

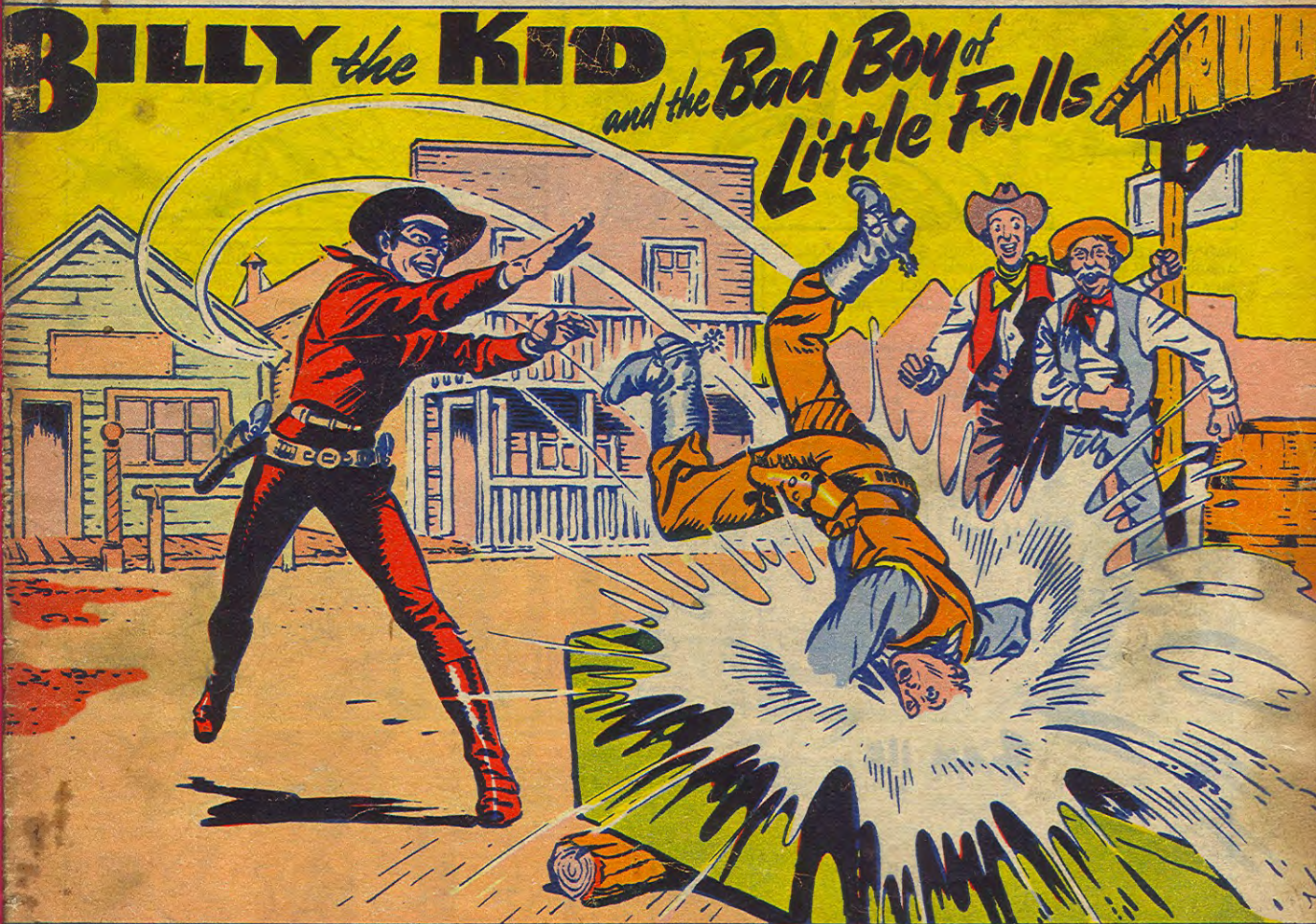
SUN

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No. 199
November 29, 1952

EVERY
MONDAY

BILLY the KID and the Bad Boy of Little Falls



YOUNG JOHNNY RINGO'S AMBITION WAS TO MAKE A NAME FOR HIMSELF. IF HE LED A QUIET LIFE HE KNEW IT WOULD TAKE A LONG TIME -- SO HE TOOK WHAT HE THOUGHT WOULD BE THE SHORTER WAY BY DECIDING TO BECOME A NOTORIOUS GUNMAN.

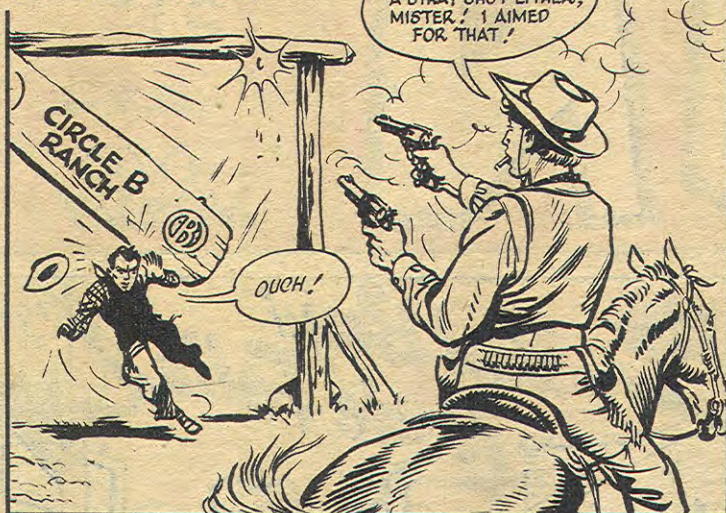
LITTLE DID HE REALISE WHEN HE SHOT HOLES IN WILL BONNEY'S CIRCLE-B RANCH SIGN THAT HE WAS SOON TO MEET UP WITH THE GREATEST GUN-FIGHTER OF THE WEST -- BILLY THE KID!



HEY! CUT THAT OUT! I DIDN'T PUT THAT UP FOR YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPERS LIKE YOU TO SHOOT AT!

HA! HA! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, MISTER!

THE YOUNG GUNMAN TOOK NO NOTICE OF WILL AND CARRIED ON SHOOTING~~



THAT WASN'T A STRAY SHOT EITHER, MISTER! I AIMED FOR THAT!

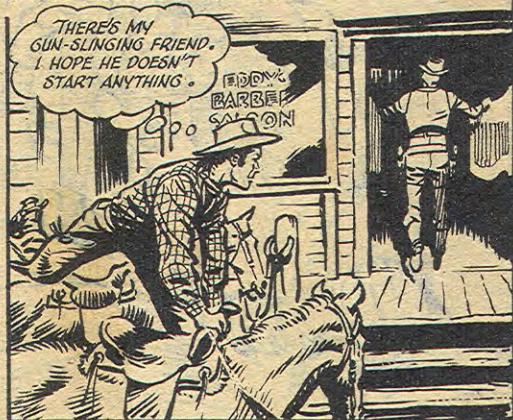
OUCH!

THAT'LL TEACH YOU TO CALL JOHNNY RINGO A YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER, MISTER! NEXT TIME WE MEET YOU'D BETTER START DRAWING!

IF I FIGHT I USE MY FISTS! I DON'T CARRY GUNS, SONNY!



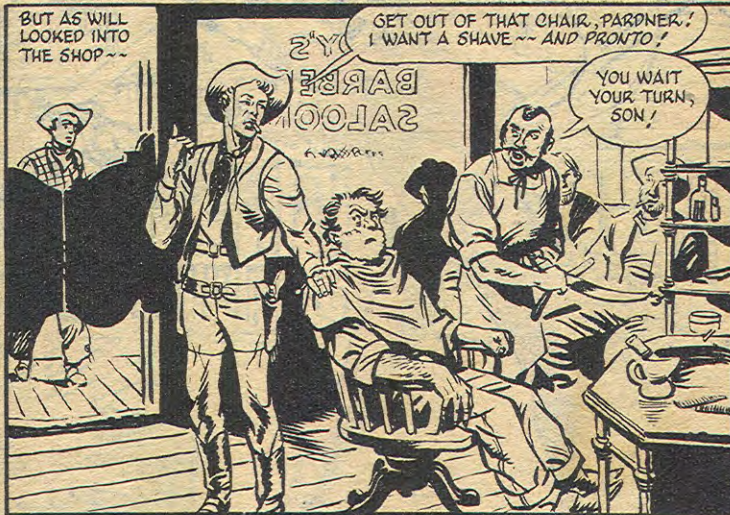
HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY NEVER BORE A GRUDGE AGAINST ANY MAN, AND LATER WHEN HE SAW THE SLIM SWAGGERING FIGURE OF THE YOUNG TROUBLE-MAKER ENTERING THE BARBER'S SALOON IN LITTLE FALLS HE HAD NO THOUGHTS OF REVENGE~~



THERE'S MY GUN-SLINGING FRIEND. I HOPE HE DOESN'T START ANYTHING.

BARBER SALOON

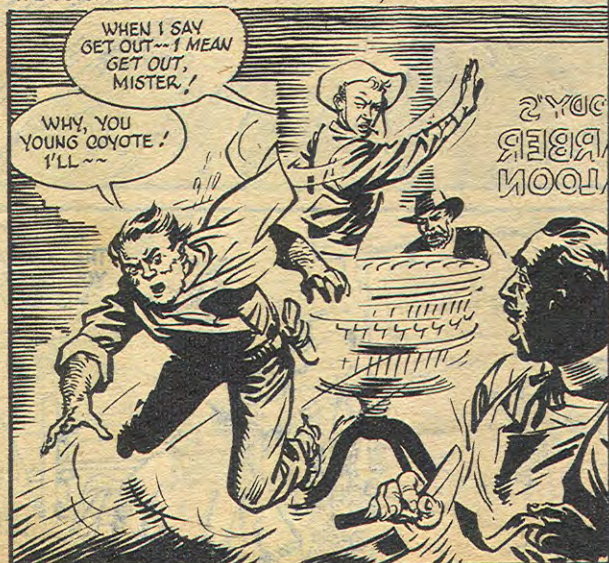
BUT AS WILL LOOKED INTO THE SHOP~~



GET OUT OF THAT CHAIR, PARDNER! I WANT A SHAVE~~ AND PRONTO!

YOU WAIT YOUR TURN, SON!

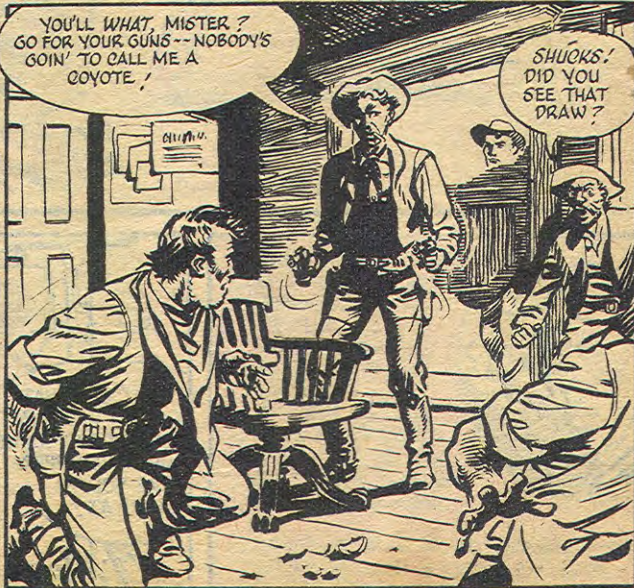
THE OCCUPANT MADE NO MOVE TO GET UP, AND SO~~



WHEN I SAY GET OUT~~ I MEAN GET OUT, MISTER!

