

SUN

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No. 293
December 22, 1952

EVERY
MONDAY

BILLY THE KID and the PHANTOM CHIEF



APART FROM COMING DOWN INTO GUNSIGHT EACH CHRISTMAS, OLD DAN TUPPER SPENT THE REST OF THE YEAR DIGGING FOR GOLD IN THE MOUNTAINS.



ALTHOUGH HE TRAVELLED ALONE, OFTEN LOADED WITH GOLD, BAD MEN STAYED CLEAR OF HIM, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY SAW HIS WINCHESTER RIFLE IN HIS HANDS. FOR IN HIS TIME, OLD DAN HAD BEEN A FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER. --

IT WAS THE AFTERNOON BEFORE CHRISTMAS DAY THAT RUBE BAILEY, A BADMAN, AND HIS PARTNER, SLIM MARTIN, SAW THE OLD PROSPECTOR IN PHANTOM HOLLOW, A PLACE THAT WAS SAID TO BE HAUNTED --



SAY, AIN'T THAT THE OLD GUY WHO COMES DOWN TO GUNSIGHT WITH HIS GOLD ONCE A YEAR?

YEP, THAT'S OLD TUPPER. UNLESS YOU WANT TO HAUNT PHANTOM HOLLOW AS A GHOST YOU'D BETTER LEAVE HIM ALONE, RUBE. HE'S NEVER BEEN KNOWN TO MISS WITH THAT WINCHESTER OF HIS.



BACK IN GUNSIGHT RUBE BAILEY BOUGHT A WINCHESTER RIFLE, BLANK CARTRIDGES, AN OLD INDIAN BLANKET AND A CAN OF LUMINOUS PAINT.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ALL THIS STUFF, RUBE?

HARDWARE!

SCARE THE PANTS OFF THAT OLD PROSPECTOR, I HOPE! I'LL TELL YOU HOW WHILE I'M GETTING READY!

THAT EVENING AS OLD DAN TUPPER COOKED HIS SUPPER IN PHANTOM HOLLOW --

AS SOON AS I DRAW HIS ATTENTION YOU SWAP THAT GUN FOR HIS, OR WE'LL BOTH BE SPOOKS!

O.K., RUBE!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER --

DAN TUPPER! I HAVE COME TO HAUNT YOU!

GLOOP! WHAT THE WHO ARE YOU?

I AM THE GHOST OF FLEET-FOOT -- A BRAVE WHOM YOU KILLED IN THE DAYS WHEN YOU WERE AN INDIAN FIGHTER! I COME FOR YOU!

HUH?



THE GHOSTLY FIGURE DID NOT GO BUT ADVANCED ON OLD DAN --

O.K., MISTER -- YOU ASKED FOR IT! HERE GOES!

SLIM MARTIN HAD PLAYED HIS PART IN THE SCHEME AND THE 'GHOST' STILL CAME ON --

SHUCKS! YOU'RE STILL STANDIN'! Y'YOU ARE A GHOST!

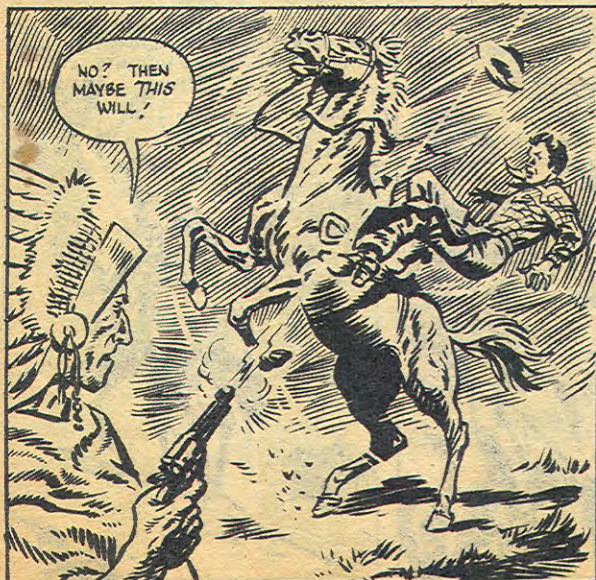
OLD DAN TUPPER WAS NOT AFRAID OF ANY MAN OR BEAST-- BUT A GHOST WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIS COURAGE--



HE WAS STILL RUNNING HARD WHEN HE MET HAPPY-GO-LUCKY WILL BONNEY, BOSS OF THE CIRCLE-B RANCH ABOUT TEN MINUTES LATER--



A LITTLE LATER, IN PHANTOM HOLLOW THE TWO CROOKS PREPARED TO MOVE OFF WITH THE OLD PROSPECTOR'S GOLD--



UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY, WILL BONNEY THE YOUNG RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED GUNS WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, THE LONE AVENGER, UPHOLDER OF LAW IN A LAWLESS LAND.

IN A SECRET VALLEY NEAR THUNDERBIRD PEAK, THE MAN WHO WAS WILL BONNEY CHANGED INTO THE BLACK RIG-OUT OF BILLY THE KID --

WE'VE A JOB TO DO, SATAN! THERE'S A GHOST THAT WANTS LAYING!



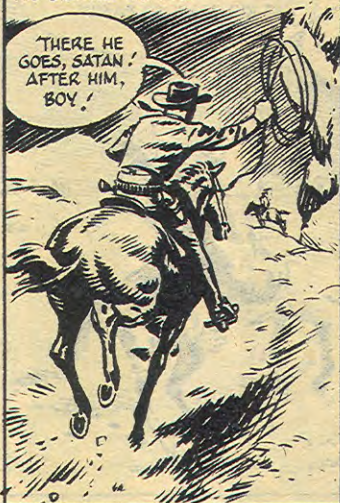
MOUNTED ON HIS POWERFUL BLACK HORSE, SATAN, BILLY THE KID SET OUT ON THE TRAIL OF RUBE BAILEY, THE BADMAN, AND THE WAR-ORY OF THE LONE AVENGER. SPLIT THE AIR!

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!



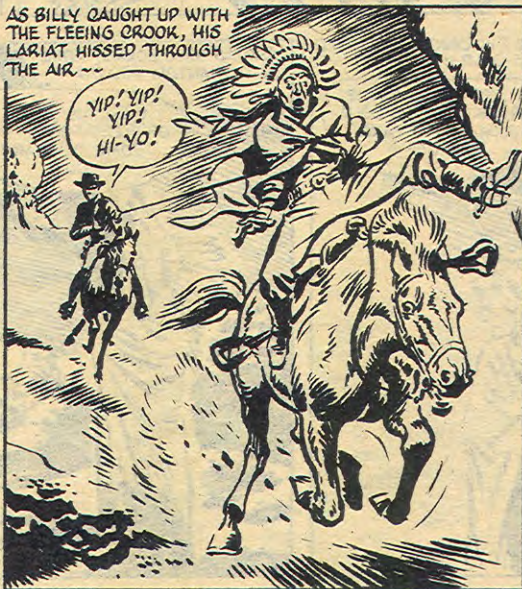
THE FULL MOON ON THE SNOW MADE THE LANDSCAPE NEARLY AS BRIGHT AS DAY AND AN HOUR LATER BILLY THE KID SIGHTED HIS MAN --

THERE HE GOES, SATAN! AFTER HIM, BOY!



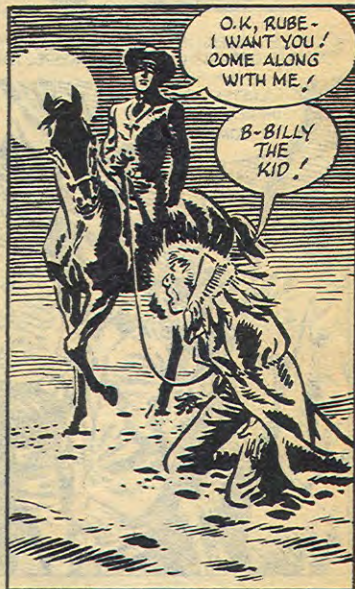
AS BILLY CAUGHT UP WITH THE FLEEING CROOK, HIS LARIAT HISSED THROUGH THE AIR --

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!



O.K., RUBE - I WANT YOU! COME ALONG WITH ME!

B-BILLY THE KID!



LITTLE DID BILLY THE KID REALISE THAT RUBE BAILEY HAD A PARTNER, FOR AS WILL BONNEY HE HAD NOT SEEN SLIM MARTIN. HE DID NOT SEE HIM EITHER AS HE ROPE BACK ALONG THE TRAIL WITH RUBE ROPED BEHIND HIM.

