gave us the other day in the School House. Ha, ha, ha! That was a good joke on Tom Merry. Are you ready?"

"Yes. I suppose you're going to carry the basket, Figgy?"

"I suppose I'm not," said Figgy.

And he led the way from the ruins. The path down the hill, through the beech-woods, seemed quite solitary and deserted, and Figgins & Co. descended it without a tremor of uneasiness. But just as they entered the wood a sudden change came over the scene.

Four figures darted out of the thickets, pounced on the New House juniors and had them pinned to the ground in a twinkling. The attack had been so sudden that Figgins & Co. had not the slightest chance of guarding against it. Before they fairly knew what was happening, Figgins was down in the grass on his back, with Blake sitting on his chest, and the other two quickly followed.

"Got 'em!" shouted Blake gleefully.

"Got the bounders!" echoed Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy.

"Don't let the brutes get up!" "Trust us!"

"What's the game?" gasped Figgins. "What do you mean



Figgins and Co. never stood a chance. Four figures suddenly darted out of the bushes and pounced on them

by jumping on a chap like this without warning, Blake? Do you call this playing the game?"

"Yes—rather," said Blake. "As much as asking a chap to a feed that wasn't coming off."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about that feed in Taggles's room."

Figgins stared at him in amazement. He began to suspect that Blake was not quite steady in the head.

"Feed! Taggles's room! Are you dotty?"

"It's no good playing the innocent, Figgy. You sent us all notes of invitation and made us keep it a secret from each other, and go at different times. And then Taggles—"

"You're dreaming! I never sent you anything of the kind!"

"Figgy, old man, I never thought you would become a story-teller!" said Blake, wagging his finger at Figgins. "It's wrong, old chap, and not much good, as I'm not going to believe you. Now, the time's come for you to pay off."

"I tell you—"

"Rats! Now, chaps, we're going to give them beans, and they'll think twice before they play a trick like that on us again. We'll tie them up and leave them—"

"Look here," exclaimed Figgins, "I give you my word, honour bright, that I don't know what you are talking about."

Blake hesitated. He knew that when he gave his word

Figgins was to be relied upon, yet—the junior took the precious note of invitation from his pocket and flourished it over Figgins's nose.

"Look at that! Do you mean to say you haven't seen it before?"

"Never in my natural!" said Figgins promptly and emphatically. "Think I'd waste cash in getting invitation cards printed? Why, you ass, the chap who sent them got them printed so that you wouldn't see it was his handwriting and know it was a joke!"

Blake looked rather foolish. As Figgy spoke, it rushed upon his mind that he had been taken in, and that he had judged Figgins & Co. too hastily.

"I say, fellows, we've been made fools of!" he exclaimed. "It wasn't Figgins at all."

And the School House juniors allowed Figgins and his two chums to rise.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was a sudden shout of laughter from the trees. The seven juniors turned round in amazement to see nearly a dozen boys of the Shell looking at them from the beeches and laughing themselves silly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Tom Merry. "Found out your little mistake, Blake?"

Blake's face assumed a sickly expression. He felt that he ought to have guessed it at once—that it was Tom Merry to whom he owed that little joke.

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the boys of the Shell. "How do you

like your eggs boiled, Blake?"

Blake had nothing to reply.

The famous four looked at each other sheepishly.

"Who's leader of the School House now?" demanded the Terrible Three with one voice. "Who's head of the cockhouse at St. Jim's?"

"Tom Merry!" exclaimed the boys of the Shell. "Blake is a back number! He can go and feed with Taggles! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the boys of the Shell marched off, laughing. Figgins & Co. were grinning hugely.

"You've been done in, and no mistake, Blake!" exclaimed Figgins. "If I had that chap in our house I'd jolly soon put him in his place!"

"Oh, I know you're awfully clever!" said Blake glumly. "I wish you had him over on your side, that's all!"

"Oh, I'd handle him all right! He's too cocky for anything!" said Figgins. "It seems to me that we both owe him one, Blake. What do you say to a truce for a bit while we give him the lesson he's asking for?"

"Right-ho!" exclaimed Blake instantly. "He's played a rotten trick on both of us. He wants a lesson awfully badly, and no mistake, Figgy. What's your idea?"

Figgins pointed to the invitation cards.

"He's taken our name in vain, sticking it on those cards," he said. "We'll make him eat them. He used my name to invite you to a feed that didn't



come off, and we'll invite him to one that will come off, and make him eat that. He won't be able to go around grinning over the joke after that."

"Ha, ha! But how are we going to do it?"

"Get him into the Fourth Form room, that's all, when we're all there together and fasten the door against all comers. We'll put him through it."

"It's a go, Figgy!"

And the rival juniors shook hands over the deal.

When the juniors came in later they found the joke all over the school. The seniors were chuckling over the way the famous four had been taken in, and some of them stopped Blake to ask him if he had been having feeds lately with Taggles, and whether he had received any more invitation cards from the New House.

Blake was furious and more determined than ever that Tom Merry should be put in his place, and his pact with Figgins seemed to promise him the vengeance he desired.

The question was, how to entrap the chief of the Shell into the Fourth Form-room at some time when the masters were not there.

Tom Merry was too wary a bird to be caught by chaff, and Blake and his chums discussed a dozen devices without being able to select one that promised success. It was really Figgins who solved the problem.

"It's no good trying to spruce him," said Figgins. "He'd smell a rat, however artful we were. We've got to take the bull by the horns."

"Good enough," said Blake. "But how?"

"The Shell come out of their

room five minutes after us in the morning. When Tom Merry comes out, he has to pass the Fourth Form-room. We can wait for him there."

"But the rest of the Form will be with him. We don't want to make a battle royal, with the masters and prefects close on the spot," objected Blake.

"No, not at all. My idea is to make a sudden swoop and collar him before he knows what's happening, and yank him into the Form-room," said Figgins. "I think we could work it."

Blake nodded.

"Well, it seems the only chance," he agreed. "We'll try. It ought to work out all right."

On Wednesday morning the chums put the plan into practice.

When the Fourth Form came out of their classroom they did not disperse in different ways as usual, but remained near the Form-room door till the master was gone. When Mr. Lathom had departed they went in again and remained in possession of the classroom. Blake and his three friends and Figgins & Co. remained in the doorway. They waited for the Shell to be dismissed.

A few minutes later a door was thrown open, and with a buzz of eager voices the Shell poured out of their room. They came down the passage past the Fourth-Form room.

Figgins suddenly nudged Blake.

"Look out!"

"Right-ho!" whispered Blake. "Ready!"

The Terrible Three were coming down the passage together, unsuspecting of the ambush. The Fourth-Formers

had withdrawn inside their door. Tom Merry, as it happened, was walking on the side nearest that door. As he came abreast of it Blake and Figgins suddenly hurtled out and grabbed him.

Before he had time to struggle, Tom was dragged headlong into the Form room, and as the astonished Manners and Lowther dashed to the rescue, the door was slammed in their faces.

"Help!" yelled Tom Merry. "Rescue!"

"Quiet, you rotter!" gasped Blake.

He jammed Tom down on the floor and sat astride of him. Figgins left him to take care of the captive and ran to the door. The juniors were holding it against the frantic assaults of Manners and Lowther from outside.

Manners, Lowther, and two or three more of the Shell had hurled themselves against the door, and were striving to push it open.

Twenty juniors had their combined weight against it, and Figgins had his foot to it, jamming it. The door gave an inch or so under the strong pressure from without, but the Fourth Formers, with a great effort, slammed it to again.

"Hold it tight!" gasped Figgins. "I'll have the bolt shot in a jiffy!"

Again the door came in about an inch, and Manners tried to put his foot into the opening. But the juniors, exerting themselves, jammed it tight, and Figgins managed to shoot the bolt. The youngsters reeled panting away from the door. It was safe now. Nothing short of a battering-ram would open it from outside.

"Done them!" gasped Figgins. "Hey, lend a hand here!"

Tom Merry was fighting hard for his liberty. He had succeeded in rolling Blake over. But Jack would not let go, and now they were rolling over on the floor in a tight embrace, gasping and dusty.

Figgins soon put an end to the struggle. Tom Merry was seized by half a dozen pairs of hands, dragged up and plumped upon a desk. There he was held by the grinning juniors.

"Well, what's the game, you silly cuckoos?" he said, panting. "What the dickens are you up to, anyway?"

His coolness had not deserted him.

Thump, thump, thump!

The door shook under the assaults of Manners and Lowther from without. But it was impossible for them to get in, and the Fourth Formers took not the slightest notice of the clamour from without.

"We've got you, you new boulder!" Blake exclaimed. "Now we're going to put you through it! If those fellows outside don't stop that row they'll soon have a master down on their necks. Hallo, they've gone!"

A sharp voice was heard calling up the passage, and it was followed by a scuttling of feet. The Shell were gone!