WHY, YOU YOUNG COYOTE! I'LL~~

YOU'LL WHAT, MISTER? GO FOR YOUR GUNS--NOBODY'S GOIN' TO CALL ME A COYOTE!



SHUCKS! DID YOU SEE THAT DRAW?

BEFORE JOHNNY RINGO COULD CARRY OUT HIS THREAT, WILL LEAPED THROUGH THE DOORS --

GUESS I'D BETTER HELP YOU KEEP YOUR HAIR ON BEFORE YOU GET INTO REAL TROUBLE, SONNY BOY!



YOU'RE TOO FOND OF THOSE GUNS, KID! IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, I'LL TAKE YOU ON WITH MY FISTS! I'VE NO USE FOR SHOOTING IRONS!

THANKS, WILL!

Y-YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR THIS!

HAW! HAW!



SUDDENLY THE YOUNG TROUBLE-MAKER GRABBED A GUN FROM ONE OF THE LAUGHING COWPUNCHERS.

NOW YOU'LL SEE HOW USEFUL A GUN CAN BE, MISTER!



WILL WAS READY FOR WHAT WAS TO COME AND AS JOHNNY RINGO'S FINGER SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER --



THE GUN-CRAZY FOOL! IT'S TIME HE WAS TAUGHT A LESSON! UNARMED I CAN DO VERY LITTLE -- BUT BILLY THE KID CAN DO A LOT!

HA! HA! CAN'T TAKE IT, EH? IF YOU COME BACK HERE I'LL SHOOT YOU ON SIGHT, YOU COWARD!

I'LL BE BACK!



WILL BONNEY WAS NO COWARD. WHEN IT CAME TO GUN-PLAY HE WAS THE FASTEST AND MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE WEST -- FOR UNKNOWN TO ANYONE HE WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER. -- WHEN YOUNG JOHNNY RINGO SAW HIM RIDE AWAY HE WASN'T TO KNOW THAT WILL WAS HEADING FOR THE SECRET HIDE-OUT CLOSE BY THUNDERBIRD PEAK, WHERE WAITING FOR HIM WAS HIS GREAT BLACK HORSE, SATAN, WHO CARRIED HIM SWIFTLY TO WHEREVER JUSTICE WAS NEEDED --

AS WILL ENTERED THE SECRET VALLEY THE GREAT HORSE GREETED HIM.

HI, THERE, SATAN -- WE'VE A JOB TO DO!



WILL BONNEY WENT OVER TO THE ROCK WALL WHERE HUNG THE BLACK CLOTHES AND PEARL-HANDLED SIX-GUNS OF BILLY THE KID --

WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST, SATAN. THERE'S A GUN-CRAZY KID IN LITTLE FALLS WHO NEEDS TAMING BEFORE HE MAKES TROUBLE FOR HIMSELF AND OTHERS!



SOON THE MAN WHO WAS WILL BONNEY WAS LEAPING THE GREAT CHASM THAT SEPARATED THE SECRET VALLEY FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD, AND THE AIR RE-ECHOED TO THE BATTLE CRY OF BILLY THE KID!

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

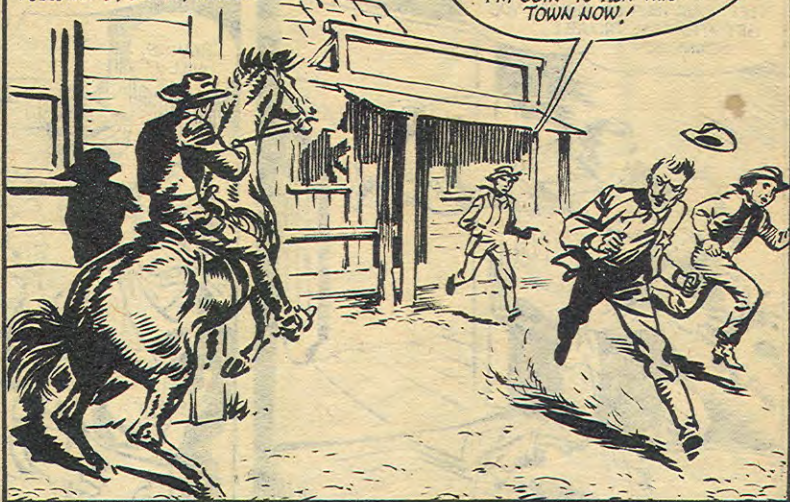


EVEN AS HE RODE INTO LITTLE FALLS, BILLY HEARD GUNSHOTS ECHOING THROUGH THE TOWN--



SOUNDS LIKE TROUBLE, SATAN! I BET THAT KID IS THE CAUSE!

BILLY WAS RIGHT FOR OUT OF ONE OF THE STORES RUSHED THE SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY-- FOLLOWED BY JOHNNY RINGO.

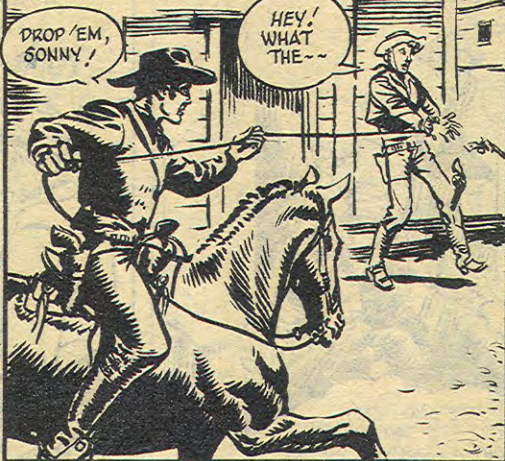


NO SHERIFF'S GOING TO RUN JOHNNY RINGO IN! YOU'VE LOST YOUR JOB, MISTER! I'M GOIN' TO RUN THIS TOWN NOW!

NOT IF I KNOW IT YOU WON'T, JOHNNY BOY!



THE BOY GUNMAN FAILED TO SEE THE BLACK HORSEMAN UNTIL THE ROPE TIGHTENED ROUND HIS HANDS--



DROP 'EM, SONNY!

HEY! WHAT THE--

SHERIFF SHOOTING NEVER DID ANYBODY ANY GOOD-- NOT EVEN A BIG TOUGH GUNMAN LIKE YOURSELF, LAD!

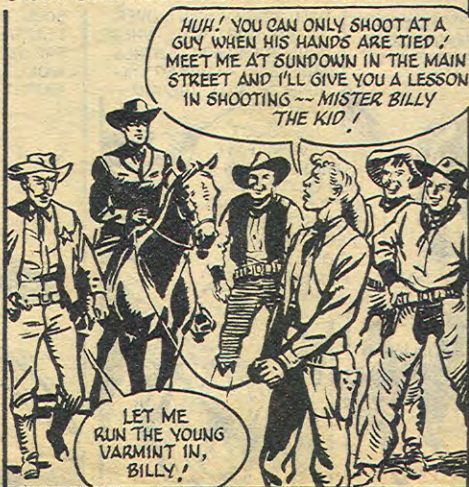


BILLY THE KID! IF I CAN OUTSHOOT YOU I'LL--

YOU'LL BE THE TOUGHEST GUY IN THE WEST! LEAVE THOSE GUNS ALONE!



THE AMAZING SPEED AT WHICH BILLY THE KID FIRED SHOOK THE YOUNGSTER FOR A MOMENT, BUT AS A CROWD GREW HE BECAME ARROGANT AGAIN--



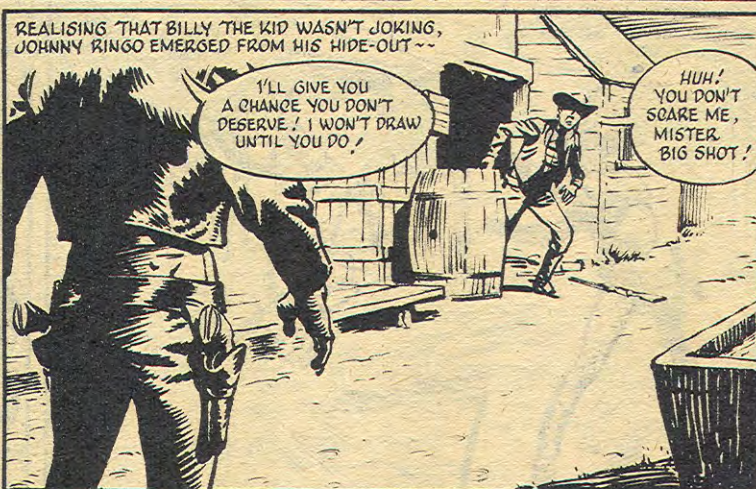
HUH! YOU CAN ONLY SHOOT AT A GUY WHEN HIS HANDS ARE TIED! MEET ME AT SUNDOWN IN THE MAIN STREET AND I'LL GIVE YOU A LESSON IN SHOOTING-- MISTER BILLY THE KID!

LET ME RUN THE YOUNG VARMINT IN, BILLY!

DON'T RUN HIM IN TILL AFTER SUNDOWN, SHERIFF! I'M LOOKING FORWARD TO FINDING OUT HOW MUCH HE'LL TEACH ME!



AS YOU SAY, BILLY!



SLOWLY BILLY WALKED FORWARD AND AS HE DID SO, THE YOUNG GUNMAN DESPERATELY YANKED OUT HIS GUNS--



JOHNNY RINGO WAS SO EXCITED AT MEETING THE GREAT BILLY THE KID THAT HIS HANDS SHOOK AS HE FIRED. NOT A SINGLE BULLET CAME WITHIN INCHES OF THE LONE AVENGER. AGAIN AND AGAIN JOHNNY FIRED UNTIL ---



AS BILLY THE KID ADVANCED ON HIM, TOUGH YOUNG JOHNNY RINGO'S COURAGE FAILED COMPLETELY --



O.K., JOHNNY! YOU KNOW ME -- I SHOOT STRAIGHT AS WELL AS FAST!

D-DON'T SHOOT ME! D-DON'T SHOOT!



I WOULDN'T WASTE MY BULLETS ON A COYOTE LIKE YOU! TURN ROUND!

I'LL GO STRAIGHT! HONEST! LEMME GO!

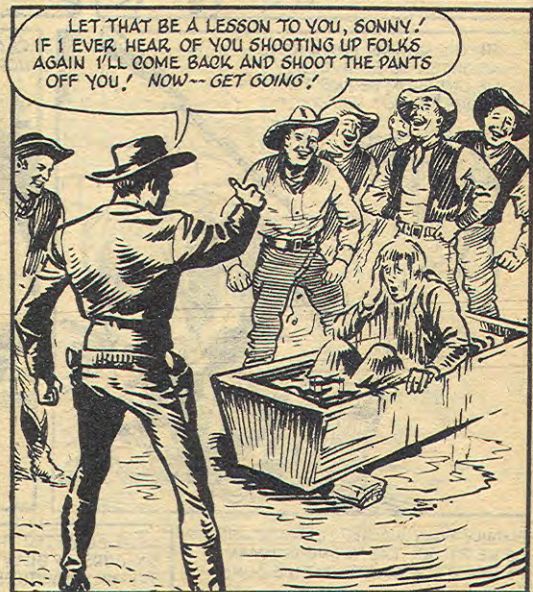


I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU, YET -- TOUGH GUY!



