

HAPPY CHRISTMAS NUMBER

SUN

3rd

No. 202
December 20, 1952

BILLY THE KID'S CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE



YOUNG JOE AND JILL BROWN KNEW THAT THEIR FARMER FATHER HAD HIT ON HARD TIMES, BUT THEY STILL LOOKED FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS UNTIL THEIR FATHER TOLD THEM THAT THEIR PET GOOSE, 'CHARLIE', MIGHT HAVE TO BE THEIR CHRISTMAS DINNER. ~



LATER THAT AFTERNOON~~



DON'T WORRY, JILL, I'LL HIDE CHARLIE IN OUR SECRET GLADE IN THE WOODS! PA WILL NEVER FIND HIM THERE!

HURRY, JOE, BEFORE PA SEES YOU!

AS JOE REACHED THE GLADE, HIS PET BECAME RESTLESS.



HERE WE ARE, CHARLIE,
PA WILL NEVER FIND YOU HERE!
NOW STOP SQUAWKING!

SUDDENLY THE GLADE BECAME FILLED
WITH SINISTER FIGURES - A WAR PARTY
OF KIWAS FROM THE HILLS.



WE TAKE PALEFACE BOY
BACK TO VILLAGE. IN EXCHANGE
FOR HIM WE GET MANY GUNS
FROM WHITE MEN.

IF NO GUNS--
WHITE BOY
DIES!

AS SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY AS THEY
HAD COME, THE INDIANS DEPARTED
WITH THE STRUGGLING BOY--
FOLLOWED BY THE GOOSE--



MEANWHILE, HAPPY-GO-LUCKY
WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG
OWNER OF THE CIRCLE-B
RANCH, WAS CALLING ON
THE BROWN'S FARMSTEAD.



HOWDY FOLKS!
MERRY CHRISTMAS!
HERE'S A PRESENT
FROM THE BOYS
AND ME!

MERRY
CHRISTMAS, WILL!
A GOOSE! THAT'S
MIGHTY KIND
OF YOU!

GEE, IT'S A
PITY YOU DIDN'T COME
EARLIER, MISTER BONNEY!
JOE'S TAKEN CHARLIE, OUR
PET GOOSE, TO OUR SECRET
GLADE IN THE WOODS, 'COS
WE THOUGHT PA WAS
GOING TO HAVE HIM
COOKED FOR
DINNER!



HOP UP, MISS JILL--
WE'LL GO AND FIND
JOE AND TELL HIM
IT'S O.K.
SHALL WE?

OOO, YES,
MISTER,
BONNEY!

ON REACHING THE
GLADE THEY FOUND
IT DESERTED--

THAT'S FUNNY, THEY'RE
NOT HERE, MISTER BONNEY!
BUT THEY CAN'T BE FAR
AWAY 'COS HERE'S ONE
OF CHARLIE'S
FEATHERS!



HERE - LET
ME HAVE A LOOK
AT THAT,
JILL!

SHUCKS! THIS IS NO
GOOSE FEATHER! IT'S A WHITE
EAGLE'S FEATHER, FROM A
WAR-BONNET OF THE FIERCE
KIOWA TRIBE! THEY MUST
HAVE GOT JOE!



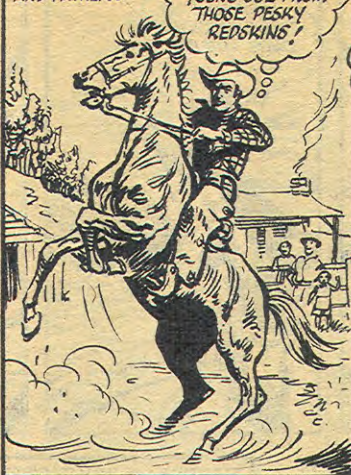
IF WILL BONNEY WAS ANXIOUS HE DID NOT SHOW IT AS HE TURNED TO THE LITTLE GIRL--



I GUESS JOE MUST HAVE GONE HOME! COME ON, JILL, WE'LL RACE HIM BACK.

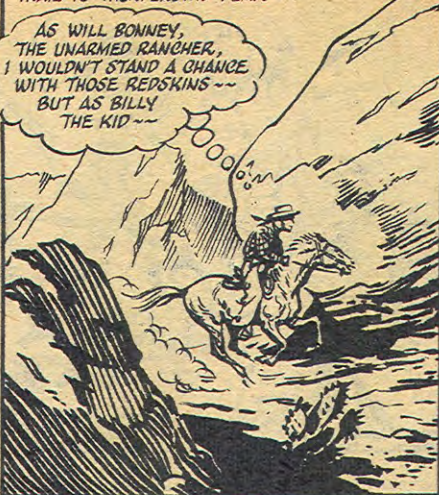
SURE, MISTER BONNEY!

WILL LEFT JILL WITH HER MOTHER AND FATHER--



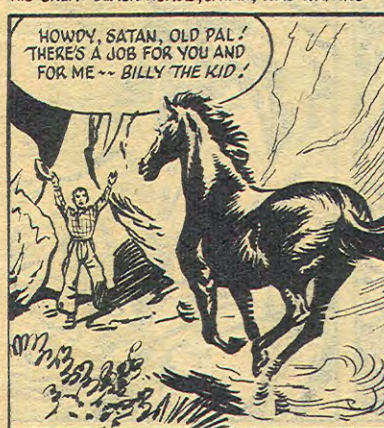
I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST IF I'M TO SAVE YOUNG JOE FROM THOSE PESKY REDSKINS!

SWIFTLY HE RODE THE DANGEROUS TRAIL TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK--



AS WILL BONNEY, THE UNARMED RANCHER, I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE WITH THOSE REDSKINS-- BUT AS BILLY THE KID--

UNKNOWN TO ANYONE, WILL BONNEY, THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED GUNS, WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER. IN A SECRET VALLEY CLOSE BY THUNDERBIRD PEAK, HIS GREAT BLACK HORSE, SATAN, WAS WAITING--



HOWDY, SATAN, OLD PAL! THERE'S A JOB FOR YOU AND FOR ME-- BILLY THE KID!

WATCHED BY THE MIGHTY BLACK STALLION, WILL BONNEY DONNED THE BLACK OUTFIT AND BUCKLED ON THE TWO PEARL-HANDLED GUNS THAT HAD MADE BILLY THE KID FAMOUS THROUGHOUT THE WEST--



SOON MOUNTED ON SATAN, THE WONDER HORSE, BILLY LEAPED THE GREAT GORGE AND STREAKED AWAY TO THE RESCUE OF YOUNG JOE BROWN--

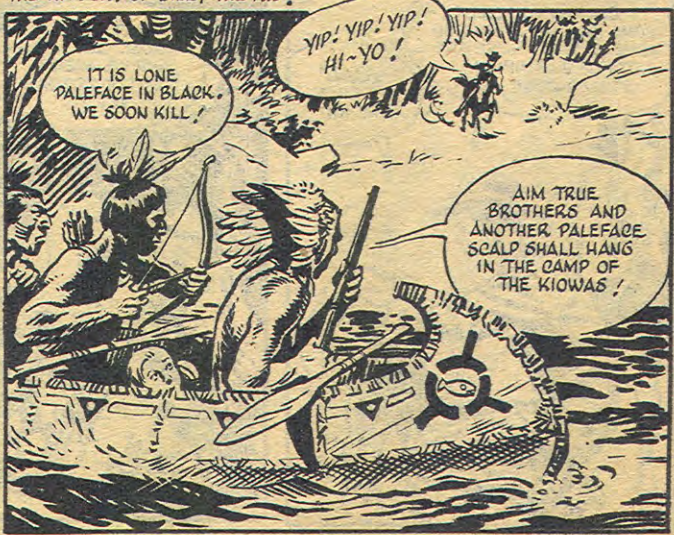


YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

MEANWHILE YOUNG JOE HAD BEEN BOUND SECURELY AND DUMPED IN THE BOTTOM OF A WAR CANOE. THE INDIANS WERE HEADING BACK TO CAMP.



SUDDENLY ABOVE THE SPLASH OF THE PADDLES AND THE ROAR OF THE WATER AS IT SWIRLED INTO THE RAPIDS, CAME ANOTHER SOUND-- THE WAR CRY OF BILLY THE KID!

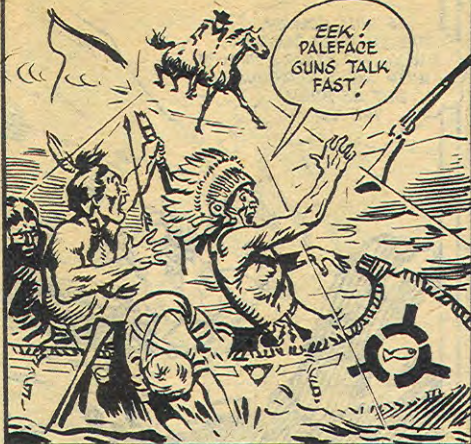


IT IS LONE PALEFACE IN BLACK. WE SOON KILL!

YIP! YIP! YIP! HI-YO!

AIM TRUE BROTHERS AND ANOTHER PALEFACE SCALP SHALL HANG IN THE CAMP OF THE KIWAS!

BUT BEFORE THEY COULD EVEN TAKE AIM THE AIR ABOUT THE CANOE BECAME THICK WITH BULLETS.