SHUCKS! BILLY THE KID, AND HE'S CAUGHT RUBE! WHAT THE HECK DOES THE LONE AVENGER WANT WITH RUBE? MAYBE HE'S HEARD ABOUT US TAKING OLD DAN'S GOLD!

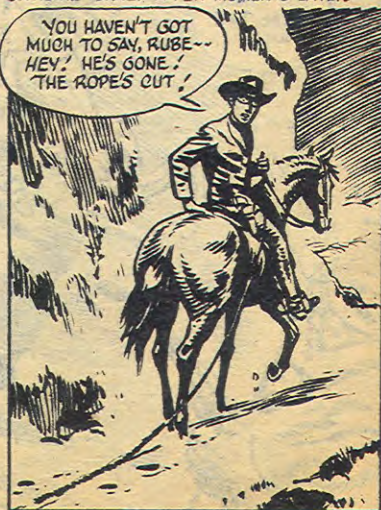


WHEN THEY HAD PASSED, SLIM SLIPPED SILENTLY DOWN ONTO THE TRAIL TO RESCUE HIS PARTNER.



SO SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY WAS THE ROPE CUT THAT BILLY THE KID KNEW NOTHING WAS AMISS UNTIL HE TURNED A FEW MOMENTS LATER.

YOU HAVEN'T GOT MUCH TO SAY, RUBE -- HEY! HE'S GONE! THE ROPE'S CUT!



SUDDENLY BILLY HEARD A SOUND ABOVE --



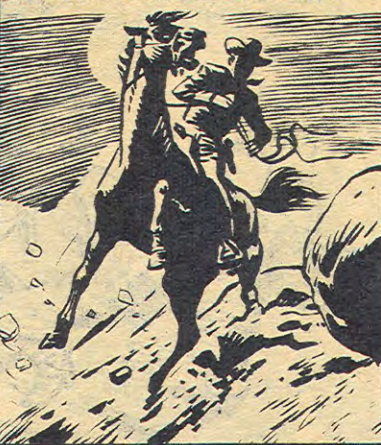
HAW! HAW! I'LL LIVE TO HAUNT ANOTHER DAY, BUT YOU WON'T.

BY CHRISTOPHER! GET UP, SATAN! GET UP!

AS THE ROCK STRUCK THE NARROW TRAIL BILLY THE KID REARED SATAN OUT OF ITS PATH!



BUT BENEATH THE WEIGHT OF THE BOULDER THE NARROW PATH CRUMBLLED AND THE GREAT HORSE SLIPPED OVER THE EDGE.



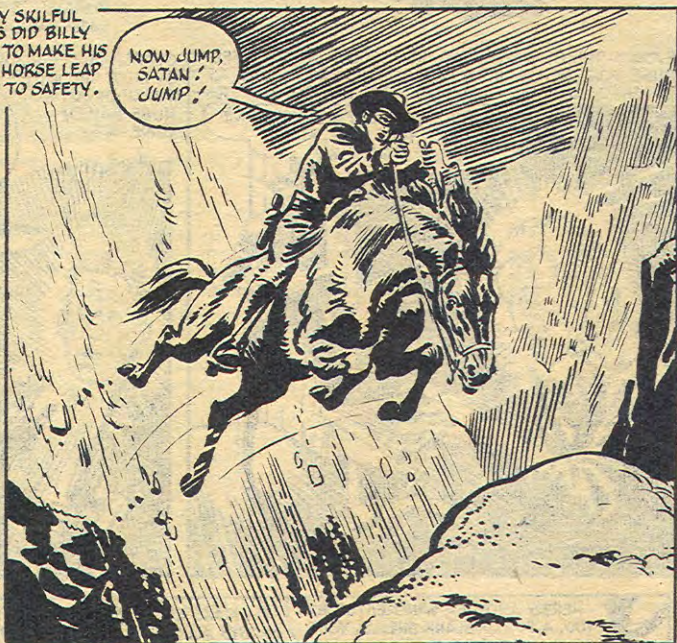
BOTH HORSE AND RIDER SKIPPED DOWN THE SLOPE TO THE EDGE OF A RAVINE AMID FALLING ROCKS AND SNOW



STEADY BOY, STEADY!

ONLY BY SKILFUL HANDLING DID BILLY MANAGE TO MAKE HIS WONDER HORSE LEAP THE GAP TO SAFETY.

NOW JUMP, SATAN! JUMP!



GOOD BOY! WE'VE MADE IT! NOW TO GET EVEN WITH THE GHOST AND HIS SLIPPERY CHUM!

BACK IN THEIR SHACK, RUBE BAILEY AND HIS PARTNER, SLIM MARTIN, WERE SORTING OUT DAN TUPPER'S GOLD NUGGETS WHEN--

WHAT THE--? WHO OPENED THAT DOOR?

THERE CAN'T BE ANYBODY THERE, RUBE! I--IT'S THE WIND! I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR!



BUT AS SLIM REACHED THE DOOR A TALL DARK FIGURE STEPPED FROM THE SHADOWS.

B-BILLY THE KID! BUT YOU'RE D-D--

NO, MISTER -- I'M VERY MUCH ALIVE!





AND JUST TO PROVE TO YOU THAT I'M NO GHOST-HOLD THAT!

URRS!



YOU WON'T GET ME, MISTER BILLY THE KID!

OH, NO?

AS RUBE SPOKE HE DASHED THE OIL-LAMP TO THE GROUND AND PLUNGED THE SHACK INTO DARKNESS--

EVEN IN THE BLACK GLOOM, BILLY COULD CLEARLY SEE RUBE, FOR THE LUMINOUS PAINT ON HIS FACE SHONE AS BRIGHTLY AS IT DID WHEN HE SCARED OLD DAN TUPPER--



YOU'RE GLOWING ENOUGH FOR ME TO PART YOUR HAIR, RUBE! DROP THAT GUN!

SCARED OUT OF HIS WITS BY BILLY THE KID'S SHARP-SHOOTING, RUBE BAILEY GAVE IN--



O.K., MISTER GLOW-WORM! YOU CAN LIGHT OUR WAY BACK TO PHANTOM HOLLOW! GET GOING!

WHEN IT WAS DAYLIGHT, OLD DAN TUPPER PICKED UP HIS COURAGE AND WENT BACK TO PHANTOM HOLLOW--



SHUCKS! BILLY THE KID! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' IN THIS SPOOK-INFESTED HOLLOW!

MERRY CHRISTMAS DAN! I'VE GOT A FEW PRESENTS FOR YOU!



HERE'S ANOTHER WINCHESTER FOR YOU, A BOX OF BLANK SHELLS, YOUR GOLD AND A COUPLE OF GUYS WHO WANT TO BE GHOSTS!

SHUCKS! SO THEY WEREN'T GHOSTS! THEM VARMINTS WERE AFTER MY GOLD!

I'LL MAKE 'EM GHOSTS ALL RIGHT! HERE, GIVE ME THAT NEW WINCHESTER-- I'LL TRY IT OUT ON 'EM!

EASY, OLD TIMER! YOU CAN'T GO SHOOTING FOLKS ON CHRISTMAS DAY! COME ON, LET'S HEAD FOR LITTLE FALLS AND A GOOD TIME!



ALL FOUR WENT TO LITTLE FALLS, BUT ONLY BILLY THE KID AND OLD DAN TUPPER ENJOYED THEMSELVES--



ENJOYING YOURSELF, DAN?

JAIL

SURE AM, BILLY! THANKS TO YOU! BUT THEM GHOST GUYS IN THE JAIL OVER THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE VERY HAPPY!

Look out for another action-packed adventure of Billy the Kid next week!

TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.

This Week: THE TROUBLE-MAKER

THE COMMITTEE GET TO WORK

MONTY LOWTHER and Harry Manners fixed an inquiring, and to tell the truth, not particularly welcoming glance upon Jack Blake and the chums of Study No. 6. As a matter of fact, they were rather worried at that moment; and besides, when the Fourth-formers came in force it sometimes meant ructions with the Shell, and the Shell boys were prepared for hostilities. But Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's beaming face was enough to assure anyone of this Fourth Form visit.

"What do you kids want?" demanded Lowther.

"Weally, Lowther—"

"Wait a minute," said Blake aggressively. "Who are you calling kids, Montague Lowther?"