Quiet reigned in the passage and Tom Merry was at the mercy of his captors.

"Now," said Blake, "the question to be put to the prisoner is, did he, or did he not, on a certain occasion, send a message to the young gentlemen of Study No. 6, purporting to be an invitation to a feed from the respected and esteemed Figgins of the New House?"

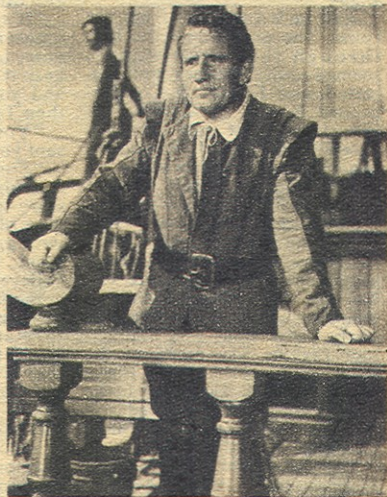
## "SUN" STARS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK



VAN JOHNSON is one of the pilgrims on the famous voyage of the "Mayflower" in the new film "Plymouth Adventure."



GENE TIERNEY and DAWN ADAMS set off with high hopes but find grim and stirring adventure in the voyage of the "May flower."



SPENCER TRACY, leader of the adventure which has become famous as one of the most daring exploits of all time.

Photos: Metro Goldwyn Mayer.



"My hat," said Figgins, "you ought to be in Parliament, Blake!"

Blake bowed to the compliment.

"Did the prisoner commit this crime, or did he not?" he demanded. "Tom Merry, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Tom.

"Do you mean to say that you didn't do it?"

"Yes."

"Why, you frightful fibber—" began half a dozen voices.

"Let me explain—"

Blake waved his hand for silence.

"The prisoner is entitled to explain," he said. "Silence in court. Tom Merry, go ahead!"

"I am accused of sending a message to certain young gentlemen in Study No. 6—"

"That's the accusation."

"From the respected and esteemed Figgins of the New House?"

"Exactly!"

"Well, I didn't! What I did was this—I sent a message to certain funny animals dwelling in Study No. 6—"

"Look here, none of your cheek!"

"Purporting," continued Tom Merry calmly, "to be from a certain horrid and funny-faced chump named Figgins. You see, there's a difference."

Figgins was crimson with wrath. The Fourth Form were howling with laughter.

"Oh, don't question him any more!" he said. "What's the use, when we know he did it? Let's get on with the punishment!"

Blake frowned severely.

"Who's bossing this show, George Figgins?"

"Why, I am!" replied Figgins instantly. "Whom do you think?"

"Well, I was under the impression," said Blake, with politeness, "that I myself was the head cook and bottle-washer on this occasion!"

"Were you?" said Figgins. "I don't quite know how you got that impression then, for it isn't anywhere near the truth. I'm at the top of this little business."

"Oh, rats!" exclaimed Blake warmly. "Now you're talking rot, Figgy, and you know it!"

"Who's talking rot?"

"You are, you New House rotter—silly, howling rot, and—"

"Do you want a thick ear, Blake?"

"Yes, if you can give me one!"

Figgins's wrath overflowed. He certainly thought he could give Blake one. Anyway, he meant to try! He rushed at the School House chief like a bull. Blake, nothing loth, closed with him, and they went staggering to and fro in deadly strife.

"Here, chuck that, you silly owls!" exclaimed Herries. "We didn't come here to slog one another! Have some sense! Figgins, stop it, can't you, you



Tom Merry climbed up on a desk out of the way and laughed as New House and School House fellows hurled themselves at each other.

howling idiot?"

"Who are you calling an idiot?" said Kerr. "It was Blake started it!"

"Not a bit. It was Figgins!"

"It wasn't. It was Blake!"

"You're as big a silly cuckoo as Figgins!"

"And I can give you what he's giving Blake!"

A moment more, and Herries and Kerr were at it hammer and tongs.

"Just what might have been expected from these New House mongrels!" exclaimed Digby.

"Who are you calling mongrels?" howled twenty voices.

"You New House tykes!"

replied Digby undauntedly.

"Why can't you learn to behave yourselves? If you can't, we'll teach you manners!"

"Teach us then!" said Fatty Wynn, giving Digby a tap on the nose. And the next moment Digby was sitting upon him. It was the signal for a general scrap.

New House and School House had joined against the Shell by order of their leaders, but now that the leaders were fighting, it was not to be expected that the rank and file would keep the peace.

In the heated excitement the prisoner was forgotten. Tom Merry sat on the desk, left alone in the excitement, surveying the scene of conflict with a grin.

The juniors had not had a pitched battle for a long time, and now they fairly let themselves go.

Desks and forms were pitched about and overturned, ink and papers scattered on all sides, and the din was terrific.

"Sock it in to 'em, School House!"

"Bravo! Knock the daylight out of them, New House!"

With many a war-cry the juniors closed in strife. The

Form-room seemed likely to become a wreck.

Tom Merry slid off the desk.

"Gosh! This is too good for the fellows to miss!" he murmured, and he ran to the door and unbolted it, and threw it open.

The passage was deserted. Without even noticing the escape of the prisoner, the juniors continued their strife.

Pandemonium seemed to be reigning in the Fourth Form room. Tom Merry darted along the passage in search of his chums. He heard a puffing of quick breath, and Herr Schneider, the German master, tore past him.

In a flash the German master reached the open door of the Fourth Form-room. He looked in with a grim brow.

The sight was certainly an unusual one. School House and New House were at it hammer and tongs, amid overturned desks, scattered papers, fallen easels and spilt ink.

"Stop tat!" shouted Herr Schneider. "It is as nefer vas after! Stop tat fighting, you vicked poys! Hear me mit yourselves!"

But in the wild excitement even the master's voice had no effect.

Herr Schneider rushed into the Form-room dealing slaps right and left among the juniors. Blake got one on the side of the head and, thinking it came from a foe, he hit out and caught the fat German just under his fifth button.

Herr Schneider gave a gasp and collapsed. The next moment Blake saw what he had done.

"Oh, sir! I'm sorry, sir! I didn't see you!" he exclaimed. "Chuck it, you chaps! Give over, I say!"

The fighting ceased. Looking considerably ruffled, and rumpled, and bruised, the

juniors ceased their strife and stood looking somewhat sheepishly at the master.

Blake gave Herr Schneider a hand to rise. The German master did not seem grateful. He staggered to his feet and stood leaning on a desk, gasping for breath.

"You—you vicked poys! You dare to fight in te classroom!"

"We're awfully sorry, sir," said Blake and, indeed, he spoke truthfully.

"Sorry!" spluttered the German master. "I'll make you mosh sorrier! Pad poys, vicked poys, tat nefer vas! You will stay in—te whole Form vill stay in—dis afternoon, and write out German exercises!"

Blake gave a groan, which was echoed by the whole Form.

A whole afternoon's detention, with glorious weather for football!

"Oh, Herr Schneider!" he exclaimed, "we are so sorry!"

"Not a vord more," said Herr Schneider, majestically waving his hand as he turned to the door. "You are ver' lucky tat I do not cane you all into te bargain after!"

"We will—"

The German master did not wait to hear him. He stalked out of the Form room, leaving the Fourth Form utterly dismayed.

"I say, what about the prisoner?" ejaculated Digby suddenly remembering Tom Merry. "He's hooked it."

"The—the beast! It's a wash-out all round!"

The juniors did not look happy. Tom Merry was gone, and the Fourth Form were detained for the afternoon, and certainly the laugh was not on the side of the Fourth-Formers. Tom Merry had scored all round.

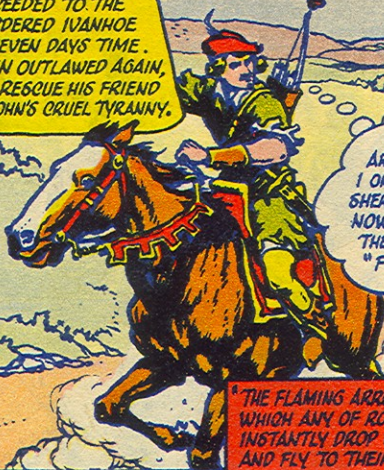
Next week: The cad of St. Jim's stirs up trouble all round!



# LORD of SHERWOOD

KING JOHN HAS SUCCEEDED TO THE THRONE AND HAS ORDERED IVANHOE TO BE EXECUTED IN SEVEN DAYS' TIME. ROBIN HOOD HAS BEEN OUTLAWED AGAIN, BUT HE SWEARS TO RESCUE HIS FRIEND AND FIGHT AGAINST JOHN'S CRUEL TYRANNY.

A RIDER CLAD IN LINCOLN GREEN THUNDERED UP THE GREAT NORTH ROAD TO NOTTINGHAM. -- IT WAS ROBIN HOOD!