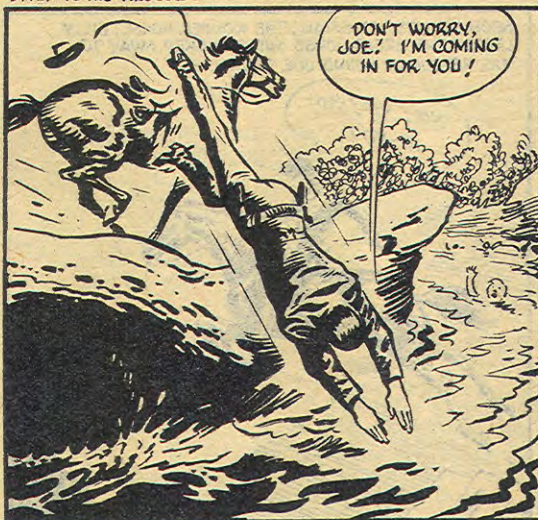
BILLY UNCOILED HIS LARIAT AND FLUNG IT TOWARDS A ROCK ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE RIVER ~~



NO SOONER HAD THE NOOSE TIGHTENED ROUND THE ROCK THAN ~~



YOUNG JOE WAS IN DANGER OF DROWNING BUT BILLY THE KID DIVED TO HIS RESCUE.



FIGHTING HIS WAY THROUGH THE RAGING TORRENT, BILLY REACHED THE BOY ~~



~~ AND THEN BATTLED HIS WAY BACK TO THE BANK WITH HIM.



HELPED BY THE GREAT HORSE, BILLY GOT THE BOY SAFELY ASHORE ~~



BILLY THE KID, WITH JOE MOUNTED BEHIND HIM, SET OFF THROUGH THE FOREST.



BILLY THE KID WAS RIGHT -- FOR A FEW MOMENTS LATER ~~



EVEN AS BILLY THE KID HIT THE GROUND HE FOUGHT FIERCELY WITH THE BRAVES~~



BUT A BLOW FROM A TOMAHAWK KNOCKED BILLY SENSELESS~~



EAGERLY THE BRAVES POUNCED UPON HIM~~ WHEN SUDDENLY~~



AS THE GREAT BEAR LURCHED TOWARDS THEM, THE BRAVES FLED IN TERROR~~



SO BILLY THE KID REGAINED HIS SENSES TO HEAR THE CRIES OF YOUNG JOE~~



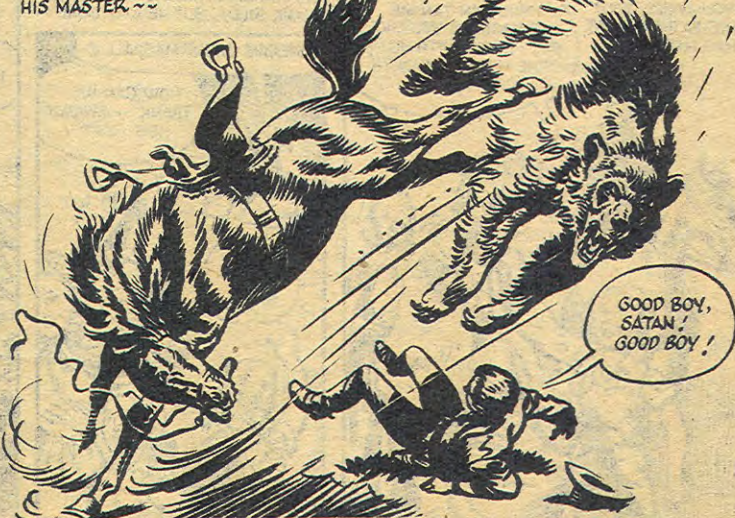
KNOWING THAT IF HE SHOT THE HUGE BRUTE, THE WEIGHT OF ITS CRASHING BODY MIGHT CRUSH THE BOY, BILLY THE KID LEAPED ON THE BEAR'S BACK,!



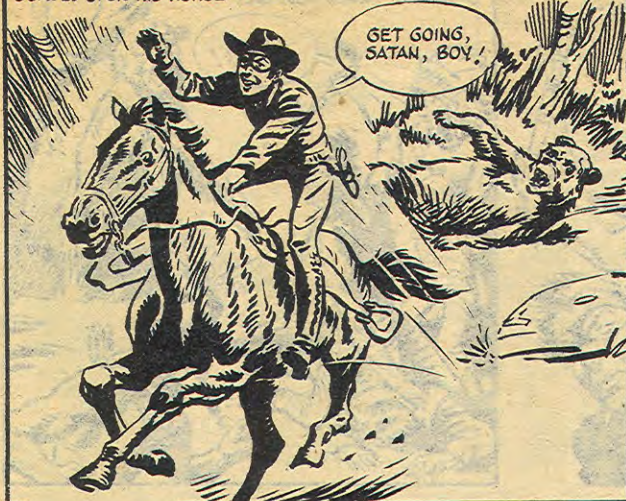
BOTH BEAR AND MAN CRASHED BACKWARDS TO THE GROUND, BUT AS THE HULKING BRUTE TURNED ON HIM, BILLY THE KID CALLED TO HIS FAITHFUL SATAN~~



WITH FLASHING HOOVES THE GREAT HORSE CAME TO THE RESCUE OF HIS MASTER~~



BEFORE THE ENRAGED BEAR COULD RISE, BILLY THE KID HAD JUMPED UPON HIS HORSE --



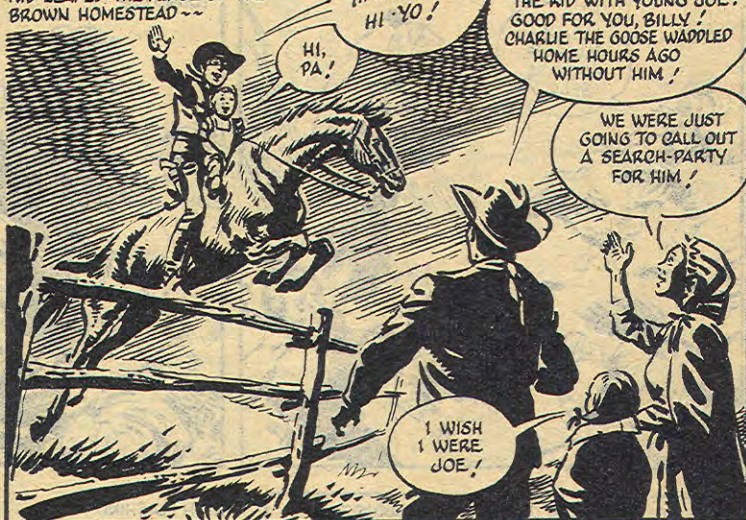
ROARING WITH RAGE, THE GRIZZLY CHARGED AT THE FLEEING HORSE AND ITS RIDER, YET BILLY THE KID PAUSED TO PICK UP YOUNG JOE.



THE FLYING HOOVES OF THE GREAT BLACK HORSE OUTPACED THE HUGE BEAR AND CARRIED BILLY AND YOUNG JOE TO SAFETY!



DUSK WAS FALLING WHEN BILLY THE KID LEAPED THE FENCE OF THE BROWN HOMESTEAD --



YOUNG JOE TOLD HIS FATHER WHAT HAD HAPPENED --

YOU CAN TAN ME AS HARD AS YOU LIKE, PA! BEING WITH BILLY THE KID WAS WORTH IT!



THE GRATEFUL PARENTS TURNED TO THANK BILLY, BUT HE WAS GONE --



THE FOLLOWING DAY WHEN WILL BONNEY CALLED TO WISH THE BROWN FAMILY THE SEASON'S GREETINGS --



TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.

**This week:
TOM MERRY HAS
THE HUMP**

SOMETHING WRONG

THERE was a shade of gloom upon the brow of Tom Merry of the Shell, at St. Jim's. Tom was, as a rule, merry by nature as well as by name, and it was so unusual for him to appear with a clouded brow that the circumstance attracted general attention. But to inquiries as to what was "up," and what had given him the "hump," Tom Merry returned only short and evasive answers, which did not much enlighten the inquirers.

He was certainly worried about something; it was easy for everyone to see that. Figgins, of the New House, saw it when he met him in the quadrangle, and Figgins at once stopped to inquire the cause. For the moment the great Figgins forgot that School House and New House were deadly rivals and that he and Tom Merry were rival leaders.

"Hallo, Tom, what's the matter?" asked Figgins. "Have you lost a shilling and found a threepenny-bit?"

"No," said Tom Merry.

His manner was so abrupt that Figgins gave a start.

The rivalry between the two Houses at St. Jim's did not prevent the juniors, as a rule, from entertaining a really friendly regard for each other at bottom, and their rows and raids were never attended by any real ill-feeling. And so Figgins looked in surprise at the hard face of Tom Merry.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Oh no."

"I see. You're going about looking down in the mouth for the fun of the thing, I suppose?"

But Tom Merry did not smile.

"I say, you're not bearing spite about any of our little tiffs, surely?" exclaimed Figgins, looking at Tom Merry with a puzzled expression. "That wouldn't be like you. After all, you won out over that battle royal in the Fourth Form room last week."

"There's nothing wrong," said Tom Merry hastily.

"I know we busted up your study yesterday."

"That's nothing."

"It's not that, then?"

"Of course it isn't!"

"Then what is it?" demanded Figgins.

"Nothing."

The chief of the New House juniors gave an expressive grunt. He could see that something was wrong and he suspected that Tom Merry's resentment was directed against himself.



Tom Merry would have walked away, but Blake grabbed him by the coat collar and jerked him back again. "Don't be in a hurry!" he exclaimed. "We want an explanation!"

At all events, the School House junior's manner was not friendly.

"Well, if you're looking like that because you think it's pretty, you're making a big mistake," he said. "That face of yours would stop a clock. If you've got anything on your chest, why can't you spout it out?"

"It's all right."