"You Fourth-form infants," said Lowther deliberately.

"We didn't come here for a row," said Blake. "But under the circumstances I don't see how I can let Lowther off without punching his head."

"Lowther doesn't want to be let off," Monty remarked. "If you can punch my head, go on with it, and see how it turns out!"

"Blake, I insist upon your keeping quiet," said D'Arcy. "You are spoiling the whole thing by putting yourself forward in this way!"

"Have you come out today specially to search for a thick ear, Gussy?"

"I wufuse to weply to such a perfectly wiculous question. Lowther, I weally wish you would extend to us a less wude gweeting as we have come to do you a service."

"Oh!" said Lowther, not very gratefully. "What's that?"

"We have been appointed as a committee of inquiry—"

"As a what?" asked Monty Lowther and Manners together. And Tom Merry looked up from the paper he had taken up when the Fourth-formers entered the study.

"A committee of inquiry—"

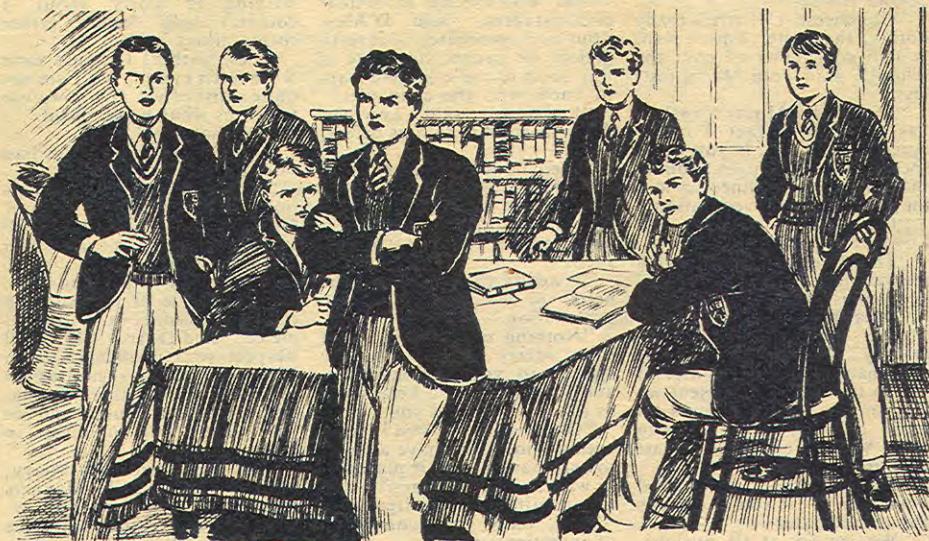
"What are you going to inquire into?"

"Into the cause of the mysterious manners and customs of Tom Mewwy!"

"Well, you cheeky young donkey! And who appointed you?"

"The leaders of the Fourth Form—that is to say, ourselves," replied D'Arcy, with dignity. "As a committee of inquiry—"

"As a committee of inquiry,



Jack Blake and his friends gathered round Tom Merry. "I'd much rather you chaps would mind your own business," Tom snapped.

you had better travel," said Lowther, "otherwise you will probably leave this study as a committee of wrecks!"

"We wufuse to twavel until we have inquired into the cause of the late swange conduct of Tom Mewwy. Tom Mewwy, pway stand up and answer my questions!" said the dandy of the School House firmly.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" said Tom Merry.

"I wufuse to go and do anything of the sort!"

"Now, look here, Merry," said Blake.

"Pway dwy up, Blake, and leave the talking to your chairman!"

"Sorry we can't let you talk here," said Manners. "There's the door and the window—take your choice!"

"I wufuse to take my choice. Tom Mewwy, I call upon you to stand up and weply to my questions—"

Lowther glanced at his leader.

"Shall we kick them out, Tom?" he asked.

D'Arcy gave Lowther a disdainful glare. Blake, Herries and Digby drew closer together, shoulder to shoulder, evidently in readiness for the commencement of the kicking-out process.

Tom Merry laughed, something like his old pleasant laugh, and rose from the arm-chair. He ran his fingers through his curly hair, as he always did when he was nonplussed or perplexed, and looked at Arthur Augustus.

"My dear chap," he exclaimed, "there's nothing to be inquired into. Never mind the kicking-out now, Lowther. Go quietly, you chumps!"

"Who are you calling—"

"Pway shut up, Blake! I

weally wish you would bear in mind that I am chairman of this beastly committee. Tom Mewwy, we wufuse to leave this woom until you have satisfied us. If you want to wow, we are weady for a wow."

The hero of the Shell laughed rather impatiently.

"Gussy, you're a decent ass. But really—"

"At any other time, Tom Mewwy, I should feel called upon to administer a fearful thwacking to you for applyin' that expression to me, but as chairman of the honourable committee, I can afford to pass it over. Tom Mewwy, pway shut up and answer my questions—"

"How on earth is he to shut up and answer your questions too?" demanded Blake.

"Don't intewwupt, Blake!"

"No, but really—"

"Weally, Blake, I must insist upon your either shutting up or resigning your seat on this committee," said D'Arcy firmly. "But I haven't a seat, I'm standing!"

"I was usin' a figure of speech. You must shut up or clear out. I hope that this warning will be sufficient. Now, Mewwy, have you or have you not been going about the whole day looking as if you had somethin' on your mind?"

"Really, I don't know."

"Well, I can answer that question for you—you have. I don't suppose for a moment that you have committed a cwime—"

"Thank you!"

"But you have something on your mind, and it gives your friends the cweeps to see you going about as though you've lost a pound and picked up a

penny."

"I'm sorry," said Tom Merry, laughing in spite of himself. "I'll try to look a little more cheerful, that's all!"

"You had better confide the twouble to us. We will do our best to wemove it. What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"You wufuse to answer questions?"

"Yes."

D'Arcy stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Now the question for us to decide, chums," he said, turning to the grinning committee, "is this—shall we wag him—?"

"Shall we what?" demanded Digby.

"Wag him, and make him answer—"

"Oh, rag him! That's not a bad idea."

"Better try it," said Lowther, with a look that hinted, however, that he really meant that the chums of the Fourth had better not try it.

"Shall we wag him," said D'Arcy, "or shall we pursue our inquiries in other quarters?"

Tom Merry gave a start.

"I say, do shut up with this rot!" he exclaimed. "You don't mean to say that you're going over all the school chattering about me, do you?"

"Yes, wather! As a self-wespecting committee of inquiry, we are bound to pursue our inquiries in all quarters till the twuth is discovered—"

"Rather!" said Blake, Herries and Digby together.

"Look here; I'd much rather you chaps minded your own business—"

"Pewwaps you would, Tom (Continued on next page)

Mewwy; but that is weally not the point. Though as a matter of fact, it is our business to look into this swange mystewy, as leader of the juniors of the School House—

"Oh, cheese it! There's really nothing the matter. I don't want you to go gassing all over the school!" said Tom Merry restlessly.

"Well," said Monty Lowther, "as a matter of fact, I rather agree with Gussy. If you don't speak out and explain, Tom, I shall be rather inclined to join the committee of investigation."

"Oh, don't be an ass, Lowther!"

"Thank you! You're growing marvellously polite in your old age, I must say."

"What I mean is—"

"Let us go," interrupted D'Arcy. "Upon the whole, as chairman of the committee, I decide that for the present we will pursue our inquiries in other quarters, and not wag Tom Merry except as a last resource."

"Stop a minute!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "If you're curious about the matter—"

"We are not at all curious, old boy. We are acting in the way from a sense of duty, and from regard for you."

"Oh, rats! The fact of the matter is, that—that—"

Tom Merry paused and coloured deeply. The chums of the Fourth looked at him in amazement.

"Go on," said D'Arcy. "The fact of the matter is—what?"

"Well, somebody has been saying something unpleasant, that's all—I heard that a certain chap had been running me down—"

"Who was the chap?"

"Never mind that. It was a chap I have had plenty of rows with, but I always liked him all

the same, and I never thought he was the kind of fellow to run a chap down behind his back!"

"I see. That would natuwallly wowwy you a bit, I suppose. It would wowwy me in similar circumstances," said D'Arcy. "But as a committee of investigation, we cannot stop here at this point of the case. We want to know who the chap was?"

"I know," said Lowther. "You as good as told us before, Tom."