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY OF COOLING OFF HOTHEADS LIKE YOU!

IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT, BOYS!



LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU, SONNY! IF I EVER HEAR OF YOU SHOOTING UP FOLKS AGAIN I'LL COME BACK AND SHOOT THE PANTS OFF YOU! NOW -- GET GOING!



AS YOUNG JOHNNY RINGO STAGGERED ON TO HIS HORSE THE WHOLE TOWN LAUGHED AT HIM --

WHEN KIDS LIKE YOU START FOOLING AROUND, JOHNNY, YOU CAN EXPECT TO BE LAUGHED AT -- OR SHOT AT -- YOU'RE LUCKY THIS TIME!

YOU DON'T LOOK SO TOUGH NOW, RINGO! HAW! HAW!



FULL OF HUMILIATION THE WOULD-BE GUNMAN RODE AWAY, NEVER TO RETURN TO LITTLE FALLS --

HEY, RINGO! YOU LEFT YOUR GUNS BEHIND!

SOMEHOW I DON'T THINK HE'LL WANT THEM AGAIN! I GUESS HE'S LEARN'T HIS LESSON!



AND WITH PEACE RESTORED TO LITTLE FALLS -- BILLY THE KID RODE OUT INTO THE SUNSET --

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI -- YO!

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS.

**This week:
A STICKY TIME FOR
TOM MERRY!**

TOM MERRY HAS BAD LUCK

JACK BLAKE and his chums of the Fourth were determined to be top dogs of the St. Jim's juniors. They raided Tom Merry's study, locked themselves in, and scoffed all the grub they found there.

When Tom Merry and his comrades came along and started thumping on the study door, they were chased off by Herr Schneider the German master whose own room was opposite.

Herr Schneider was always "down" on Tom Merry. He had been so when Tom was at Clavering School, and Tom had been far from pleased when, after his transference to St. Jim's, the German master had also obtained a post at the school. And, as ill-luck would have it, Herr Schneider's study was near to Tom Merry's quarters.

The Terrible Three scuttled away quickly enough before the German could spot them, and the attack on the study door perforce ended. Burning with wrath, the three heroes of the Shell gathered in the quadrangle to take counsel.

"The bouncers!" said Monty Lowther. "They've fastened themselves in the study and they won't open the door till they've wolfed all the grub. I heard Figgy's voice there, so Blake has invited the New House wasters to the feast."

"Seven of the hungry bouncers," said Manners with a sigh. "My hat, why they won't leave a single crumb for us!"

Tom Merry nodded.

"The worst of it is, that we can't get at them," he said. "We'd soon have that door busted in if it wasn't for old Schneider."

"Yes, but now there's no way of doing it."

"There's the window."

Manners gave an expressive whistle.

"The window—on the second storey? Are you thinking of walking up a brick wall like a fly, Thomas Merry?"

"No, I'm thinking of borrowing a ladder from Taggles."

"Will he lend you one?"

"He'd lend me his Sunday clothes if I gave him half a crown."

"Oh, I see, bribery and corruption!" grinned Manners. "But, mind you, only one chap could go up a ladder at a time and there are seven fellows at the top to receive him."

"I shan't sound a trumpet to



The chums of the Fourth turned with a gasp as Tom Merry came leaping in through the window.

let them know I'm coming," retorted Tom. "We'll take them by surprise. We left the window open and I don't suppose they've closed it. Come and let's get the ladder, that's the first thing to be done."

They hurried away to the porter's lodge. Taggles was not on the best of terms with the juniors, especially with the heroes of the Shell. But the sight of a half-crown held between Tom Merry's finger and thumb, made him unusually civil. He had an idea that that half-crown might be transferred to his own waistcoat pocket.

"I say, Taggles, it's a nice day, isn't it?" said Tom Merry cheerily. "Warm for the time of year, don't you think so, and a little cold for the season?"

Taggles gave a grunt, but did not commit himself to a reply.

"I want to ask a favour of you, Taggles," said Tom. "You've got charge of the things the workmen leave here—you know, at that place they're putting up behind the head-master's house. By the way, are they building a little kennel for you?"

Another grunt from Taggles. It was only a view of the half-crown that kept him from getting up and chasing the trio forth from his lodge.

"But to come to the point," resumed Tom. "There's a long ladder, and that's what I want. There's something up with the door of my study and I can't get in. I want to get in at the window and unfasten it from inside."

This was all strictly true.

"You'll lend us the ladder, like an old sport, won't you?" said Tom coaxingly. "And if half a crown would be of any use to you, Taggy, old son—"

"I don't know that I hain't got any objection," said Taggles, with a greedy eye on the half-crown. "I don't see why you shouldn't have the ladder."

"Catch!"

Taggles caught the coin as it spun in the air, and came out to hand over the ladder. He watched the juniors with some misgivings as they seized it and ran it off towards the School House. He noticed that they whisked it away quickly, so that it would not be observed from any of the masters' windows, and he guessed that something was on.

The window of Tom Merry's study looked out upon a corner of the quad, with a big tree close at hand, screening it from general view. Once the ladder was safely there it would be secure from general observation.

Suddenly a figure rounded a corner.

"Hallo, there's Kildare!" muttered Manners in dismay.

The captain of St. Jim's looked in amazement at the ladder, and signed to the juniors to stop.

"What on earth are you going to do with that, youngsters?" he asked.

"My study door's got fixed," said Tom glibly. "Taggles lent us the ladder to get at the window and unfasten it."

His look was so innocent that Kildare's suspicions were dis-

armed.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "Mind you don't break your necks!"

"Right-ho!" said Tom in great relief.

Kildare walked on and the juniors rushed the ladder round a corner and stopped with it in the secluded spot under the study window.

"Narrow squeak that!" gasped Tom.

"A miss is as good as a mile. Good luck! The window's still open! Hark! You can hear the cork's popping in there! The brutes are scoffing our ginger-pop!"

"We'll scoff them soon!" said Tom. "Quiet now; we don't want to give the alarm! I'll go up first and I shall just go into the study head-first and go for 'em, and keep 'em engaged while you chaps get in the window. See?"

"Good wheeze! But I say, there's a lot of those chaps. Hadn't we better have some help?" Manners suggested.

"Right! If you like! Buzz off and get some of the Shell to back us up while Monty and I put up the ladder."

Manners buzzed off and Tom Merry and Lowther handled the ladder. They reared it carefully on end and allowed the top to rest lightly against the wall under the window. This had been done almost without a sound and there was no sign of alarm from within the study. It seemed certain that the invaders would be taken by surprise, though even then it was a risky business.

(Continued on next page)



Food was plastered all over Tom Merry. Finally, a string of sausages was hung round his neck and a jam tart pushed onto his nose. "Had enough?" asked Blake with a grin.

But Tom Merry did not care for risks. Manners came back with three fellows belonging to the Shell, ready to back up Tom in the attack on the study.

"Wait till I'm in," said Tom in a whisper. "I'll keep their hands full while you come to the rescue. Here goes!"

And he ascended the ladder silently. Up he went, anxiously watched by his chums from below. He reached the window-sill and could go no further without revealing himself to the juniors within. He drew a deep breath and placed his hands on the sill. The next moment he was looking into the study.

Seven juniors were seated or lounging round the table and the havoc they had made already in the provisions was astonishing.

Tom Merry vaulted over the sill and plunged into the room. The Fourth Formers jumped in amazement, but Jack Blake and Figgins tumbled to the situation in a twinkling. In a flash Blake had hurled himself upon Tom Merry, while Figgins sprang to the window and closed it down.

"Lend a hand here!" yelled Blake.

His chums sprang to his aid. Alas for Tom Merry's plan of keeping the juniors engaged while his friends followed him in at the window! He was down on the floor of the study in a moment with Blake and Herries sitting on his chest, D'Arcy clinging lovingly to his hair and Digby treading on his squirming legs.

The window was closed and Figgins & Co. were grinning through the glass at the wrathful countenance of Manners outside.

"My hat!" gasped Tom

Merry. "Lemme gerrup!"

Blake chuckled.

"Thought you'd attack us in the rear—hey—my pippin?" he exclaimed. "This is where we teach you a lesson not to interrupt your superiors at meal times. Anybody got any string?"

D'Arcy produced some string and Tom Merry's wrists were tied together. Then he was allowed to stand upon his feet.

He was looking very dusty and rumpled and rather fed-up. There was mischief in the looks of the juniors who surrounded him and his friends outside the closed window were helpless to come to his aid.

Manners tapped on the glass. "Open this window, you—young brutes!"

"Right-ho!" grinned Blake, picking up an uncorked bottle of ginger-pop, and stepping to the window. He threw up the sash. "Here you are!"

The bottle was inverted over the head of the unfortunate Manners. Poor Manners gave a yell, and went sliding down that ladder much more quickly than he had climbed up.

Jack distributed the rest of the contents of the bottle with a liberal hand over the boys of the Shell below, and with many muttered words they retreated to a safer distance.

"Your chaps are gone, Merry," Blake remarked. "You'd better follow them. But you came here for the grub, didn't you? You shall have some of it."

Tom Merry had some of it. The grub was meant to be taken internally, and Tom Merry took it externally, that was the only difference.

Each of the grinning juniors brought his contribution, and

plastered it somewhere upon the person of the unfortunate chief of the Shell. Tom Merry bore the ordeal well.

A fellow of the Shell wasn't going to show the white feather to chaps in the Fourth, and so Tom faced the music like a hero.

But the ordeal was severe. It was difficult to look heroic and dignified with a jam tart clinging to his nose, a pat of butter to his chin, and a string of sausages hung round his neck. Then there was black currant jam smeared on his right cheek, and raspberry jam on his left, giving his countenance a really weird appearance.

"Had enough?" asked Blake. "If you haven't, don't mind saying so. We want to meet your wishes in every possible way, you know."

Tom Merry grinned in rather a sickly way.

"I'm satisfied, if you are," he replied.

"Then this is where you make your exit," said Blake.

Tom Merry was led to the window, and lifted out on to the sill. Then Blake untied his hands.

Figgins held a bottle of lemonade ready, and as Tom slid down the ladder, he emptied it over him. Tom was gasping, smothered with sticky liquid, when he reached the bottom, and he lost no time in getting out of range.

He met with scant sympathy when he rejoined his Form-fellows. His appearance was so absurd that he was greeted with a shout of laughter, in which Manners and Monty Lowther joined as loudly as any.

"Well, you look a nice object!" exclaimed Manners, wiping his eyes. "Jammy, ain't you?"

"Oh, shut up!" said Tom

crossly. "Let's go and get some of this beastly stuff cleaned off, for goodness sake!"

"Ha, ha! Call yourself a giddy captain?"

"Nice sort of captain, to let those youngsters have the laugh on us!"

"Look at those Fourth Form rotters cackling! Look here, Tom Merry, if you can't put those kids in their place, we shall depose you and elect another leader."

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Tom, as he made off to get to the nearest bathroom.

The study window was crowded with the juniors, laughing hysterically, and kissing their hands to the wrathful boys of the Shell.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Blake. "Hear me smile! Smile, chaps!"