"All wrong, I should say. But I suppose that's a polite way of telling me to mind my own business, so I'll be off."

And Figgins went off whistling.

Tom Merry gave himself a sort of shake, as if to dismiss unpleasant thoughts, and walked on towards the School House. Three juniors were coming down the School House steps—Blake, Herries, and D'Arcy, of Study No. 6. They sighted Tom Merry at once, and stopped him. Tom looked a little impatient, but he stopped.

"What's up?" said Blake directly. "I hear you are going around with a frown upon your noble brow. Why?"

"What are you grousing about, Merry?" asked Herries.

"Yes," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, "what is the matter, old chap? You seem to be weawin' a wowwied look, you know."

D'Arcy could never sound the letter R properly.

"Oh, rats!" said Tom Merry.

"If that's what you call a polite answer to a friendly inquiry," said Blake, "I can only say that you've got a lot to learn, Tom Merry."

"Yes! I wegard the weply of Tom Mewwy as distinctly wude. I amsurprised at you, Mewwy."

"Well, don't bother," said Tom Merry.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy fixed his monocle in his eye and looked at Tom Merry with a disdainful glance.

"Don't bother!" he repeated.

"Tom Mewwy, you are extremely ungentlemanly. I am vewy much surprised. I have never known you to be so wude before though you have never weally tweated me with pwoper respect."

"Oh, rats!"

Tom Merry walked on, but Blake gently insinuated two fingers in the back of his collar and jerked him back again.

"Don't be in a hurry," he exclaimed, "we want an explanation."

"Oh, don't rot!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "There's nothing the matter, only I don't feel in the humour for a jaw, that's all."

And he jerked himself away and walked into the House, leaving the chums of Study No. 6 staring after him in astonishment.

"Well, what do you know?" cried Blake. "I've never seen Tom Merry like that before."

"There's something wrong," said Herries.

"I wish I knew what was up," said Blake, looking mystified.

"Of course, Tom Merry is a cheeky young bounder, and has the nerve to fancy himself chief of the School House juniors. That's all——"

"Rot!" said Herries.

"Exactly, all rot," agreed Blake. "We're the leaders, as every sensible chap must admit. Still, I rather like Merry, apart from his nerve, and I'm sorry to see him cutting up rough like this."

"Pewwaps he only wants a bashing."

"Gussy, you're an ass! Come on, kids, and let's get down to footer practice."

And Study No. 6 dismissed the matter from their minds, and went down to the football ground.

Tom Merry entered the School House and ran into Lowther and Manners, his chums in the Shell. He would have passed on quickly, but Manners caught him by one shoulder and Lowther by the other.

"Halt!"

"Well, I'm halted," said Tom, with a smile. "What's wanted?"

"You are?"

"Well, here I am."

The chums of the Shell solemnly backed him against the staircase, and pinned him there, and Lowther wagged his forefinger warningly at him.

"Now, Tom, what's up?"

"What's the trouble?" said Manners.

"Nothing," said Tom.

"Won't wash," said Monty Lowther, shaking his head.

"Why that frown upon your baby brow? Why that gloom upon a countenance that was wont to shine even as if it had

(Continued on next page)

been freshly scrubbed with soap?"

"Oh, don't rot!"
"Explain yourself, then, chum. What do you mean by walking around like a sour gooseberry, and not explaining what's the trouble?" exclaimed Lowther indignantly.

"Well, it's really nothing, you see."

"Then tell us the nothing."
"It was a mere trifle, but I felt rather rotten about it."

"Have you got anything up against us?"

"Oh, no!" said Tom Merry hastily.

"Against Blake and his lot?"

"No, no."
"Has Figgins been upsetting you?"

Tom Merry was silent.

"Oho, so it's Figgins!" said Monty Lowther. "What has he done? I know he's a cheeky chappie. It's a great nerve on his part to exist in the same school as our noble selves; but he will do it, you know."

"What has he been and gone and done?" asked Manners solemnly.

"Oh, nothing," said Tom Merry; "it's not worth talking about." And suddenly twisting himself loose, he ran up the stairs, leaving his chums staring after him, and then at one another, in astonishment.

Tom Merry entered his study, and his clouded brow grew darker as he saw Percy Mellish of the Fourth, sitting on his table, evidently waiting for him to come in.

Mellish was the cad of the Fourth, and as full of ill-natured mischief as an imp, and there was very little in common between him and Tom Merry.

He looked up and nodded coolly to the hero of the Shell. Tom Merry's face remained dark and set.

"Hallo, Merry; I wanted to see you!"

"The desire was all on your side, then."

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

"The fact is, Mellish, I don't like you, and I wish you'd keep the other side of my door," said Tom Merry abruptly. "That's plain English, isn't it?"

"Well, yes; quite candid, in fact," said Mellish, as he slipped from the table. "I suppose it's the special Merry brand of politeness."

"I don't see why I should be polite to you," said Tom angrily. "You seem to take a pleasure in making trouble everywhere... Now get out before I throw you out."

"If that's all the thanks I get for—"

"It's all the thanks you'll get from me."

"I came here to say—"

"Say nothing; you've said too much already."

"Oh, just as you like! If you knew that Blake had—"

"Oh, hang it! What about Blake?"

"I won't tell you. If you knew what he had been saying you would wish— But never



It is Christmas time again! Another year has gone by during which I as your Editor and you as my readers have been good friends through the pages of our favourite paper, the SUN. And as between good friends I want especially to wish you all A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS! May you have lots of jolly presents and lots of good things to eat. And when all the fun and excitement is over, remember the SUN will still be coming out to bring you a fresh treat of fun and thrills and happy times every week until next Christmas. So once more,

THE SEASON'S GREETINGS from
Your EDITOR.

Write to me c/o The SUN, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street,
London, E.C.4.

mind; I'll keep quiet."

Mellish quitted the study, and Tom Merry was left alone, with a darker cloud than ever on his face, and his lips set hard.

D'ARCY LOSES HALF-A-CROWN

"I SAY, Blake—"

"Oh, don't worry, Gussy!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy looked indignantly at his chum. The four comrades of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's were in their study, No. 6, in the School House. Blake was looking worried, and Herries and Digby seemed to be doing a great deal of thinking. D'Arcy, too, had been looking thoughtful. He had suddenly broken the silence, only to be promptly sat upon.

"Weally, Blake—"

"I'm worried. Dry up!"

"I wufuse to dwy up! I have been thinking—"

"Well, if it's hurt you, go to the doctor, but don't bother me. I tell you I'm worried!" grunted Blake.

"Yes! But, you see, I'm wowed too," said D'Arcy.

"I'm wowed about Tom Mewwy, you know. I weally think there's something wrong!"

"That's plain enough," said Digby.

"Vewy twue. Is that what you are thinkin' about, Blake?"

"Look here," said Blake, stretching out his hand to the inkpot on the table, "if you have

anything to say, Gussy, say it, and then shut up!"

"Certainly, old chum!" said D'Arcy, keeping a wary eye upon the inkpot. "The fact of the matter is, that there's something w'ong with Tom Mewwy, and I think we ought to look into it."

"Oh, I see! I was thinking something of the kind myself!"

"Gweat minds always think alike," said D'Arcy. "You see, as leaders of the juniors it's weally our duty to look into anything that goes w'ong in the lower Forms in the School House, and weally Tom Mewwy seems to be quite upset about something or other!"

"That's a fact!" said Herries, with a nod. "And I can't help thinking that it's something a bit serious, for he isn't the fellow to make a long face about a trifle."

"You're right there," said Blake; but I don't quite see how we are to look into the matter. After all, it's his own affair."

"I think we ought to wewolve ourselves into a committee of inquiry—" began D'Arcy.

"Ha, ha! A committee of inquiry to discover why Tom Merry has got the hump!"

grinned Blake.

"It isn't the common or garden hump that he's got, Jack. He has been going about all day with a face like a kite, so there must be something the matter of more importance than the mere hump."

"Well, yes; I agree with that. It looks to me," said Blake, "as if he's got something up against somebody, and doesn't like to talk about it. If that's the case, I think he ought to speak out, and clear the air."

"Bang on! That is the brilliant idea that flashed into my brain while I was thinking it over," said D'Arcy. "My idea was to question Tom Mewwy —"

"I fancy that wouldn't work, Gussy. He wouldn't open his mouth if he chose to remain mum. Still the committee of inquiry isn't half a bad wheeze," said Blake thoughtfully. "There's nothing going on at present, and with Figgins working up for an exam., things aren't so lively as usual with the New House rotters. We've got time to attend to the matter, so I vote we look into it."

"Agreed!" said Herries and Digby heartily.

As a matter of fact, the chums of Study No. 6 were really concerned about Tom Merry. Any depression of spirits or ill-temper had seldom been noticed before in the hero of the Shell. A snappish answer from Tom Merry was a sure sign that something was wrong, and although the rivalry between Study No. 6 and the Terrible Three for the leadership of the School House was very keen, the chums of the Fourth could not help liking Tom.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy beamed round upon his comrades.

"Vewy good," he said. "Now, as chairman of the committee —"

"As what?" asked Blake unpleasantly.

"As chairman of the committee of inquiry —"

"As a howling ass, you mean."

"I wufuse to be called a howling ass. I wegard the expression as absolutely disrespectful. As chairman of the committee —"

"The chairman of the committee must be elected properly," said Blake, "and as leader of this study, I put up for the job."

"Now, Blake, I wegard that as —"

"Put it to the vote."

"Wats! It was my idea —"

"Now, don't be an ass, D'Arcy!"

"Then don't you be a wotter! It was my idea, and I claim to be chairman of my own beastly committee."