"Well, it was Figgins," said Tom Merry. "But I don't want it jawed all over the house. I am saying this in confidence, and I expect you to treat it as such."

"I weally think it would be better to ask Figgins for an explanation."

"Nothing of the sort," said Tom Merry hastily. "I have spoken to you in confidence, and I expect you to keep mum as to what I've told you."

"Oh, vewwy well!" said D'Arcy with a nod. "You have a wight to ask that, though it places us in wather a difficult position as a committee of investigation."

"Oh, blow your committee of investigation!"

"I wefuse to do anythin' of the sort—"

"You're done with investigation, anyway, now you know the facts."

"Not at all, old boy! You haven't told us what Figgins said."

"Never mind what he said."

"Or how you came to know that he said it."

"Never mind that either."

"Pewwaps he never said it at all."

Tom Merry turned red.

"Do you think I am telling lies, then?"

"Certainly not, old boy! But you may have weceived incowwect information."

Tom Merry shook his head.

"It was correct enough; the way I heard it showed that Figgins had really said something, anyway. Never mind; it's nothing to worry about. I couldn't help feeling rather rotten about it."

"Yes, wather! I should have felt wotten myself. But I am not quite satisfied yet. If you wefuse to tell us what Figgins said."

"Oh, hang it!"

"And who told you he had said it?"

"I've answered all the questions I'm going to answer, Gussy. So you can buzz off," said Tom Merry, sitting down in his chair again.

"Vewvy well. Under the circes, the committee of investigation cannot wegard its work as completed," said D'Arcy. "We shall wewpect your confidence, Tom Mewwy; but we have no alternative but to seek further information. Come on, chums, and we will pursue our inquiries in other quarters."

"Oh, rats!" said Tom Merry; and Lowther and Manners repeated that ancient and expressive word as the committee of the Fourth Form turned to the door.

"Don't worry," said Blake kindly, as he went out. "We'll look into the matter, Tom Merry, and find out all the facts for you."

"Oh, scram!"

"Wats!"

And Arthur Augustus closed the door, and the Terrible Three were left alone. Blake and his chums were chuckling. The committee promised to be a great success; at all events, they had been successful so far. And upon the whole the members of the honourable committee had to admit that they had no reason so far to be dissatisfied with their chairman.

THE TELL-TALE

PERCY MELLISH came along the passage towards George Gore's study, just as the committee of inquiry came out of Tom Merry's doorway, and he stopped and looked at them.

"Hallo! What's going on?" he asked casually.

"We are," said Blake, walking past him down the passage. Blake had little liking for the cad of the Fourth Form, and was not disposed to stand upon ceremony with him. And Herries and Digby promptly followed their leader.

Mellish's eyes glinted as he glanced after them. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy delayed for a moment. He disliked the cad and tale-bearer of the Fourth as much as his chums did, but personal likes and dislikes were never allowed to stand in the way of politeness by the dandy of the School House.

"Nothin' in particular, Mellish," said D'Arcy politely. "We have just been paying a visit to Tom Mewwy to inquire what's the matter, that's all, old boy."

"Oh, you've been paying a visit to Tom Merry, have you?" said Mellish.

D'Arcy had moved on, but he stopped again as Mellish spoke in a very peculiar tone.

"Yes, wather!" he said, looking curiously at the cad of the Fourth. "There's nothing swange in that, is there, Mellish?"

"Oh, no! Nothing that I know of. Only if you knew—"

"If I knew what?"

"What I know," said Mellish.

"I weally do not understand you, old boy. What do you know?"

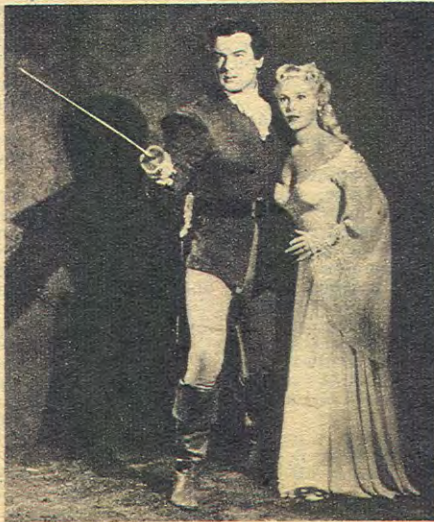
"Oh, never mind!" said Mellish, with the air of one
(Continued on opposite page)

"SUN" STARS FOR YOUR SCRAPBOOK



Dick Powell

(R.K.O.)



Richard Greene and Paula Corday

(Universal International)



Richard Conte

(Universal International)

who could disclose great secrets if he wished. "It's nothing."

"But weally, Mellish, you have awoused my cuwiosity."

"It was a mere nothing that he said about you, after all—"

"Who said?"

"Why, Tom Merry."

"Tom Mewwy said something about me?" said D'Arcy.

"Weally, it's not like Tom Mewwy to talk about a fellow behind his back, by Jove!"

Mellish grinned.

"If you knew what he had said."

"Well, what did he say, old boy?"

"Catch me telling you! Of course, you'd blurt it all out to Tom Merry, and then I should have the three of them down upon me."

"I weally twust you know me better than that, Mellish," said Arthur Augustus, with great dignity. "Of course, I should wegard anything you told me as stwictly in confidence."

"Well, that alters the case, of course. I don't mind telling you if you really want to know. He said—but I'd better not say. It would only make bad feeling."

"You had better tell me, Mellish."

"No, upon second thoughts I won't."

"Tell me at once, or I shall lose my temper and stwike you."

"Well, he called you a puffed-up bladder of lard, and said you ought to be kicked out of the School House, and shoved into the zoo along with the rest of the funny animals," said Mellish.

D'Arcy turned red with wrath.

"He called me—a bladder of lard, Mellish?"

"Certainly."

"He said I ought to be put in the zoo?"

"His very words."

"By Jove, I'll knock the day-lights out of Tom Merry!"

The dandy of the School House rushed back towards the door of Tom Merry's study. But the alarmed Mellish caught him by the arm.

"But your promise! Remember—"

"Bai Jove, I had forgotten that; it had weally slipped my memowry for the moment," said D'Arcy, recollecting himself. "I beg your pardon, Mellish!"

"Yes, I should say so."

"I will not say anything to Tom Mewwy. But I weally wish you hadn't told me," said D'Arcy, looking greatly distressed. "I don't see how I can wegard him as a fwiend now that I know he talks about me behind my back. I weally wish you hadn't told me, Mellish."

"Well, you forced me to."

"Yes, that's twue enough. I should have thwashed you if you hadn't; and I weally feel wather inclined to thwash you anyway, dear boy."

Mellish retreated in alarm.

"Here, don't be an ass—"

"I weally feel most uncomfy about it. I cannot wegard Tom Mewwy as a fwiend, when I



Gore sent Skimpole crashing on top of Mellish. "Ha, ha!" he shouted. "That'll teach you to talk about me!"

wegard him as a backbitah."

"Well, you see—"

"Oh, don't talk to me! I wather despise you."

And Arthur Augustus walked away rather disconsolately. Mellish grinned, and went on to Gore's study, and looked in.

"Hallo, Gore! Why—what—"

George Gore was the leader of the "smart set" among the juniors of St. Jim's. He was smoking a cigarette when Mellish suddenly opened the door, and he gave a guilty start, and slipped it into his sleeve, in mortal terror lest it should be a master or a prefect who had discovered him.

"I—Oh, Mellish, is it you! Ow!" Gore jumped up, shaking his sleeve frantically. He had meant to conceal the cigarette there, but it had slipped farther than he had intended, and was burning his skin. "Ow! Oh!"

Mellish grinned.

"Ow! You silly ass, to startle me like that! It's burning me! Ow! I can't get the beastly thing out!"

"He, he, he!" cackled Mellish.

Gore shook his sleeve frantically, and the cigarette dropped out at last. The bully of the Shell rubbed his scorched arm, and grunted expressively.

"Sorry!" grinned Mellish.

"But it was funny! He, he, he!"

"What do you want here, you confounded ass?"

"Oh, I only dropped in to speak to you. I hear you've got a holiday. There's a lot of favouritism in this school."

"Nothing of the kind!" growled Gore. "I've got to go home for a week or two because my uncle's ill, that's all. Blessed if I want to go."

"H'm! Of course, it's true if you say so. Wish I had a chance of getting away for a week!" said Mellish. "Mighty con-

venient to have an uncle ill sometimes."

"Don't you believe me?"

"Oh, yes, of course."