SOMEWHERE IN NOTTINGHAM TOWN ARE THE TRUSTY MEN WHOM I ONCE LED AS OUTLAWS IN SHERWOOD -- I NEED THEM NOW -- AND I WILL SEEK THEM OUT WITH THE "FLAMING ARROWS"

THE "FLAMING ARROWS" -- THE SIGNAL FOR WHICH ANY OF ROBIN'S OLD BAND WOULD INSTANTLY DROP WHAT THEY WERE DOING AND FLY TO THEIR LEADER'S SIDE --

IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN AT NEWSTEAD ABBEY, A STOUT FRIAR BENT COMPLAININGLY OVER HIS TASK --



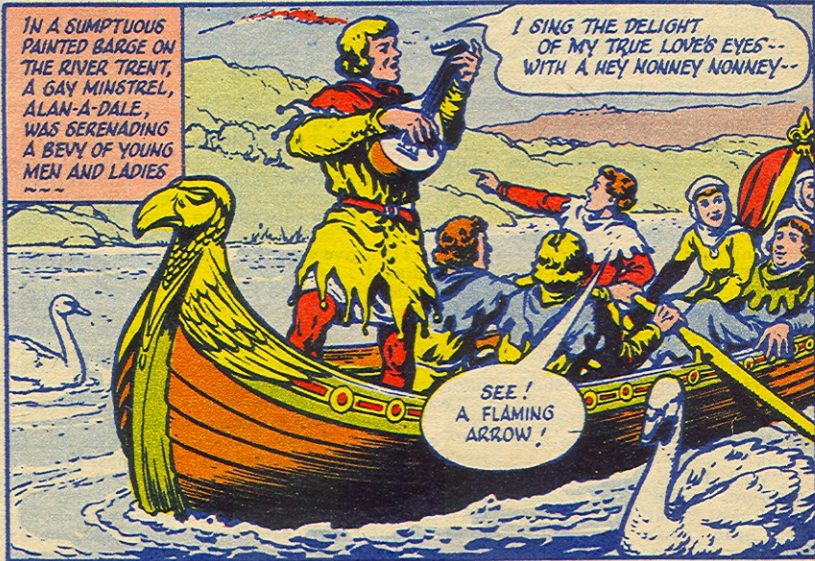
PHEW! I WISH I WERE BACK IN SHERWOOD WITH GOOD ROBIN -- THIS QUIET MONASTIC LIFE IS TOO STRENUOUS FOR FRIAR TUCK.

SUDDENLY THE GRUMBLING FRIAR SAW A FLAMING ARROW TEARING A SMOKING TRAIL ACROSS THE SKY --



"TIS ROBIN HOOD! HE IS CALLING US TOGETHER AGAIN! HOORAH! BACK TO THE LIFE OF ADVENTURE AND A FIG FOR THE SLAVE-DRIVING ABBOT AND HIS MOULDY TURNIPS!"

IN A SUMPTUOUS PAINTED BARGE ON THE RIVER TRENT, A GAY MINSTREL, ALAN-A-DALE, WAS SERENADING A BEVY OF YOUNG MEN AND LADIES



I SING THE DELIGHT OF MY TRUE LOVE'S EYES -- WITH A HEY NONNEY NONNEY --

SEE! A FLAMING ARROW!



COMING -- GOOD ROBIN!

IN A TAILOR'S SHOP IN NOTTINGHAM, THAT ELEGANT YOUNG DANDY, WILL SCARLET, WAS EXAMINING HIMSELF CRITICALLY IN A MIRROR, WHEN --



YES, GOOD SIR, IT NEEDS A LITTLE MORE FULLNESS HERE!

"THE ARROW" THE ARROW OF ROBIN HOOD!

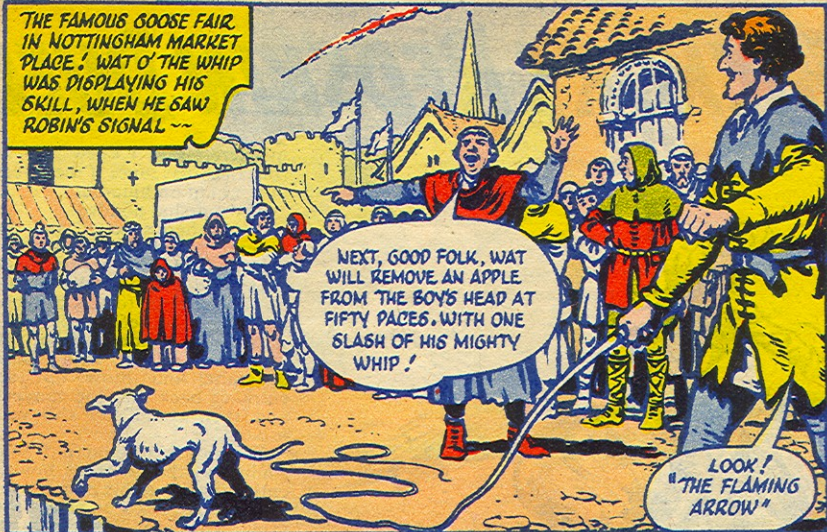
WITH A MIGHTY BOUND, WILL SNATCHED UP HIS SWORD AND LEAPED THROUGH THE OPEN WINDOW.



SEND THE BILL FOR THE DOUBLET TO SHERWOOD FOREST, GOOD MASTER TAILOR!



THE FAMOUS GOOSE FAIR IN NOTTINGHAM MARKET PLACE! WAT O' THE WHIP WAS DISPLAYING HIS SKILL, WHEN HE SAW ROBIN'S SIGNAL ~~~



NEXT, GOOD FOLK, WAT WILL REMOVE AN APPLE FROM THE BOY'S HEAD AT FIFTY PAGES. WITH ONE SLASH OF HIS MIGHTY WHIP!

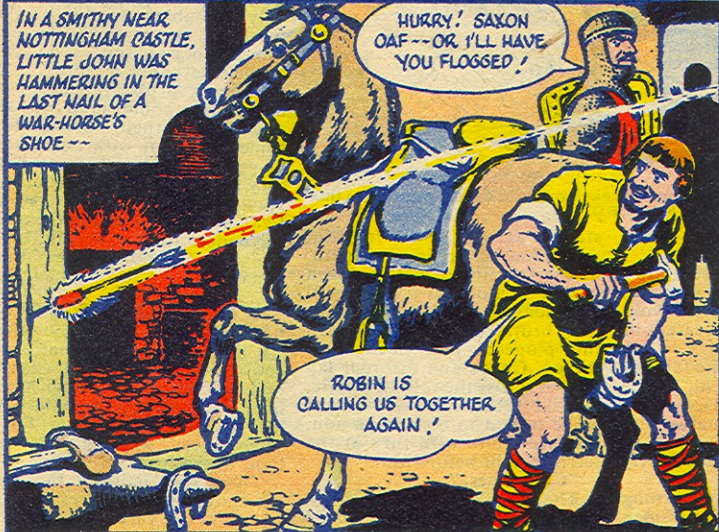
LOOK! "THE FLAMING ARROW"

~ WITHOUT A SECOND'S HESITATION WAT LEAP-FROGGED ONTO THE BACK OF A NEARBY HORSE ~~~



STAND BACK! I HAVE A MAN'S WORK TO DO NOW!

IN A SMITHY NEAR NOTTINGHAM CASTLE, LITTLE JOHN WAS HAMMERING IN THE LAST NAIL OF A WAR-HORSE'S SHOE ~~~



HURRY! SAXON OAF -- OR I'LL HAVE YOU FLOGGED!

ROBIN IS CALLING US TOGETHER AGAIN!

A BLOW FROM LITTLE JOHN'S GREAT FIST SENT THE BULLYING NORMAN SPINNING. THE GIANT JUMPED TO THE SADDLE AND GALLOPED OFF WITH ARROWS SINGING ROUND HIS EARS ~~~



MANY THANKS, SIR KNIGHT! I NEED A WELL-SHOOD STEED!