"If you had as much sense as would go on the point of a pin, Gussy, I wouldn't say no; but as the matter stands —"

"I am willin' to put it to the vote," said D'Arcy, with dignity.

"I wegard your wude wemarks with disdain, Blake."

"That's right! Now, then hands up for Gussy!"

Gussy's hand promptly went up, but it was alone in its glory, so to speak. Herries and Digby only grinned. They had no intention of electing D'Arcy to the position of chairman of the

committee of inquiry.

D'Arcy gave his chums a withering glance.

"Hands up for me," said Blake, with a grin; and he set a good example by raising his own right hand in the air.

To his surprise, again it was only a solitary hand that went up. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy went off into a series of chuckles. Blake looked at Herries and Digby with the glare of a hungry wolf.

"What do you mean by standing there like a pair of dummies?" he asked politely. "What are you getting at, you chumps? What's the little game, you silly asses?"

"Well, I think I should make about as a good chairman as the next chap," said Digby, in a casual sort of way. "What do you think Herries?"

"I think I'm the man for the job, to speak quite plainly," said Herries modestly.

Arthur Augustus chuckled loudly. Blake looked at him.

"Is anything the matter with you, D'Arcy?"

"Anything the matter? Certainly not!"

"Then what are you making that row for?"

"Wow? What wow?"

"That funny row in your neck, like an old hen with whooping cough," said Blake.

"Why, you ass, I was laughing!" said D'Arcy indignantly. Blake sniffed.

"Then don't do it any more—at least, without warning. It's not fair. Now, look here, you asses, I'm the proper chairman for this committee—"

"Wats! You must admit that I am the wpooper person—"

"Well, I really think I should fill the bill all right," said Herries. "Of course, I may be mistaken."

"Of course you may," said Digby; "in fact, there's not much doubt on that point, in my mind. I think I'm the chap—"

"Wats! I say wats!"

"Let's toss up for it," said Blake resignedly. "It's no good arguing with you chaps. You're too conceited for anything. Here's a penny!"

Blake spun the coin in the air, and caught it again.

"Guess, Dig!"

"Heads," said Digby.

Blake showed the coin, and it was the figure of Britannia that met Dig's eye, and he gave a grunt.

D'Arcy took a half-crown from his pocket, and tossed it up. It was for Herries to call to him, and Herries promptly said tails.

"Heads!" said D'Arcy, beaming, as he showed the coin.

"Now it's between you and me, Gussy," said Blake. "Will you toss, or shall I?"

"Oh, I'll do it, chum! Here goes!"

D'Arcy clapped his hands over the coin again. Blake wrinkled his brow thoughtfully, and finally said heads.

The coin was disclosed to

view, and Blake gave an expressive growl. He had guessed wrongly, and D'Arcy beamed with satisfaction.

"By Jove, I have won you know!" he exclaimed, tossing the half-crown into the air again in his glee. "I am chairman of this wotten committee!"

"Who are you calling a rotten committee?"

"Merely a form of speech!" said D'Arcy. "By the way, did anybody see where that beastly half-crown went to?"

"I think it went on the floor."

"I know it went on the floor, but what I want to know is—where? Get down and look for it, will you, like good chaps."

"Why the dickens can't you get down and look for it yourself?" demanded Blake.

"I am afraid I should wumple the knees of my trowsers—" said the dandy of the Fourth.

"What about the knees of my trowsers, hang you?"

"Oh, well, that's not of so much importance—"

"Gussy, there are times when you want killing, and want it badly," said Blake darkly. "If you ever find yourself dead in some corner you'll know the reason. Now we're a proper committee of investigation, chaps, let's get to business. We've got a rotten chairman, of course—"

"I wufese to be called a wotten chairman—"

"My dear Gussy," exclaimed Blake. "You couldn't help being anything else but a rotten chairman. In fact, you couldn't help being anything else but rotten—"

This was too much for D'Arcy. He snatched up a heavy book from the table and flung it at Blake's head.

"You wude wuffian, Blake!"

I—

But D'Arcy stopped aghast,

for Blake had ducked and the heavy volume, sailing past his head, had caught Digby a hefty thump on the chest. Digby sat down suddenly.

"Oww! Ooooch!" he gasped. "You clumsy ass, Gussy! I'll turn you inside out! I'll—"

And Digby leaped to his feet, the light of battle in his eyes. D'Arcy retreated nervously.

"Weally, Digby! I didn't mean to—I say, I'm sorry—"

But as D'Arcy backed he stumbled against a rickety cane chair, clutched wildly for support for a moment, then crashed to the ground as the chair collapsed in pieces beneath him.

"Oh, lor!"

Blake stepped forward, waved Digby back and dragged D'Arcy to his feet.

"All right! Now there's been enough messing about. Let's get down to business!"

"What's the first step?" asked Herries. "I've done my prep, and I'm ready for anything?"

D'Arcy suddenly remembered something.

"I can't see that half-crown," he said, peering about the floor through his famous monocle.

"I can't, neither," said Blake, who was not looking. "The first step, I suppose, will be to go to Tom Merry and demand an explanation, in the name of the committee of the Fourth Form, specially appointed to inquire into the matter."

"He'll tell us to go and eat coke," Digby remarked.

"Well, we're not bound to do it, you know. Come—"

"I haven't found that beastly half-crown—"

"Never mind; very likely it will turn up."

"Yes; but a half-crown is a half-crown, you know."

"Did you work that out in your own head, Gussy?" asked

Blake seriously.

"Oh, don't talk wot, Blake. Help me to look for that beastly half-crown—"

"No time now. The committee of inquiry isn't going to inquire into a lost half-crown," said Blake, disdainfully. "Why couldn't you use a penny to toss with, like any ordinary individual?"

"But I am not an ordinary individual—"

"No, you're an extraordinary ass! Come on, chums, the chairman's busy, so he can't come. I'll act as chairman for the time being."

"That you won't, you boulder!" exclaimed D'Arcy, following the chums quickly to the door. "I am coming with you, and never mind the beastly half-crown."

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, with a great deal of dignity in his stride, not to termit swagger, led the way to Tom Merry's study.

The door was closed, but the sound of voices could be heard within, showing that the chums of the Shell were at home. D'Arcy knocked.

"Come in!" sang out the voice of Monty Lowther, within.

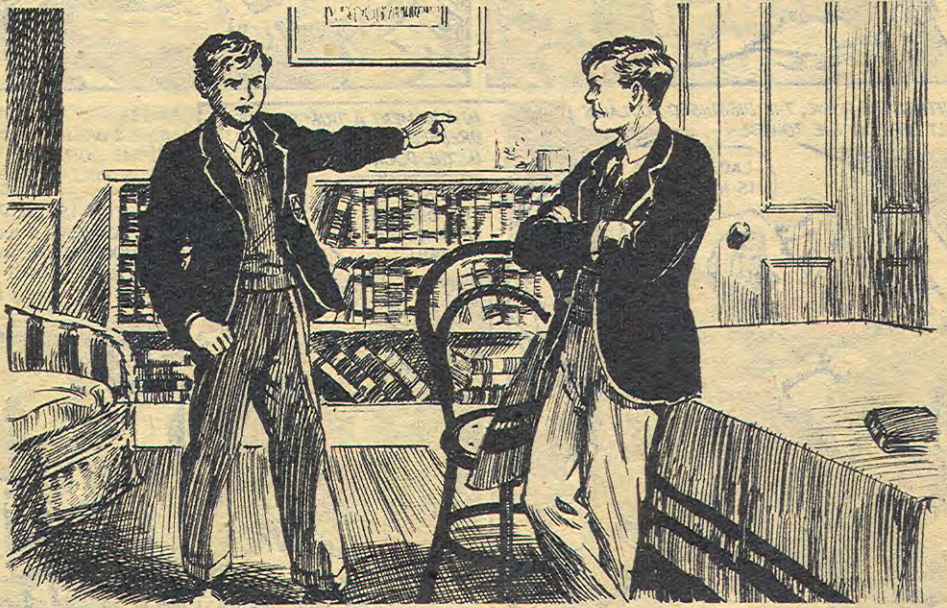
Digby put his hand to the door, but Arthur Augustus firmly pulled him back.

"Excuse me, Dig, I take the lead—Hewwies, you wotter, what do you mean by putting yourself forward before your chairman in this way?"

But the grinning Herries had already opened the door.

The chums of the Fourth entered the study, to be greeted with looks of surprise by Monty Lowther and Manners.

Tom Merry did not look up. What is worrying Tom Merry? There is a strange mystery brewing at St. Jim's! Don't miss next week's instalment!

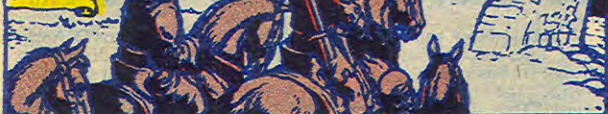


Tom Merry glared at the cad of the Fourth. "You seem to take pleasure in making trouble everywhere, Mellish. Now get out before I throw you out!"

LORD of SHERWOOD

KING JOHN IS HOLDING IVANHOE A PRISONER IN THE TOWER OF LONDON WHERE HE IS TO BE EXECUTED IN A FEW DAYS' TIME. ROBIN HOOD HAS BEEN OUTLAWED AGAIN AND HAS SWORN TO RESCUE IVANHOE. ROBIN ROUNDS UP HIS MERRIE MEN.

