

SUN

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No. 195
November 1, 1932

EVERY
MONDAY



BILLY THE KID AND THE Dandy Desperado



WHEN "DANDY"
BAXTER BROUGHT
HIS GANG OF
HOLD-UP THUGS
TO ARIZONA, HE
MADE SEVERAL
GOOD HAULS --
TO BEGIN WITH.
THEN THE
WELLS FARGO
PEOPLE GOT A
BIT TOO SMART
FOR HIM. ~ ~ ~



WE MISSED A GOOD HAUL
YESTERDAY BECAUSE THEY
CHANGED THE TIMES OF
THE MAIL COACHES. WE
GOTTA KNOW THE NEW
TIME-TABLE -- AND
I RECKON I KNOW
WHERE WE CAN
GET IT. !

AND BAXTER, LOST NO TIME IN CALLING ON MICKEY MCPHEE, THE WELLS FARGO AGENT, IN HIS LONELY CABIN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GUNSLIGHT WHERE HE LIVED WITH HIS INVALID MOTHER.



WHAT A TOUCHING, HOMELY SCENE! WHAT A PITY TO SPOIL IT!



YOU'RE GONNA DO SOMETHING FOR ME, MCPHEE! YOU'RE GONNA TELL ME THE DAYS WHEN THE WELLS FARGO COACHES LEAVE YOUR OFFICE AND HOW MUCH GOLD THEY CARRY! AND IF YOU DON'T~~



WAAL, I RECKON YOU'D SURE HATE IT IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOUR DEAR OLD BED-RIDDEN MA!



OH, WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, MICKEY?

WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE! WE'LL GO A LONG WAY AWAY. I CAN'T DO WHAT BAXTER WANTS. IT WOULDN'T BE HONEST. BUT I'M NOT GIVING HIM A CHANCE TO GET AT YOU.



BUT WHAT'S TO BECOME OF US? YOU HAVEN'T ANY MONEY SAVED UP. WHERE SHALL WE GO?

DON'T WORRY, MA. I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU. I CAN GET A JOB SOMEWHERE ELSE!



BUT MICKEY AND HIS MOTHER DIDN'T LEAVE THEIR HUMBLE LITTLE CABIN UNOBSERVED.

YOU WERE RIGHT, BOSS. THE LITTLE RAT IS RUNNING OUT ON US!

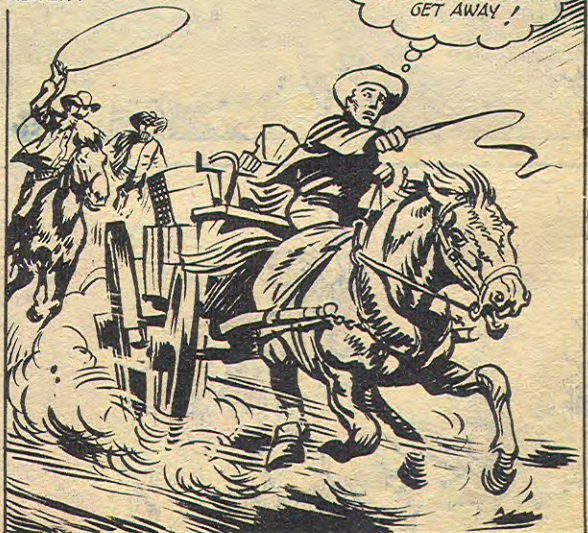
YEAH, WELL, WE'LL SOON PUT A STOP TO THAT!



AND MICKEY SUDDENLY HEARD THE POUNDING OF HOOF BEHIND HIM.

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, MCPHEE! MEBBE I DIDN'T MAKE MYSELF CLEAR!

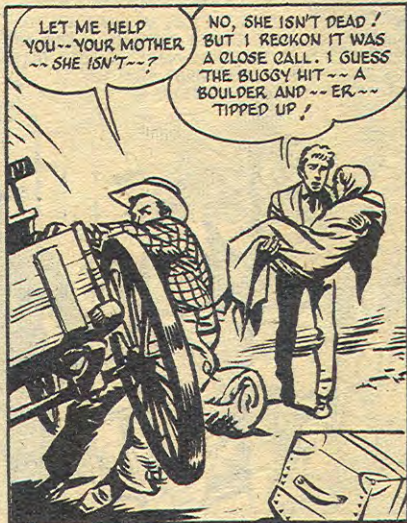
VAINLY, MICKEY MCPHEE WHIPPED UP HIS SOLITARY AGED HORSE AS BAXTER, AND HIS THUGS THUNDERED NEARER.



IT'S NO USE~~ WE'LL NEVER BEAT THEM. OH, WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO THINK WE COULD GET AWAY!



AND BAXTER AND HIS GANG HAD RIDDEN OUT OF SIGHT WHEN HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, KID BOSS OF THE CIRCLE-B RANCH, CAME UPON THE OVERTURNED BUGGY WITH MICKEY AND HIS MOTHER, STILL BESIDE IT.



NEXT MORNING WILL HAD BUSINESS IN GUNSIGHT AGAIN. HE WAS PASSING THE WELLS-FARGO OFFICE WHEN HE SAW TWO OF BAXTER'S RUFFIANS COMING OUT--

IT WORKED LIKE A DREAM. WE GOT HIM REALLY SCARED NOW. THE BOSS'LL BE PLEASED ABOUT THIS!

THEY LOOK A COUPLE OF UGLY CUSTOMERS. MAYBE THEY HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH MICKEY'S "ACCIDENT" AND HIM BEING SCARED THAT WAY.



HIS CURIOSITY AROUSED, WILL FOLLOWED THE TWO MEN AS THEY SET OFF DOWN THE STREET.

THEY'RE GOING INTO THAT SHACK. MAYBE, I COULD GET A LOOK AT THIS BOSS OF THEIRS?



AND WILL CREEPT UP TO A SIDE WINDOW OF THE SHACK.

WELL, DID MCPHEE TELL US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW?

SURE, BOSS! HE'S DEAD SCARED WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER CRACK AT HIS POOR OLD MA. HE SAYS THE NEXT GOLD COACH LEAVES IN HALF-AN-HOUR AND WE MADE SURE MCPHEE WOULD RIDE WITH IT!



GOOD! IF MCPHEE GOES WITH IT, HE CAN MAKE SURE THE DRIVER GOES THE WAY WE WANT HIM TO. WE'VE JUST GOT TIME TO RIDE OUT TO RATTLESNAKE CANYON. THAT'S THE BEST SPOT FOR A HOLD-UP!

AND WILL BONNEY CROUCHED BACK IN THE SHADOWS AS BAXTER AND HIS MEN RODE PAST ON THEIR WAY OUT OF TOWN --



SO THAT'S IT! THOSE DOGS HAVE SCARED MICKEY INTO GIVING AWAY INFORMATION ABOUT GOLD SHIPMENTS BY THREATENING HIS MOTHER -- THIS IS A JOB FOR BILLY THE KID!

AND WILL RODE OUT OF GUNSIGHT ALONG THE STEEP TRAIL TOWARDS THUNDERBIRD PEAK.

I GOT TO GET MOVING. THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME BEFORE THE COACH REACHES RATTLESNAKE CANYON!



SWINGING ACROSS THE WIDE CHASM AT THE TOP OF THUNDERBIRD PEAK, WILL REACHED A HIDDEN VALLEY WHERE HE KEPT A MAGNIFICENT STALLION, A SUIT OF BLACK CLOTHES, A BLACK MASK AND A PAIR OF PEARL-HANDLED COLTS. FOR, UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL, THE MAN WHO NEVER CARRIED A GUN WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID-- LONE AVENGER OF THE WEST!

HI, THERE, SATAN! SEEMS YOU NEVER GET MUCH REST. WE'VE GOT ANOTHER JOB TO DO BETWEEN US!



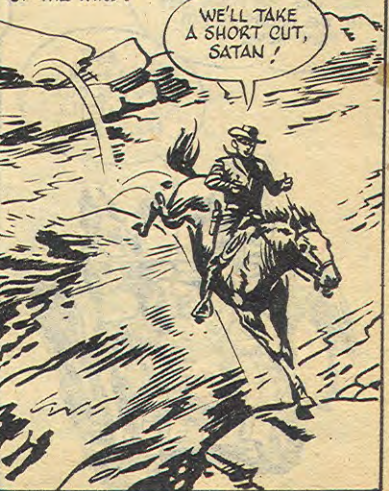
AND SHOUTING HIS BATTLE-CRY, BILLY THE KID LEAPED THE MIGHTY CHASM ASTRIDE HIS FAMOUS STALLION, SATAN.

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!



SATAN, THE WONDER HORSE, CARRIED HIS PARE-DEVIL MASTER TOWARDS RATTLESNAKE CANYON WITH THE SPEED OF THE WIND.

WE'LL TAKE A SHORT CUT, SATAN!

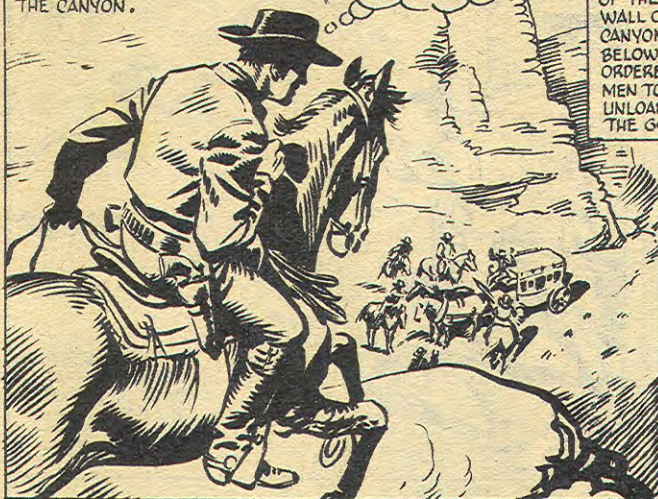


AND A FEW MINUTES LATER-- BILLY DREW REIN OVERLOOKING THE CANYON.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ONLY JUST IN TIME AT THAT!

UNCOILING A LARIAT, BILLY BEGAN THE TRICKY DESCENT OF THE SHEER WALL OF THE CANYON, WHILE BELOW BAXTER ORDERED HIS MEN TO START UNLOADING THE GOLD

HURRY IT ALONG, BOYS! WE DON'T WANT TO KEEP MR MCPHEE WAITING--THE POOR LITTLE FELLER MIGHT CATCH COLD!



BUT THOUGH BAXTER AND HIS MEN WERE TOO BUSY TO NOTICE BILLY, MCPHEE WASN'T, AND HIS STARTLED LOOK AROUSED THE GOLD ROBBER'S SUSPICIONS.

WHAT THE HECK ARE YOU STARING AT, MCPHEE--WHAT IN--WHO'S THAT? WHY--IT'S--BILLY THE KID!