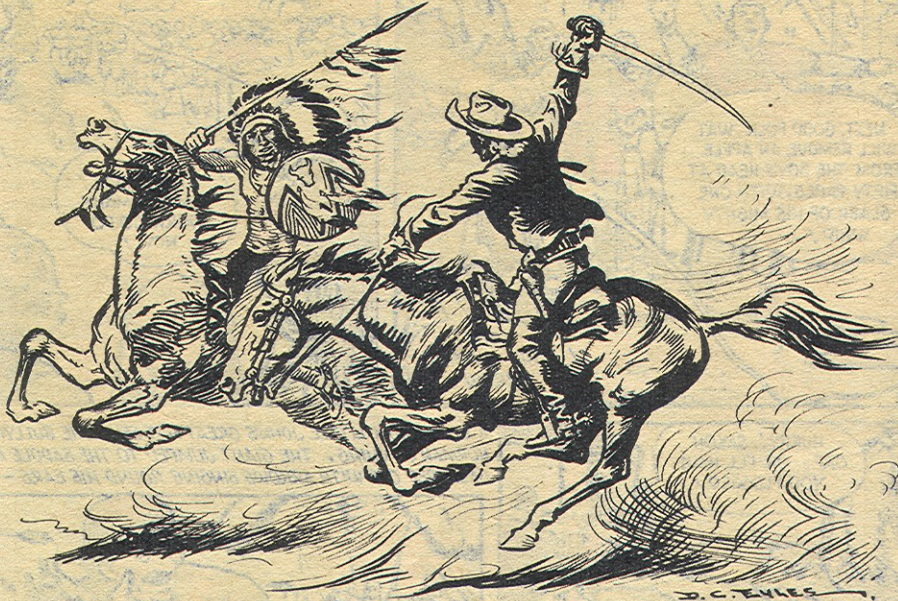
WHEN HIS TRUSTY LIEUTENANTS HAD ANSWERED THE CALL OF THE FLAMING ARROWS, ROBIN TOLD THEM OF IVANHOE'S FATE AND HOW HE HAD PLEDGED HIMSELF TO RESCUE THEIR FRIEND. SIX GLEAMING BLADES FLASHED IN THE SUN AS THE OUTLAWS SHOUTED THE BATTLE-CRY OF THE MERRIE MEN ~~~



FOR SHERWOOD AND LIBERTY!



# WILD BILL HICKOK'S REDSKIN DUEL



Cavalry sabre versus Indian lance! Wild Bill and Chief Yellow Dog face each other in deadly combat in this thrilling complete story by BARRY FORD.

## GENERAL CUSTER'S PLAN

**W**ILD BILL HICKOK, the famous fighting frontier marshal, raised his gauntleted hand in a brisk salute as he smiled down at the young general seated at a desk in his office at Fort Lincoln.

"Good-day, General Custer!"

General George Custer of the 7th Cavalry looked up from his papers, and as he saw the stalwart figure of the marshal a look of pleasure crossed the general's handsome face.

"Ah, Bill! Glad to see you. Sit down, sit down, there's no need for strict formality when we're alone, you know that."

"What's up, General?" Wild Bill asked with a friendly grin.

"How do you like the idea of helping me track down Yellow Dog?" asked Custer abruptly.

A look of interest showed in the marshal's steely blue eyes.

"Yellow Dog! The most vicious Cheyenne Indian who ever roamed the plains!" he exclaimed. "He's been causing a lot of trouble in this territory lately, hasn't he, General?"

"He has indeed," returned Custer grimly. "Killing every white person he comes across, burning and plundering settlements and wagon trains. I've been after him for months with my regiment, but he's so slippery we've never been able to catch him."

"What's your plan now, General?"

"I realise that capturing Yellow Dog is not a job for my Cavalry, Bill. Yellow Dog's too tricky, so I've decided to go after him on my own. And I'd like you along with me. Wild

you come? It's risky, mind you."

"What job of mine isn't risky?" laughed the marshal. "Of course I'll come with you, General. Only too pleased to help you out."

"Thanks," smiled the famous Indian-fighting general. "I've an idea that Yellow Dog has a hide-out in the mountains, and if he has, then I know how to trap him. We'll leave early tomorrow, Bill."

And so the following morning the two fighting frontiersmen rode through the great wooden gates of Fort Lincoln and set off alone across the prairie to round up Yellow Dog, the fearsome, warlike Cheyenne chieftain.

Custer wore his campaign uniform of fringed buckskin with a gay red neckerchief knotted jauntily at his throat. A sabre hung in his saddle-scabbard and an army revolver nestled against his hip. Beside his dapple-grey charger bounded Fury, his huge staghound, for wherever the young general went one or more of his magnificent dogs went with him.

Wild Bill was dressed in his usual natty velvet jacket, silk shirt and white broadcloth pants. His famous silver and ivory-butted Colts were cradled in their greased cutaway holsters. Both he and the general were alike in build and colouring. Neat chin beards and moustaches adorned their handsome faces, and long fair hair flowed on to their broad shoulders.

They had been riding for an hour or so when suddenly they reined in their mounts and

stared aghast at a frightful scene that lay across their path.

The remains of half a dozen prairie schooners were still smouldering from a recent fierce and brutal Indian attack. All the pioneers had been massacred. Chaos and disorder lay strewn across the rolling prairie.

Wild Bill uttered a single word as he turned to his companion, his face white with fury at the terrible sight before him.

"Cheyennes!"

The general nodded. "Yellow Dog's work! The cruel devil! Come, Bill, let's not waste any time. There's nothing we can do now for those poor souls except revenge their deaths!"

"We'll do that all right, General," remarked the marshal grimly as he and Custer streaked off, following the tracks of the Indian raiding party.

The tracks went on for miles across the wide prairie and ended abruptly on hard rocky ground where no prints showed. But Fury was able to pick up the scent of the Cheyennes' trail, and led the way towards the distant heights.

Reaching the great craggy mountains, they began a long and slow climb. At last they reached a great canyon, and there in the distance they spied the smoke of several Indian camp-fires.

"It's Yellow Dog's camp all right, Bill," said Custer, shading his eyes against the sun's glare and staring ahead. "Come on, now we've found it, let's get back before we're spotted."

As they started back down the mountain trail, Custer turned to Wild Bill.

"Remember back at head-

quarters I said I knew how to trap the Cheyennes if they were in a mountain hide-out?"

The marshal nodded.

"Well, here's how," and the general fished in his saddle-bags and drew out several large sticks of dynamite. "We'll blow up the entrance to this canyon, and then the red devils can't escape! We'll ride back for the regiment, return with more dynamite and blow out an entrance back into the canyon, and then round up the varmints!"

The marshal could not help smiling at the general's boyish enthusiasm over his plan.

"Sounds O.K. to me," he said. "I've seen this mountain on your army maps. This is the only passable way up to the redskin's camp. With the entrance blocked, there's no fear of the Cheyennes escaping."

"They'll probably put up a fight—they could hold off an attack from their position for some time. But with no means of getting food or ammunition they'll soon come to terms. Having them safely boxed up, I can afford to wait for them to surrender. And now, Bill, let's find a good spot to plant this dynamite."

## A DESPERATE FIGHT

**T**HEY found a likely place through which an entrance could be blown when Custer returned with his cavalry. After laying the dynamite, Wild Bill led the two horses and Fury safely away while Custer set light to the fuse.

They were halfway through the canyon when the explosion occurred. The noise was deafening.

"Bet that shook the Cheyennes!" muttered Custer with satisfaction. "And now to fetch the Seventh. I must say things have worked out much easier than I had imagined."

"They have indeed," agreed the marshal.

But what General Custer and Wild Bill did not know was that Yellow Dog himself was not in his camp. He and a dozen of his warriors had been out on the plains scouting for wagon trains. A large one of seventy wagons had been sighted miles off, and the vicious chief was returning to his stronghold for the rest of his savage warriors. The wagon train was a long one, and a big raiding party would be needed to attack it successfully.

And as the two frontiersmen left the canyon and streaked out on to the prairie they ran straight into Yellow Dog and his Cheyennes.

"By glory! Yellow Dog!" shouted Custer, and jerked out his revolver. But even as the general spoke Wild Bill's Colts began spurting flame as the



General George Custer and his faithful stag-hound, Fury.



screaming painted savages rushed towards them.

The next moment Custer and the marshal were encircled by the redskins, who were armed with both modern rifles and their native weapons.

There was no time for re-loading, and General Custer, finding the chambers of his revolver empty, rammied the gun back in his holster and hurriedly drew his sabre. It flashed in the sunlight as he slashed wildly at a passing Indian, sending him reeling from his pony.

While Custer, his soldier's blood aroused by fierce hatred of his foe, sabred the Cheyennes who tried to close in on him. Wild Bill kept up a steady stream of fire from his Colts, downing every redskin who got in his path. All too soon came the dreaded clicks of empty guns.

Fury, the staghound, at the first sign of the attack, had rushed into the milling throng of whooping Cheyennes. The dog shared his master's hatred of Indians, and the huge animal flew at the throat of a warrior, knocking him bodily off his pony. Fury pounced on the redman, who struggled to fight him off, but it was all to no avail. Soon the Indian lay dead, and Fury whirled to leap at another painted warrior.

Rifles were of no use at such close quarters, and so the Cheyennes swung their wicked tomahawks and brandished their spiked war clubs.

While Custer was fighting off a warrior, Yellow Dog rode at a gallop towards the general, and coming up on his off-side, swung his tomahawk high in the air, throwing it with all his might at the officer. It caught Custer on the side of his head, he toppled from his saddle and

crashed to the ground. As he fell, his sabre slipped from his hand and stuck point-first into the ground.