ROBIN AND HIS MERRIE MEN CAME TO LONDON TOWN -- THERE THEY FOUND SHELTER, IN A MILL ON THE RIVER FLEET, KEPT BY THEIR OLD COMRADE -- MUCH THE MILLER'S SON --



THE OUTLAWS WERE AT SUPPER WHEN TWO HORSES CLATTERED UP TO THE MILL -- A FEW MOMENTS LATER A NOBLE LADY ENTERED THE ROOM, ACCOMPANIED BY THE MILLER'S BOY --

THE COUNTESS OF LOCKLEY!



MARIAN!

I HOPE THAT I HAVE NOT BEEN FOLLOWED! I CAME HERE IN HASTE WITH NEWS OF GREAT EVENTS IN THE TOWER!

ROBIN'S WIFE TOLD HER NEWS EXCITEDLY --

THE KING IS HOLDING A FEAST TO-NIGHT IN CELEBRATION OF HIS CORONATION -- THE COMMON PEOPLE ARE TO BE ALLOWED TO ENTER THE GREAT HALL AND WATCH -- FURTHERMORE, JOHN HAS OFFERED A PURSE OF GOLD TO ANY ONE WHO WILL ENTERTAIN HIS GUESTS DURING THE MEAL --



ROBIN SMOTE HIS HAND ON THE TABLE --

WE ARE IN LUCK! WE WILL ALL GO TO JOHN'S FEAST IN DISGUISE -- YOU, ALAN, AND YOU, WAT O' THE WHIP AND LITTLE JOHN SHALL ENTERTAIN OUR NOBLE TYRANT! ONCE INSIDE THE TOWER, WE'LL FIND SOME WAY TO REACH IVANHOE!



I'LL SING FOR HIM -- TRA-LA-LA!

WE'LL GIVE HIM A SHOW OF OUR STRENGTH IN COMBAT -- WHIP AGAINST QUARTER-STAFF!

WITHIN THE HOUR, THE DISGUISED OUTLAWS SET OFF FOR THE TOWER --



LAD! WHERE IS MY WIFE?

HER LADYSHIP IS COMING, SIR!

IN A MOMENT A TRIM FIGURE DRESSED AS A BOY STOOD IN THE DOORWAY --

THIS IS LIKE THE OLD LIFE IN SHERWOOD, ROBIN!



AND YOU ARE MY MAID MARIAN OF OLD!

HARDLY HAD THE OUTLAW'S HOOFOBEATS DIED AWAY WHEN A GREAT PARTY OF MEN-AT-ARMS LED BY THE BRUTAL CAPTAIN OF THE KING'S GUARD ARRIVED AT THE MILL --

SIR, THIS IS THE PLACE TO WHERE OUR SPY FOLLOWED ROBIN HOOD'S WIFE AN HOUR BACK! I'LL WARRANT ALL THE ROGUES ARE HIDING HERE!



GOOD! THEN WE HAVE THEM TRAPPED. SURROUND THE MILL!

IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE TOWER, THE HUNGRY TOWNSFOLK OF LONDON WATCHED KING JOHN AND HIS BARONS FEASTING THEMSELVES ~

SEE HOW THE NORMAN BULLIES FEED THEMSELVES WHILE WE STARVE !

AYE ! AND WHO IS THAT POOR CHAINED WRETCH BEING LED TO THE TYRANT'S TABLE ?

'TIS THE BRAVE IVANHOE ! IT WOULD BE LIKE JOHN TO HAVE SOME SPORT WITH HIM TO-NIGHT !

IVANHOE, WHO HAD BEEN GIVEN NO FOOD FOR FIVE DAYS, WAS DRAGGED BEFORE THE FEAST. IT WAS AN ORDEAL WELL WORTHY OF THE CRUEL KING JOHN.

FEELING HUNGRY, IVANHOE ? HAD YOU SUPPORTED ME FIVE YEARS AGO YOU WOULD NOW BE SEATED WITH YOUR BROTHER KNIGHTS EATING YOUR FILL AT THE KING'S TABLE.

I'D RATHER STARVE.

AND STARVE YOU SHALL, IVANHOE ! HO, THERE, CHAMBERLAIN -- WHAT ENTERTAINMENT HAVE WE TO-NIGHT ?

WE HAVE A VARIED FARE, YOUR MAJESTY. FIRST, A MINSTREL WHO CALLS HIMSELF "HAL O' THE GREENWOOD" --

"HAL O' THE GREENWOOD" -- WHO WAS NONE OTHER THAN ALAN-A-DALE -- STEPPED FORWARD AND STRUCK UP A LIVELY AIR --

WITH IVANHOE IN THE HALL, OUR TASK WILL BE EASIER --

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

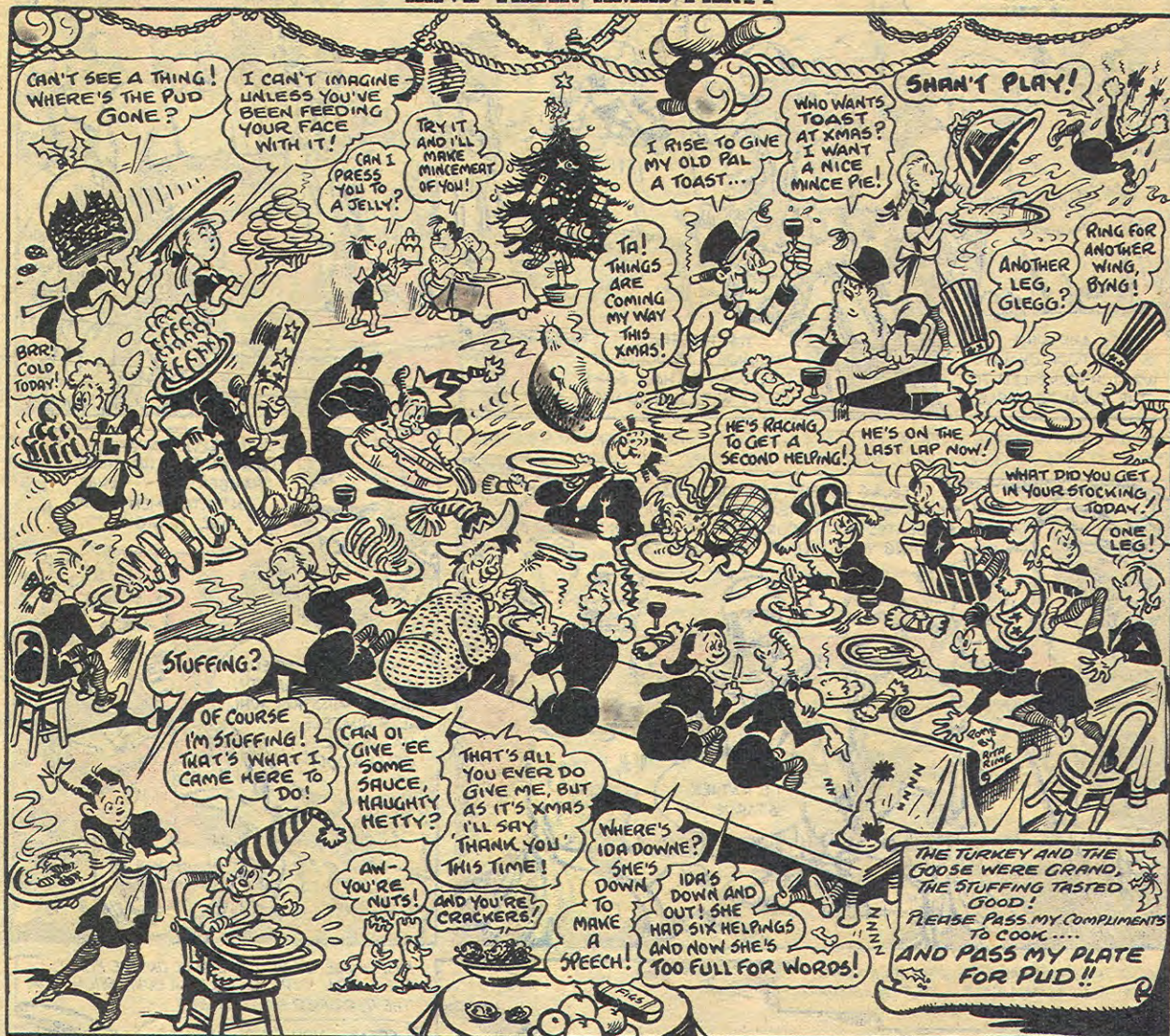
MEANWHILE, BACK IN THE MILL ON THE FLEET, THE BRUTAL CAPTAIN FORCED A CONFESSION FROM THE TERRIFIED MILLER'S BOY --

SPEAK -- YOU SAXON WHelp ! WHERE HAVE ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MEN GONE ?

S-SIR -- T-TO THE T-TOWER !

THE PENGUIN PATROL

HAVE THEIR XMAS PARTY



S.C.S.C.

THE SUN CAR SPOTTERS CLUB

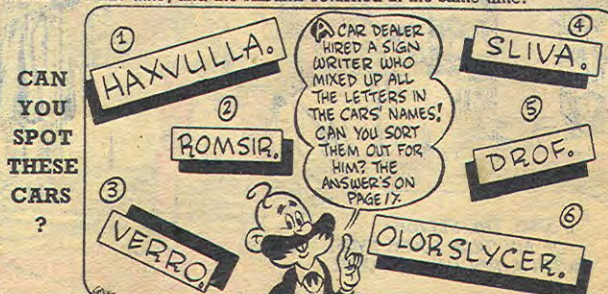
XMAS BONUS FOR YOU!

A MERRY Christmas, Spotters! Any space left in your Xmas Stocking? Then here's the chance of a little extra something! This is a special Bonus week—with 1,500 presents waiting to be claimed. So get out your Album and see if the number on the back is one of the 1,500 printed below. All those with Album numbers between 14,000 and 14,500 inclusive, between 21,000 and 21,500 inclusive, and between 30,000 and 30,500 inclusive may send up for a present—free!

