

SUN

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No. 204
January 3, 1953

EVERY
MONDAY

BILLY THE KID and the Meanest Man in the West



THERE WERE MANY MEAN MEN IN THE WEST BUT THE MEANEST BY FAR WAS OLD EBENEZER SCAGGS, THE MISER OF LITTLE FALLS.

THE MERE THOUGHT OF PARTING WITH A PENNY OF HIS RICH HOARD WOULD SEND HIM INTO A RAGING TEMPER. WILL BONNEY THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY GUSS OF CIRCLE B RANCH DISCOVERED THIS WHEN HE MET HIM IN THE STREET ON NEW YEAR'S EVE....



HAPPY NEW YEAR, SIR! WOULD YOU LIKE TO DROP A PENNY IN THE BOX FOR THE OLD FOLKS NEW YEAR PARTY?

BAH! BE OFF WITH YOU, YOU BEGGING RASCAL!





IT'S A GOOD JOB THE REST OF THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE DON'T THINK THE WAY YOU DO, OR THE OLD FOLKS WOULD HAVE A VERY HARD TIME. THEY MIGHT DIE FOR ALL YOU'D CARE!

GOOD! LET 'EM! THERE'D BE LESS MOUTHS TO FEED, AND YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO COME BEGGING!



AND LEAVING WILL BONNEY TO WONDER HOW A MAN COULD BE SO MEAN, THE OLD MISER SHUFFLED OVER TO HIS HORSE.

COME ON, YOU USELESS BRUTE, EARN YOUR KEEP AND TAKE ME HOME AWAY FROM THESE MONEY GRABBERS!



THERE GOES OLD EB SCRAGGS, SAM! TO LOOK AT HIM YOU WOULDN'T THINK HE WAS LOADED WITH DOUGH!

HAW! HAW! HE WON'T BE WHEN WE'VE CALLED ON HIM, BEN. C'MON-- LET'S FOLLOW THE OLD SKINFINT!

BACK IN HIS SHACK, OLD EBENEZER SCRAGGS ATE HIS MEAGRE MEAL OF BREAD AND WATER, AND GLOATED OVER THE LEDGER THAT CONTAINED THE ENTRIES OF HIS HIDDEN HOARD--



HEH! HEH! FIVE THOUSAND AND ONE-- FIVE THOUSAND AND TWO-- FIVE--

SO ABSORBED WITH THE FIGURES IN THE BOOK WAS HE, THAT HE DIDN'T HEAR HIS DOOR OPEN AND TWO MEN ENTER--UNTIL--



HAPPY NEW YEAR, EB. WE'VE COME TO COLLECT OUR PRESENTS!

HAND OVER YOUR CASH, PAL, OR YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE THE NEW YEAR IN!

WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHO ARE YOU? GET OUT!

QUICKLY THE WILY OLD MAN RECOVERED FROM THE SHOCK--



HEH! HEH! YOU FELLOWS ARE WASTING YOUR TIME! I HAVEN'T GOT ANY MONEY HERE. IT IS ALL HIDDEN AWAY, AND IF YOU SHOOT ME YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE IT IS! IF I CAN'T HAVE MY MONEY, NOBODY ELSE WILL, HEH, HEH!



SHUCKS, SAM, HE'S RIGHT. IF WE BUMP HIM OFF--

SHUT UP-- AND HELP ME GET HIS BOOTS OFF! I'LL SOON MAKE HIM TALK!

HIS BOOTS REMOVED, OLD EB SCRAGGS WAS STRETCHED OVER THE TABLE--



THE OLD FOOL WAS TICKLED PINK WHEN HE THOUGHT HE'D FOXED US, BEN. NOW IT'S OUR TURN TO TICKLE! GRAB THAT QUILL-PEN AND USE IT ON HIS FEET! HE'LL TALK!

HAW! HAW!



ALTHOUGH HE WRIGGLED AND WRITHED, OLD EBENEZER COULD NOT RELEASE HIMSELF FROM HIS TORMENTERS.