A savage snarl from Fury, who bounded over to the still form of his master, made Hickok look in that direction. He was about to grab his rifle from his saddle-boot and use it as a club, when he saw that Yellow Dog was racing towards him his lance raised ready for the kill.

Wild Bill touched Gypsy with his spurs and as the mare leaped forward the marshal bent swiftly down and snatched up Custer's sabre. Brandishing it high above his head, he wheeled to meet Yellow Dog's attack.

Gypsy and the Indian pony closed in. Yellow Dog's eyes narrowed in hatred of the fine-looking white man calmly confronting him.

"Yellow Hair has died at the hand of the Cheyenne Chieftain even as Man-who-shoots-fast shall die," he snarled.

In reply the marshal swung the sabre so swiftly it cut the air with a mighty swish and slashed the lance of Yellow Dog in two.

The Cheyenne bared his teeth in savage fury and quick as lightning grabbed his war club. Wild Bill ducked hastily to one side, but was not quite quick enough, and the club crashed against the sabre, knocking it flying.

Even as the sabre went spinning to the ground, Yellow Dog's hand closed over his knife. But before he could draw it from its sheath the marshal gave a sudden leap off Gypsy's back and threw himself at the Indian, carrying him to the ground.

For several minutes they fought savagely, rolling over and over on the hard ground. Yellow Dog, his naked body slippery with grease and paint, wriggled out of the marshal's grasp like an eel. Suddenly he was on top of Wild Bill, his knees cinched tightly round the marshal's waist, his knife grasped in his bronzed hand.

Hickok made a grab for the Indian's arm and ducked his head to one side to try to get out of range of the deadly knife that was pointing straight down at him. Using all his strength, he began to force Yellow Dog's arm down, at the same time he smashed his other fist against the Indian's chin.

The chief grunted and reached for the marshal's throat with his free hand. But at that second a great brown body hurled itself at the Cheyenne and rolled him

off Wild Bill.

"Good old Fury!" gasped Hickok, jumping to his feet. As Fury's teeth closed round Yellow Dog's shoulder, the Indian dropped the knife and let out a yell of pain.

"All right, boy, I'll take care of him," said Wild Bill, and jerking the Cheyenne to his feet, the marshal dealt him a pile-driving punch to the side of his jaw which knocked him out stone cold.

Hickok straightened and looked about him. No less than eleven Cheyennes were stretched on the ground near the general. The remaining two were streaking off across the prairie.

The marshal knelt down beside the still form of Custer while Fury stood quivering beside him. Custer's face was cold and still. Hickok reached out his hand and gently stroked the dog's beautiful head.

"There lies one of the finest men I've known," he said brokenly. "He died as he would have wished—fighting."

At that moment Fury suddenly bent over and began licking his master's face. To Hickok's astonishment and joy the general began to move his head slightly. His eyelids fluttered, and in a few seconds he opened his eyes.

"General!" exclaimed Wild Bill in relief. "Thank heavens you're alive!" He rushed over to Gypsy and snatched his water-bottle from his saddle. Cradling Custer's head under

his arm, Wild Bill poured some water between his lips.

The General's smiled faintly. "It will take more than a blow on the head to kill me, Bill," he murmured. "How did we do?"

"Not bad," grinned the marshal. "Between you, me and Fury, we've accounted for eleven, including Yellow Dog! Two got away."

Hours later, the general and the marshal, both looking the worse for wear, rode into Fort Lincoln with their groaning Cheyennes victims tied to their ponies. The prisoners were carefully guarded by Fury, who raced happily alongside.

The following day Custer's Cavalry returned to the Cheyenne stronghold and dynamited their way through to the mountain trail. The general took Yellow Dog with him, securely bound hand and foot. A few words from the chief soon convinced his people that if they valued their lives they should surrender at once. They needed no second bidding, for the dynamiting had scared them half to death.

"Well, General," smiled Hickok when once again they were back at Fort Lincoln, "It's been an interesting experience. I wouldn't have missed it for the world! Be sure you let me know when you're going on another one-man mission. I'd kind of like to tag along!" Another grand Wild Bill Hickok adventure next week!

## STAMP COLLECTIONS GIVEN AWAY!

No stamp collector should miss this great chance. The stamp section of the Rockfist Club is offering hundreds of prizes, including collections of 5,000 and 1,000 stamps, in a simple stamp quiz. Anyone can qualify to win the collection of 1,000 different and every entrant will receive a free gift; but only those who are already members of the Rockfist Club, or who enrol before the closing date of the competition on February 15, 1953, will qualify for the special award of 5,000.

For full details write, enclosing a 3d. stamp and asking for a free gift and approval selection to Rockfist Stamp Club, London Road, Billericay, Essex.

## JOIN THE ROCKFIST CLUB—WEAR THIS BADGE!



ROCKFIST CLUB

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Hobbies of every kind are catered for in the pen pals section which has thousands of members all over the world. Join now by sending P.O. for 1/6 and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Rockfist Club, c/o Stuart Pepper and Son, Billericay, Essex.

Don't miss these ROCKFIST BOOKS by famous Hal Wilton . . . Price 7/6 each

ROCKFIST IN THE KINGDOM OF THE KAHN

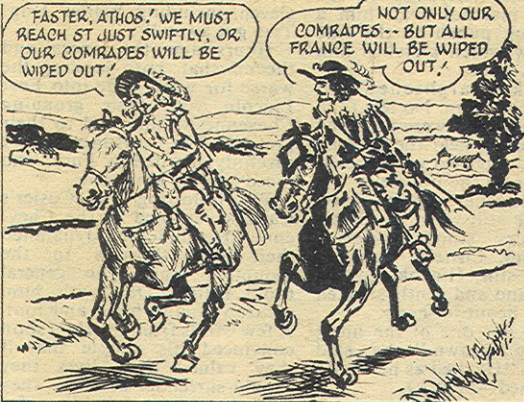
ROCKFIST AT THE NORTH POLE

From all the best booksellers or post free direct from the publishers Stuart Pepper & Son, London Rd., Billericay, Essex



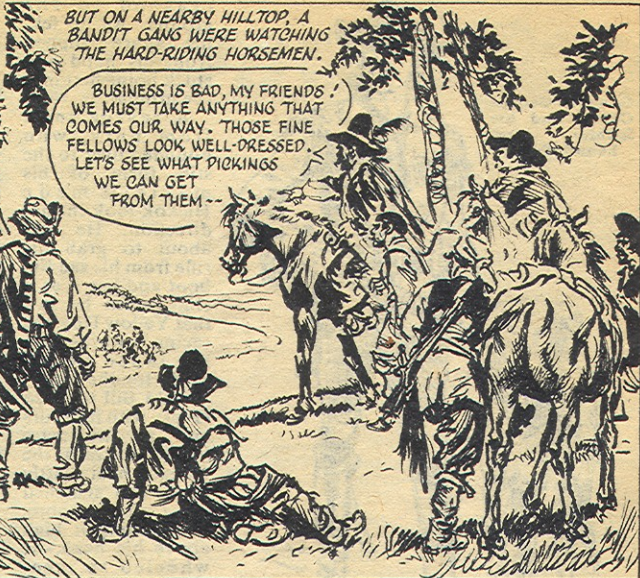
# The King's Musketeers

IN A NARROW PASS THE KING'S MUSKETEERS WERE HOLDING AT BAY THE WHOLE SPANISH ARMY-- TWO HUNDRED AGAINST TWENTY THOUSAND! D'ARTAGNAN, CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S MUSKETEERS, ORDERED HIS TWO FRIENDS ATHOS AND ARAMIS, TO RIDE TO THE FRENCH ARMY HEADQUARTERS AT THE TOWN OF ST JUST.



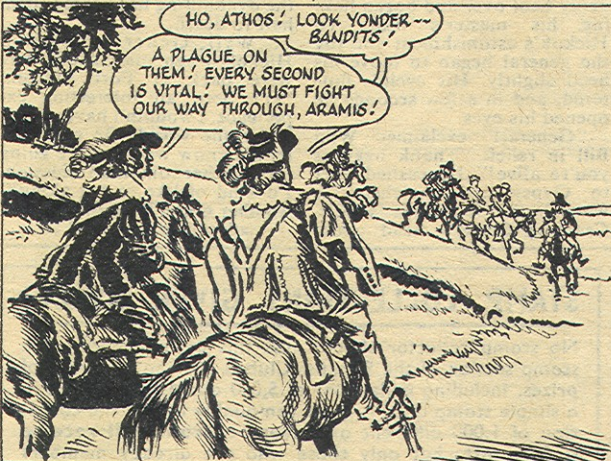
FASTER, ATHOS! WE MUST REACH ST JUST SWIFTLY. OR OUR COMRADES WILL BE WIPED OUT!