AS BAXTER'S GUN BARKED, BILLY SWIFTLY COILED THE ROPE ROUND ONE ANKLE AND LET GO WITH HIS HANDS--



AND HANGING UPSIDE DOWN AS HE WAS, BILLY'S GUNS CHATTERED THEIR DEADLY MESSAGE

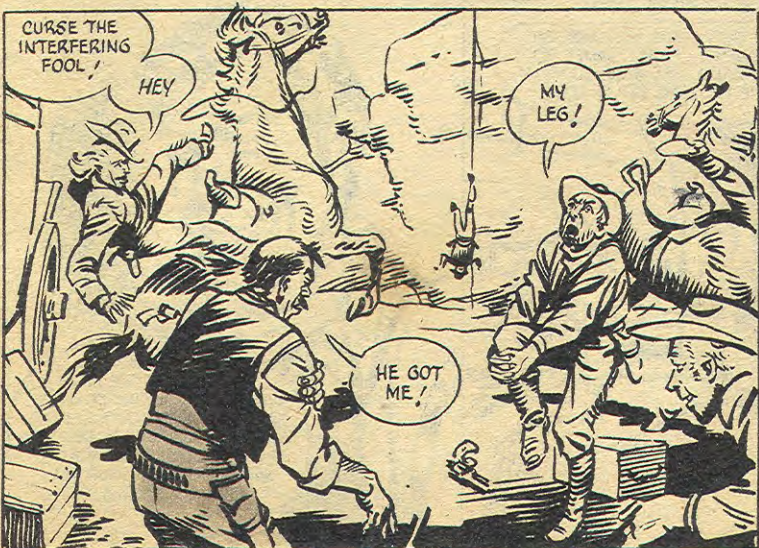


CURSE THE INTERFERING FOOL!

HEY

MY LEG!

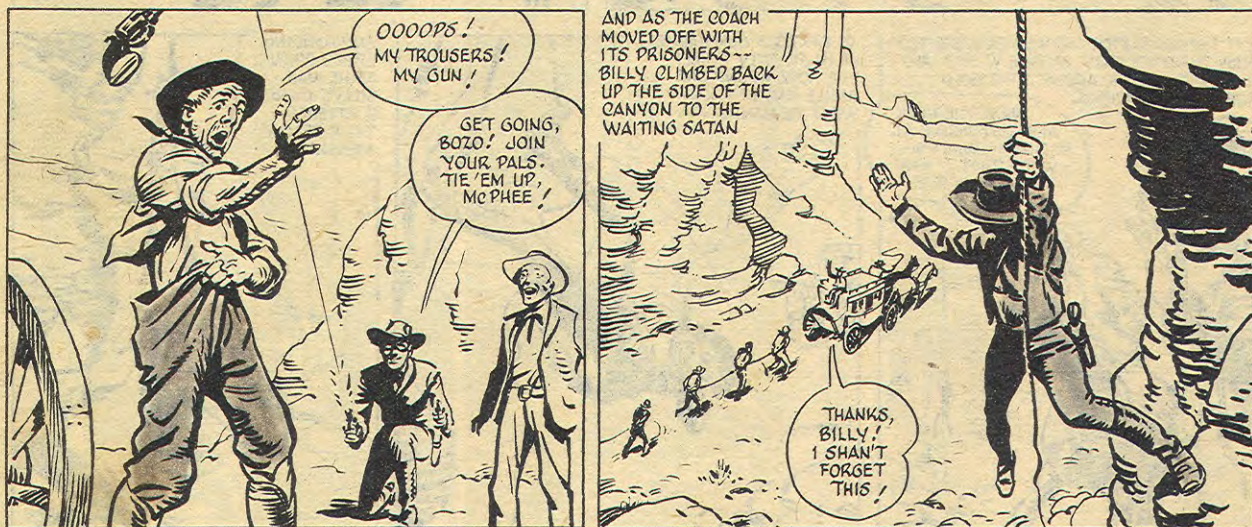
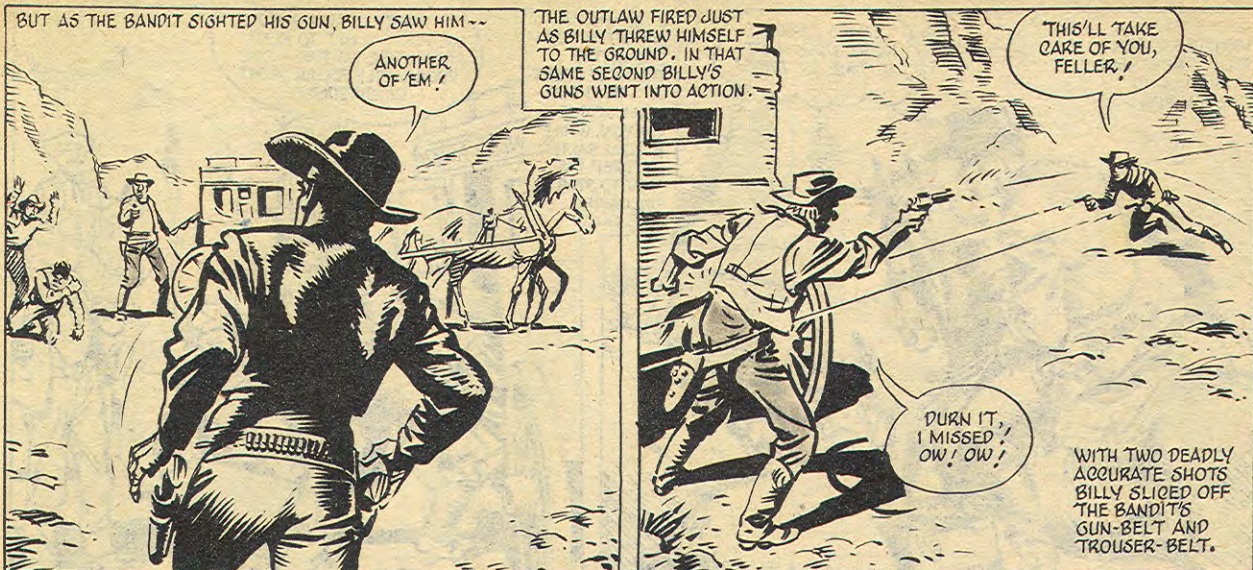
HE GOT ME!



BAXTER AND HIS MEN SOON GAVE UP THE FIGHT AND BILLY DROPPED LIGHTLY TO THE GROUND. BUT ONE OF THE RUFFIANS HAD BEEN HIDDEN BEHIND THE COACH DURING THE SHOOTING

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET BILLY THE KID.





THE NEXT DAY, WILL BONNEY PAID ANOTHER VISIT TO THE McPHEE'S CABIN --



TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.

Tom Merry and his chums, Harry Manners and Monty Lowther, known far and wide as the Terrible Three, have learned that their school, Clavering College, is to be closed down and that they, together with their other friends, are to be sent to the college of St. Jim's.

HOW TOM MERRY WENT TO ST. JIM'S

THE first post in the morning brought Tom Merry, who was an orphan, a letter from his old governess and nurse—Miss Priscilla Fawcett. It announced that the good lady was coming down to see him that day in order to talk with him over the news Mr. Railton had written to her.

"You're in for it, Tommy!" said Manners, when Tom Merry showed him the letter. "You know what a dear old soul she is. She's going to fill you up to the chin with cod-liver oil and see you change your socks before you start for St. Jim's. Mind you don't lose your hot-water bottle, or she'll start hunting for it. It mustn't be left behind."

"Oh, don't talk rot!" said Tom. "This is bad enough, without your taking the mickey. I'd wire to her not to come, only it's too late now."

That was true. Miss Fawcett was at Clavering an hour after her letter. The news of her coming was brought to Tom in the Shell classroom, and he was permitted by the master to go out and see his affectionate governess.

"Dearest Tommy!" exclaimed Miss Priscilla, enfolding him in her embrace. "Dearest Tommy, how have you got on all this long time?"

"Why, you saw me only a fortnight ago!" said Tom.

"It seems such a long time, my sweetest!"

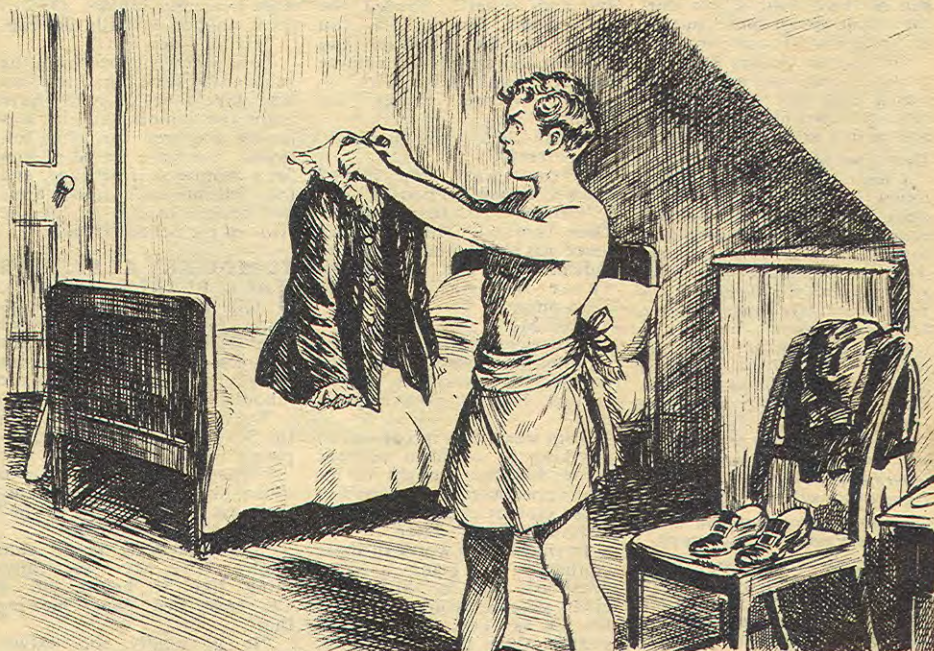
"Oh, please don't! Somebody may hear you!"

"Very well, dear Tommy. You know why I have come down," said the old lady, holding him at arm's length and regarding him affectionately. "It's about this change Mr. Railton designs to make. It is a little unreasonable of him to decide to change the quarters of the school at such a short notice before I have had time to fully inquire and inspect the new college; but I do not mean you to go there into danger—"

"Danger!" exclaimed Tom. "What on earth are you driving at, nurse?"

"My sweetest boy, there may be draughts, or—or anything. The drains may be bad. They may put you into a draughty study."

Tom Merry grinned. It seemed funny to him that Miss Fawcett's principal concern in the catastrophe that had overtaken



"Oh, my word!" gasped Tom Merry, holding up the velvet jacket with its lace collar. "These are the only clothes in the house for me, and I've got to be at St. Jim's by ten o'clock."

Clavering was whether he might be put into a draughty study when he took up his new quarters.

"I shall have to go over the school, of course, and examine things," said Miss Fawcett. "I have received an invitation from Dr. Holmes to do so, in fact. He seems to have written it from here last evening."

"The old boy was here last night," said Tom. "We gave him a proper doing, too, in mistake for a flipping money-lender. We put our foot in it well and truly."

Miss Fawcett clasped her hands in horror.

"You—you are talking slang, dear Tommy!"

"Slang! My dear nurse, that's all right. You'll soon pick it up if you see much of me. I know you don't always understand now, but you'll soon get the hang of it."

Miss Fawcett gave it up. "Tommy, my dear boy, I have Mr. Railton's permission to take you with me today."

Tom did not look overjoyed at this information.

"What for—a holiday?"

"Yes, my dear child; and tomorrow you will come with me to see St. Jim's, and judge whether you like it and whether you would like to live there."

"Oh, yes, I should. I want to go with Mr. Railton."