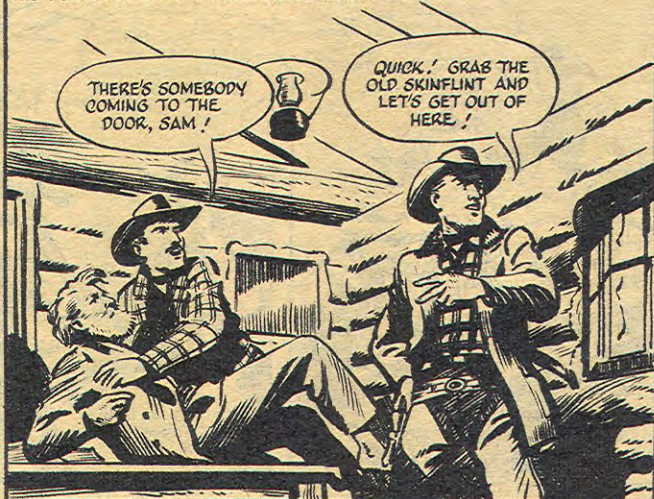
AT LAST THE OLD MAN LOST ALL CONTROL OF HIS SENSES--



WHILE THE TWO OUTLAWS WERE EXTRACTING THE OLD MISER'S SECRET FROM HIM, WILL BONNEY CAME RIDING BY THE SHACK--



AS WILL STEPPED UP TO THE DOOR, THE OUTLAWS HEARD HIS FOOTFALL ON THE WOODEN VERANDAH--



AND AS WILL REACHED THE DOOR--



WILL BONNEY RECOVERED FROM THE BLOW IN TIME TO RECOGNISE HIS ASSAILANTS AS THEY RODE OFF WITH THE OLD MISER--



UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY, WILL BONNEY, THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY RANCHER WHO NEVER CARRIED GUNS, WAS ALSO BILLY THE KID, LONE AVENGER OF THE WEST. HE WAS ALWAYS READY TO HELP FOLKS WHO WERE IN TROUBLE, EVEN IF THEY WERE MEAN MEN LIKE EBENEZER SCRAGGS - AND SO, ON LEAVING THE SHACK, WILL BONNEY RODE FAST OVER THE SNOW TO THUNDERBIRD PEAK. THERE, IN A SECRET VALLEY WAITED THE GREAT BLACK STALLION, SATAN, WHO CARRIED HIM, AS BILLY THE KID, SWIFTLY ON THE TRAIL OF JUSTICE --

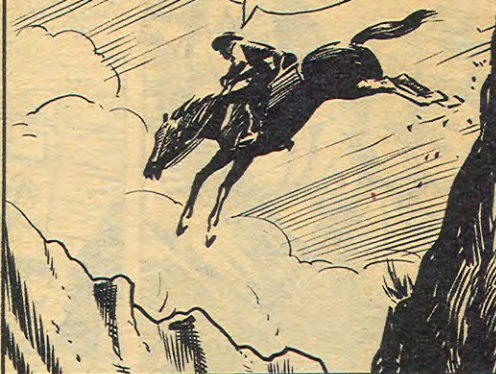
AS THE GREAT HORSE NUZZLED HIS FAMOUS MASTER, WILL BONNEY DONNED THE BLACK CLOTHES, AND BUCKLED ON THE TWO SIX-GUNS, BY WHICH BILLY THE KID WAS KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WEST --

THERE'S MORE WORK FOR YOU AND ME TO DO, SATAN, OLD PAL!



AND MOUNTED ON HIS GREAT BLACK HORSE BILLY THE KID LEAPED THE GORGE THAT SURROUNDED THE VALLEY -- TO SAVE THE OLD MISER AND HIS HOARD --

YIP! YIP! YIP!
HI-YO!



MEANWHILE, A FEW MILES AWAY, AT BUCKING HORSE PASS --

IF YOU'VE LIED TO US, EB. WE'RE GOIN' TO TICKLE YOU AGAIN UNTIL YOU TELL THE TRUTH!