And Study No. 6 and Figgins & Co. smiled in unison, with a roar that could be heard on the other side of the grassy quadrangle.

The Shell boys marched off in silent wrath, leaving the Fourth-Formers masters of the situation, and gleefully triumphant.

The enemy vanquished and gone, the juniors turned to the interrupted feast. Fatty Wynn had already resumed operations, and they joined him and proceeded to clear the board.

"It's a victory!" grinned Blake. "I fancy those chaps in the Shell will sing a bit smaller after this. I told you I'd put Tom Merry in his place, kids, and haven't I done the trick? What?"

"You have," said his chums together. "They will have to sing smaller. What a grand feed! How do you like it, Figg?"

"Prime!" said Figgins, beaming over his last tart. "We'll return the invitation soon, you chaps, and ask you to a jolly good tea over in the New House!"

"That's all right. Another tart, Fatty?"

Fatty Wynn rubbed his bulging waistcoat rather ruefully.

"Er—no; I don't think so," he said. "I haven't room. But"—he brightened up—"I'll shove some of them in my pockets, Blake, if you don't mind. I shall be hungry again soon."

"Right-ho!" agreed Blake hospitably. "Don't spare the grub. Eat what you can, and pocket what you can't. We don't want to leave a crumb."

And indeed the juniors did not leave much on the table when they rose from the feast.

Blake took a sheet of paper, and daubed on it in big, black letters "THANKS!"

This polite acknowledgement of the feast he pinned in the centre of the table, so that it could not escape the notice of the Terrible Three when they returned.

"There!" said Blake. "It's only decent to thank them for a ripping feed like that, and I think Tom Merry will be pleased when he sees it. And now we may as well clear."

He unfastened the door, and

took a cautious peep into the passage. No one was in sight.

"Come on, fellows!" He led the way from the study, on the alert for an ambush. The juniors followed him, Fatty Wynn bringing up the rear, his pockets were bulging with good things, and a smile of happiness upon his fat, chubby face.

There was no ambush. Herr Schneider was in his study, and it was not safe to start a row in the corridor. The juniors went downstairs unmolested, and in the hall Figgins & Co. took quite an affectionate leave of Study No. 6, Figgy repeating his promise that a return feast should be given at no distant date.

Tom Merry came into the hall while Figgins was speaking. He heard the words. The juniors looked at him. He was cleaned now, and looked his usual self. Blake came towards him.

"Thanks, old chap!" he grinned. "It was jolly good of you to stand a feed like that, and I've left a little note for you in your study."

Mr. Railton, the housemaster, was in sight, so any thought of vengeance was impossible. Tom Merry looked unutterable things.

Figgins & Co. left the School House, to return to their own quarters. Blake and his chums went up to Study No. 6, and executed a war-dance round the table, in celebration of their glorious triumph over their rivals of the Shell.

In Tom Merry's study the Terrible Three met a little later, and they were looking a doleful trio.

The feast was gone; only crumbs, and empty bottles remained of it, with Blake's friendly note of thanks for the treat. Manners and Lowther breathed hard as they read it. Then they turned to Tom Merry, whose brow was wrinkled in thought.

"Look here, Merry," exclaimed Manners, "you're the leader of this blooming study! Are you going to take it out of Blake, or must we elect a new captain?"

"Peace, my children!" said Tom, waving his hand. "Don't disturb me when I'm thinking."

"Oh, rats to your thinking! A fat lot of good it's done so far!" "Chums, I have an idea!"

Manners and Lowther looked scornful.

"Well, we'll wait till we see how it pans out before we start the cheering," said Monty.

"What's the idea?" asked Manners.

"It's working in my brain," said Tom, with a gleam of mischief in his eyes. "I think we shall be able to do 'em down nicely. Figgins was saying that he would invite them to a return feed, and that put the idea into my head."

"Well, I don't see what's going to come of that," said Manners. "Suppose Figgins does stand them a feed; it will be over in the New House, and we

shan't have a chance of raiding it."

"I wasn't thinking of raiding it. That's a stale joke. I'm not going to work off any of his own second-hand wheezes on Blake," replied Tom Merry. "Go away and play, like good little boys, while I think it out."

Manners and Lowther looked rebellious. The late triumph of Study No. 6 had shaken their faith in their leader. In their old school Tom Merry had been easily first when it came to a contest of wits, but since coming to St. Jim's he had encountered rivals of a different quality. And it looked to Manners and Lowther as if Tom Merry had met more than his match in Jack Blake of St. Jim's. Yet the twinkle in their leader's eye was reassuring. When they saw that twinkle, which they knew of old, they knew that something good was coming.

And so they remained quiet, while Tom Merry thought out the plan that had come into his active brain, till he saw fit to take them into the secret. And when he detailed the scheme, the shout of laughter that rang from Study No. 10 would have warned Blake that mischief was brewing if he had heard it; but he did not.

THE INVITATIONS

TOM MERRY had devised a plan for getting his own back on Jack Blake, but what it was remained a secret, locked up in the breasts of the Terrible Three. They said no word of it to anyone; and when they met Blake about the school they pretended to ignore him, and appeared to have quite forgotten the raided feed in the study.

But Blake & Co. were not disposed to let them forget it easily, and the Terrible Three had to endure a great deal of chaffing and chipping.

"They're going to take it lying down," Blake announced, with much satisfaction, in Study No. 6. "You see, Tom Merry has realised that he bit off more than he could chew in tackling this study, and he has to admit that we've won out. Talk about making him leader against the New House! Why, the juniors wouldn't have him at any price now. I heard a chap in the Shell saying that Manners and Lowther were thinking of throwing him over, even."

"Yes, we've fixed 'em," said Dig thoughtfully. "We've done 'em brown, and we've taken our proper place in the Lower School."

The chums had just come into the study from the cricket-field. Two days had elapsed since the affair with the Terrible Three, and nothing had come from them in the way of reprisals, so Blake seemed justified in concluding that Tom Merry meant to take it lying down. If he had only known it, that was just the impression Tom wished to give him, for it was necessary to the success of Tom's design that Study No. 6 should be off their guard.

"Good!" said Herries. "There won't be any more talk, I fancy, of making Tom Merry captain of the junior eleven. Like his cheek. Why he's just a new boy. If he pops up again, we'll sit on him again, and keep him in his place."

And the four chums agreed that Tom Merry should be sat upon promptly if he showed a sign of popping up after his defeat.

The next day was Saturday—a half holiday. As soon as school was dismissed, Tom Merry mounted his bicycle and scorched off to Rylcombe. He called at the printer's, coming out ten minutes later with a little neatly-tied packet in his hand. Then he scorched back to St. Jim's. There was a gleeful grin upon his face as he rode. Something was evidently in the wind. As he wheeled his bike to the shed he saw Study No. 6 at practice on the football-ground. Monty Lowther and Manners were waiting for him at the door of the School House.

"Got 'em?" asked Manners eagerly.

Tom Merry nodded. "Yes. Come up into the study."

The Terrible Three hurried upstairs. Behind a closed door Tom produced his little packet and unfastened it. A dozen printed invitation cards were disclosed, which would have caused stares if they had been seen in the New House at St. Jim's. For this is how they were worded:

"G. Figgins, Esquire, would be glad of the company of— at a feed to be held in Taggles' room, by the kind permission of Henry Taggles, Esquire. Space strictly limited, so don't breathe a word to a soul. A high old time guaranteed. Guests on arriving to give the password, 'How do you like your eggs boiled?' to Taggles, who will then admit him. Time, — exactly."

Manners and Lowther roared with laughter as they read this very peculiar invitation card.

"I say, they'll think old Figgins is putting on a lot of swank getting his cards printed!" giggled Manners.

"Yes, rather; but that will impress 'em," said Tom Merry. "Now, we've only got to fill in the names of the chaps invited, and we must take care to disguise our fist. Have you got a kid out of the New House, as I told you?"

"Yes; young Benson, out of the Third. He's offered to deliver the invitations for a bob. Of course, I haven't told him anything about the game, but he knows it's something up against Study No. 6, so, of course he's on it like a bird!"

"Good! Give me a pen."

Tom Merry took the first of the cards, and filled in the name "Jack Blake," and the hour five o'clock. The second card was filled in to "G. Herries," and the time 5.15. Then a third card

was made out to "A. Digby," with the time 5.30. The fourth was addressed to "D'Arcy," whose company was requested at 5.45.

"There," said Tom, laying down his pen. "I think that's about right. Blake will come in at five, Herries at a quarter-past, and D'Arcy at a quarter to six. I think that's lovely. Now, to get 'em delivered. I've bought some of that awful pink note-paper old Figgins uses. Nothing like being thorough."

He began to seal up the cards in envelopes. There came a tap at the door, and a mop-headed, inky-fingered youngster of the Third Form came in. He belonged to the New House, and he was evidently on his guard as he came among the School House boys. But Tom Merry's genial manner reassured him in a moment.

"Hallo, young Benson! Do you want that bob?"

"Yes," said young Benson. "No larks, you know."

"No larks, honour bright! It's a game up against Study No. 6. We're going to take a rise out of them, you see."

Benson grinned. "I'm on!" he declared emphatically.

"You're to take this note and to give it to Blake—"

"Hallo! Where did you get Figgins' rotten pink notepaper from?"

"Don't you worry about that. You do as you're told. Take this note to Blake, and mind no one sees you give it to him, especially those bounders of Study No. 6! Savvy?"

"Whacko! Give us the note."

"He's not to know you come from us. He's to think you came straight from the New House—from Figgins, in fact."

"O.K.," said Benson, winking. "Leave it to me. I don't know what's behind all this but so long as you make old Blake sit up, I don't mind!" "Sit up," chorled Tom Merry. "Before we've finished with him, he'll wish he'd never been born."

What is Tom Merry's plan for revenge? You must not miss the fun in next week's grand instalment!

BEFORE I READ THE NEWS— I'M GOING TO READ THE SUN.



FOR THRILL AND JEST— SUN IS BEST!

LORD of SHERWOOD

KING RICHARD THE LIONHEART HAS MET HIS DEATH AT THE SIEGE OF CHALUZZ AND HIS RASCALLY BROTHER JOHN HEARS THE NEWS IN EXILE IN NORMANDY. JOHN RETURNS TO ENGLAND, SWEARING VENGEANCE ON THOSE WHO BROUGHT ABOUT HIS EXILE, -- PARTICULARLY IVANHOE, AND THE LIONHEART'S MOST TRUSTED FRIEND ROBIN, EARL OF LOOKSLEY, ONCE KNOWN TO ALL AS ROBIN HOOD!

THE NEW KINGS GET FOOT ON ENGLISH SOIL WITH GREAT POMP AND CEREMONY, BUT THERE WERE FEW CHEERS FROM HIS PEOPLE. AS HE STEPPED FROM HIS ROYAL BARGE AT TOWER WHARF, HE WAS GREETED BY HIS OLD HENCHMAN, THE VILLAINOUS SIR GUY OF GISBORNE, NOW WARDEN OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

RIGHT WELCOME, MY LORD, KING JOHN! YOUR SUBJECTS REJOICE AT YOUR SAFE RETURN!

SO I SEE FROM THEIR DOLEFUL FACES. GISBORNE -- CUT SHORT THIS FOOLISHNESS. I WOULD HAVE WORDS WITH YOU ALONE!