"But you must see it first, Tommy. I have heard things about the school—"

"It's one of the finest in England," said Tom hotly. "They licked us at football

once, and at cricket twice, and what more could you want to know? I've seen a lot of their chaps, and they are ripping. Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's, is a real whizzer!"

"What an expression, Tommy! But I have heard that there are two Houses at St. James's—"

"So there are at lots of schools; five or six sometimes."

"Yes, but these, the School House and the New House, are always on bad terms with one another, and sometimes they fight!" said Miss Fawcett, looking horrified.

Tom laughed.

"My dear nurse, if you think I've been all this time at Clavering without learning how to fight, you're up a gum-tree!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Tommy!"

"Besides, there's always a certain amount of rivalry between two houses at a school," said Tom. "It does them good. Keeps them up to the mark in sports and so on. And it's jolly good fun at St. Jim's. I've heard about it from the chaps. Why, that's what I'm looking forward to!"

"But you would like to come home before going there, Tom?"

"Ye-es," said Tom, who, much as he had changed since leaving home, was very fond of his old nurse, and did not want to hurt her feelings. "I'll come home for a day if you like, nurse."

But he had an inward uneasiness. Big boy as he was, Miss Fawcett had always

dressed him in pretty velvet suits when he was at home, and made a baby of him generally, refusing to recognise the fact that he was no longer an infant. Miss Fawcett had once had a brother, and she liked Tom to dress as her brother did when a boy.

Tom did not intend to have anything of that kind again if he could help it, and so his promised visit to Laurel Villa was not a wholly joyful prospect. But Tom Merry was always cheerful, and he was feeling in high spirits when he stepped into the cab with Miss Fawcett.

He would see his chums again at St. Jim's, and the parting was not to be for long. And when the train landed him at Huckleberry Heath and he re-entered Laurel Villa after his long absence, he was made so much of that he spent a pleasant day, and retired for the night quite happy.

There was a peculiar expression in Miss Fawcett's eyes when she kissed him good night, and if Tom had noticed it he might have guessed that a plot was brewing; but he did not, and when he went to bed he slept the sleep of the just, and did not wake until the sun was high up the following morning and glinting in at his window.

Miss Fawcett had told him that they were to start at ten o'clock for St. Jim's, and Tom, looking at his wrist watch, found that it was nine, so he

(Continued on next page)

jumped out of bed.

After his bath he looked for his clothes; then he gave a whistle of dismay. There, placed ready for him, was a beautiful suit of velvet, with a lace shirt, the whole being more suitable for little Lord Fauntleroy.

Of his own clothes there was no trace, but lying on the table was a little note in Miss Fawcett's handwriting. Tom read it and gave a groan of disgust.

Dear Tommy,

I want you to wear your own things just once more. I do so want you to look like my own dear brother when we used to go to school together fifty years ago. You have changed so much since you left Laurel Villa that I fear you do not love your old nurse as you used to.

Dear Tommy, I know you will not refuse. I do so want to see you look as you used to look. Be a good, dear boy, and do so for my sake.

I have given your other clothes to a poor boy, so there are no others but these for you to wear. You will not mind.

Your affectionate nurse,
PRISCILLA FAWCETT.

"Oh, my word!" said Tom, staring at the letter. "We've got to start for St. Jim's at ten, and these are the only clothes in the house for me. I won't wear them! I'll go in my giddy pyjamas rather!"

There was a tap at the door. "Are you dressed, my dearest Tommy?"

"No!" shouted Tom. "Where are my togs?"

"Tommy. Your what?"

"My duds—my clothes?"

"I have given them away to a poor boy. I am sure you will not grudge them, Tommy."

"Not a bit of it; but I can't wear these things."

"You will look so beautiful and sweet."

"I don't want to look beautiful and sweet!" howled the unfortunate Tommy. "If you don't get me a blazer and flannels, or at least something decent, I won't go, so there!"

"Dr. Holmes expects us, Tommy."

"Then I'll go in my pyjamas!"

"Tommy!"

"I can't wear these things! I can't! I shan't! Phooey!"

"Tommy, just to please me. Dear Tommy!" Miss Priscilla's voice was shaky and seemed to indicate that she was on the verge of tears. "Dear To-o-mmy!"

Tom Merry was alarmed.

"All right, nurse; don't turn on the waterworks!" he cried hastily. "I'll wear the beastly things. Don't—please don't cry!"

Tom was ready to consent to anything to avoid a pathetic scene; but the thought of his first appearance at St. Jim's in those clothes came to him like a shower of cold water.

In spite of the worry of those clothes, Tom made a good breakfast, and for Miss Priscilla's sake he assumed a cheerful air as they drove to the station. Once more, as of old, people looked at him as he passed, and smiled. Tom felt his position acutely. The train journey down to Rylcombe was a martyrdom to him.

He was relieved when he arrived there, though he knew that the worst part of his ordeal was to come. When his box arrived from Clavering he would have a change of clothes, but before then he would have to run the gauntlet of hundreds of curious eyes.

The very man who drove the ancient station cab grinned as he touched his cap. Miss Priscilla did not observe it, but Tom did.

But he had made up his mind to stick it out, and he went through it all like a Spartan. He looked curiously at his surroundings as the old cab rolled slowly down the Rylcombe road towards the school.

There was the wood on his left, with the path leading to the ruined castle, where many a strange scene had been enacted in the history of St. Jim's. There, ahead of him, rose the school tower above the trees, and there soon afterwards was the grey old gateway and the big bronze gates.

Tom Merry had visited St. Jim's once before with a cricket team from Clavering, so the place was not quite strange to him. But now that it was to be his home he looked upon it with new interest. It was a far more extensive place than Clavering, covering something like four times as much ground, and dating centuries further back into the remote past.

As the vehicle stopped in the old quadrangle, four boys came

down the steps of the School House, which occupied one side of the quad, facing the New House, a more modern building, on the other side. The four were evidently juniors. One of them nodded towards the cab.

"Hullo, a new kid!"

Tom Merry stepped from the vehicle. He knew what an effect his appearance would have upon the juniors, but he was hardly prepared for what followed. The boys stared at him for a minute as if petrified, and then fell into each other's arms and rocked to and fro on the steps of the School House.

TOM MERRY AT ST. JIM'S

JACK BLAKE, of St. Jim's, fell into the arms of his chum George Herries, while Bob Digby collapsed into the embrace of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, the dandy of the school.

The chums of Study No. 6 in the School House seemed completely overcome.

"What is it?" murmured Blake, in tones of exaggerated faintness. "What can it be? I wonder if it has a name?"

"It's something new," said Digby. "I've never seen anything like it before off a Christmas tree. Fancy meeting that!"

"It is weally too extwawordinaw," said D'Arcy, who could never sound his r's properly. He pushed Dig into a sitting position on the step and solemnly adjusted his eyeglass, and through it took a survey of the wrathful Tom Merry. "It is alive; I can see its features move. What a swange object!"

"Look here!" exclaimed Tom Merry, looking warlike. "If you—"

Blake covered his face with his hands.

"Don't!" he gasped. "Don't! Oh, don't!"

"Don't what?"

"Don't ask me to look. I can't really. I'm not strong, and I'm afraid it might be too much for me!"

"Tommy! Dear Tommy!"

It was Miss Priscilla's voice from inside the taxi. And Tom, with whom politeness outweighed everything else turned to assist the lady from the vehicle.

"Take no notice of those rude boys," said Miss Priscilla. "Give me your arm, dearest Tommy."

Dearest Tommy turned scarlet, but he obeyed. Blake gasped with merriment. He hadn't seen anything as funny as this for a long time.

"Oh, my hat!" he giggled. "Dearest D'Arcy, give me your arm. Don't take any notice of these common, rude boundahs. You vulgar people, get off the earth!"

And Blake, taking the arm of D'Arcy, followed Miss Priscilla and Tom Merry to the doorway of the Head's house. He walked in a graceful way, leaning upon the arm of the swell of the School House, and the sight

was irresistible. Herries and Digby howled with laughter, and Kildare, the captain of St. Jim's, looking out of his study window to see what the matter was, had to laugh too.

"Oh, that young rascal, Blake!" he murmured. "Blake! Blake!"

The chief of the School House juniors stopped.

"Did you call me, Kildare?"

"Stop that immediately!"

"Oh, I say, Kildare!" said Blake. "Mustn't D'Arcy and I take a little stroll for our health after morning school in the quadrangle?"

"Weally, we wequire it for our health," said Arthur Augustus.

But the door opening to admit Miss Priscilla and Tom Merry sent Blake and D'Arcy scuttling off. They rejoined Herries and Dig.

"Well," said Blake, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Well, my pippins, we're not likely to go in want of a good cackle if that merchant is going to stop at St. Jim's."

"I suppose it's a new kid," said Herries. "But if they put it in the School House I shall kill it!"

Blake looked alarmed.

"Oh, they wouldn't dare!" he exclaimed. "The New House is the proper place for it. It was a bit of a wrench for us to stand D'Arcy when he came—"

"Oh, weally now, dear boy!" said Arthur Augustus.

Meanwhile, Miss Fawcett was shown into the presence of the Head of St. Jim's, Mr. Railton of Clavering College had somewhat prepared Dr. Holmes for the visit, but the Doctor had certainly never expected anything like this. He adjusted his gold-rimmed pince-nez and stared at Tom.

"Dear me! It is Merry."

"It is my dear boy," announced Miss Priscilla, with a glance of fond pride at Tom. "I have brought him with me, Dr. Holmes. You will be very kind to him?"

Tom Merry gave a wriggle. "Oh, very kind!" said Dr. Holmes. "But what is the meaning of this peculiar attire? I—ah—" He paused, reflecting that it would be easier to deal with this matter after Miss Fawcett was gone. "Well, let it pass. Now, what is it you wish, my dear madam?"

"As I informed you, I believe, Dr. Holmes, I wish to make an inspection of the school in order to fulfil my duties towards this dear boy," said Miss Priscilla. "Of course, I fully accept your assurance, but at the same time—"

"Exactly," said Dr. Holmes, touching a bell. "As Merry will go into the School House, I will ask Mr. Latham, the master of the Fourth Form, to show you over the building, Miss Fawcett. I am very much occupied just now."

He turned to the maid who answered his ring.

"Kindly request Mr. Latham

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to come to me."

In a few minutes the master of the School House made his appearance. He gave Tom Merry a very peculiar look as he bowed to Miss Fawcett. The doctor explained in a few words.

Mr. Lathom expressed himself as delighted to be of any service to Miss Fawcett, and he politely conducted her to the School House. The lady insisted upon taking Tom by the hand and making him accompany her, so that he, too, should be satisfied by an inspection of his new home. Fellows came to their study doors or collected on the stairs, and in the corridors, to look at Tom.

Morning school was over and all the School House seemed to be at liberty to devote its attention to the new boy. Mr. Lathom kept a face as solemn as a judge's as he escorted Miss Fawcett over the building, and whenever he saw a grinning face he frowned at it. But chuckles and giggles followed the party wherever they moved. When they passed along the upper corridor, the chums of Study No. 6 were standing at their door, looking out with much interest.

"There it is again!" said Blake. "As large as life!"

And as Tom Merry passed they all four bowed low, with their hands upon their hearts, in the most respectful and graceful manner.

"Dear me," said Miss Priscilla. "What nice polite boys!"