"Ass! Do you think the Head would give me permission to go if it wasn't true?" growled Gore, still rubbing his arm.

"He might be taken in. Or there might be favouritism. Still, it's no business of mine. I hope you'll have a good time."

"You cheeky chump!" shouted Gore. "I tell you I'm going home to a wretched place full of doctors and medicines and sickness, and I don't want to go. I've got to."

"Keep it up if you like, Gore. Tom Merry thinks—"

"What has Tom Merry been saying?"

"Oh, nothing! There was Skimpole, too. He thought—"

"Hang Skimpole and you, too! You've made me burn my arm. Get out of my study!"

"Skimpole said—well, never mind, as he's your study-mate I suppose I had better not say anything," said Mellish, turning to the door.

"You had better, if you don't want me to jam your head against the wall," said Gore, rushing at the cad of the Fourth and seizing him by the collar.

"Now then, what did Skimpole say?"

"Well, he said he thought it was all rot about your uncle being ill, and that you were telling lies."

"Oh, he did, did he? I'll talk to Skimpole about that," said Gore. "As for you, I'll teach you to pop into my study like a jack-in-a-box and make me burn my arm."

"Let me go!"

"I'm going to! There you go!"

And Gore twisted Mellish into the doorway, and gave him a powerful kick that sent him

sprawling out into the passage.

Mellish gave a yell, and fell on his hands and knees, and rolled over; and then sat up rather dazedly and stared at Gore. The bully of the Shell was standing in his doorway, roaring with laughter.

"You—you rotter!" gasped Mellish.

"Dear me! Why have you treated Mellish so violently, Gore?" exclaimed a weedy youth with a very large head, who came along the passage in time to see Mellish ejected from the study. "You must know that—"

"Hallo, Skimpole! I want to speak to you."

"Certainly, Gore," said Skimpole unsuspiciously. Skimpole was always unsuspicious. He was rather a curious youth in some respects, and had amazed the Lower Forms at St. Jim's by taking up politics. "I am quite at your service, Gore."

"Well, come here then, fat-head!"

Skimpole came there, and Gore grasped him by the shoulders. With a twist he sent the unprepared junior staggering over Mellish. Mellish was just rising when Skimpole fell upon him, and the two went to the floor together with a bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shouted Gore.

"There, that will teach you to talk about me, Skimpole!"

The amateur politician sat up in bewilderment and groped for his spectacles.

"But—but I haven't talked about you, Gore!" he gasped.

"You can settle that with Mellish. If you come into this study now I'll chuck you out on your neck, so you know what to expect," said Gore. And he went into the study and slammed the door.

Next week: The School House declares war!

LORD of SHERWOOD

KING JOHN HAS CAPTURED IVANHOE. FOR SEVERAL DAYS HE STARVES IVANHOE AND THEN CRUELLY FORCES HIM TO BE PRESENT AT A GREAT FEAST WELL KNOWING HOW THE SAXON KNIGHT WILL SUFFER. BUT ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MEN HAVE COME TO THE FEAST IN DISGUISE.

THE MINSTREL WHO CALLED HIMSELF HAL O' THE GREENWOOD, WAS NONE OTHER THAN ALAN-A-DALE. HIS SINGING PLEASED THE KING.

THE TWO GIANTS BEGAN THEIR THRILLING CONTEST, AND ALAN-A-DALE SEIZED THE OPPORTUNITY OF HISSING A FEW WORDS IN IVANHOE'S EAR.

HIST, IVANHOE! ROBIN AND HIS MERRIE MEN ARE HERE. HOLD YOURSELF READY TO ESCAPE!

I HAVE SEEN THAT FELLOW WITH THE WHIP BEFORE-- BUT WHERE?

WAT'S WHIP SNAKED OUT WITH A CRACK AND TORE THE STAFF FROM HIS COMRADE'S HANDS--

YOUR MAJESTY! LORDS! NEXT WE HAVE THE TWIN GIANTS, OG AND MAGOG, WHO WILL GIVE A THRILLING DEMONSTRATION OF STRENGTH AND SKILL-- A BOUT BETWEEN WHIP AND QUARTER-STAFF!

THIS PROMISES WELL!

THE CHAMBERLAIN ANNOUNCED THE NEXT ENTERTAINMENT AND FORWARD STEPPED LITTLE JOHN AND WAT O' THE WHIP-- HEAVILY MASKED--

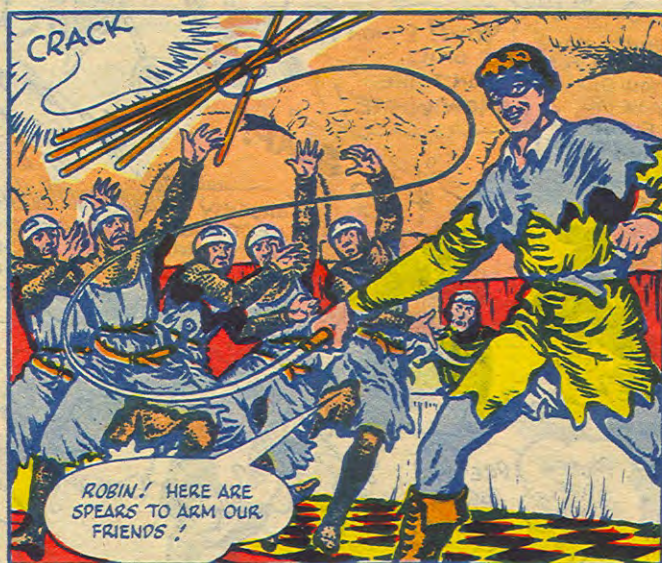
ALWAYS CAME FOR A FIGHT, WAT AND LITTLE JOHN WARMED TO THEIR TASK.

NOT SO FAST, LITTLE JOHN! WOULD YOU LAY ME LOW IN THIS HORNET'S NEST?

SIR GUY OF GISBORNE SPRANG TO HIS FEET--

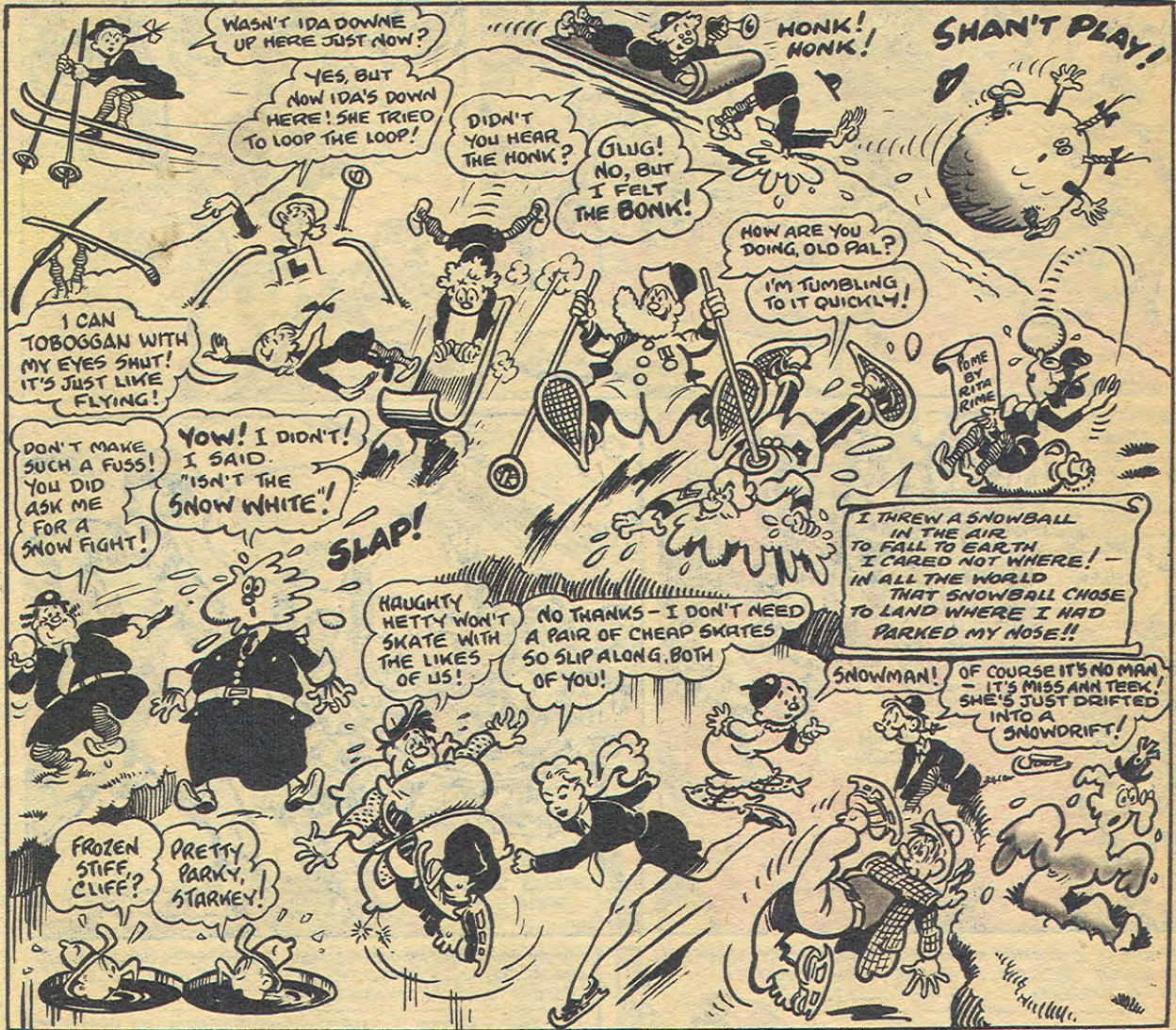
I HAVE IT! THE WHIP-- WAT O' THE WHIP! THEY ARE FRIENDS OF THE TRAITOR ROBIN HOOD. SEIZE THEM!