NOT ONLY OUR COMRADES-- BUT ALL FRANCE WILL BE WIPED OUT!



BUT ON A NEARBY HILLTOP, A BANDIT GANG WERE WATCHING THE HARD-RIDING HORSEMEN.

BUSINESS IS BAD, MY FRIENDS! WE MUST TAKE ANYTHING THAT COMES OUR WAY. THOSE FINE FELLOWS LOOK WELL-DRESSED. LET'S SEE WHAT PICKINGS WE CAN GET FROM THEM--



HO, ATHOS! LOOK YONDER-- BANDITS!  
A PLAGUE ON THEM! EVERY SECOND IS VITAL! WE MUST FIGHT OUR WAY THROUGH, ARAMIS!



AND ATHOS AND ARAMIS DREW THEIR SWORDS.

HALT, MY FINE GENTLEMEN! WOULD YOU RATHER LOSE YOUR GOLD AND HORSES-- OR YOUR LIVES?

AT THEM ARAMIS!



THE BANDIT LEADER ROARED AS THE MUSKETEERS BATTLED THEIR WAY FORWARD.

TEN THOUSAND CURSES! WOULD YOU LET YOURSELVES BE BEATEN BY TWO MEN, YOU FOOLS! OUT THEM DOWN!

EASIER SAID THAN DONE, PIERRE! THEY FIGHT LIKE WILDCATS!



A SWORD RIPPED THROUGH ARAMIS' DOUBLET.

SOIL MY FINEST NEW SUIT WITH YOUR DIRTY BLADE WOULD YOU, YOU ANIMAL! THIS COST ME FIFTY GOLD PIECES IN PARIS ONLY LAST WEEK.



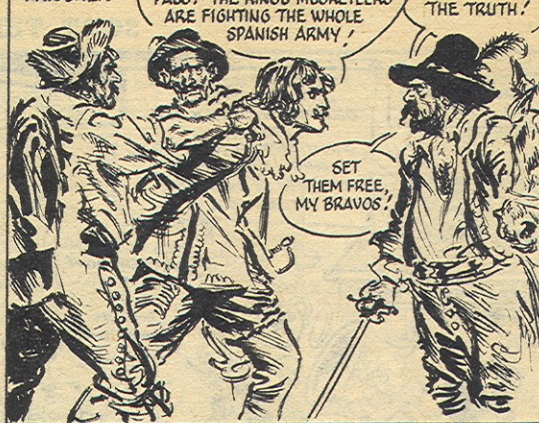
ALTHOUGH ATHOS FOUGHT VALIANTLY HE WAS OVERWHELMED AND DRAGGED FROM THE SADDLE BY SHEER WEIGHT OF NUMBERS ~



YOU CALL YOURSELVES FRENCHMEN, YOU DOGS. AT THIS VERY MOMENT, SPAIN IS INVADING FRANCE! AND YOU PREVENT US RIDING TO FETCH HELP!

PAH! 'TIS A TRICK TO ESCAPE!

ARAMIS, TOO, AT LAST WAS TAKEN PRISONER ~

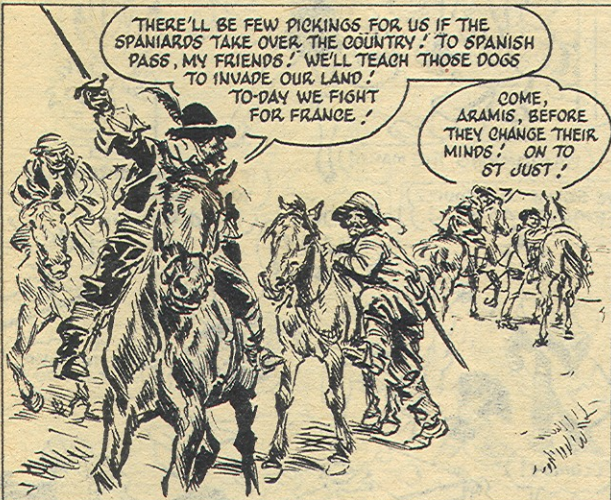


ARE YOU DEAF, MAN? CANNOT YOU HEAR THE THUNDER OF CANNON, BACK IN SPANISH PASS? THE KING'S MUSKETEERS ARE FIGHTING THE WHOLE SPANISH ARMY!

BY JUPITER, LISTEN! THEY SPEAK THE TRUTH!

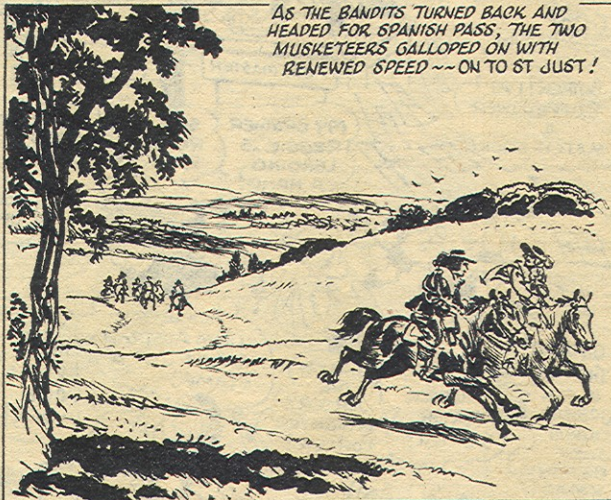
SET THEM FREE, MY BRAVOS!

THERE'LL BE FEW PICKINGS FOR US IF THE SPANIARDS TAKE OVER THE COUNTRY! TO SPANISH PASS, MY FRIENDS! WE'LL TEACH THOSE DOGS TO INVAD OUR LAND! TO-DAY WE FIGHT FOR FRANCE!

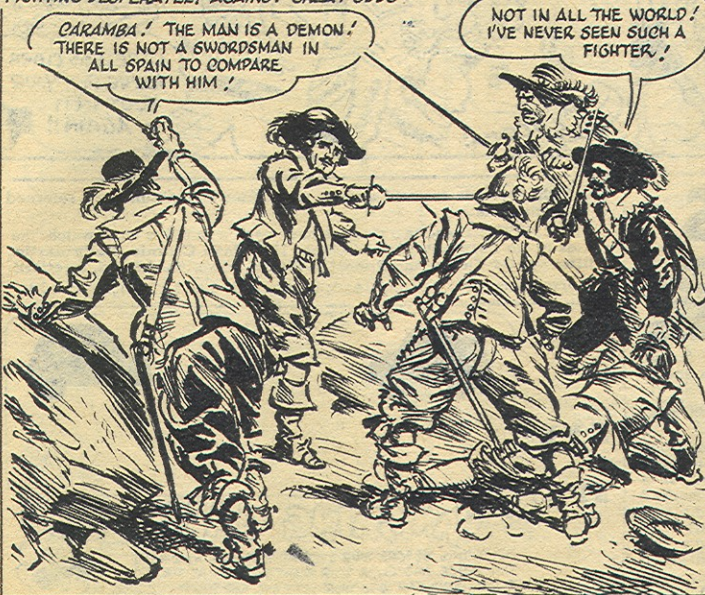


COME, ARAMIS, BEFORE THEY CHANGE THEIR MINDS! ON TO ST JUST!

AS THE BANDITS TURNED BACK AND HEADED FOR SPANISH PASS, THE TWO MUSKETEERS GALLOPED ON WITH RENEWED SPEED ~ ON TO ST JUST!



IN THE PASS A FIERCE BATTLE RAGED, AND D'ARTAGNAN FOUND HIMSELF FIGHTING DESPERATELY AGAINST GREAT ODDS ~



CARAMBA! THE MAN IS A DEMON! THERE IS NOT A SWORDSMAN IN ALL SPAIN TO COMPARE WITH HIM!

NOT IN ALL THE WORLD! I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH A FIGHTER!

THEN A CANNON-BALL SMASHED INTO THE CLIFF-FACE BRINGING DOWN AN AVALANCHE OF ROCKS. A BOULDER STRUCK D'ARTAGNAN AND FELLED HIM TO THE GROUND.