The three next paid a visit to Tom Merry's new study, and it appeared to satisfy Miss Priscilla Fawcett.

It was a new room belonging to some additions that had lately been built to the School House. A pleasant room, though not over-large, and Tom liked it. His nurse had already made a long list of articles that were to be sent down to furnish it from London. Tom having expressed himself satisfied with his new quarters, the tour of inspection ended for the time. Miss Priscilla lunched with the Head while Tom took his dinner in the dining-hall of the School House with the rest of the House.

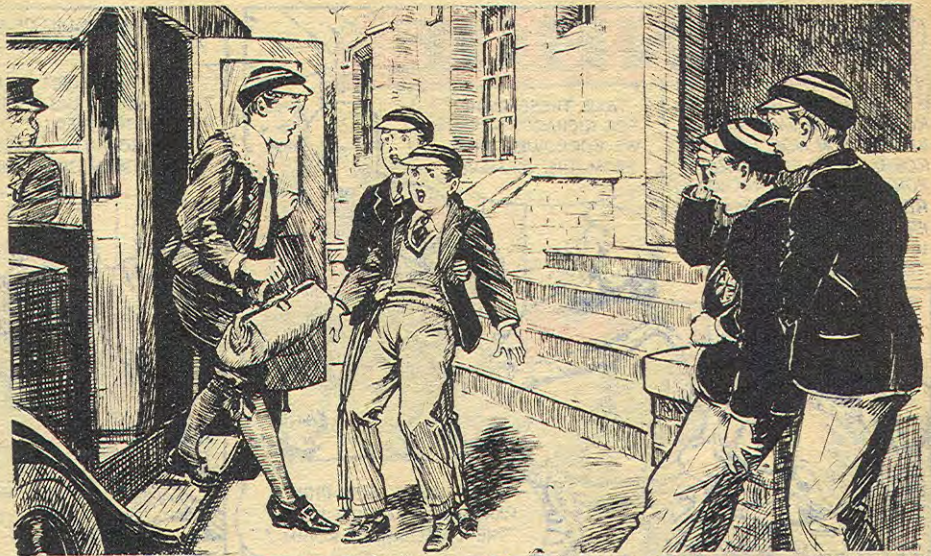
Glances were continually cast in his direction, and the room, in spite of Mr. Lathom's frowns, was in a continual giggle. But Blake was worried. He knew now that Tom Merry was to come into the School House, and he knew that New House would laugh their heads off about it. What was to be done? The juniors consulted about it after dinner.

"Kill it!" said Percy Mellish. "That's the only thing to be done. By Jupiter, I have an idea!"

"What's the idea?" said Blake with a growl. "Your ideas are not usually worth much unless you pinch 'em from somebody else."

"If you can't be civil—"

"Oh, rats! What's the wheeze?"



Tom Merry stepped from the taxi—and the chums of Study No. 6 gaped in amazement. "What is it?" murmured Blake faintly. "I wonder if it has a name?"

"You can see how particular the old lady is about his health," said Percy, grinning. "She coddles him like a baby."

"Yes, poor beast."

"Suppose we make her believe there was something awfully wrong with the School House—she would make them shift him into the New House at once."

Blake jumped at the idea.

"By jingo, that's all right! Lemme see; how can it be arranged? Kids, we've got to put our heads together over this."

"The drains," suggested Digby; "Could we get anything wrong with them?"

"A smell in his study," said Herries. "Something strong and niffy."

"That's the idea! And I know how we can make his room awfully whiffy."

Blake darted off to Study No. 6 and returned with half a dozen over-ripe kippers and a large chunk of bad cheese. Blake was holding his nose, for the whole gave off a terrible smell.

"Come along, kiddies," he grinned; "this is a great wheeze!"

The chums hurried off to the new study allotted to Tom Merry. It was very barely furnished so far and the old square of carpet on the floor was not tacked down. Blake jerked it up and spread the kippers and cheese on the floor. Then the carpet was laid over them.

When Blake had finished the room certainly had a smell that would have alarmed the least nervous of old ladies.

Satisfied with their work, the juniors hurried away. It was a half-holiday that day at St. Jim's, and the weather being fine, Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, intended to take the Lower Form boys for a walk, and the chums had to get ready.

Miss Fawcett was looking for

Tom Merry to say goodbye to him, and at sight of the old lady Blake and his companions exchanged a series of winks.

"It's hard lines on the new chap, and no mistake!" said Blake in tones loud enough for Miss Priscilla to hear.

"Yes, I am sorry for Merry," replied Digby, looking perfectly solemn. "I'm very sorry for him. But it can't be helped!"

"Of course not!" exclaimed Herries. "He must take his chance. The old part of the School House is full up to the roof, so it is only in the new wing that there's room for new boys. And if the drains there are in a shocking condition, that can't be helped!"

Miss Fawcett had stopped quite still. The bait had taken. Blake and his comrades grinned at each other, with their backs to the old lady, apparently unconscious of her presence.

"Besides," said Blake, "the smell isn't always bad. You might go into Merry's study, for instance, sometimes and never notice anything. Then at other times the niff would be simply shocking! She's off!" he whispered a minute later.

And the chums, choking with suppressed laughter, watched Miss Priscilla making a bee-line for the stairs.

Without losing a moment Miss Fawcett hurried to the study. She found the room again and opened the door, and the smell from within made her gasp and stagger backwards. It was enough to knock a horse down.

"Oh, my dearest Tommy! He would have died! My dearest Tommy!"

A minute later the Head of St. Jim's was startled by the news that Miss Fawcett insisted upon seeing him immediately. With a sigh of resignation the Head submitted.

"My dear madam, I—"

"Dr. Holmes, I am not satis-

fied with the conditions of the School House! My dearest boy must be put into the other House! I insist!"

"My dear Miss Fawcett—"

"The room that has been assigned to him had a most dreadful smell!"

"Impossible!"

"I have just been there, Dr. Holmes. It was positively terrible!"

"My dear madam—"

"Can I see the New House, Dr. Holmes, or must I take my dearest boy away with me?"

"Certainly, madam, you can see the New House!" said the poor doctor patiently. And he rang the bell and sent a message to Mr. Ratcliff.

The master of the New House soon made his appearance. He was a thin, sour man, very unlike Mr. Lathom, but Miss Fawcett, with that dreadful smell in Tom's study in her mind—and her nose—did not care for anything else.

Dr. Holmes explained, and Mr. Ratcliff gave his arm to Miss Fawcett and politely conducted her upon a fresh tour of inspection, this time in the New House.

Blake was on the watch, and he saw them go. He fell round Digby's neck in ecstasy.

"Do you see that?" he gasped. "The dear old soul's going to the New House. We're not going to have that sissy after all! Hurrah!"

But Blake and his pals are in for a new shock next week! Don't miss any of this fine yarn!

"THE KING'S MUSKETEERS"

You've all heard of the Three Musketeers—the three heroes whose flashing swords and dashing courage made them the most daring fighters in all France. Meet them now in a thrilling new picture adventure starting very shortly in SUN. Look out for more news next week!

IVANHOE

THE GREAT HALL AT ROTHERWOOD WAS PACKED WITH SAXON NOBLES AND ROBIN HOOD'S FORESTERS, FOR THE MONEY THAT WOULD RELEASE KING RICHARD FROM HIS AUSTRIAN PRISON WAS BEING GATHERED TOGETHER ~

TAKE THESE RICHES FOR RICHARD'S RANSOM. WE BORROWED THEM FROM THE NORMANS!

I'LL WAGER THEY DIDN'T PART VERY HAPPILY WITH THEIR VALUABLES, ROBIN!

JUST THEN ISAAC OF YORK WALKED INTO THE HALL AND HANDED CEDRIC A ROLLED PARCHMENT ~

FROM THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL, ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MARKS OF SILVER. SO DO WE FULFIL OUR PART OF THE PLEDGE TO RANSOM KING RICHARD. OUR MERCHANTS IN AUSTRIA WILL PAY OVER THE MONEY ON RECEIPT OF THIS NOTE.

BEFORE CEDRIC COULD THANK ISAAC, IVANHOE HURRIED INTO THE HALL.

MY SON! HAVE YOU NEWS OF REBECCA?

AYE, AT LAST! ISAAC, PREPARE YOUR HEART FOR EVIL TIDINGS. PRINCE JOHN HOLDS YOUR DAUGHTER CAPTIVE IN THE ROYAL CASTLE AT WALLINGFORD.

WHAT IS THE CHARGE AGAINST HER?

I DO NOT KNOW. BUT YOU HAVE FORTY DAYS IN WHICH TO FIND HER RANSOM. ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND MARKS OF SILVER. THE VERY SUM YOU GIVE TO RICHARD. CAN YOU RAISE AS MUCH AGAIN?

NO! JOHN KNEW THAT WHEN HE NAMED THE SUM!

THEN USE WHAT YOU HAVE TO FREE REBECCA. WE'LL SEARCH AGAIN TO FIND THE REMAINDER OF THE RANSOM.

WE LOSE A KING, OR YOU LOSE YOUR CHILD. YOUR CHOICE IS OURS, ISAAC.

I HAVE NO CHOICE. FREE THE KING!

THEN I PLEDGE MY WORD TO PUT ALL ELSE ASIDE UNTIL REBECCA IS FREE AGAIN!

AND I WILL TAKE THE RANSOM TO RICHARD IN AUSTRIA.

REBECCA'S TRIAL WAS HELD AT PRINCE JOHN'S ROYAL CASTLE AT WALLINGFORD HALL SOME WEEKS LATER. ~

REBECCA OF YORK STANDS ACCUSED OF FOUR CRIMES OF WITCHCRAFT AND BLACK MAGIC. SHE WAS TAUGHT MEDICINE BY A WITCH AND SHE USED THOSE POWERS TO HEAL THE SAXON KNIGHT, IVANHOE, OF A SERIOUS WOUND. HAS THE PRISONER ANYTHING TO SAY IN HER DEFENCE?

IT IS TRUE. I WAS TAUGHT HEALING BY THE LEARNED WOMAN, MIRIAM OF MANASSAS, BUT I HAVE ALWAYS USED THAT SKILL IN THE SERVICE OF MAN, TO RELIEVE PAIN.

IF I AM CONVICTED OF WITCHCRAFT BECAUSE I CAN RELIEVE PEOPLE OF PAIN AND SUFFERING, THEN THERE CAN BE NO MERCY OR JUSTICE LEFT IN THE WORLD. I AM INNOCENT!

AT THAT POINT BOIS-GILBERT ASKED PERMISSION TO SPEAK TO THE PRISONER. IT WAS GRANTED.

REBECCA, YOU WILL BE FOUND GUILTY AND BURNED AT THE STAKE UNLESS YOU CONFESS TO ALL THE CRIMES CHARGED AGAINST YOU AND ASK FOR PARDON.

NEVER! I WOULD RATHER DIE A HUNDRED DEATHS THAN DO AS YOU SUGGEST.

BOIS-GILBERT, YOU WASTE THE TIME OF THE COURT. WE SHALL PROCEED. IT IS THE SOLEMN JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT THAT REBECCA OF YORK BE PRONOUNCED A WITCH AND BURNED AT THE STAKE FOR WITCHCRAFT AND EVIL POWERS.