THE PENGUIN PATROL

HAVE THEIR WINTER SPORTS



S.C.S.C.

THE SUN CAR SPOTTERS CLUB



CHRISTMAS present time is soon over, but there can still be a present for you from the SUN if your Album number is one of the thousand printed below.

All those with numbers between 40,000 and 40,500 inclusive, and between 91,000 and 91,500 inclusive may send up and claim.

Is your number here? If it is, then choose one of the following presents: Fountain Pen, "Tenni-gun," Pocket-knife, Big Jig-Saw, Box of Paints, Box of Wire Puzzles, Binoculars, or a Purse. Write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use"—making sure at the same time that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Now, on a postcard, write the name of the character or story you like most in SUN—and in a few words say why. Post Album and postcard in a 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to:

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

All claims for this week's presents must arrive by Tuesday, January 6, 1953. Presents will be despatched about a week after this date and Albums returned at the same time.

HOW
SMART
ARE
YOU?

Car Catch!

HERE'S A CUNNING CAR CATCH, KIDS! A MOTORIST COULDN'T GET HIS CAR TO START. HE ASKED HELP FROM A SAILOR, AN AIRMAN, AND A SOLDIER—ONLY ONE OF THEM SUCCEEDED—WHICH ONE, AND WHY?

THE ANSWER'S ON PAGE 17 AND REMEMBER—IT'S A CATCH!

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

IT'S RAINING. LET'S GO UNDER THE BRIDGE



GEORGE TIMMINUS, STAFFS.

I COULD OPEN A JEWELLER'S SHOP WITH ALL THE CUPS AND MEDALS I'VE WON AT FOOTBALL

YES, AND WITH ALL THE DUCKS YOU'VE GOT AT CRICKET YOU COULD OPEN A POULTRY FARM AS WELL



From E.T. JONES, NEWPORT

WHAT IS 'AGILE'?

A PLACE WHERE CRIMINALS ARE KEPT



From B. RICHARDSON, EDMONTON

MY DEAR CHILD, GET OUT OF THAT PUDDLE AT ONCE

NO, NO! I SAW IT FIRST. TRY AND FIND ONE FOR YOURSELF



From ROGER WILSON, RAMSBOTTOM

WHERE'S JIMMY?

WELL, IF THE ICE IS AS THICK AS HE THINKS IT IS, HE'S SKATING. BUT IF IT'S AS THIN AS I THINK IT IS HE'S SWIMMING!



From BRIAN MARCUS JONES, MERIONETHSHIRE

YOU KNOW, DEARS, IT IS THE LAW OF GRAVITY THAT KEEPS YOU DOWN ON THE GROUND

HOW DID THEY MANAGE BEFORE THE LAW WAS PASSED?



From BRIAN MOSS, HEADINGTON

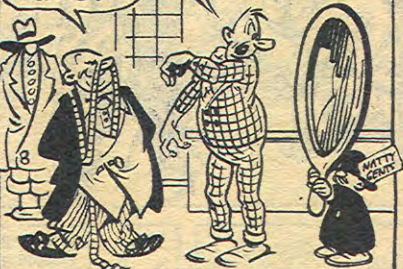
IF YOU WANT TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE AND HAVEN'T A LIGHT—THROW ONE AWAY AND YOUR PACKET WILL BE A CIGARETTE LIGHTER!



From TONY JORDAN, HEREFORD

THERE, SIR. IT FITS LIKE A GLOVE!

I WISH IT WOULD FIT LIKE A SUIT!



From RUTH RAYNER, HALIFAX

PLEASE EXCUSE MY SON, HE CANNOT COME TO SCHOOL TODAY

OH? WHO IS SPEAKING?



From CORMAC MCCONNELL, N. IRELAND

THAT'S A NICE WATCH, BILL

YES, IT'S A SUMMER AND WINTER WATCH. SPRING'S GONE!



From GEORGE BARRACLOUGH, YORKS.

"A BURN'T CHILD DREADS THE FIRE." NOW CHILDREN, CAN YOU GIVE ME ANOTHER PROVERB LIKE THAT?

A WASHED CHILD DREADS THE WATER!



From P. HILL, SHEFFIELD

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A RUG AND A BOTTLE OF MEDICINE?

THE RUG YOU TAKE AND SHAKE. THE MEDICINE YOU SHAKE AND TAKE



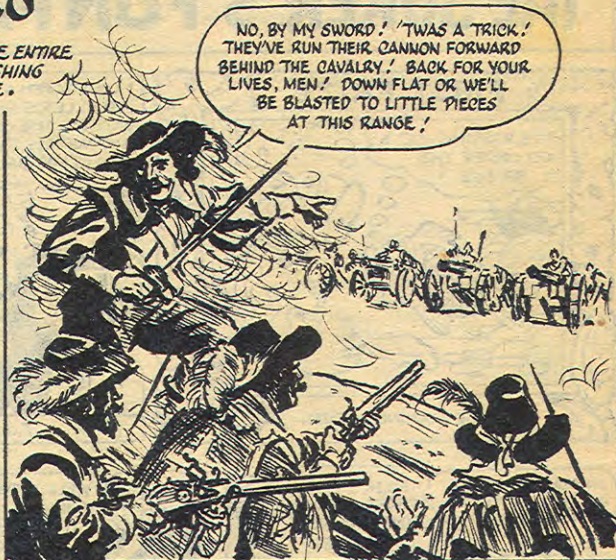
From PHYLLIS HEACHE, KENT

The King's Musketeers

IN SPANISH PASS, THE KING'S REGIMENT OF MUSKETEERS HELD BACK THE ENTIRE SPANISH ARMY. AS THE SPANISH CAVALRY NEARED THE BARRICADE, A CRASHING VOLLEY OF MUSKET-FIRE RANG OUT, AND THE SPANIARDS SWERVED ASIDE.



D'ARTAGNAN, CAPTAIN OF THE MUSKETEERS, SPRANG TO HIS FEET.



THEN WITH A MIGHTY BLAST, THE MASSESSED CANNONS OF SPAIN ROARED, SHAKING THE PASS TO ITS VERY FOUNDATIONS.



WITH VICTORY IN SIGHT, THE SPANISH FORCES ENTERED THE PASS --

FORWARD, SOLDIERS OF SPAIN! VICTORY WILL BE OURS -- FRANCE WILL SOON BE IN OUR HANDS! FORWARD!



BEYOND THE PASS LAY A RIVER, AND THERE D'ARTAGNAN, WITH ATHOS AND PIERRE, THE FRENCH BANDIT, SPOKE TO THE REMNANTS OF HIS FORCES.

BACKS TO THE RIVER, MY GALLANT MUSKETEERS! FOR THE GLORY OF FRANCE!

AND I'LL STRIKE A BLOW FOR MY POOR DEAD BANDITS! A CURSE ON THESE SPANISH HYENAS!