IT'S O.K., SAM! I'VE FOUND HIS STRONG BOX!



AS THE TWO MEN OPENED THE OLD CHEST EBENEZER SCRAGGS PLEADED FOR HIS MONEY --

P-P-PLEASE DON'T TAKE IT ALL -- PLEASE -- IT'S ALL I HAVE!

PHEW! THERE'S AT LEAST TEN THOUSAND BUCKS, HERE, BEN!



AND THIS IS ALL YOU'RE GOIN' TO GET -- YOU WHINING OLD SKINFLINT! NOW SHUT UP!



AND LEAVING THE CRUMPLED FORM OF THE OLD MAN BY HIS EMPTY CHEST, THE OUTLAWS RODE OFF --

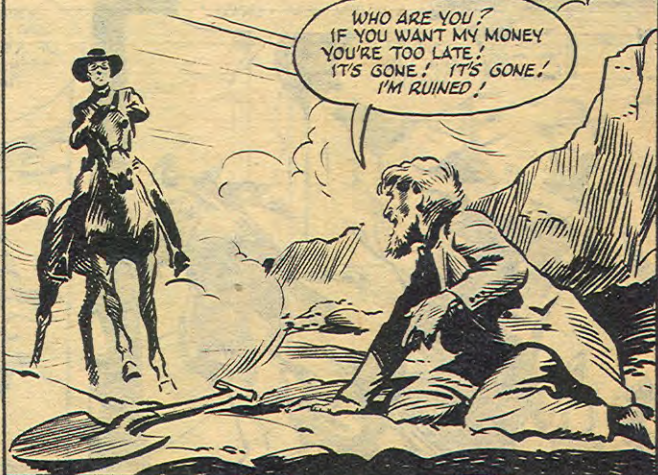
SO LONG, EB! HAPPY NEW YEAR! THANKS FOR OUR PRESENTS!

COME ON, BEN. LET'S GET TO OUR HIDE-OUT, PRONTO!



IT WAS SOME TIME LATER THAT EBENEZER SCRAGGS REGAINED HIS SENSES AND WHEN HE DID, HE SAW A BLACK FIGURE ON A GREAT BLACK HORSE RIDING UP TOWARDS HIM -- IT WAS BILLY THE KID.

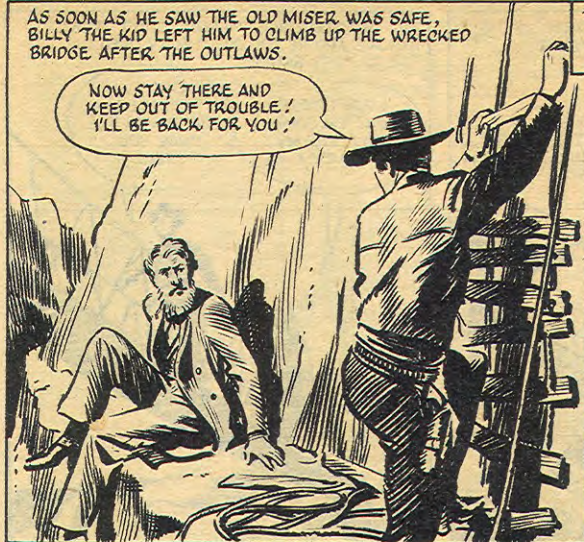
WHO ARE YOU? IF YOU WANT MY MONEY YOU'RE TOO LATE! IT'S GONE! IT'S GONE! I'M RUINED!





AS SOON AS HE SAW THE OLD MISER WAS SAFE, BILLY THE KID LEFT HIM TO CLIMB UP THE WRECKED BRIDGE AFTER THE OUTLAWS.

NOW STAY THERE AND KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE! I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU!