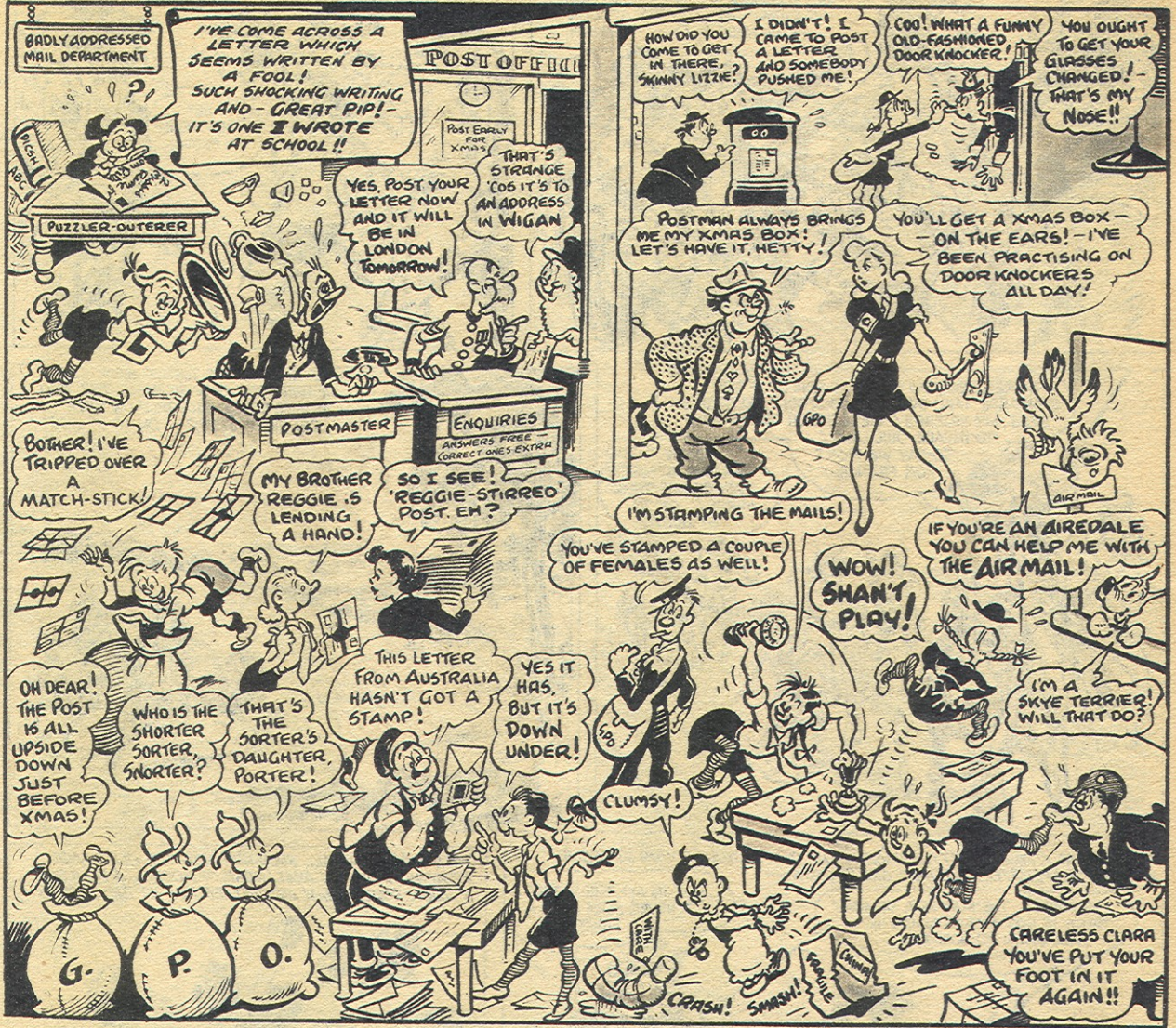


Will help arrive in time to save the Musketeers? You must not miss next week's gripping instalment!



# THE PENGUIN PATROL

SORT THE CHRISTMAS MAIL



## S.C.S.C. THE SUN CAR SPOTTERS CLUB



ANOTHER thousand numbers for you again this week, Spotters! So get out those Albums and see if the number printed on the back is one of those printed below. If so, you may send up for a free present.

All owners of Albums with numbers between 25,500 and 26,000 inclusive, and between 48,000 and 48,500 inclusive may send up a claim.

If your number is here, this is what you do. First of all, choose any one of the following presents, A Fountain-pen, "Tenni-Gun," Pocket-knife, Big Jig-saw, Box of Paints, Box of Wire Puzzles, Binoculars, or a Purse. Write the name of your choice in the space in your Album marked "For official Use," at the same time making sure that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Then, on a postcard, write the name of the character or story you like most in SUN—and in a few words say why. Pop Album and postcard in a 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to:

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

All claims for this week's presents must arrive by Tuesday, Decem-

16—SUN—December 13, 1952

ber 16th. Presents are sent about a week later and Albums are returned at the same time.

PRIZE NEWS: These two readers have each won a fine wrist watch, the prizes in our Leaves Puzzle of October 11th: Jean Cromie, Ballymartin, Killinchy, Co. Down, and Robert Mottram, 44 Stothard Road, Strefford.

Correct answers: 2, 6 and 14; 3, 9 and 15; 4, 8 and 17; 11, 12 and 13.



EYE

SPY!

### THE VANISHING CAR!

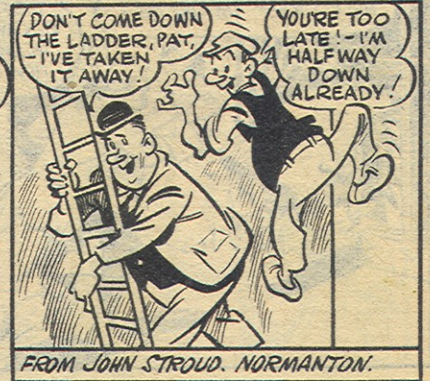
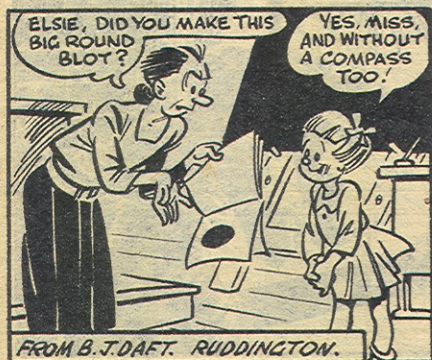
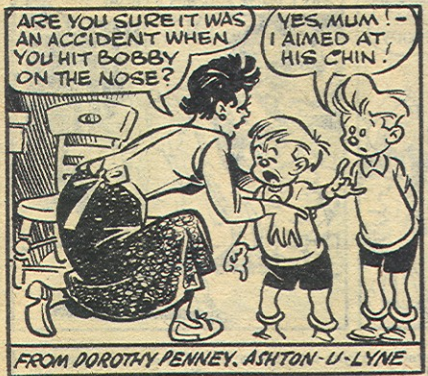
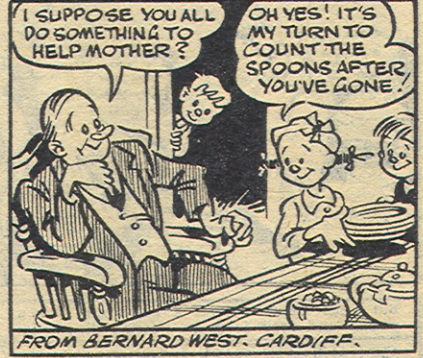
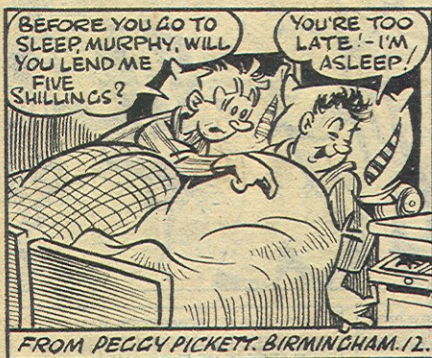
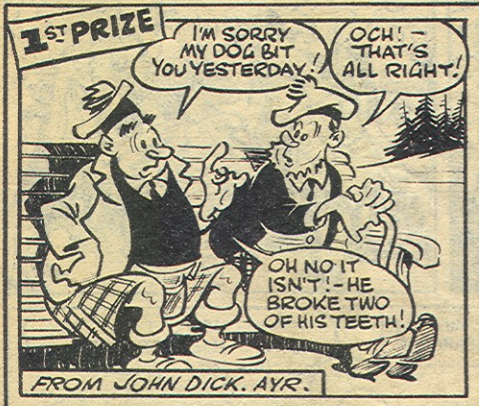
HOLD THIS BEFORE YOUR EYES AT YOUR USUAL READING DISTANCE, AND CLOSE YOUR RIGHT EYE. LOOK AT THE RIGHT-HAND CAR WITH YOUR LEFT EYE, AND SLOWLY MOVE THIS UP AND DOWN—SUDDENLY, THE LEFT CAR WILL VANISH!





# 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.





# DICK TURPIN

and  
*The Gentleman Tramp*



The Duchess of Dillwater has her necklace stolen while dancing with Sam Supple, the gentleman tramp. Dick Turpin, in the rôle of Captain Palmer, is also present with his friends.

OH, DEAR, MY DIAMONDS! SOMEBODY STOLE THEM WHILE THE LIGHTS WERE OUT!