PORTHOS, OLD FRIEND, THIS IS THE END! WE FALL BACK NO FURTHER! USE YOUR MIGHTY STRENGTH TO DESTROY THIS BRIDGE BEHIND US! THEY MUST NOT CROSS!

THEN AS PORTHOS SWUNG DOWN, HAND OVER HAND, THE WHOLE MIGHT OF SPAIN WAS FLUNG AGAINST THE LAST FEW GALLANT DEFENDERS.

'TIS GOOD AS DONE! LEAVE IT TO ME, COMRADE!



HERE THEY COME, MEN! WE MUST HOLD THEM TILL PORTHOS HAS DESTROYED THE BRIDGE!



THEN, IN ONE LAST SUPREME EFFORT, THE SPANIARDS FLUNG THEMSELVES AT D'ARTAGNAN AND HIS MEN. NOW AT LAST DON MIGUEL, THE SPANISH COMMANDER, FELT THAT FRANCE WAS WITHIN HIS GRASP --

PORTHOS! MAKE HASTE, MAN! THEY ARE DRIVING US BACK ACROSS THE BRIDGE! QUICKLY, IN HEAVEN'S NAME!

ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL! HERE DIE THE KING'S MUSKETEERS!

CUT THE FRENCH DOGS TO PIECES!



But this is not to be the last fight for the King's Musketeers, as you will see in next week's thrilling instalment!

SUN—December 27, 1952—15

TOMAHAWK DUEL!

THREE stalwart frontiersmen, warmly clad in heavy buffalo coats, galloped along the snow-banked trail leading out of Deadwood. The air was cold and crisp, and the December sun shone brightly on the snow-covered countryside, making it look like a scene on a Christmas card.

Wild Bill Hickok, the famous marshal of the lightning guns, and his two companions, Buffalo Bill Cody and Texas Jack Omohundro, had planned to spend Christmas together in Deadwood. But on the morning of Christmas Eve the marshal had received instructions to take an important despatch to Running Horse, Chief of the Hunkpapa Sioux, and his two pals had volunteered to ride along with him.

"What luck to have our Christmas spoiled, boys!" said Wild Bill. "Just when we'd planned to have a high old time in Deadwood, too! It's mighty nice of you two to come along with me."

"We might run into some excitement, you never know," grinned the big, happy Texan. "And we'd hate to miss anything, wouldn't we, Bill?"

"Sure would," chuckled Cody.

A few hours hard riding brought the three border cavaliers to the town of Medicine Gulch.

"Running Horse's village is a few miles the other side of town," the marshal announced as they cantered up the main street. "But while we're here, we'll just stop off and say hello to Sheriff Jones."

They pulled up a few yards farther along the street and slickly tossing their reins over the hitching rail, sauntered into the sheriff's office.

"Howdy, Tom," greeted Hickok with a cheery grin. "Merry Christmas!"

A look of surprised pleasure crossed the sheriff's face as he glanced up at the three tall handsome men before him.

"Why, Marshal—Bill Cody, and Texas Jack! How good to see you all. Merry Christmas!"

"Hello, Tom," smiled Cody.

"How's things?"

"How-do, Tom," boomed the Texan. "Town seems mighty quiet. How come no celebrations on Christmas Eve?"

The smile of welcome faded from the sheriff's face.

"We've nothing much to celebrate, Tex," he said quietly.

"There's trouble brewing with the Sioux—didn't you know?"

"No," said Hickok quickly.

"What's wrong? I'm on my way now to give Running Horse a message from Washington."

"Civil war is expected to break out in the Hunkpapa tribe," announced the sheriff seriously. "And that, of course, means that inevitably the white people in Medicine Gulch will be dragged into it and lives will be lost."



WILD BILL HICKOK'S

"What's the trouble about?" asked Bill Cody.

"Running Horse is in favour of adopting the white man's ways," explained the sheriff.

"He's all for educating his tribe and having them adopt our religion. Well, half the tribe are in favour, but the other half aren't. Howling Fox, the medicine man, is strongly opposed to the civilising of his people. He has aroused the older warriors and has threatened to attack the rest of the tribe on Christmas morning."

"Why Christmas morning?" asked the marshal in surprise.

"Because Howling Fox knows that Running Horse is having a big feast on that day in celebration of the white man's holiday."

"Hmm, that's not so good," said Wild Bill thoughtfully.

"I've heard of Howling Fox. He's a hot-head. Naturally, you're expecting Howling Fox to start attacking the whites after he has dealt with the chief and his followers."

"Exactly," returned the sheriff.

"Howling Fox is at present camped up on the heights overlooking Sundance Valley where Running Horse has his village. The chief and his followers won't stand much chance when Howling Fox starts attacking. The medicine man and his followers are well armed with modern rifles."

"Well, fellows," said the marshal, "there's no U.S. cavalry handy, and as it will take time to send to the nearest fort for a detachment of soldiers, we'd better get on our way and see if we can talk to Howling Fox and get him to change his mind."

"O.K., Bill. But first let's take time out for a meal," suggested Cody. "Come and

join us, Tom."

"A fine idea," grinned Texas Jack. "If we do get in a scrap, at least we shan't be fighting on empty stomachs!"

After a hearty lunch the frontiersmen took leave of Tom Jones and set off for the heights of Sundance Valley. The sheriff wished them luck and hoped with all his heart that the marshal would be able to talk Howling Fox round and avert a war.

But not far from the camp they were suddenly surrounded by a party of determined-looking Sioux armed with rifles.

"Halt, palefaces!" ordered one haughty warrior. "What is Man-who-shoots-fast, Longhair, and the Big One, doing on the hunting grounds of the Hunkpapa?"

"We wish to make talk with Howling Fox, the medicine man," answered Wild Bill in the guttural Sioux language.

"Howling Fox not like palefaces," grunted the Sioux. "But you shall be taken to his council tepee."

Silently the party of Indians escorted the three white men to the medicine man's tepee.

Howling Fox stood at the opening of his wigwam and coolly regarded his visitors. He was middle-aged and had a mean, hard face.

"Howling Fox does not offer his hand in friendship to the white men. You are not wanted here on our lands," snapped the Indian.

"We come as your friends and brothers, Howling Fox," said Wild Bill in the Sioux tongue. "Longhair, the Big One and I are well known to you. We wish you no harm. I only want to talk to you."

"Howling Fox is not a man of words, he is a fighter,"

returned the proud Sioux. "White men speak with forked tongues. Howling Fox prefers to speak with weapons which speak true."

"If that's his attitude, let's take him up on it," suggested Texas Jack eagerly, for he enjoyed a good scrap.

The eyes of Howling Fox narrowed in cunning as he spoke to Wild Bill.

"If Man-who-shoots-fast will fight a tomahawk duel with Howling Fox, and lives, then Howling Fox will listen to white man's words."

"If you live!" murmured the marshal in English. In Sioux he replied, "It shall be as you say, Howling Fox. I will have a tomahawk duel with you."

"Say, we're in on this too," broke in Cody.

"You bet we are, pal," snapped the Texan.

Buffalo Bill turned to the medicine man and spoke in Sioux. "If Man-who-shoots-fast is going to fight you, then the Big One and I will also have a tomahawk duel with two of your warriors."

Howling Fox regarded Buffalo Bill solemnly for several seconds, then replied:

"Longhair and the Big One shall fight my two most valiant warriors."

The three friends dismounted and entered Howling Fox's tepee. They removed their heavy coats, hats and spurs.

"I kind of hate taking this off," remarked Texas Jack, as he unbuckled his gunbelt. "Hope we can trust these varmints!"

"I hope we can too," replied the marshal. "For we certainly can't wear our guns while we're fighting. You guys ever fought a tomahawk duel?"

"I have," said Cody. "I once



The Sioux camp resounded with the cheerful voices of the three border cavaliers—and the Indians joined in the strains of "Good King Wenceslas!"

CHRISTMAS PARTY

had a tomahawk and knife fight with Green Snake, one of Red Cloud's warriors."

"How'd you make out, pal?" inquired the Texan.

"Just fine," chuckled the scout. "I won!"

Howling Fox called his warriors together and picked out two stalwart men to fight Cody and Texas Jack. They removed their buffalo robes, and collecting six tomahawks, entered the tepee where the white men were waiting.

"We are ready, Howling Fox," said the marshal. "You can see we have removed our guns and knives. We trust you and expect fair play in return."

"Howling Fox will not break trust," returned the Sioux haughtily. "See, no knives hang from our waists. Our only weapons will be tomahawks."