IN A PRIVATE CHAMBER IN THE WHITE TOWER.

SO THE PEOPLE RESENT MY RETURN, DO THEY? BY MY SCOPETRE, I'LL SHOW THESE SAXON DOGS WHO IS MASTER IN ENGLAND NOW!

SIRE! MY SWORD AND THE SWORDS OF MY FRIENDS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE TO COMMAND AS YOU WILL!

KING JOHN SUDDENLY REMEMBERED HIS VOW OF VENGEANCE AGAINST THE MEN WHO HAD CAUSED HIS LONG EXILE.

THEN MY FIRST COMMAND IS THIS -- TAKE YOUR MEN AND RIDE TO SHERWOOD FOREST -- FIND THE SAXON TRAITOR, IVANHOE, AND BRING HIM BACK IN CHAINS.

NOTHING WILL PLEASE ME BETTER, I WILL RIDE WITHIN THE HOUR, SIRE!

IN THE SUN-DAPPLED SHADE OF SHERWOOD FOREST, IVANHOE WAS OUT HAWKING WITH TWO OF HIS RETAINERS --

MASTER -- THE HAWK HAS BROUGHT DOWN A FINE PARTRIDGE IN THIS UNDERGROWTH!

AFTER HIM, CEDRIC!

SUDDENLY CEDRIC THE HAWKER WAS SURROUNDED BY ARMED MEN -- A BLOW FROM A HEAVY MACE SENT HIM SPINNING FROM THE SADDLE --

THAT'S ONE OF THE SAXON DOGS DISPOSED OF --

AAAGH!

IVANHOE REINED IN HIS HORSE. FROM THE UNDERGROWTH ALL AROUND HIM SPRANG THE MERCELESS HENCHMEN OF SIR GUY OF GISBORNE -- HE WAS TRAPPED!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE?

IN THE KING'S NAME, IVANHOE -- I ARREST YOU FOR HIGH TREASON! SEIZE HIM, MEN!

BUT IVANHOE WAS NOT A MAN TO BE TAKEN SO EASILY -- HE LET FLY THE FIERCE HAWK FROM HIS GAUNTLET AT THE FACES OF THE ADVANCING MEN AND WRENCHING A MACE FROM ONE OF HIS ENEMIES, HE LAID ABOUT HIM AS IF HE WERE IN THE LISTS AT ASHBY.



TAKE THAT!

UNHORSE HIM, YOU RABBLE! ARE YOU NO MATCH FOR ONE UNARMED MAN?

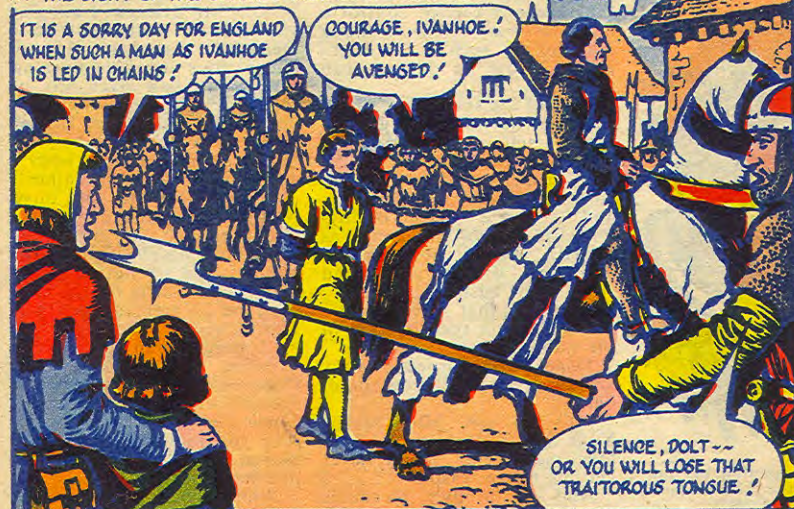
AAAH! TAKE OFF THIS ACCURSED HAWK!

BUT THE ODDS WERE TOO HEAVY. A COWARDLY BLOW FROM THE FLAT OF A SWORD-BLADE BROUGHT IVANHOE FROM THE SADDLE AND HIS ENEMIES OVERPOWERED HIM.



WELL DONE! CHAIN UP THAT TRAITOR KNIGHT. WE WILL SEE HOW KNIGHTLY HE LOOKS WHEN WE DRAG HIM THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON TOWN!

THE HONEST CITIZENS OF LONDON TOWN WERE ROUSED TO ANGER AT THE SIGHT OF THE CHAINED FIGURE OF IVANHOE --



IT IS A SORRY DAY FOR ENGLAND WHEN SUCH A MAN AS IVANHOE IS LED IN CHAINS!

COURAGE, IVANHOE! YOU WILL BE AVENGED!

SILENCE, DOLT -- OR YOU WILL LOSE THAT TRAITOROUS TONGUE!

A FEW DAYS LATER, A TRAVEL-STAINED RIDER, SWEEP UP TO THE GATES OF WALLINGFORD CASTLE, WHERE KING JOHN WAS RESIDING --



I AM THE EARL OF LOOKLEY -- COME FROM FRANCE ON URGENT BUSINESS -- I DEMAND TO SEE HIS MAJESTY AT ONCE!

ROBIN HOOD WAS USHERED INTO THE PRESENCE OF KING JOHN.



SIRE! I WAS WITH YOUR ROYAL BROTHER WHEN HE DIED, AND I BEG LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND -- IVANHOE MAY HAVE FOUGHT AGAINST YOU IN THE PAST, BUT HE IS A BRAVE AND HONOURABLE KNIGHT AND WILL SERVE YOU WELL, NOW THAT YOU ARE HIS RIGHTFUL KING! HE DOES NOT DESERVE IMPRISONMENT!

THE EVIL KING JOHN ROSE TO HIS FEET -- HIS SALLOW FACE A MASK OF HATRED.



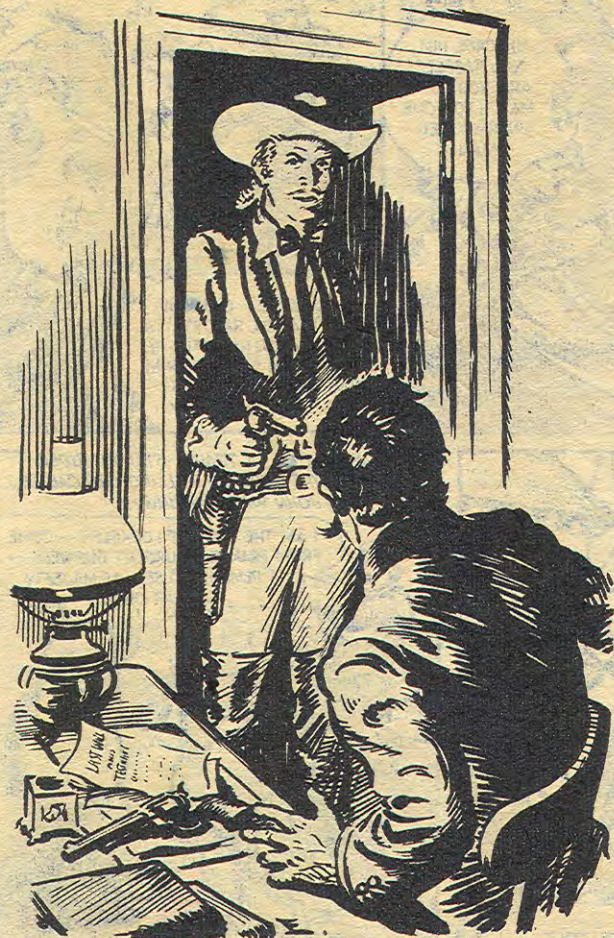
TRAITOR, WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE! HE DOES NOT DESERVE IMPRISONMENT -- HE DESERVES DEATH! HE SHALL DIE THIS DAY WEEK ON TOWER HILL AS A WARNING TO ALL TRAITORS -- AND YOU SHALL DIE WITH HIM, FOR YOU WERE A PARTY TO MY BANISHMENT! SEIZE HIM GIBBORNE!

Next week: Robin's daring escape!

SUN--November 29, 1952--11

WILD BILL HICKOK

and the **ROUGH-RIDING RANCHER**



The door flew open and Wild Bill Hickok stood in the opening, his gun levelled. "Let's have a look at that document, Legree," he snapped. From this thrilling complete story by BARRY FORD.

THE TRAP!

"BUT, Daughter, I can no more give up ridin' than I can breathin', so let's be hearin' no more about it," growled Thomas O'Hannon, owner of the Broken Circle spread.

"I didn't say give up riding," replied Molly, his pretty young daughter, in a patient tone. "I said, give up riding wild horses. At your age it's dangerous to go tearing about on horses like Wildfire—he needs strong, firm handling. He'll throw you one of these days, you see if he doesn't! Father, do be sensible—your hard-riding days are over."

"Bah!" snorted the irate, grey-haired Irishman. "To hear you talk, mavourneen, anyone would think I was a hundred and one instead of only sixty-three. The idea of it! You jest be lookin' after things that concern you, Daughter, and leave your father be."

Thomas O'Hannon eased his

thick-set body out of the veranda chair in which he had been sitting, his beetled brows knitted in indignation. Knocking out his pipe on the porch rail he glared at his daughter. "You'll be after tellin' me to give up smokin' next," he muttered as he moved off down the ranch-house steps.

"Father," called Molly, trying hard to suppress a chuckle at O'Hannon's petulance, "here comes Mr. Legree."

"And what in the name of goodness would he be wantin'?" mumbled the rancher as he glanced up at the tall thin man who was approaching the house.

Jasper Legree was the family lawyer. In fact, he was the only lawyer for miles around. He had a small, untidy, dust-filled office in Drayton, a nearby town, where he transacted a great deal of business—most of it shady. For Jasper Legree was not strictly honest!

"Howdy, Mr. O'Hannon," he greeted in an oily voice. "Just

thought I'd drop by and say how-do to you and Miss Molly."

"Mornin', Legree," grunted O'Hannon.

"Hello, Mr. Legree," smiled Molly. "I'm glad to see you, for perhaps you'll be able to convince Father that he should cut out all the hard riding he does. It's too risky at his age. He won't listen to me."

"Begorra! And there she goes bringin' up me age again!" roared the rancher, flushing angrily. "Sure and I'm stronger and healthier than any man twenty years younger than me—self, that I am!"

"It's only natural that your daughter should be anxious about you, Mr. O'Hannon," said Legree silkily. "And after all, though you may feel forty, the fact remains that you are in your sixties. And when one is that age one cannot control a fiery horse as well as a young man, or do such hard rough-riding. Now be honest—can one?"

"By all the shamrocks in the Emerald Isle!" bellowed O'Hannon. "I tell ye, I can ride any horse on my ranch and handle him properly. Stallions don't come any friskier than Wildfire, and I'd like to see you, or anyone else, control him as well as myself! And I'll go on ridin' him. And I'll thank ye to mind your own business, Legree!" And with that the rancher stamped off in the direction of the stables.

Jasper Legree turned to Molly and shrugged his narrow shoulders.

"It's no use, Miss Molly. Your father is as stubborn as they make 'em. You'll never get him to see reason."

And all Molly's pleadings were in vain. She might just as well have saved her breath, for her father rode as hard and as recklessly as ever.