PERHAPS I COULD HELP YOU MILADY. I AM TITUS COATES, THE NEW THIEF-TAKER OF ENGLAND

OH, IF ONLY YOU COULD, I'D BE EVER SO GRATEFUL!



NOW LET ME SEE... WHO WAS NEAREST TO YOU WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT?

WHY, I WAS DANCING WITH MR. SUPPLE, HERE



THEN I'M SURE MR. SUPPLE WON'T OBJECT TO BEING SEARCHED?

WOTCHER MEAN? I AIN'T TOOK NOTHIN! KEEP YER 'ANDS ORF ME!



But Titus Coates dived a hand into Sam's pocket and drew forth the missing diamonds.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I NEVER TOOK 'EM! THE THIEF! HONEST I DIDN'T!



Dick Turpin acted, knowing Coates did not know him.

MR. SUPPLE. I ARREST YOU IN THE NAME OF THE LAW....

JUST A MINUTE. THE FACT THAT THE DIAMONDS WERE FOUND IN MR. SUPPLE'S POCKET IS NO PROOF OF HIS GUILT. SOMEBODY MIGHT HAVE PUT THEM THERE.



YES THAT'S IT! SOMEBODY MIGHT ANYWAYS I NEVER TOOK 'EM, YOU CAN'T ARREST ME FOR SOMETHIN' I AIN'T DONE, IT AIN'T LEGAL!



But as Titus Coates again advanced on him, Sam bolted.

HELP! KEEP 'IM ORF ME!

THE FOOL! WHY DID HE RUN AWAY? THEY'LL THINK HE'S GUILTY NOW FOR SURE!



And Sam landed outside, right into the arms of the Bow Street Runners who had been planted there by Titus Coates.

GOTCHER!





Dick and his friends rushed out to see a carriage drive away, taking Sam to jail.

YOU KNOW, FRIENDS, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS. SAM'S DISCOVERY WITH THE DIAMONDS AND HIS ARREST IS ALL TOO NEAT. IT SMELLS LIKE A PLOT TO ME



And Dick was right. Next day Titus Coates and Obadiah Humble, the rascally solicitor, discussed their plan.

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY FRIEND! ALL THAT REMAINS NOW IS FOR MASTER SUPPLE TO BE RESCUED FROM JAIL. YOU PROCLAIM HIM AN OUTLAW AND HIS PROPERTY IS CONFISCATED. THEN I CAN BUY IT AT A BARGAIN PRICE!

ALL THAT HAS BEEN ARRANGED, HUMBLE



And that night a mysterious masked figure came to Sam in his cell in Newgate jail. . . .

SSSS! A FRIEND SENT ME TO GET YOU OUT OF HERE. FOLLOW ME!

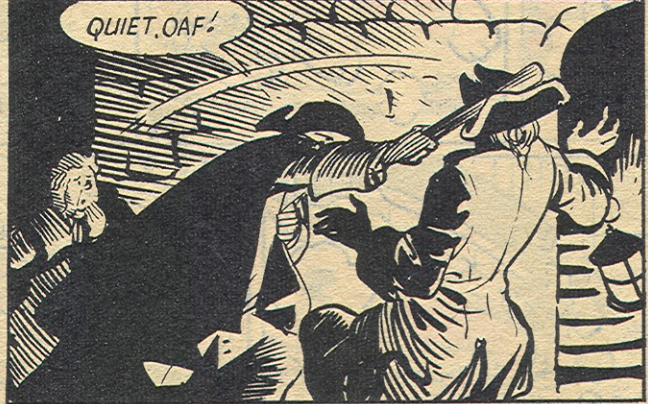


Sam was not to know that his rescuer was really Titus Coates in disguise. But near the prison gates suddenly they met a warder.

'ERE, WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN'?



QUIET, OAF!

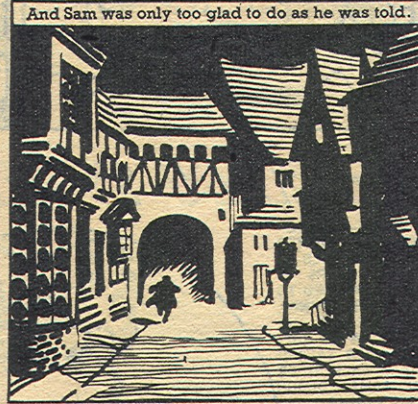


Soon Sam found himself out in the street beneath the stars—a free man.

NOW RUN FOR IT, AND LIE LOW!



And Sam was only too glad to do as he was told.



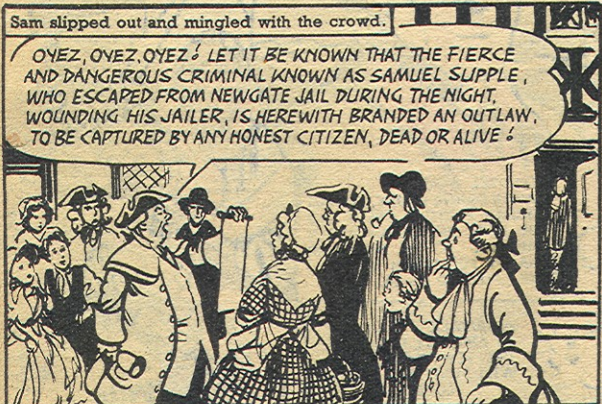
Sam slept that night in a disused warehouse, but he was awakened by voices outside.

HELLO, WHAT'S THIS? —THE TOWN CRIER!



Sam slipped out and mingled with the crowd.

OYEZ, OYEZ, OYEZ! LET IT BE KNOWN THAT THE FIERCE AND DANGEROUS CRIMINAL KNOWN AS SAMUEL SUPPLE, WHO ESCAPED FROM NEWGATE JAIL DURING THE NIGHT, WOUNDING HIS JAILER, IS HEREWITH BRANDED AN OUTLAW, TO BE CAPTURED BY ANY HONEST CITIZEN, DEAD OR ALIVE!



COO, AN OUTLAW! WHAT'S TO BECOME OF ME NOW?



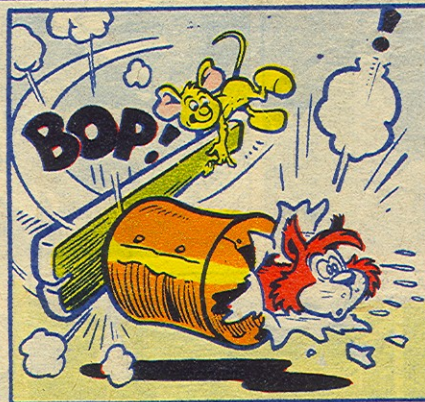
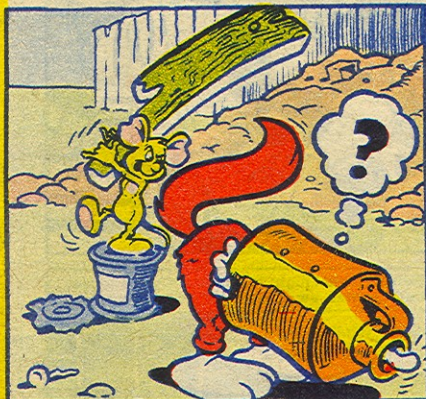
And poor Sam's troubles have just started. Don't miss the next exciting instalment!



# SUN

EVERY  
MONDAY

3<sup>D</sup>



## Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



**SIoux HORSE-DANCE**  
WHEN THE SIOUX PRAYED FOR RAIN THEY HELD A HORSE-DANCE. GROUPS OF FOUR RIDERS, SUPPOSED TO BE THE FOUR WINDS, PAINTED THEMSELVES AND THEIR HORSES WITH DIFFERENT COLOURED SACRED WAR-PAINT—EACH RIDER BEING THE SAME COLOUR AS HIS MOUNT.



**EYE SHADES**  
THE KIOWA BRAVES AND WARRIORS WORE EYE SHADES, OR VISOR-LIKE CONTRAPTIONS MADE OF HIDE, TO PROTECT THEIR EYES AGAINST THE GLARE OF THE SUMMER SUN.



**DANIEL BOONE**  
WHEN DANIEL BOONE, FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER, GREW OLD HE KEPT HIS COFFIN UNDER HIS BED TO BE NICE AND HANDY FOR WHEN HE DIED! HE LIVED TO BE 86.



**AIREDALE**  
AN AIREDALE IS ONE OF THE FEW DOGS THAT WILL FIGHT AND KILL A COYOTE.

**MEDICINE MAN**  
A MEDICINE MAN OF THE CHINOOK TRIBE WAS CALLED UPON TO CURE SICKNESS, AND IF THE PATIENT DIED, HE RAN THE RISK OF BEING KILLED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE DEAD PERSON'S FAMILY!