They all went outside, each armed with a tomahawk, and the duel commenced.

The white men and red men regarded each other warily and began to stalk round each other in circles.

Texas Jack believed in speedy tactics. After circling his opponent twice, he rushed at him like a charging bull and sent the Indian's tomahawk flying.

Finding himself weaponless, a look of fear entered the eyes of the Sioux. The Texan calmly tossed his tomahawk away and flinging his great arms round the Indian, picked him up and tossed him bodily over his shoulder. The Sioux hit the ground with a dull thud, the breath knocked out of his body. With an amused chuckle the powerful Texan went over to him and grinned down at the half-conscious Indian.

The Indian gasped. "The Big One—has—sirength—of—a—buffalo."

Meanwhile, Howling Fox suddenly swung his tomahawk in an arc and letting out a blood-curdling yell, flung it at the marshal.

Wild Bill ducked hastily to one side and heard the swish of the weapon as it flew past his head and embedded itself in a tree behind him.

He straightened and let fly his tomahawk. As the medicine man ducked, Wild Bill sprang at him and grabbing him round the legs with a tackle any footballer would be proud of, felled him. With a snort of anger Howling Fox turned on the marshal, and for several minutes they rolled over and over on the icy ground, fighting furiously.

And then Hickok managed to get on top of the Indian, and straddling him, dug his knees tightly into the Sioux's waist. The red man gave a grunt of pain and struck out savagely at the marshal. But Wild Bill had the advantage, and grabbing hold of the Indian's flaying arms, he held them down over the red man's head. And all the time his knees gripped the Indian's waist in a vice-like hold.

"Ready to hear what I have to say now, Howling Fox?" asked the marshal.

"I will listen. You have beaten Howling Fox fairly, Man-who-shoots-fast," panted the Indian.

THE REWARD

BUFFALO BILL was pounding his opponent with his iron fists. The Indian's tomahawk, shattered, lay on the ground some feet away. Cody had flung aside his own weapon after smashing his opponent's and had waded in with his fists.

"Give it to him, Bill," encouraged Texas Jack as the scout delivered a pile-driving

blow to the side of the Indian's jaw which sent him staggering. The Sioux folded up completely and joined his companions on the icy ground.

"Nice little scrap while it lasted," grinned the Texan. "Trouble was, it didn't last long enough!"

Howling Fox got to his feet, and he and the three frontiersmen entered his tepee.

"I will hear what Man-who-shoots-fast has to say," grunted the medicine man.

"I was sent by the Great White Father in Washington to the Hunkpapa tribe to give your chief, Running Horse, an important message," explained the marshal as he strapped on his gunbelt. "The message will bring happiness to the hearts of the Sioux people. Perhaps you would like to read it and pass on the news to your warriors before I take it to your chief."

Solemnly Wild Bill handed Howling Fox a scroll of parchment which he drew from the inside pocket of his buffalo coat.

The Indian unrolled the scroll and gazed in silence at the printed words.

"Paper does not talk to Howling Fox," he said at last. "Only talks to white man."

"It talks to your chief and his followers," said Hickok sharply. "Is there not one of your warriors who can read the white man's language?"

"The warriors of Howling Fox like not the ways of the white man," replied the medicine man contemptuously.

"Whether you like them or not," snapped Hickok, "it's time you used some sense. I have learned your tongue so that I can talk to your people and help them to understand that the Great White Father wishes to help them. I don't like

your language, nor many of your ways but I've had to put aside my own personal dislikes in order to help my red brothers."

"You tell him, Bill," broke in Texas Jack.

"This message is important to your whole tribe, Howling Fox. Your warriors must be told about it. What are you going to do?" asked Hickok.

There was another stony silence while the medicine man stared at the scroll.

"I understand you plan to attack your chief and his followers, because you refuse to become civilised," said the marshal in a stern voice. "If you make that attack much blood will be spilled. Red blood and white blood. But you will not win. You will be beaten as surely as you and your two warriors have been beaten by me, Longhair and the Big One."

"Will Man-who-shoots-fast read message to Howling Fox?" asked the Indian finally.

"No," replied the marshal firmly.

The Sioux looked at the other two white men, but before he could repeat his request they both shook their heads and gave a decisive "No."

The Sioux handed back the parchment and with a great effort said: "Then Howling Fox must bury the war-hatchet and return to Running Horse to learn what the Great White Father has to say to his red children."

And so Howling Fox and his warriors, accompanied by the three white men, rode down into Sundance Valley.

After warmly welcoming the frontiersmen, Chief Running Horse read aloud to his assembled tribe the President's message.

In appreciation of Chief Running Horse's help in keeping peace and order in his tribe, and of adopting the white man's ways, the Great White Father in Washington is extending the hunting grounds of the Hunkpapa Sioux to beyond the Yellowstone River.

A great cheer arose when the chief finished reading.

"That makes your reservation one of the largest in the West," smiled the marshal. "What a nice Christmas present for you!"

Howling Fox and his warriors were greatly impressed by the President's gift, and realised that the ways of the white man were not to be sneered at after all. And so the medicine man called off his feud and joined the rest of the tribe in a big feast of celebration.

It was a cheerful gathering, and after eating an enormous dinner that night, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack sat round a roaring camp-fire teaching the happy Indians to sing Christmas carols! And even Howling Fox grudgingly joined in the strains of "Good King Wenceslas!"

Make sure of riding with Wild Bill Hickok on another exciting adventure next week!

DICK TURPIN

and
The Gentleman Tramp



Titus Coates, the new thief-taker, and Obediah Humble, Lord Chessington's solicitor, are plotting to rob Sam Supple of the house and fortune given to him by the earl. Dick Turpin is in time to see them dump a sack in the river.

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S IN THAT SACK, AND THIS IS MY CHANCE TO FIND OUT



THANK GOODNESS FOR THESE REEDS. THEY HAVEN'T SPOTTED ME



AH! THERE IT IS!



PHEW! IT'S HEAVY! FEELS LIKE A BODY!



I'LL GIVE THEM TIME TO GET OUT OF SIGHT, THEN I'LL OPEN THE SACK



BY PLUTO! SAM SUPPLE!



Dick got to work on the half-drowned Sam with artificial respiration. . . .

THANK GOODNESS! HE'S STILL BREATHING!



WHAT HAPPENED, SAM?

THEY HIT ME ON THE HEAD, I DON'T REMEMBER ANY MORE





But it wasn't Dick—it was the crooked Obadiah Humble.



What is Dick's idea? Titus Coates is due for an unpleasant shock next week!



A PERILOUS CHRISTMAS RIDE *By Barry Ford*

PART 2



Phillips at last managed to outdistance the hostiles and, reaching a high hill, stood off his attackers all though the freezing cold night. At dawn he took them by surprise and, fearlessly galloping through their cordon, made his escape.

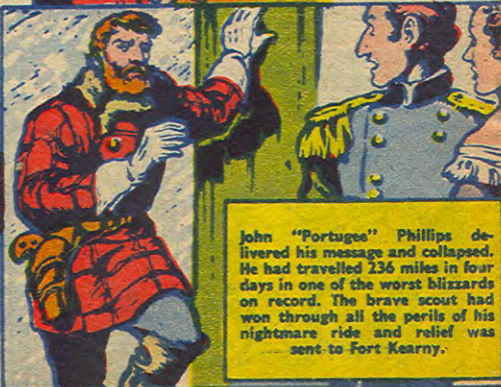


After travelling 190 miles Phillips reached a telegraph station and sent a message to Fort Laramie. But the scout had a feeling the message would not get through so he pushed on immediately for Laramie, 46 miles further on. He was right, the message did not get through.

"Portugee" Phillips, a civilian scout, had volunteered to get reinforcements for Fort Kearny in Wyoming. For two days and a night he had struggled through a blinding blizzard in intense cold, and then he was spotted by a war-party of Indians and relentlessly pursued.



A Christmas Eve ball was in full swing at Fort Laramie when "Portugee" Phillips, his legs stiff and half frozen, his lips blue and his beard jagged with icicles, staggered up to the doorway of the ballroom. As he had dismounted, his faithful horse had collapsed and died on the spot. The hard journey had been too much for it.



John "Portugee" Phillips delivered his message and collapsed. He had travelled 236 miles in four days in one of the worst blizzards on record. The brave scout had won through all the perils of his nightmare ride and relief was sent to Fort Kearny.