If your number is here, this is what to do. First, choose the present you like best amongst the following: Fountain-pen, Pocket-knife, Pair of Binoculars, "Tennal-gun", Box of Wire Puzzles, Purse, Box of Paints, or a big Jig-saw Puzzle. Write the name of your choice in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use"—at the same time checking that your name and address are filled in on the Membership

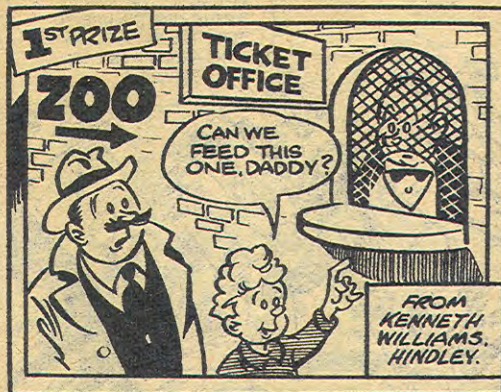
page. Then, on a piece of paper, write the name of the character or story you like most in SUN—and, in a few words, say why. Post Album and piece of paper in a 2d. stamped envelope addressed to:

SUN C.S. CLUB, 3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), to arrive by Tuesday, December 30. Presents will be sent off about a week after this date, and the Albums returned at the same time.



THE JOKER'S FUN PAGE

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



The King's Musketeers

IN A NARROW PASS, TWO HUNDRED MUSKETEERS HOLD BACK THE ENTIRE SPANISH ARMY. SUDDENLY A MUSKETEER RAISED A CRY OF ALARM.



LOOK! D'ARTAGNAN, OUR CAPTAIN, HAS FALLEN! THE SPANIARDS ARE BREAKING THROUGH IN THE CENTRE!

THIS WAS TRUE, A FALLING ROCK HAD STRUCK D'ARTAGNAN ON THE HEAD AND STRETCHED HIM SENSELESS. AT LAST THE WAY WAS OPEN FOR THE SPANIARDS.



THE DEMON SWORDSMAN IS DOWN! D'ARTAGNAN'S MUSKETEERS FALL BACK! ON, SPANIARDS! THIS IS OUR CHANCE TO TURN THE BATTLE. TAKE THE FRENCHMEN FROM BEHIND!

AND THEN AT THIS MOST DESPERATE MOMENT A BAND OF ROARING FRENCH BANDITS GALLOPPED UP AT BREAKNECK SPEED TO STOP THE GAP.



TAKE THAT, ACCURSED SPANIARD!

AT THEM, MY BULLIES! DEATH TO THE DONS! BACK, YOU DOGS! FRANCE SHALL NEVER BE YOURS!

FOR FRANCE! FOR FRANCE!

BANDITS! WHAT HAS BROUGHT THEM TO OUR AID!

D'ARTAGNAN WAS RECOVERING HIS SENSES AS THE BANDITS WHIRLED BY--



WELL DONE, MY FRIENDS! NOW DISMOUNT AND JOIN OUR COMRADES IN UNIFORM!

BY MY SWORD, A VILLAINOUS-LOOKING BAND! BUT RIGHT WELCOME AT THIS MOMENT-- WHOEVER THEY BE!

THERE CAME A LULL IN THE FIGHTING, AS THE SPANIARDS FELL BACK IN CONFUSION--

WELL MET, MY FRIEND! IN THE NAME OF FRANCE, I THANK YOU! THAT WAS TOUGH AND GO!

BANDITS WE MAY BE, CAPTAIN, BUT FRENCHMEN FIRST!



A MOMENT LATER, PORTHOS, THE GIANT MUSKETEER, CAME RUNNING UP TO D'ARTAGNAN

YOU ARE UNHURT, MY FRIEND! THANK HEAVEN!

JUST A BRUISE, COMRADE! BUT WE MUST GET OUR WOUNDED MEN BACK DOWN THE PASS BEFORE THE NEXT ATTACK COMES IN. I'LL LEAVE NO WOUNDED MAN TO THE MERCIES OF THOSE BARBAROUS DON'S!

THE WOUNDED MUSKETEERS STAGGERED BACK ALONG THE PASS, LEAVING ONLY A HANDFUL TO HOLD THE BARRIER.

MY GALLANT MUSKETEERS! BUT A HANDFUL OF MEN LEFT-- OUT OF A WHOLE REGIMENT.

BUT STILL UNDAUNTED, MY FRIEND-- THE SPANIARDS SHALL NOT PASS!



FORWARD! FOR SPAIN AND THE KING!

HERE COMES THE NEXT ASSAULT! 'TIS THEIR CAVALRY THIS TIME!

YOU'RE GETTING ALL THE ACTION THAT YOU WERE CRAVING FOR, FRIEND PORTHOS! TO THE BARRICADE, MEN! HERE THEY COME.

DEATH TO THE MUSKETEERS!

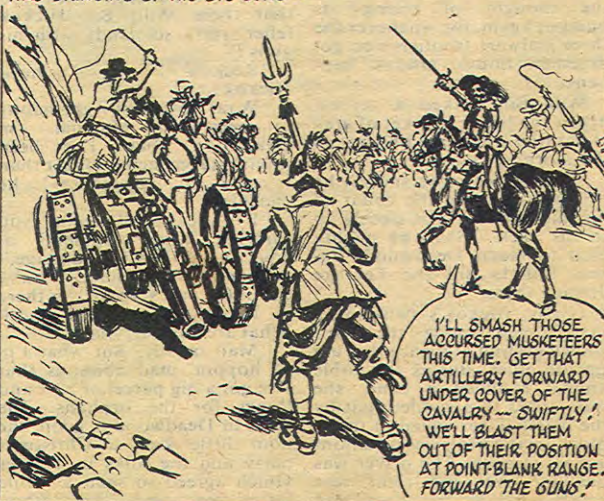


HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL I GIVE THE WORD, MEN!

CHA-A-ARGE!



BUT BEHIND THE SPANISH CAVALRY DON MIGUEL, THEIR COMMANDER, WAS BRINGING UP HIS BIG GUNS--



I'LL SMASH THOSE ACCURSED MUSKETEERS THIS TIME. GET THAT ARTILLERY FORWARD UNDER COVER OF THE CAVALRY-- SWIFTLY! WE'LL BLAST THEM OUT OF THEIR POSITION AT POINT-BLANK RANGE. FORWARD THE GUNS!

WILD BILL HICKOK PLAYS SANTA CLAUS



Seizing two blazing brands from the fire, Wild Bill Hickok swung them desperately at the attacking wolf pack. From this gripping complete Xmas story by BARRY FORD.

INTO THE BLIZZARD

IT was Christmas week, and along the snow-banked trail to Deadwood City, a lone horseman battled his way against the icy December winds. It was Wild Bill Hickok, the famous two-gun marshal of the Wild and Woolly West. He was on his way to meet his two pals, Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack Omohundro, for they had all decided to meet in Deadwood and spend Christmas together.

A warm smile touched the marshal's generous mouth at the thought of seeing his buddies again, for whenever the three stalwart frontiersmen got together things always happened!

Wild Bill cocked a critical eye at the heavy blanket of grey cloud that was spreading across the morning sky.

"Looks like more snow," he thought, drawing the collar of his thick buffalo coat closely up to his neck. "Shall be mighty glad to reach Deadwood. Expect Buffalo Bill and Tex are already there."

Gypsy, Hickok's swift sorrel mare, sped along the hard snowy ground at a pace that ate up the miles. But as the noble animal rounded a bend, she was jerked to a sudden halt by the marshal, for ahead of them, blocking the trail, was a stationary stagecoach. The driver was bending over the right rear wheel, shaking his head and

muttering to himself.

"Hi, there, driver!" called the marshal. "What's wrong?"

The driver jumped, startled by Hickok's voice. He raised his head and regarded the marshal with a baleful expression.

"Broken wheel," he replied. "Can I help you fix it?"

The elderly driver shook his head. "Nope, I ain't possible to fix it. I ran over a rock and the spokes have all snapped. Thanks all the same." And then he peered closely at the marshal.

"Say," he added. "Ain't you that there Wild Bill Hickok feller who's so handy with his guns?"

"Reckon I am," grinned Hickok.

"Waal now, I'm right happy to meet you, Marshal. I'm Deadwood Dick. I've been drivin' stagecoaches longer than I care to remember," he chuckled.

"I've heard all about you carrying large shipments of gold on the Deadwood stage," returned Wild Bill. "You're about the best stage driver there is. Too bad about your wheel. What are you carrying?"

"Mail mostly. But what I'm so hoppin' mad about is that I've got a big parcel of toys and things for the orphans. The folks in Deadwood is givin' the poor little kids a Christmas party and the folks in Timber Gulch agreed to send a whole lot of toys, candy and clothes,

and I was to deliver 'em this afternoon. Kinda play Santa Claus. And now, thanks to this ornery wheel, those poor little orphans won't get their presents." And he gave the broken wheel a savage kick with his sturdy boot. "And jest to make things more awkward, a blizzard is a-blowin' up!" he added, glaring skywards.

"Well, I'm heading for Deadwood," smiled Hickok. "I'll take the parcel for you."

"Shucks, Marshal, I don't rightly see how you can. I ain't exactly a parcel, it's two big sacks!"

"In that case I shall need a pack horse. You'll have to lend me one of your coach horses. I can return it to the coach stables in Deadwood."