SUDDENLY A MAILED GAUNTLET WAS THROWN ON TO THE FLOOR AND A HOODED FIGURE STEPPED FORWARD.

HOLD, MY LORDS!

I, WILFRED OF IVANHOE, DO CHALLENGE THE JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT. BY THE ANCIENT LAWS OF CHIVALRY I DEMAND THAT HER GUILT OR INNOCENCE BE DETERMINED BY WAGER OF BATTLE.



JAK OF THE JAGUARS ON *The* PLANET of PERIL



Jak and Karina, with their two jaguar pals, had reached the last obstacle to their freedom. For days they had been trapped in the Brane City on Mars, guarded by the Branes' cruel soldiers, the Tweenes. But with the help of the Troggs, the half-human giants who worked as the Branes' slaves, they had wrecked the underground factories. Now a mere handful of Tweenes stood between them and freedom.



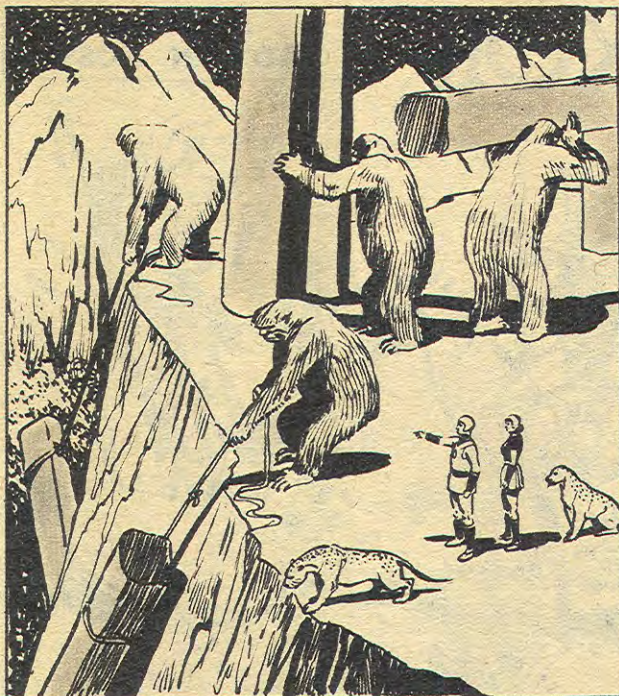
Jak gave an order and his faithful Troggs charged forward. The Tweenes' Whip-guns were useless against the combined attack. The Tweenes were quickly overcome and flung aside by the enraged giants. And then the Troggs threw their immense weight against the steel grille blocking the way to the outer world. The Troggs uttered growls of delight as they smashed their way through.



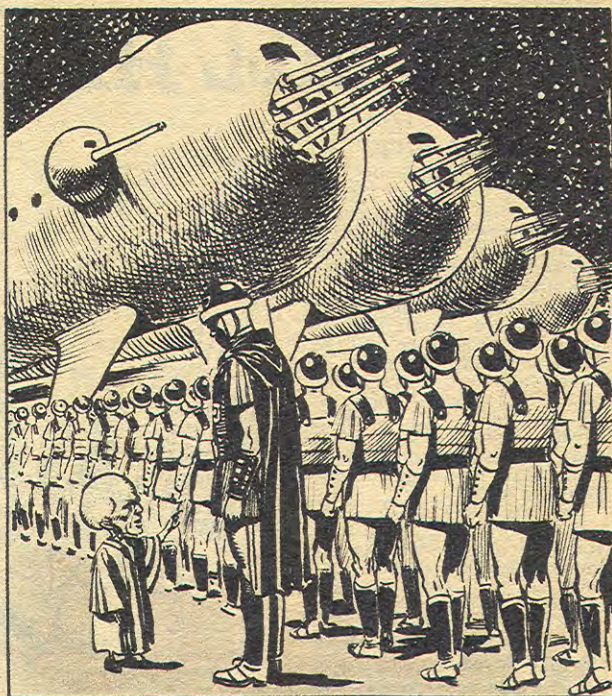
After years of slavery, they were free! But Jak knew that the vengeance of the Branes would be swift and deadly. "We must get far away from the City before they learn of our escape," he cried. In the distance he could see a high plateau which could be easily defended and he led the way through the weird Martian jungle towards it. The Troggs followed him without question, ready to lay down their lives for him.



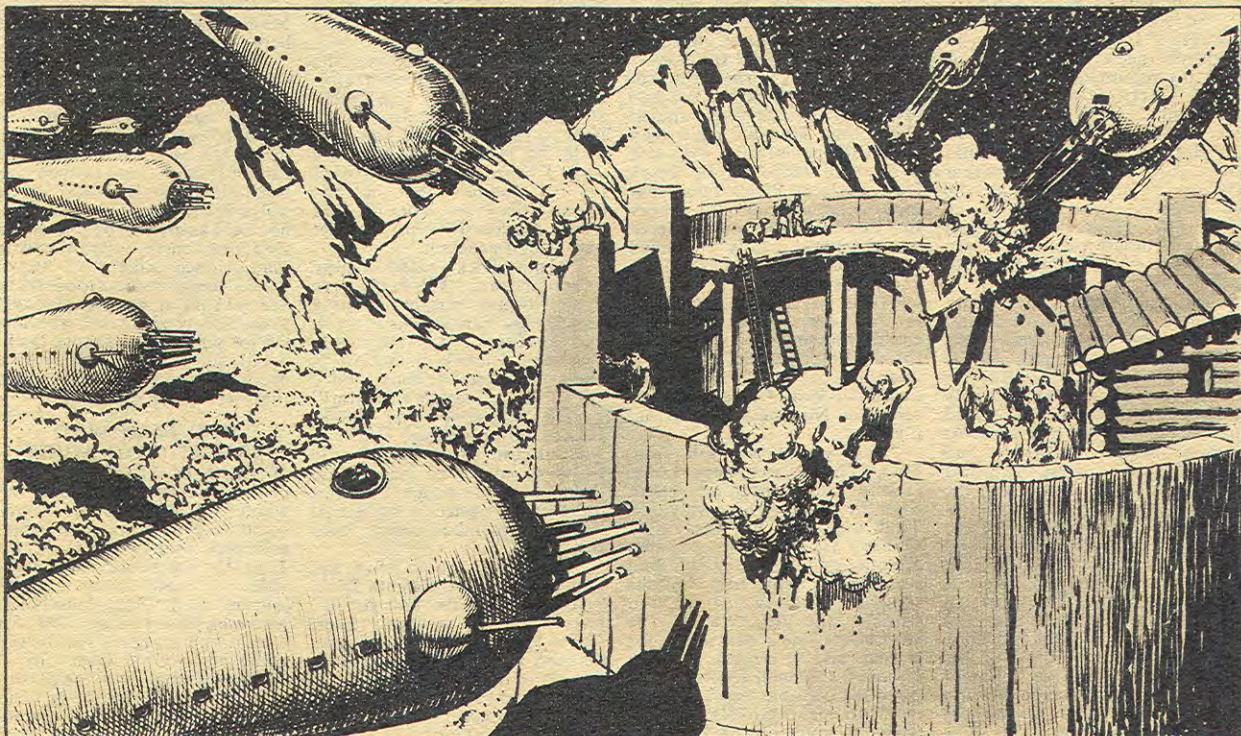
The forest grew right up to the edge of the steep cliff at the foot of the plateau. Jak ordered the Troggs to cut down trees. They had brought huge axes from the wrecked underground factory and they made short work of their task. One tall tree after another crashed to the ground and was hauled to the edge of the cliff. Karina kept her eyes skinned for signs of the Tweenes, but there was no sign of pursuit yet.



Jak found an easy way up the cliff to the plateau. Ropes were made out of lengths of creeper and the Troggs hauled the felled trees up to the top. These they set upright, binding them firmly with more creeper. Under Jak's direction, a strong fortress soon began to take shape. Still there was no sign of attack from the Brane City which could be dimly seen beyond the vast forest. But Jak knew that they would have to work fast.



And he was right. Even at that moment the Chief Brane was giving his instructions to the captain of the Tweens. Every available Tween was being hustled aboard a fleet of space-bombers drawn up on the city's landing field. "The Earth creatures must be destroyed," the Chief Brane snapped. "We shall never be safe while they are still alive to lead the Troggs against us!" The Tween captain's cruel mouth twisted. "It shall be done!" he growled.



The orders were given, the doors of the space-bombers clanged shut and the jet-engines roared into life. One by one the bombers climbed into the grey Martian sky, circled the landing field and then headed across the jungle. The Tween captain ranged the horizon through his powerful field-glasses. On the distant plateau he saw signs of movement. The Troggs had almost completed the protective fort-

ress and were working on a strong shelter in one corner. As the Tween captain swooped near enough to see everything clearly he gave a grim chuckle. "That will not save them from our atomic guns," he said. "Form circle!" The orders were delivered over the radio-phone, the space-bombers soared up above the Trogg fortress and then plunged towards it from every direction. "FIRE!" snapped the captain.

Next week—The destruction of the space-fleet.

WILD BILL HICKOK

and the
BADMAN BOSS

BAD NEWS FOR DAKOTA DICK

IT was a bad day for Jeff Bradley, sheriff of Gold Dust City, when he stepped off the narrow wooden sidewalk on to the dirt road and was knocked down by a horseman who streaked past him.

Before anyone could rush to the aid of the sheriff, who lay face downwards in the dust too dazed and hurt to move, a second rider bore down on him. And to the shocked horror of the bystanders, Jeff Bradley's already aching and pain-racked body was again trampled upon by the sharp hooves of a second galloping horse.

The two riders, Gabby Long and Lefty Hughes, jerked their horses to a standstill. Turning round, they made their way back to the crowd forming round the unconscious sheriff.

"Is he—is he dead?" asked Gabby, who was a short, stocky little man.

"No," someone replied. "But he's terribly hurt, his legs are smashed."

"How dreadful," murmured Gabby with downcast eyes. "He stepped right off the sidewalk in front of my hoss. Never looked to the right or left. I was powerless to do a thing."

"So was I," added his companion. "I was too close on Gabby's heels to pull up or jerk my mount out of the way. What a terrible thing to have happened. And to think we were responsible!"

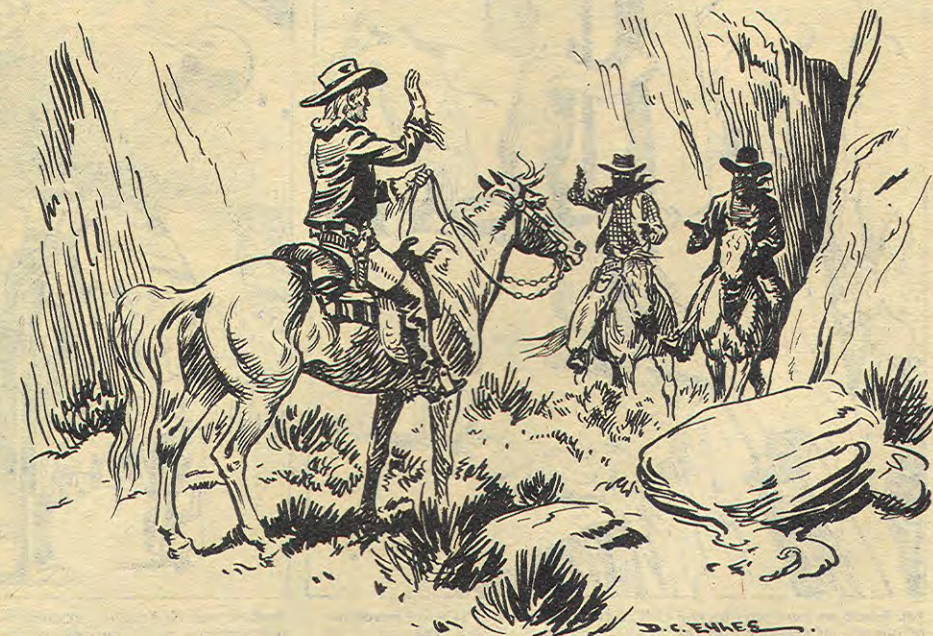
"But neither of you could help it," protested another person in the crowd, as the sheriff was carried off to the doctor's surgery. "It was just an unfortunate accident. Even the poor sheriff will have to admit that."