One afternoon during that week O'Hannon was mounted on Wildfire, racing like the wind across his vast ranchland. As was always the case, he never ceased to tingle with excitement at the speed with which his magnificent mount flew along. Bareheaded, he sat relaxed in his saddle, humming a merry Irish ditty as he streaked towards the trail leading to home.

He came to a grove of cottonwood trees which lined the trail on either side. At the end of the avenue of trees which stood erect like sentinels, lay the path leading up to his stately ranch-house.

Wildfire tore past the trees at a head-long gallop but as it drew level with the last two, it suddenly tripped and crashed to the ground, throwing O'Hannon heavily. The elderly rancher lay motionless where he had fallen, face down on the reddish

brown earth.

The stallion scrambled to its feet and went over to its master. It nudged the still form with its velvety nose, and getting no response, streaked off towards the stables. The empty saddle told its own story, and within a few minutes several cowboys were racing off in search of their boss.

Three days later a familiar figure on a beautiful sorrel mare dismounted outside the Broken Circle ranch-house. It was Wild Bill Hickok, the famous frontier marshal of the lightning guns. He had ridden into Drayton, and hearing about Thomas O'Hannon's accident, had gone straight to the ranch, for he and the Irishman were old friends.

A tear-stained Molly welcomed the marshal into the house.

"Oh, Mr. Hickok, I am glad you've come. Father will be so pleased to see you. He was unconscious until this morning. The doctor had given him up for dead. He's terribly weak and not out of danger yet. His left leg is broken, his right wrist badly sprained, and his body is a mass of bruises. Poor Father!"

"He's lucky to be alive, Molly, after a fall like that. Is he strong enough for me just to say hello to him? I'll only stay a minute. And try not to worry, dear, your dad is tough. He'll soon be all right again," said Hickok gently.

"I begged him not to ride Wildfire, but you know how stubborn he is. Now maybe this accident will teach him a lesson. Come along, Mr. Hickok, I'll take you to him," and Molly tucked her hand under the marshal's arm.

Wild Bill bent over the white-faced rancher's face lying so still on his pillow.

"Hello, Tom," he greeted softly. "What's the big idea of scaring us all like this?"

"Bill!" said O'Hannon in a weak voice, stretching out his left hand and gripping the marshal's arm. "I'm glad you're here. Listen, Bill I've something important to tell you. Wildfire didn't fall naturally. Something tripped him! I..."

But the effort of talking proved too much for Tom O'Hannon and he dropped back into unconsciousness.

Quickly Hickok called to the nurse who was in the adjoining room, and without a word to Molly, slipped out of the house.

A worried frown creased his forehead. Tom O'Hannon was an expert horseman. He would know for certain whether or not his horse had fallen naturally—and apparently it had not.

The marshal went round to the bunkhouse and asked one of the cowboys to show him the spot where the accident had

occurred.

A few minutes later Wild Bill drew up at the entrance to the cottonwood grove. Dismissing the cowboy, Hickok dismounted and examined the spot where Wildfire had tripped. At first he saw nothing suspicious, and then his keen eyes caught sight of a frayed piece of thin cord lying on the leaf-strewn ground.

Bending down, Wild Bill picked up one end of the cord and found it led to the nearest tree trunk. Searching amongst the leaves he found a second piece which was secured to the tree opposite. Taking both pieces and holding them together, he found that originally it was a single piece of cord which had been stretched across the trail several inches above the ground and secured to the trees.

The thin cord, blending in with the colour of the tree trunks and the ground, would never have been spotted from the back of a swiftly galloping horse. Thoughtfully the marshal fingered his neat little chin beard as he gazed down at the severed trip cord. Someone had been responsible for Tom O'Hannon's accident. But who?

LUCK OF THE IRISH

JASPER LEGREE, the Lawyer, sat at his dusty, ink-stained desk, writing. A revolver lay beside a pile of papers near his blotter. He was carefully underlining some words in red ink when the door of his office was suddenly thrown open.

Looking up quickly he was startled to find Wild Bill Hickok standing in the doorway, levelling his silver- and ivory-butted Colt directly at him.

"What the—?" began the surprised Legree, but was cut short by a curt:

"Let's have a look at that document!"

The lawyer hesitated a second, but finding the barrel of the marshal's six-gun staring him right in the face, he quickly thrust the paper at Hickok.

Rapidly the marshal scanned the document.

"Hmm!—the Last Will and Testament of Thomas O'Hannon," he murmured. "And I see that all his money and property is to go to you at his death. Very interesting!"

While Hickok was glancing at the paper, Jasper Legree was frantically trying to slide several tiny pieces of paper under the blotter. But Wild Bill was too quick for him.

"Take your hands off those pieces of paper!" he snapped. And bending over the desk he looked at the writing on them. They were specimens of Thomas O'Hannon's signature!

"Why, you dirty crook!" said the marshal, his lips curling in disgust. "Forging O'Hannon's will, were you?"

An ugly sneer came over the thin, mean face of the lawyer and his hand made a sudden reach for the revolver lying on



Wild Bill landed a terrific punch on the crook's jaw and knocked him flying head over heels. At the same moment the flames from the overturned lamp spread across the room.

top of his desk. But before his fingers could close round it there was a deafening report and his gun was shot off the bullets!

As Legree leaped to his feet in fear, Wild Bill rammed his smoking gun in his greased, cutaway holster with his right hand, and then flashed a terrific uppercut to Legree's jaw. Jasper was sent crashing head over heels across the room, knocking the oil lamp from his desk as he cart-wheeled. The lamp crashed to the floor.

Struggling to his feet, Jasper shook his head in a dazed manner as though trying to clear it. Then suddenly he hurled himself at the marshal, aiming a punch to the side of Wild Bill's head. Even as he delivered the blow, so the burning oil from the lamp spread across the floor in a creeping tongue of flame.

Wild Bill shot out his right arm, and with all the power of his massive shoulders behind it, dealt a solid, pile-driving blow straight to Legree's solar plexus.

The lawyer gave a sickly groan and collapsed. In those few seconds the fire had spread rapidly round the room, enveloping the two men in smoke and flames.

Wild Bill drew his sleeve hurriedly across his already watering, smarting eyes, and giving a spluttering cough,

grabbed Legree by the back of his collar and dragged him across the room. Darting tongues of fire were leaping at the clothes of both men by the time Wild Bill had reached the door with the unconscious lawyer.

The marshal continued to drag Legree along until they were clear of the building. Once out in the street he dunked the lawyer's head in a horse's drinking trough to revive him. Within a couple of minutes the bedraggled man was blinking nervously and rubbing his painful, swelling jaw.

"I'm arresting you, Legree," barked the marshal, "for the attempted murder of Thomas O'Hannon and the forging of his will. Two very serious charges."

"How can you pin the first charge on me?" quavered the man. "There's no proof."

"That's where you're wrong, Legree. I carefully examined the trip cord which caused Mr. O'Hannon's accident. It was stained in several places with red ink! How it got there I don't know, but I imagine some red ink had accidentally been upset over it. Whoever planted that trip cord was obviously in the habit of using red ink."

The marshal paused and noted with satisfaction the look of defeat in the lawyer's eyes.

"You happen to be the person most likely to use red ink in this town, as you do so much clerical work," continued

Hickok. "And I knew you'd been visiting the Broken Circle recently. And I also know you're a shady character. So I started checking up on you first of all."

"The rest you know. Your desk is badly stained with red ink where a bottle of it was obviously upset recently. And I noticed that in the centre of the stain there was a clear circular patch which looked as though a small coil of string, or cord, might have lain there at the time the ink was upset. The forged will, and your actions in the office, proved without a shadow of doubt that you're the man I'm looking for!"

And so Jasper Legree was clapped in jail!

Thomas O'Hannon made a rapid recovery from his accident. And to the despair of his daughter, he was riding again within six months, tearing about his vast ranch at his usual breakneck speed on his swift stallion, Wildfire.

O'Hannon could not find words enough to thank Wild Bill for his help. But when it came to his remarkable recovery he merely shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Sure and it's jest the luck of the Irish," and as he said it laughter shone in his Irish eyes.

All the fight had gone out of the lawyer. He knew the game was up and he made no resistance as Wild Bill jabbed him with the barrel of his gun and urged him down the main street in the direction of the jail. And many were the people who had suffered from Jasper's evil scheming and who were glad enough to see his downfall.

So Wild Bill Hickok brings another evil-doer to justice! Tell your friends they can enjoy the adventures of the great fast-shooting marshal every week in the SUN!

THESE READERS WIN 10/- EACH!

Here are five wealthy readers! They've each won a 10/- note as winners of our Routes Puzzle of September 27th.

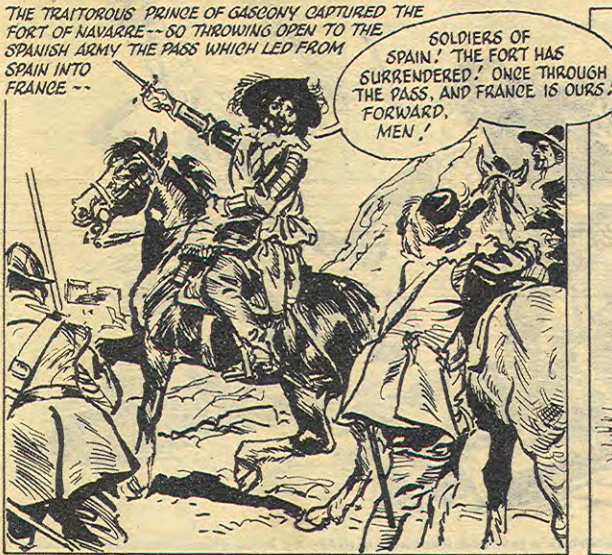
Nicol Webster, Inverurie; Michael Dagless, Falkirk; Miss G. Pilcher, Chatham; Barbara Hart, Darlington; John Cooper, Harrogate.

The correct answer is, Route 1 leads to the Bird, Route 2 leads to the Flower, and Route 3 leads to the Wheel. Prizes were awarded to the most neatly written correct entries.

The King's Musketeers

THE TRAITOROUS PRINCE OF GASCONY CAPTURED THE FORT OF NAVARRE--SO THROWING OPEN TO THE SPANISH ARMY THE PASS WHICH LED FROM SPAIN INTO FRANCE--

THEN DOWN INTO THE PASS FROM THE OTHER END RODE THE KING'S MUSKETEERS--



BUT DON MIGUEL, THE SPANISH COMMANDER, WAS SWIFT TO ACT.



THEN THE MUSKETEERS MET THE SPANISH INFANTRY IN A HEAD-ON CLASH.

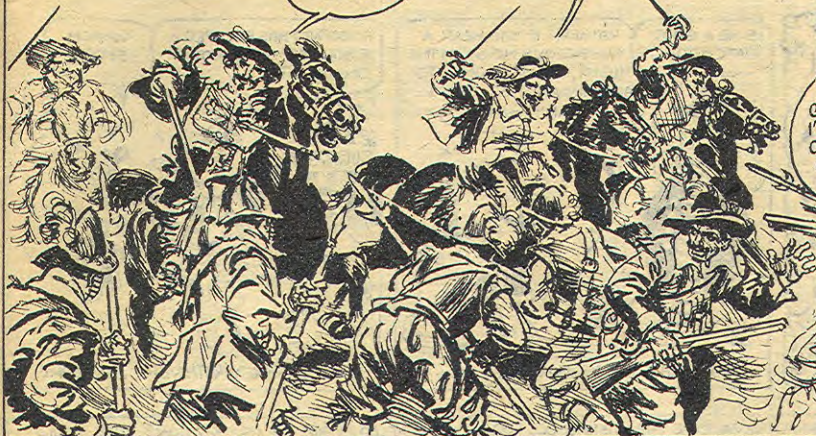
LONG LIVE FRANCE!