"Waal, I declare, that's a mighty fine idee," exclaimed the driver, slapping his thigh. "And I'll take the rest of the team back to Timber Gulch and report the stage breakdown. It sure is good of you, Marshal."

"We can't disappoint the orphans," said the marshal. "Hope I can make it by this afternoon," he added, looking anxiously at the leaden sky. "I'm afraid we're in for a bad snowstorm all right." And even as he spoke the first flurry of snowflakes glided softly down.

Deadwood Dick unhitched his team, and he and Wild Bill hurriedly lashed two big packs on to the back of one of the horses.

"There, don't reckon either

of them packs will slip," grunted the driver as he made fast the last knot. "Waal, Marshal, I sure wish you luck. You've a long, hard ride in front of you. I'll be seein' you in Deadwood in a few days time when I bring the stage in."

"O.K.," grinned Wild Bill as he leapt into his saddle. "Here's where I take over your job and play Santa Claus. Merry Christmas, Deadwood Dick!" And with a cheery wave of his gauntleted hand, the marshal set off, leading the pack horse.

The gentle snow flurries were soon replaced by great swirling flakes which rushed helter-skelter down from the snow clouds. They fell so fast and furiously Wild Bill was unable to see more than a few feet ahead.

Gypsy and the pack horse galloped steadily along in the blinding snow and stinging icy blasts for the best part of an hour, and then they suddenly floundered into a deep snow-drift. The trail had completely disappeared under a thick blanket of snow. The horses stumbled about trying to find the beaten track, but as fast as they lifted up one hoof, so it sank back into the snow.

Wild Bill climbed down from his saddle and tied the reins of the pack horse to Gypsy's bridle. Then, picking up his mare's reins, he began to lead the two animals, single-file, through the deep snow.

Hickok snuggled into his coat collar and pulled his woollen scarf up to the bridge of his nose. His wide-brimmed white hat was pulled well down over his ears, and only his eyes were exposed to the icy coldness. He kept his head well down as he battled against the unrelenting blizzard. The sharpness of the biting wind cut right through his clothes, leaving his body almost paralysed with cold. He stamped in and out of the deep drifts and beat his arms against his sides in an attempt to keep his hands and feet from becoming frozen.

The warm breath of the horses froze as it left their nostrils and mouths, and icicles formed on their eyelashes and manes. They let out little whinnies of protest as the cruel wind cut into their faces and stung their eyes.

"By glory, this is tough going!" thought the marshal as he ploughed his way slowly forward, peering ahead into the dense wall of falling snow.

He struggled on for some time and then, turning his back to the wind, he drew off his thick, fleecy-lined gauntlets and vigorously rubbed his hands, face and ears with snow to prevent frost-bite. Then he fished in his saddle-bags and drew out a compass, for he could not risk getting lost. He took his bearings and started off once

more across an endless sea of pure white snow.

After a while the snowdrifts grew less deep and the ground became harder, so the marshal concluded that he had at last managed to pick up the trail again. He climbed back into his saddle and rode for several miles. But the intense cold began to numb his brain and make him sleepy and he found himself slipping off into drowsiness. He came to with a sudden start and realised that he must stay awake at all costs. He lifted his head and looked about him. In the distance he dimly saw a clump of fir trees, and with a sigh of relief made his way over to them.

Although the wind howled mournfully, its force was broken by the trees which offered slight shelter. Wild Bill drew the horses to a halt and slid out of his saddle. He hacked away at some branches and soon had a fire going.

The shivering horses huddled up to the warmth of the fire, and Wild Bill, who always carried a small supply of grain for Gypsy when travelling any distance, divided it equally between the two animals.

After seeing to their needs, the marshal melted a panful of snow and made some coffee. He drank it scalding hot and waiting a few minutes, felt the tiredness drop away from him. He chewed some hardtack, and after getting warmed right through, decided to get on his way again.

Wild Bill was just warming his hands before pulling on his gauntlets when suddenly the silence was shattered by a chorus of shrill, piercing howls. Wheeling round, he saw a bunch of slinky, grey bodies, gleaming eyes and bared fangs. He and the horses were surrounded by a wolf pack! The starving creatures had been attracted by the fire which glowed in the greyness of the wintry afternoon.

THE ORPHANS' PARTY

THE horses neighed in fear and pawed the ground nervously as the wolves closed in. Wild Bill hurriedly whipped out his twin Colts and blazed away at the ugly, snarling brutes who rushed at him.

Four of the savage beasts dropped dead at the marshal's feet, and for a second the pack hesitated. Then two of them flew at Gypsy's throat, but a couple of bullets from Wild Bill's guns caught the animals in mid-air and they dropped to the ground, dead.

The smell of blood from the shot wolves sent the pack mad, and howling more savagely than ever, the vicious creatures leapt at the marshal, their fangs gleaming horribly.

Flame spurted from his Colts and he made each bullet count. But all too soon his guns were

empty. There was no time to reload, and ramming them back into his holsters, he grabbed up two flaming brands out of the fire. Furiously he fought off several wolves who persistently tried to fly at his throat. He kicked out at them and struck at them fiercely with the burning sticks.

But fire was one thing the spiteful beasts were terrified of, and after having a taste of the red-hot brands, they slunk off, howling shrilly.

"Whew! Glad that's over," exclaimed Wild Bill, hastily reloading his six-guns. "The sooner we get going the better!"

And so, leaving the comparative shelter of the wooded grove, the marshal once more went out into the face of the driving storm, leading the horses.

For hours he stumbled on, practically blinded by the lashing snow, sometimes riding, sometimes on foot. But at last he got within a couple of miles of Deadwood. The trail narrowed and wound its way through a mountain pass. The marshal was wearily trudging along leading the exhausted horses when suddenly he stumbled and fell over a precipice!

Fortunately, Gypsy and the pack horse had enough intelligence to stop dead in their tracks, and Wild Bill, shocked into wakefulness, clung on to the reins. For several moments he swung in space. Then he managed to find footholds in the side of the rock, and gradually climbed to the top while Gypsy, responding to his orders, began to back slowly away from the treacherous edge.

Thankful to find himself on firm ground once more, Hickok staggered on his way.

* * *

In Deadwood City fifty little orphans were screaming with happy laughter at the antics of a couple of clowns. They had just eaten the best meal they had ever had in their young lives and were eagerly awaiting the arrival of Santa Claus, who was long overdue.

Standing near a huge Christmas tree were two familiar buckskin-clad figures.

"Reckon the blizzard has held up the stage, Tex," said Buffalo Bill quietly. "The kids will sure be disappointed."

"What a shame, for this has been a grand party, Bill. It must be the happiest day any of them have ever spent, and they're so looking forward to their presents. Poor little souls," and for once the usual cheery voice of Texas Jack was glum.

The clowns kept on as long as they could, stalling for time, but at last they had to end their antics.

The little children lifted eager faces towards Buffalo Bill who was the Master of Ceremonies.

"We want Santa Claus," one shrill voice piped up.

"When do we get our presents?" asked a tiny tot.

"Please, let's have our presents." And all the children began to shout at once, clamouring for their much dreamed-of presents.

Buffalo Bill finally quietened them down and had the hard task of explaining that they would not be able to have their presents just then.

A wail of protest went up at his words, and tears of disappointment began to trickle down many flushed little cheeks.

"You'll get your toys, boys and girls," assured Cody hastily. "But perhaps not for a day or two. You see, the storm has held up Santa Claus. Please don't cry. You'll get your presents."

But there was no comforting the disappointed children, and the party which had been such a success turned into a dismal failure.

The adults were feeling almost as miserable as the orphans when suddenly the door burst open and in tottered the half-frightened figure of Wild Bill Hickok.

"Bill!" yelled Texas Jack, rushing over to him. "What-ever's happened?"

"Get the toys, Tex," murmured Wild Bill wearily, as he sank into a chair. "They're outside on a pack-horse. Deadwood Dick couldn't make it."

And while the burly Texan

rushed outside to get the sacks, Buffalo Bill gave the marshal a hot drink. While he thawed out, Hickok briefly explained what had happened.

The children's tears dried up immediately when they saw Texas Jack lugging in two huge sacks.

"Santa Claus himself couldn't make it," he boomed in his hearty voice. "And so Uncle Wild Bill Hickok offered to take his place. He very nearly didn't get here, the storm was so bad, but he knew you kids had your hearts set on getting your toys today. So you'd better thank him nicely!"

The orphans shrieked with delight at the news, and the room vibrated with their joyous cry of:

"Thank you, Uncle Bill!"

Several little girls rushed over to the marshal, threw their arms round his neck and kissed him heartily.

Wild Bill quickly recovered from his journey and was able to join in the fun. He and 'Uncle' Buffalo Bill and 'Uncle' Texas Jack had a grand time distributing the toys and playing with the children. And the orphans' happy, smiling faces was reward enough for the marshal's perilous journey through the worst blizzard he had ever experienced.

Look out for more excitement on the trail with Wild Bill Hickok next week!



Watch out!

AFRICAN ADVENTURE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

This is just one of the many treats in store for Cadbury C-Cubs next year. C-Cubs have their own magazines delivered free, a secret code, a handsome badge and lots of other exciting things. Want to join in the fun? Fill in this coupon now!