And so Gold Dust City accepted the act as an accident. Gabby and Lefty were very subdued and appeared to be greatly distressed.

Poor Jeff Bradley was severely hurt. He would have to spend at least a year in bed with his legs in plaster, and at the end of that time he would only just be able to crawl about with the aid of a pair of crutches. But he would never walk properly again, or be able to ride. And at thirty-five years of age that was a great tragedy.

He was compelled to resign his office as sheriff, and a man by the name of Dakota Dick Lawton was appointed in his place. And from the moment Dakota Dick pinned the sheriff's star on his chest lawlessness came to Gold Dust City. Unknown to the honest citizens of the town, Dakota Dick was a ruthless gunman and the boss of the badmen in that territory.

The good townsfolk knew little of Dakota Dick's character



Two masked gunmen suddenly rode out of the shadows in front of Wild Bill. "Reach skyward," they snapped. From this thrilling story by BARRY FORD.

nor did they know that Gabby and Lefty had been paid a handsome sum of money for running down Sheriff Bradley. But such was indeed the case.

A few weeks after the so-called accident Dakota Dick had several of his badmen gathered about him. He was a tall man with wild penetrating eyes and a mass of thick unruly black hair. A long black handlebar moustache adorned his upper lip, and his chin was covered by a thick neatly trimmed beard. He was broad of shoulder and powerfully built.

"Well, boys," he boomed out in his deep voice. "Things couldn't have worked out better for us. Gabby and Lefty did a fine job in knocking Bradley down—it looked a real genuine accident. No one suspects foul play."

"Pity we didn't kill him, boss," chimed in Gabby Long. Gabby liked nothing better than the sound of his own voice. That was why he was called Gabby. He talked more than anyone else in the gang, and was always being told that his tongue would get him into trouble one day. "Still," he continued, "he's bedridden for a year and a cripple for life. I reckon that will teach him to mind his own business. Imagine tryin' to make Gold Dust City peaceful and full of law and order! Yes, sir, boss, you've fixed him good and proper. Between us we'll run this town as it should be run. How's about makin' me your deputy?"

"You talk too much, Gabby!

I'm making Shorty Litel my deputy sheriff. Ah, here he is now. Howdy, Shorty. Where have you been? What's new?"

"Plenty, boss," replied the newcomer who looked travel-stained and weary. "I've ridden at top speed for two days to get here in time to warn you that Wild Bill Hickok is headin' this way. I heard him tell a pal of his in a saloon that he was comin' here to visit his old friend the Sheriff who had met with a bad accident."

Dakota Dick paled visibly under his tan. "We can't have that two-gun marshal coming here, he'd clean up this town in two shakes of a lamb's tail. I've seen Hickok in action in Hays City and Abilene, and I ain't aiming to tangle with him!"

"Don't blame you, boss. Hickok's like greased lightning when it comes to drawing those Colts of his. And he seldom shoots twice at one man. There's no need to—once is sufficient! Why I remember seein' Wild Bill shoot..."

"For Pete's sake, shut up, Gabby," snapped Dakota Dick. "And let me think. I've got it," he said a few moments later. "You and Lefty ride out and ambush Hickok along the trail. Take him by surprise and finish him off. That's our only chance."

"How much is it worth boss?" asked Gabby.

"Double what I paid you boys for taking care of Bradley."

"Fair enough," said Lefty Hughes. "If we start now, where do you figure would be a good spot to ambush that fancy-

dressed lawman, Shorty?"

"Black Canyon, along Dead Man's Trail—a day's run from here," returned Shorty briskly. "O.K., let's get goin', Lefty," said Gabby, getting to his feet and patting his six-shooters nestled against his thighs.

"Don't worry about a thing, boss. Me and Lefty will take care of Hickok. And he won't be bedridden like Bradley. When we've finished with him, the only bed he'll know will be one under six foot of earth." And the little man grinned evilly.

"So long, boys. Good luck. See you in a couple of days' time. Shorty and I will be waiting for you," said Dakota Dick. "And so will the money I've promised you for taking care of that dressed up marshal."

THE MAN WHO TALKED TOO MUCH

JAMES BUTLER HICKOK, known as Wild Bill the whole world over, the handsome, fearless frontier marshal, galloped along Dead Man's Trail. He was bound for Dukesville, a small town a day's journey from Gold Dust City, where he meant to stay over for a meal and a night's rest before going on to Gold Dust City.

The marshal was most concerned over a letter he had received from his old friend, Jeff Bradley. He was shocked by the news of Jeff's accident, and angered to learn that Dakota Dick Lawton was now Sheriff. Will Bill had heard a lot about the shifty gunman and knew that from the moment

he became sheriff, lawlessness would spread like wildfire right through the town. And so Hickok had decided to pay his old friend a visit and find out just what was happening in Gold Dust City.

The trail along which Gypsy, the marshal's sorrel mare, was speeding, suddenly narrowed down into a small canyon. As she entered it, two masked, armed men rode out of the shadows towards Wild Bill.

"Reach skyward!" they snapped in unison, aiming their six-guns at Hickok's heart.

Wild Bill threw up one gauntleted hand as he jerked Gypsy to a standstill.

"What's this?" he asked in surprise. "A hold-up? Well, I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I've only got about ten dollars on me—if that."

"Ha, ha, listen to him," laughed Gabby sneeringly. "Thinks we want his money. Well, that's where you're wrong, Marshal Wild Bill Hickok. We're aimin' to kill you."

"Is that so?" returned the marshal mildly, stalling for time. "And may I ask why?"

"Because it seems you're headed for Gold Dust City, and we want no fancy dressed peace officer pokin' his nose in our town. We've got a perfectly good sheriff and things is run to our likin'." So now, Mr. Fancy Duds, you're gonna die. You're

"For goodness sake, quit talking, Gabby, and get on with the job!" snapped Lefty tersely. "Talk, talk, talk, that's all you do!"

"I do believe it's Gabby Long," drawled Wild Bill with a quiet smile.

"Say—how d'you—" began Gabby in alarm.

"Shut up, you fool!" yelled Lefty angrily, momentarily taking his eyes off the marshal and glaring at his companion.

That was the chance for which Hickok had been waiting. He suddenly flung himself sideways from his horse, drawing his silver and ivory butted Colts at the same instant. As his body slid to the ground his guns roared out, blasting the six-shooters from the grips of the two masked men.

Two more shots belched forth from Hickok's Colts as he scrambled to his feet, wounding each man in the shoulder and preventing them from reaching their rifles in their saddle-boots.

The two badmen were dumb-founded at the marshal's incredibly rapid and accurate gunplay. It was faster than anything either of them had ever seen.

Their eyes registered stark fear and pain as he stepped up to them and ripped the kerchief masks from their faces.

"Just as I thought—Gabby Long and Lefty Hughes," said the marshal softly. "Members of Dakota Dick's gang!"

"How'd you know who we are?" faltered Gabby, clutching his wounded shoulder.

"I've seen the latest wanted notices of Dakota Dick and his gang in South Dakota. Reckon you're not quite so well known here in Colorado as you are in Dakota, otherwise the folks of Gold Dust City would never have allowed Dakota Dick to take over from Sheriff Bradley." Turning to Gabby the marshal added. "You not only resemble your photograph, but you answer perfectly to your description. Short, stocky and talkative!"

"See where your big mouth has landed us, Gabby," groaned Lefty. "If you'd shot first and talked afterwards, we wouldn't be in this mess now."

"That's right," agreed the marshal. "The moment you started talking I knew you had thrown away your chance and I was safe. And now, men, I'm taking you into Dukesville and clapping you in jail." Wild Bill deftly tied each man to his saddle.

"And now get moving!" he ordered briskly a few minutes later as he swung into his saddle. "One false move from either of you and it'll be your last. Understand?"

And Gabby and Lefty understood only too well!

STRANGE JUSTICE

AN hour later Wild Bill handed his prisoners over to the sheriff of Dukesville.

"Lock these men up, Sheriff, and see they remain locked up until I send for them. They're members of a notorious gang of outlaws. I'm going on to Gold Dust City and round up their leader, Dakota Dick, who has somehow got himself appointed sheriff," explained Wild Bill.

"But marshal," protested the

sheriff. "Gold Dust City is turning into a real bad town now that Jeff Bradley is no longer sheriff. You mean you're going there alone to clean up the place? Why, it's not safe! For goodness sake take a posse with you."

"Thanks, sheriff, I appreciate that," replied Hickok with a warm smile. "But it's best that I go alone. I'll take these two men's horses, though. Reckon I'll have some fun at Dakota Dick's expense. He's sure to recognise the animals and get curious as to what happened to their riders!"

The following day Wild Bill rode up the main street of Gold Dust City leading the two riderless horses. As it so often happened when the famous marshal entered a town, several badmen spotted him and decided to leave in a hurry.

As Hickok rode past the saloon, Shorty Litel pushed open the batwing doors and stood at the top of the steps looking up the street. His mouth fell open in astonishment as he saw the beautifully dressed marshal go by, leading the horses of Gabby and Lefty.

"Gee, wonder what went wrong," he thought rapidly. "Bet Gabby did too much talkin'. Dakota never should have sent him. Well, Hickok may have been too smart for them, but he ain't for me, and here's where I get him."

And jerking out his heavy six-shooter, he fired at the passing marshal.

His bullet whipped past Wild Bill's cheek, grazing it and drawing blood. The marshal dropped like an arrow over the side of his horse at the same time making a lightning draw

on one of his Colts. His gun blazed and before Shorty Litel could squeeze his trigger a second time, the badman pitched head-first down the saloon steps and lay still, badly wounded.

As Shorty fired the two riderless horses suddenly took it into their heads to bolt. Rearing up, they jerked their leading reins out of the marshal's hand, and tore down the street.

As Wild Bill straightened in his saddle he was startled by a piercing scream of terror. Looking up quickly he saw a man in the middle of the road standing right in the path of the two runaway horses. He seemed to be rooted to the spot in fear.

Before the marshal or any of the bystanders along the sidewalks could lift a finger, the man went down under the hooves of the fleeing animals. The horses galloped on, leaving behind them the still, unconscious form of Dakota Dick!