DEATH TO THE SPANISH DOGS!

WHILE ON THE RAMPARTS OF THE FORT, THE RASCALLY PRINCE OF GASCONY WHIMPERED TO DON MIGUEL --

THE KING'S MUSKETEERS! MAKE HASTE, DON MIGUEL, IN HEAVEN'S NAME, IF THEY CAPTURE ME --

ASIDE, YOU CRINGING CUR! I'VE A BATTLE ON MY HANDS, OUT OF MY WAY --



WHITE WITH RAGE, THE PRINCE SPRANG AT THE SPANIARD-- BUT TWO SOLDIERS HELD HIM FAST.

YOU DARE SPEAK TO ME IN THAT WAY, YOU SPANISH DOG!

SEIZE THE COWARDLY WRETCH, MEN! I'VE NO TIME TO WASTE ON HIM! PREPARE TO FIRE!

THEN, AS THE SPANISH INFANTRY FELL BACK BEFORE THE FIERCE ONSLAUGHT OF THE MUSKETEERS, THE GUNS OF THE FORT BEHELD FIRE --

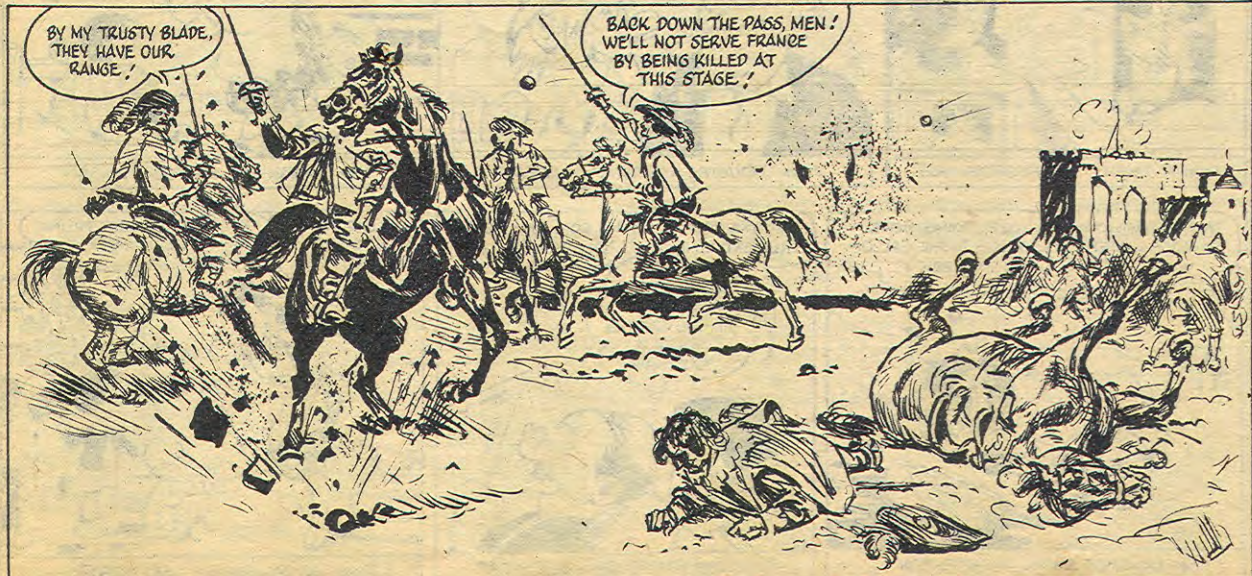
WITH ME, MUSKETEERS! WE HAVE THEM ON THE RUN!

D'ARTAGNAN! THE FORT! THEY'RE OPENING FIRE!



BY MY TRUSTY BLADE, THEY HAVE OUR RANGE!

BACK DOWN THE PASS, MEN! WE'LL NOT SERVE FRANCE BY BEING KILLED AT THIS STAGE!



Can the Musketeers stop the Spanish invaders? More of this grand tale next week!

SUN—November 29, 1952—15

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.

FIRST PRIZE

WHY SHOULD I RUN?
I DON'T BELIEVE
IN HUMAN BEINGS!



FROM B. ASQUITH, WRENTHORPE

IS HE A GOOD
WATCHDOG?



FROM MALCOLM YEOMANS, WALSALL

RATHER! IF YOU HEAR A
SUSPICIOUS NOISE IN THE
NIGHT, YOU HAVE ONLY TO
WAKE HIM AND HE'LL BARK
LIKE ANYTHING

A LEOPARD HAS ESCAPED!
IF YOU SEE IT - SHOOT IT
ON THE SPOT



WHICH
SPOT?

FROM JEFFREY ROTHNER, EDWARE

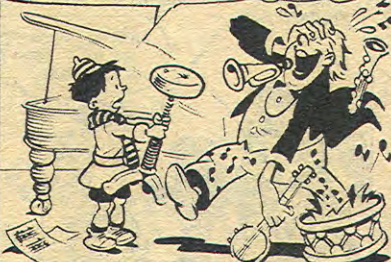
I'VE TAKEN UP WRITING AS A PROFESSION
INDEED? SOLD ANYTHING YET?



FROM MARIE ROBINSON, LOUGH

OH YES. MY
OVERCOAT,
CAMERA
AND GOLF
CLUBS!

SOMEONE GAVE ME THIS MUSIC STOOL FOR A
BIRTHDAY PRESENT BUT IT DOESN'T WORK.
CAN YOU TELL ME HOW TO PLAY IT, PLEASE?



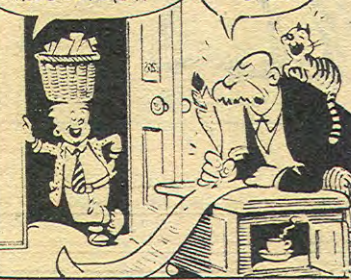
FROM TERRY QUINN, BURTON-ON-TRENT

HELLO, IS THAT THE FIRE STATION? WELL, COULD
YOU TELL ME WHERE THE NEAREST FIRE ALARM IS?
MY HOUSE IS ON FIRE!



FROM JOHN GREEN, COLCHESTER

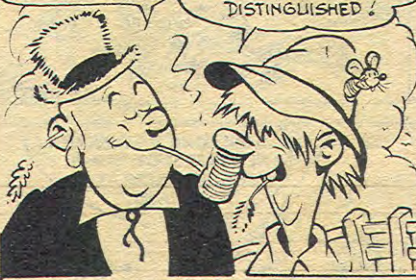
THERE'S A MAN CALLED
TO SEE YOU WITH A
MOUSTACHE, SIR



FROM R. SMITH, HEREFORDSHIRE

TELL HIM
I'VE GOT
ONE!

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN A STOAT
AND A WEASEL?



FROM DOUGLAS GREGORY, LEEDS

A STOAT IS STOATALLY
DIFFERENT FROM A
WEASEL WHICH IS WEASELLY
DISTINGUISHED!

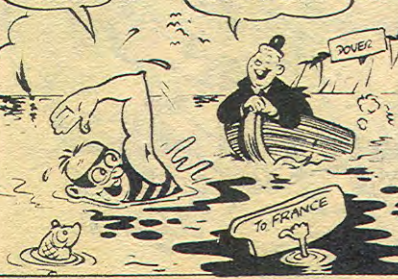
WHO BROKE THIS
WINDOW?



FROM MARGARET SPARGO, WIGAN

JOE DID, MA. HE DUCKED
WHEN I THREW THE
STONE AT HIM

I'M NOT SWALLOWING
SO MUCH WATER
NOW



FROM LAURENCE SMITH, BISHOPSTON

YOU'RE DOING MORE
MILES TO THE GALLON,
SO TO SPEAK

DAD, ARE YOU
STILL GROWING?

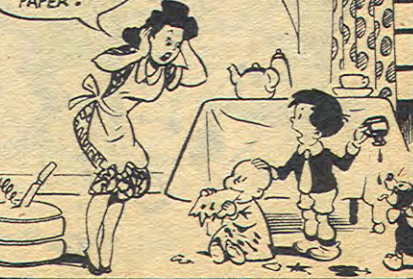


FROM JOHN GOODFELLOW, GATESHEAD

NO, SON. WHY DO
YOU ASK?

BECAUSE THE
TOP OF YOUR
HEAD IS COMING
UP THROUGH
YOUR HAIR

YOU BAD BOY -
MAKING BABY
EAT BLOTTER
PAPER!

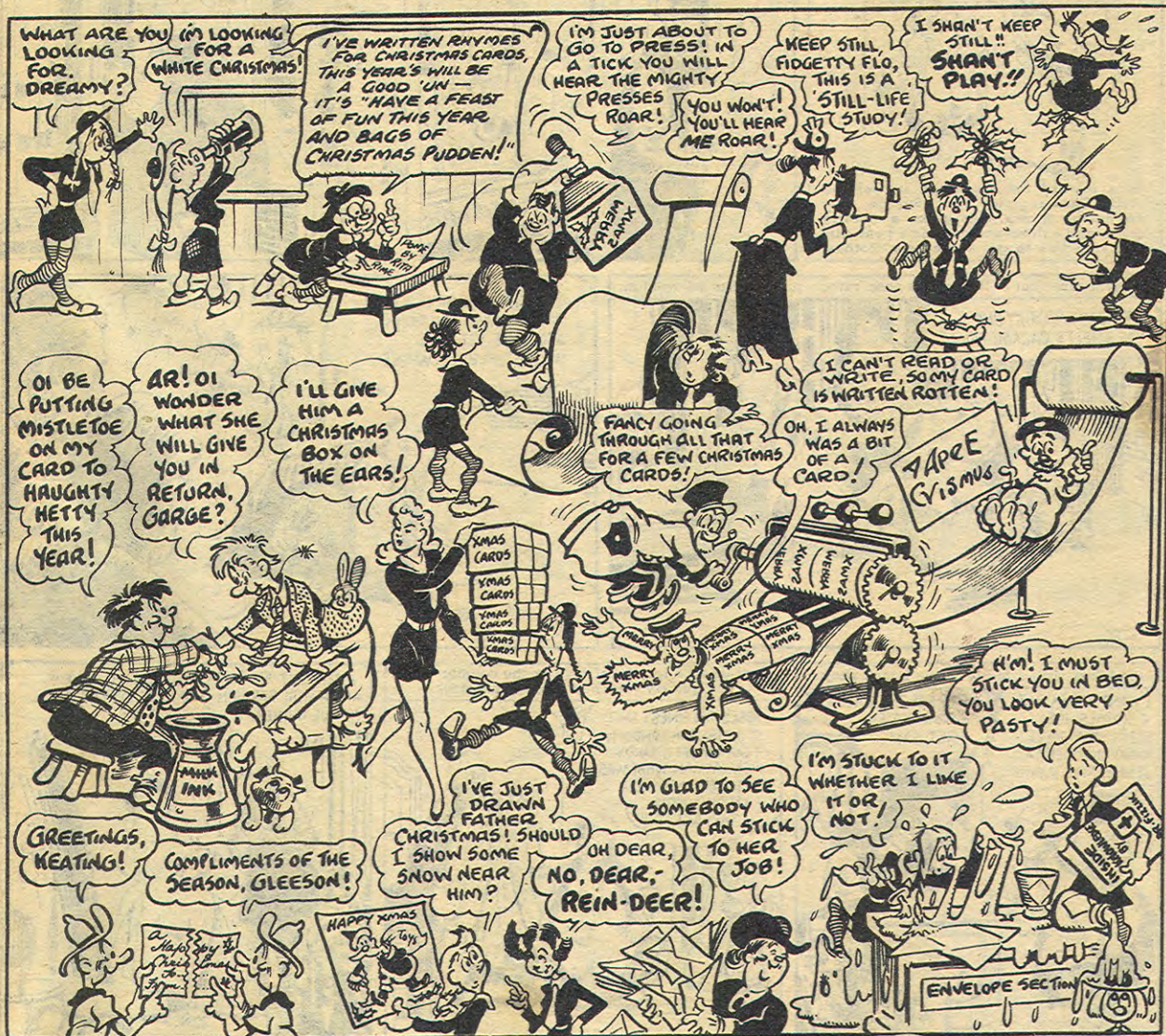


FROM JOHN JONES, BEDFORD

BUT, MUM, HE'S JUST DRUNK
A BOTTLE OF INK!