To Colin, C.H.Q. CADBURYS, BOURNVILLE

Please enrol me as a C-Cub

MY FULL NAME IS _____ (PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS)

MY AGE IS _____ YEARS _____ MONTHS

I LIVE AT _____

TOWN _____ COUNTY _____ CP.20-12-52

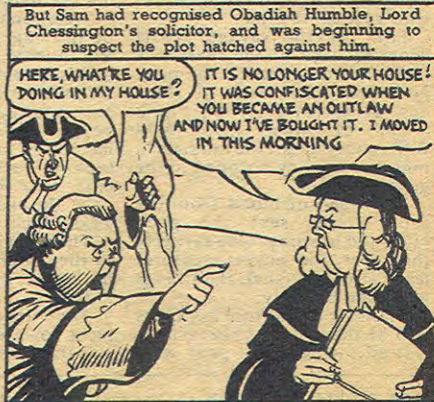
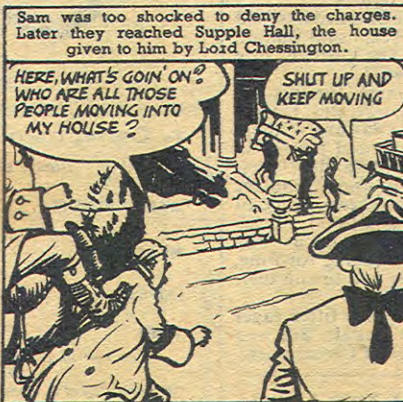
I enclose 3d. in stamps and a Cadbury label. Please send me my Membership Book and Badge.

Membership of C-Cubs is open to every boy and girl in the British Isles.

DICK TURPIN and The Gentleman Tramp



Sam Supple, the tramp who had inherited a fortune, was accused of a crime he had not committed, and branded as an outlaw.





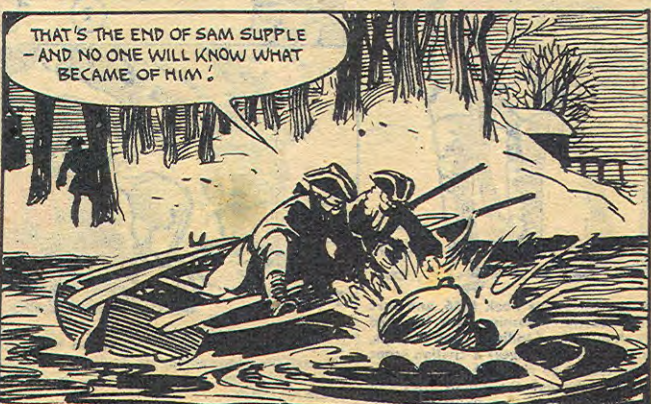
Meanwhile, Sam's friends, Dick Turpin, Moll Moonlight, Tom King and Sixteen String Jack, were heading towards Supple Hall.



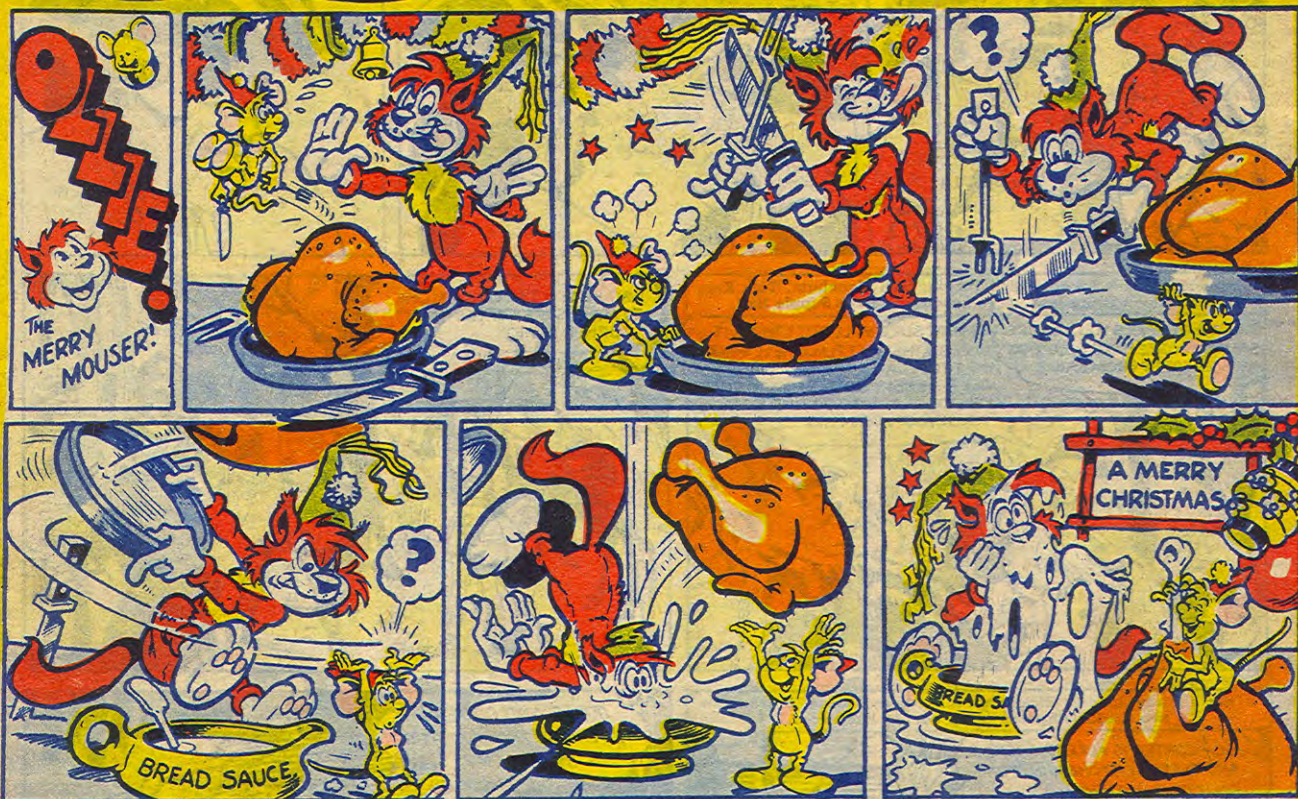
It was already dusk as Dick crept towards the house, but he saw two shadowy figures creep out of a back door.



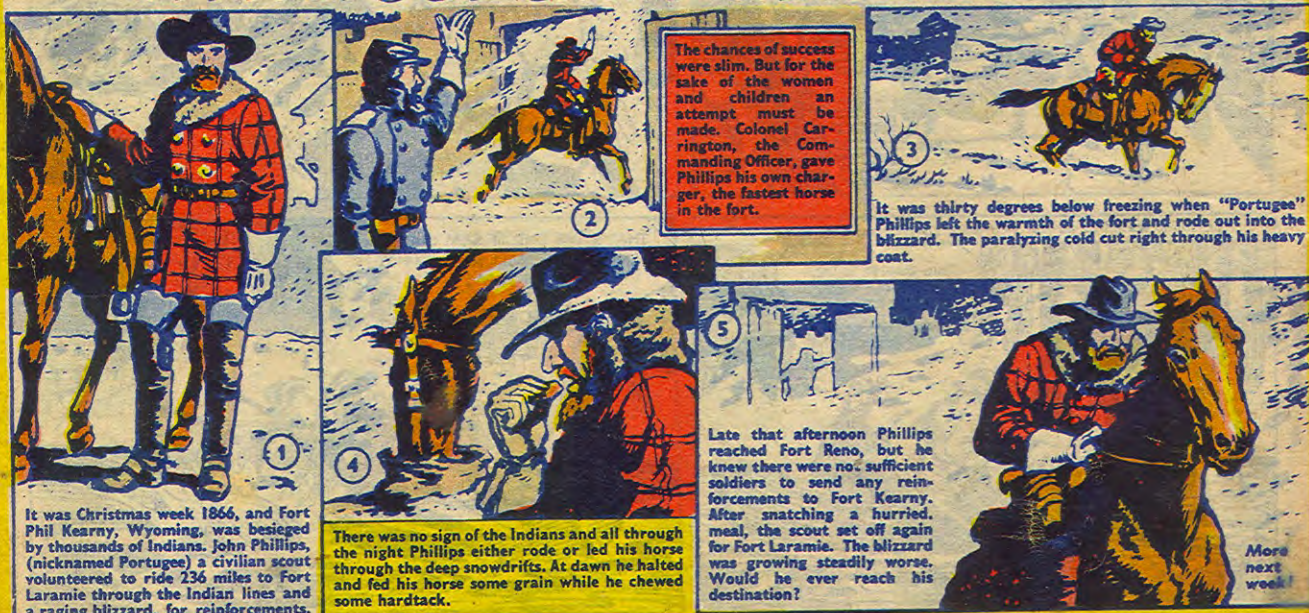
And Dick watched as the two men rowed out into the river.



Next week: The Ghost of the river!



A PERILOUS CHRISTMAS RIDE *By Barry Ford*



It was Christmas week 1866, and Fort Phil Kearny, Wyoming, was besieged by thousands of Indians. John Phillips, (nicknamed Portugee) a civilian scout volunteered to ride 236 miles to Fort Laramie through the Indian lines and a raging blizzard, for reinforcements.

There was no sign of the Indians and all through the night Phillips either rode or led his horse through the deep snowdrifts. At dawn he halted and fed his horse some grain while he chewed some hardtack.

The chances of success were slim. But for the sake of the women and children an attempt must be made. Colonel Carrington, the Commanding Officer, gave Phillips his own charger, the fastest horse in the fort.

Late that afternoon Phillips reached Fort Reno, but he knew there were no sufficient soldiers to send any reinforcements to Fort Kearny. After snatching a hurried meal, the scout set off again for Fort Laramie. The blizzard was growing steadily worse. Would he ever reach his destination?

It was thirty degrees below freezing when "Portugee" Phillips left the warmth of the fort and rode out into the blizzard. The paralyzing cold cut right through his heavy coat.

More
next
week!