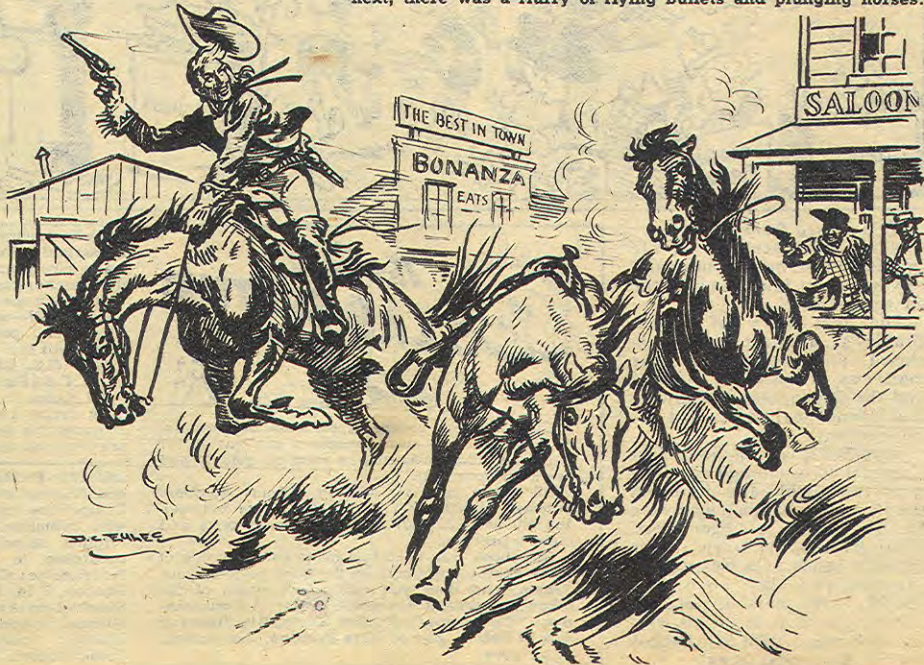
The outlaw leader had been sitting in his sheriff's office when he heard Shorty Litel's shot, and had gone out into the street to see what the shooting was about.

And so it was that Dakota Dick suffered the same fate as the innocent Sheriff Bradley whom he had so cold-bloodedly planned to destroy. By the hooves of the very same horses the badman suffered the same leg injuries, and like Bradley, he would never ride again or walk without crutches. Justice had been meted out to Dakota Dick.

Shorty Litel was clapped in jail and recovered from his gunshot wound sufficiently to be tried along with Gabby and Lefty for their past crimes. Gabby did his best to talk his

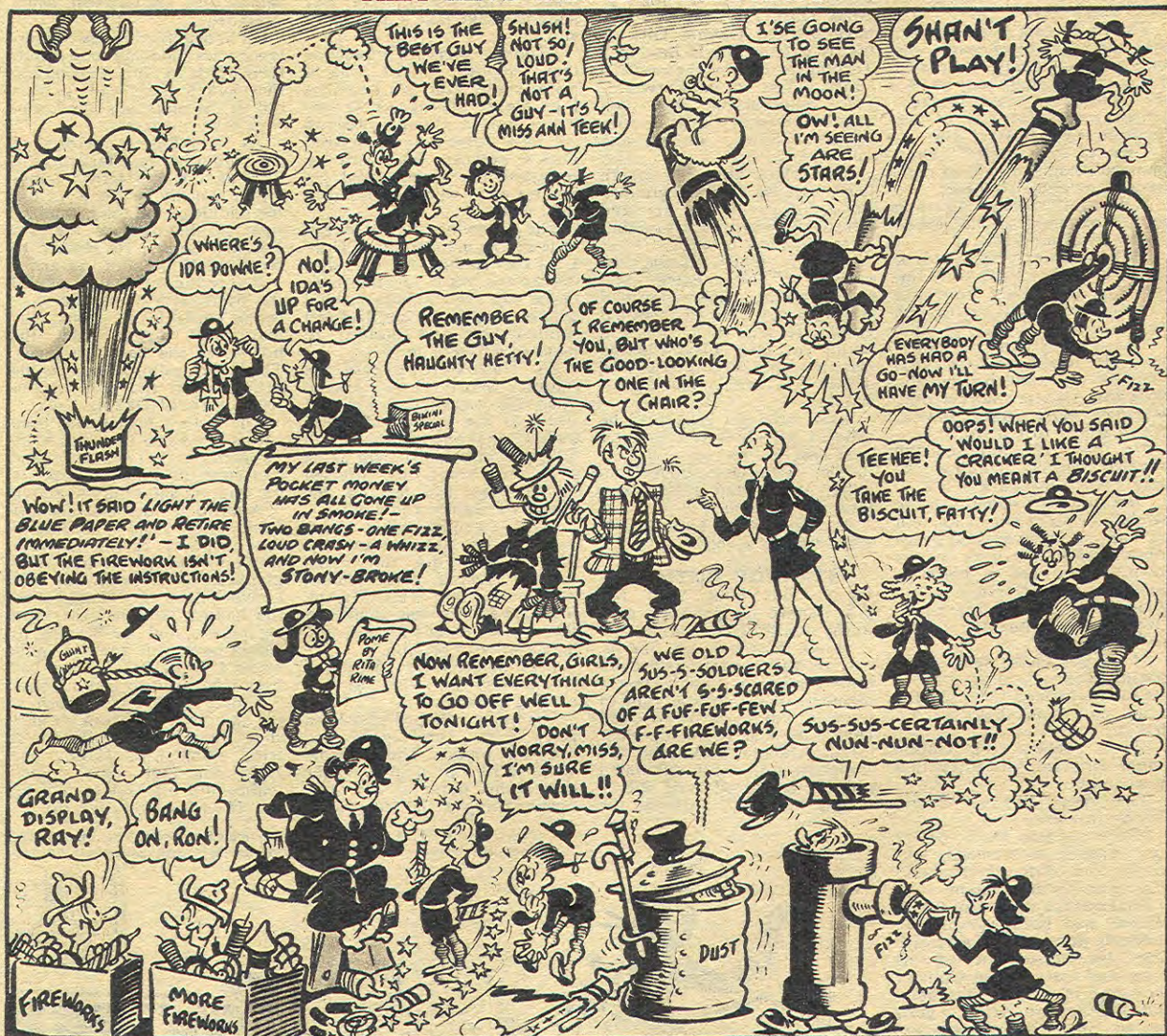
(Continued on page 16)

One minute Wild Bill was riding quietly down the street—the next, there was a flurry of flying bullets and plunging horses.



THE PENGUIN PATROL

THEY HAVE A FIREWORK PARTY



(Continued from page 15)
way out of a sentence of life imprisonment, but the judge and jury were not impressed by the chatty gunman!

The real story of Sheriff Bradley's accident was disclosed, and though the poor man was crippled for life, he had the satisfaction of knowing that his enemies had received just punishment.

Wild Bill stayed in Gold Dust City just long enough to clean it up thoroughly and drive out the remaining badmen who were foolish enough to linger there. Then leaving the town in the capable hands of a trustworthy law-abiding, law-enforcing sheriff, the marshal of the lightning guns rode on his way. Another grand Wild Bill Hickok story next week!



LOOK, Spotters, another great week of numbers. One thousand more members can qualify for our grand club presents, so read on quickly and see if it's your turn.

All those of you holding Album numbers between 71,300 and 71,800 inclusive, or between 182,000 and 182,800, 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 following presents you would prefer: A Fountain-pen, "Tenni-gun", Pocket Knife, Big Jig-saw, Box of Paints, Box of Wire Puzzles, Binoculars, or a Purse.

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 11, 1952.** Presents are sent about a week later and Albums are returned at the same time.

LATEST PRIZE NEWS! The ten Cowboy Belts and Holsters offered in our "Car of the Future" Competition have been awarded to the following, who submitted what were adjudged the most original drawings and the most neatly done according to age: Malcolm Woodall, Norton Stourbridge; Colin Lumsden, Marple; C. Collins, London, E.14; Danny Northey, Bryn; Tony Lewis, Stratford-on-Avon; Michael Fishwick, Brixham; Michael Sansom, Carlton; Clare Hutley, Sherburn Village; Colin Woods, London, S.E.20; and David Sanders, High Wycombe.

THE JOKER'S FUN FARE

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

FIRST PRIZE

CAREFUL HOW YOU GO, MY WIFE SAYS.
CAREFUL HOW YOU GO. ANYONE
WOULD THINK I AM STUPID!

FROM ROY VANSTAN. EXETER

IS THAT A GOOD
TELESCOPE?

I'LL SAY IT IS! ONCE I
VIEWED A CHURCH FROM
TEN MILES AWAY AND IT
BROUGHT IT SO CLOSE
I COULD HEAR THE ORGAN
PLAYING

FROM PETER W. LEM. WOLVERHAMPTON

I HAVE SPENT
SIX WEEKS
TRYING TO GET
INTO THIS PART
OF THE JUNGLE

AND I HAVE SPENT
SIX WEEKS
TRYING
TO GET OUT!

FROM TREVER HOLLAND. BARNSLEY.

H.M.S.
SPOTLESS.

Dear Mum
I joined the navy
because I liked the way
the ships were kept clean
and tidy. But I never
knew until this week
who keeps them clean
and tidy

Love
Jack

FROM ROBERT F. MORGAN. BIRMINGHAM

DID YOU HAVE
A GOOD NIGHT'S
REST?

I DON'T KNOW.
I WAS ASLEEP
ALL THE TIME

FROM SIDNEY WHITTAKER. HUDDERSFIELD

WHAT IS A
GORILLA?

THE THING MUM
FRIES KIPPERS ON!

FROM GLORIA DEAR. ROCHDALE

I'M TELLING
THE TRUTH,
SIR!

IS THAT THE TRUTH?

MOTTO
SHUT UP!

TEACHER—
SEAT—
KEEP OFF!

FROM KWAN FOO. BRISTOL.

MOVE ALONG THERE

BUT CONSTABLE
I'M ONLY A BIRD
IMITATOR

ALL RIGHT
THEN.
HOP IT!

FROM SUSAN WILLIAMS. SWANSEA

WHAT'S THE MATTER
WITH POOR OLD BROWN?

IT'S A TERRIBLE
STORY. HE HAD
HIS EYE ON A
SEAT IN A BUS AND
SOMEONE SAT ON IT!

FROM WILLIAM L. ROSE. WEDNESBURY

HERE COME THE COPS.
JUMP OUT OF THE
WINDOW!

BUT IT'S THE
THIRTEENTH
FLOOR!

NO TIME FOR
SUPERSTITION
NOW!

WATCH
DOG
WARNING!

FROM SUSAN JANE BUTCHER. CROFTON.

WHY ARE YOU RUNNING
WITH YOUR BICYCLE?

BECAUSE I
HAVEN'T TIME
TO GET ON IT.
I'M LATE FOR
SCHOOL

FROM RAYMOND WARREN. NUNEATON

POP, DO RED INDIANS
ALWAYS TRAVEL
IN SINGLE FILE?

I'VE ONLY SEEN
ONE, AND
HE DID!

FROM MARGARET BLUNTON. GLASGOW.

DICK TURPIN AND THE SILVER DWARF

Jonathan Wild, the crooked thief-taker, has got hold of the Silver Dwarf, a small ornament which conceals the clue to Lord Chessington's real heir. He wants to sell it to Sir Julius Rymmer, the earl's rascally nephew, who wishes to keep the inheritance for himself, but Dick Turpin and his friends are close on his heels.

I MUST SHAKE THEM OFF! WHERE THE DICKENS HAVE THOSE DIM-WITTED RUNNERS OF MINE GOT TO?