THE PENGUIN PATROL

MAKE THEIR CHRISTMAS CARDS



S.C.S.C.—THE SUN CAR SPOTTERS GUIDE

GOT your Albums ready, Spotters? Right, then look at the back and see if any of the thousand numbers printed below are there. If yours is there, you may write up to us and claim one of our super presents.

All those whose numbers are between 2,500 and 3,000 inclusive, and between 50,000 and 50,500 are due for a present this week.

Is your number here? Then this is what you do. First of all, choose one of the following gifts, Fountain-pen, "Tenni-Gun," Pocket-knife, Big Jig-saw, Box of Paints, Box of Wire Puzzles, Binoculars, or a Purse. Now write the name of your choice in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use," making sure at the same time that 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 most in SUN, and in a few words say why. Post the Album and piece of paper in a 2d. stamped envelope 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, December 9th, 1952. Presents are sent about a week later and Albums are returned at the same time.



"NEWFOOTY" TABLE SOCCER

Patent No. 638860

Association Football from Field to Table

- ★ THE ORIGINAL with LATEST IMPROVEMENTS!
- ★ FOULS, OFFSIDE, PENALTIES, CORNERS, &c.

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DICK TURPIN and The Gentleman Tramp



As a reward for his share in helping Lord Chessington, Sam Supple, the wandering tramp, was given a country house and a thousand pounds a year. His first step was to get some new clothes.

THIS LOOKS A GOOD PLACE. I'D LOOK A PROPER TOFF IN ONE O' THEM OUTFITS



LET'S SEE NOW - HALF A DOZEN COATS, A DOZEN WESKITS, A DOZEN PAIR O' BREECHES, TWO DOZEN PAIR O' SILK HOSE . . .



But Sam came out of the tailor's shop rather quicker than he went in.

GET OUT AND STAY OUT YOU SMELLY RAGAMUFFIN.



ALL RIGHT, I CAN TAKE A HINT! IF THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK ABOUT ME, I'LL TAKE ME CUSTOM ELSEWHERE!



And Sam visited Joe Wrangle's junk shop.

I WANT A FISH SUIT O' CLOTHES, JOE. STEP LIVELY THERE AND DON'T KEEP A GENNELMAN WAITIN

LET'S SEE THE COLOUR O' YOUR MONEY FIRST, SAM.



Sam threw a handful of gold on the counter—and Joe quickly searched through his stock.

HERE'S THE FINEST SUIT O' CLOTHES IN LONDON. I GOT 'EM OFF A DANDY HIGHWAYMAN WHAT WAS CAPTURED LAST WEEK. - HARDLY WORN THEY ARE



A PERFECT FIT! AND A REAL BARGAIN AT FIVE GUINEAS.

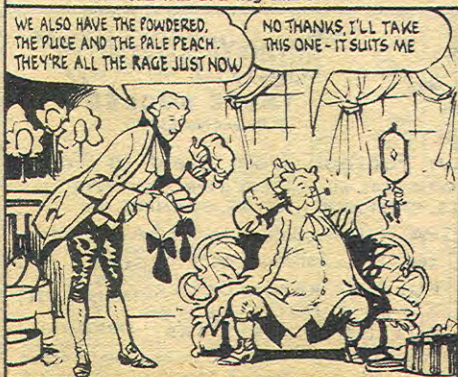
ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE IT. NO NEED TO SEND IT, I'LL KEEP IT ON.



Sam's next call was at a wig-makers . . .

WE ALSO HAVE THE POWDERED, THE PLICE AND THE PALE PEACH. THEY'RE ALL THE RAGE JUST NOW

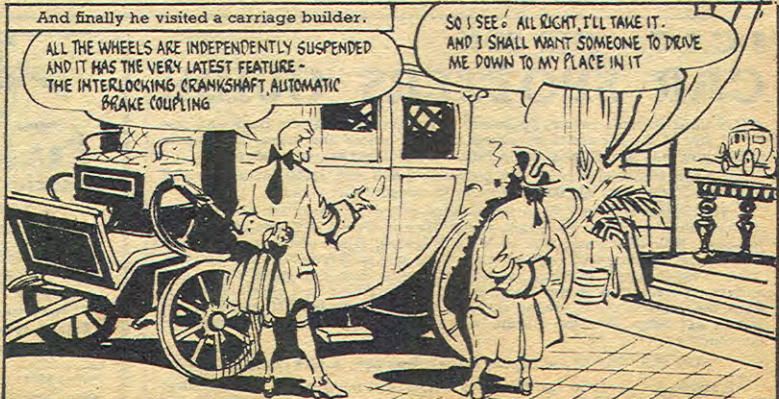
NO THANKS, I'LL TAKE THIS ONE - IT SUITS ME

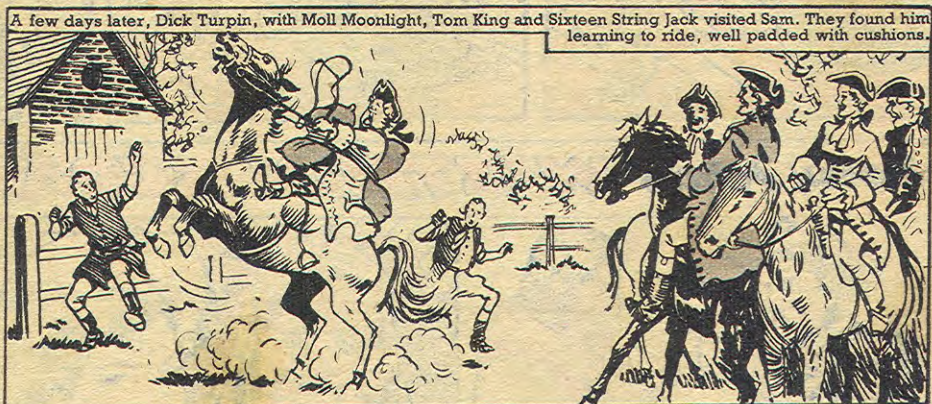
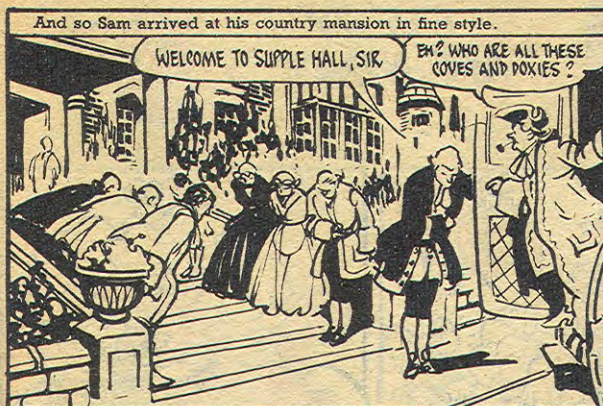


And finally he visited a carriage builder.

ALL THE WHEELS ARE INDEPENDENTLY SUSPENDED AND IT HAS THE VERY LATEST FEATURE - THE INTERLOCKING CRANKSHAFT AUTOMATIC BRAKE COUPLING

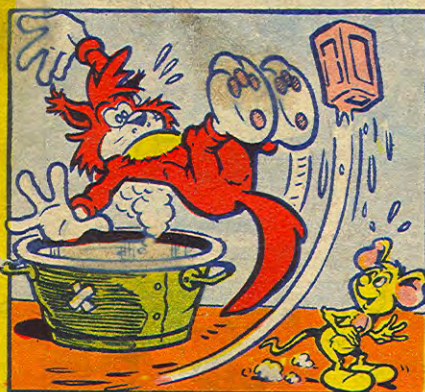
SO I SEE! ALL RIGHT, I'LL TAKE IT. AND I SHALL WANT SOMEONE TO DRIVE ME DOWN TO MY PLACE IN IT



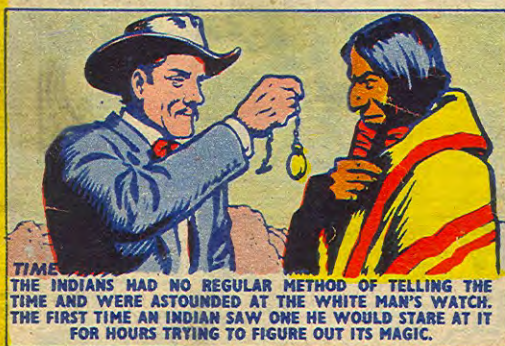


Poor Sam looks as if he can do with some good news! What it is and how it affects Sam's future you will see next week!

SUN—November 29, 1952—19



Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK



TIME
THE INDIANS HAD NO REGULAR METHOD OF TELLING THE TIME AND WERE ASTOUNDED AT THE WHITE MAN'S WATCH. THE FIRST TIME AN INDIAN SAW ONE HE WOULD STARE AT IT FOR HOURS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT ITS MAGIC.



ANNIE OAKLEY
ANNIE OAKLEY, WHO WAS DOUBTLESS THE GREATEST WOMAN RIFLE-SHOT IN THE WORLD, WAS ADOPTED BY CHIEF SITTING BULL AS HIS DAUGHTER, AND NAMED "LITTLE SHURE-SHOT."



BUFFALO DANCE
MANY PLAINS TRIBES PERFORMED THE WHITE BUFFALO DANCE BEFORE SETTING OUT ON A BUFFALO HUNT.



WHISPERING WIRES
WHEN THE OVERLAND TELEGRAPH WAS BEING LAID ACROSS AMERICA, A CERTAIN TRIBE OF PLAINS INDIANS CUT THE WIRES AND USED THEM FOR MAKING TRINKETS. BY PURE COINCIDENCE, SMALL-POX BROKE OUT IN THEIR VILLAGE. THEY BELIEVED THE WIRE HAD CAUSED THE SICKNESS AS A PUNISHMENT FOR CUTTING IT.



BRONC-RIDING BELT
A WIDE BELT IS WORN BY COWBOYS FOR PROTECTION FROM INJURY WHEN HORSE BREAKING.