THAT ALLEY HE'S GONE DOWN LEADS TO THE DOCKS. COME ON, TOM. WE MAY BE ABLE TO CUT HIM OFF



ONLY TWO OF THEM NOW. I MAY STILL GET AWAY



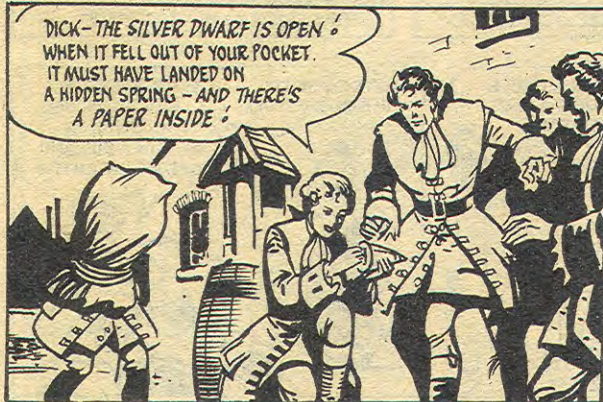
But as Jonathan Wild emerged from the alley a shock awaited him.

GOT YOU!

OOF!



DICK—THE SILVER DWARF IS OPEN! WHEN IT FELL OUT OF YOUR POCKET, IT MUST HAVE LANDED ON A HIDDEN SPRING—AND THERE'S A PAPER INSIDE!

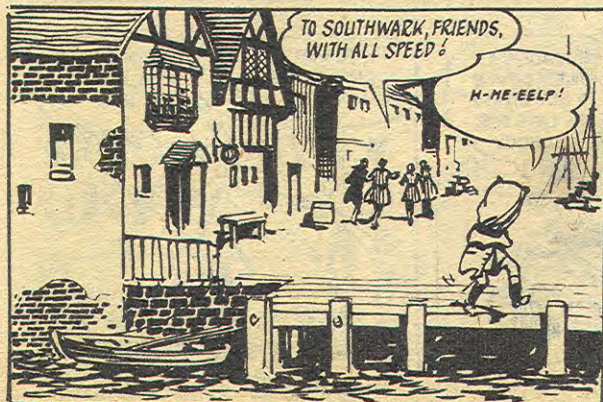


THIS IS THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE OF CHARLES, FIRST SON OF LORD CHESSEINGTON. THEN HE IS THE REAL HEIR. WE MUST FIND HIM. APPARENTLY HE WAS CHRISTENED BY THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK. MAYBE HIS LORDSHIP CAN HELP US



TO SOUTHWARK, FRIENDS, WITH ALL SPEED!

H-ME-EELP!



'ELLO, WHAT 'AVE WE 'ERE?





I AM JONATHAN WILD, THE THIEF-TAKER. STOP GOGGLING, MAN, AND ROW ME ASHORE OR I'LL HAVE YOU CLAPPED IN IRONS

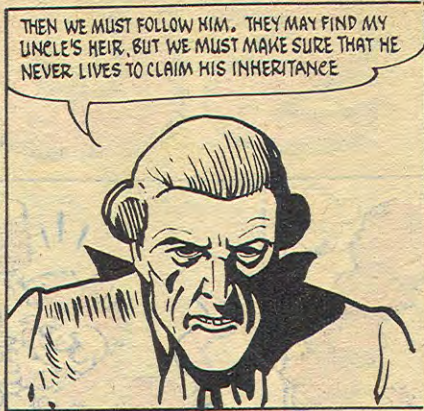
THERE'S GRATITUDE FOR YER! ALL RIGHT, GUV'NOR ANYTHING YOU SAY!



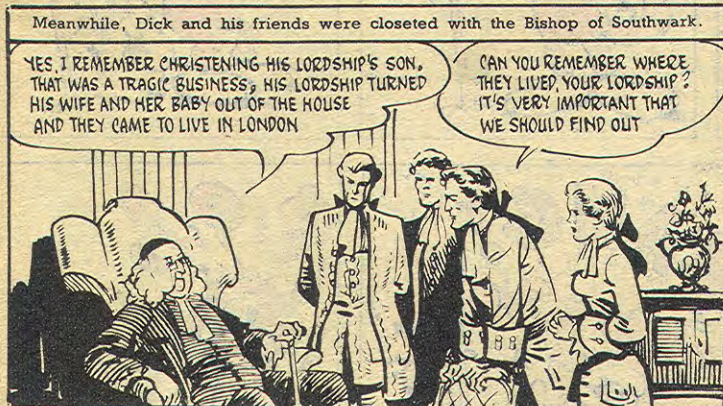
Wet, bedraggled and very cross, Jonathan Wild made his way home. He was greeted by Sir Julius Rymer.

WELL, DID YOU GET IT?

NO, I DIDN'T, AND THAT MEDDLING TURPIN HAS DISCOVERED YOUR SECRET! HE'S GONE TO THE BISHOP OF SOUTHWARK TO TRY AND TRACE YOUR UNCLE'S SON. I HEARD HIM SAY SO



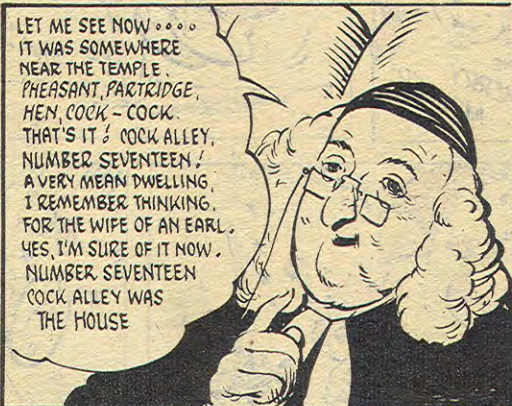
THEN WE MUST FOLLOW HIM. THEY MAY FIND MY UNCLE'S HEIR, BUT WE MUST MAKE SURE THAT HE NEVER LIVES TO CLAIM HIS INHERITANCE



Meanwhile, Dick and his friends were closeted with the Bishop of Southwark.

YES, I REMEMBER CHRISTENING HIS LORDSHIP'S SON, THAT WAS A TRAGIC BUSINESS, HIS LORDSHIP TURNED HIS WIFE AND HER BABY OUT OF THE HOUSE AND THEY CAME TO LIVE IN LONDON

CAN YOU REMEMBER WHERE THEY LIVED, YOUR LORDSHIP? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT THAT WE SHOULD FIND OUT



LET ME SEE NOW... IT WAS SOMEWHERE NEAR THE TEMPLE. PHEASANT, PARTRIDGE, HEN, COCK - COCK. THAT'S IT! COCK ALLEY, NUMBER SEVENTEEN! A VERY MEAN DWELLING. I REMEMBER THINKING, FOR THE WIFE OF AN EARL. YES, I'M SURE OF IT NOW. NUMBER SEVENTEEN COCK ALLEY WAS THE HOUSE



NUMBER SEVENTEEN COCK ALLEY? BUT THAT'S JONATHAN WILD'S HOUSE!



THEN WE SHALL NEVER FIND LORD CHESSINGTON'S HEIR NOW. THE LAST CLUE HAS FIZZLED OUT. WE CAN NEVER FIND OUT FROM JONATHAN WILD WHERE LADY CHESSINGTON WENT TO WHEN SHE LEFT COCK ALLEY

NO, YOU MEDDLING FOOLS. YOU CANNOT, BUT I CAN!

But Dick didn't know that there was another clue to Lord Chessington's missing heir—Lord Chessington's will, which had fallen out of the dwarf. It had been picked up by a tramp friend of Dick's, Sam Supple.

And at that moment Sam Supple was searching for a spill of paper to light his pipe.

AH, THIS'LL DO. I CAN'T READ THE FANCY WRITING ON IT, SO IT MIGHT AS WELL SERVE A USEFUL PURPOSE

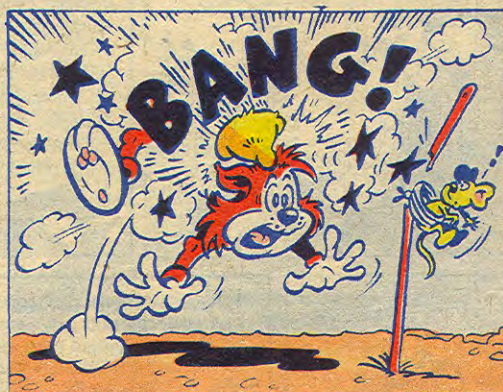


AH, THIS IS BETTER! NO RUNNERS. NO GALLANT HIGHTOBYMEN AND NO SILVER DWARFS. I'M ALL FOR THE QUIET LIFE!

I, Reginald, Earl of Chessington, being of sound mind and body do bequeath all that I die possessed of to my true son Charles, last heard of at the Mermaid Tavern, Southwark.
Signed this Reginald



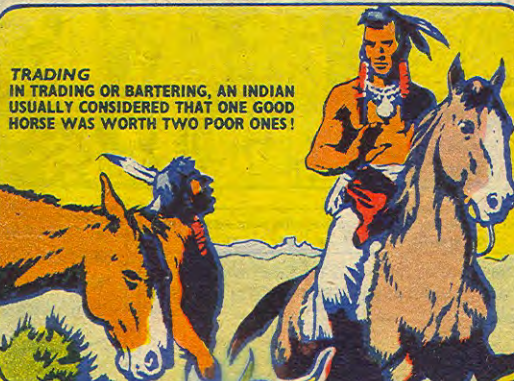
What will happen now Sam has burned up the will? More of this popular adventure next week!



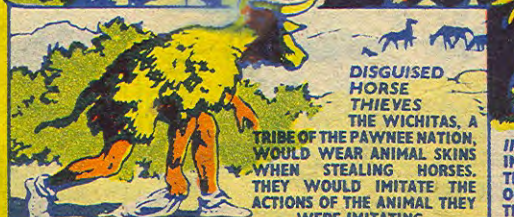
Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



LONG NOSE
THE IROQUOIS INDIAN CHILDREN BELIEVED THAT A MASKED PHANTOM CALLED LONG NOSE WOULD KIDNAP THEM AND CARRY THEM OFF IN A HUGE BASKET IF THEY WERE NAUGHTY.



TRADING
IN TRADING OR BARTERING, AN INDIAN USUALLY CONSIDERED THAT ONE GOOD HORSE WAS WORTH TWO POOR ONES!



DISGUISED HORSE THIEVES
THE WICHITAS, A TRIBE OF THE PAWNEE NATION, WOULD WEAR ANIMAL SKINS WHEN STEALING HORSES. THEY WOULD IMITATE THE ACTIONS OF THE ANIMAL THEY WERE IMITATING.



FOOTWEAR
THE PLAINS TRIBES ORIGINALLY WORE MOCCASINS DECORATED WITH PORCUPINE QUILLS. BEADS WERE INTRODUCED IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.



INDIAN GIVE-AWAYS
INDIAN FAMILIES WERE ALWAYS HAVING "GIVE-AWAYS" WHEN THEY GAVE AWAY THEIR POSSESSIONS TO THOSE IN NEED, AND OFTEN THEY WERE SO GENEROUS THEY GAVE ALL THEY HAD AND THEN OTHER FAMILIES CAME TO THEIR RESCUE AND HAD A "GIVE-AWAY" FOR THEM!