THINKING THAT BILLY THE KID AND EBENEZER SCROGGS HAD MET THEIR DOOM AT THE BOTTOM OF THE CHASM, THE OUTLAWS WERE FEELING VERY HAPPY AS THEY COUNTED OUT THE MONEY IN THEIR HIDE-OUT~~

THAT'S FIVE THOUSAND EACH, SAM! SOME HAUL, EH!



IT SURE IS! AND WHAT'S MORE-- THERE'S NO BILLY THE KID TO STOP US SPENDING IT! HAW! HAW!

SUDDENLY THE SHACK WAS FULL OF FLUTTERING DOLLAR BILLS AND COINS AS A HAIL OF BULLETS BURST THROUGH THE WINDOW.

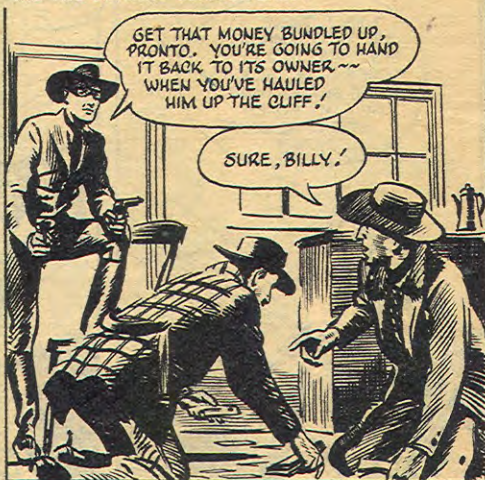


SHUCKS! WHAT'S HAPPENING!

MAYBE YOU THINK I'M A GHOST~~ BUT YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT YOUR MISTAKE IF EITHER OF YOU GO FOR YOUR GUNS!



KNOWING THAT WHEN IT CAME TO GUNPLAY ONLY A FOOL WOULD RISK A FIGHT WITH BILLY THE KID, THE TWO OUTLAWS SURRENDERED.



GET THAT MONEY BUNDLED UP, PRONTO. YOU'RE GOING TO HAND IT BACK TO ITS OWNER~~ WHEN YOU'VE HAULLED HIM UP THE CLIFF!

SURE, BILLY!

AND UNDER BILLY'S GUIDANCE THE ROUGHNECKS HAULLED OLD EBENEZER SCROGGS UP TO SAFETY~~



IF YOU'VE GOT ANY IDEAS ABOUT LETTING HIM GO~~ DON'T!

I'D HATE TO SEE YOU TWO SPEND NEW YEAR'S EVE IN JAIL SO I'M LEAVING YOU UP HERE FOR THE SHERIFF, LATER. YOU CAN'T GET AWAY 'COS THE BRIDGE IS DOWN! NOW BEAT IT BACK TO YOUR SHACK BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND.



SHUCKS! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET BACK?

WHEN THE OUTLAWS HAD GONE, BILLY THE KID PICKED UP THE ROPE THAT THEY'D USED TO HAUL UP THE OLD MISER AND MADE A LASSO OUT OF IT~~



I HOPE YOUR BELT IS A TOUGH ONE, MISTER, 'COS IF IT'S NOT YOU WON'T GET FAR!

THE OLD MISER SOON FOUND OUT WHY --
FOR WHEN THE ROPE WAS TIED SECURELY
BOTH ENDS --

~ BILLY FOLLOWED SOON AFTERWARDS.

SAFE ON THE OTHER SIDE, BILLY THE KID CUT
THE ROPE --



O.K., MISTER MONEY BAGS.
WRIGGLE YOUR WAY ACROSS!
YOUR BELT WILL STOP YOU
FROM FALLING!



GET A MOVE
ON, I HAVEN'T GOT
A BELT TO HOLD ME --
AND YOUR MONEY'S
WEIGHING ME
DOWN!

SHUCKS! THOSE TWO
GUYS ARE GOIN' TO SPEND
A LONELY NEW YEAR
OVER THERE ON
THEIR OWN!

NOT AS LONELY
AS YOU, MISTER!



WHILE YOU GO ON HOARDING
YOUR CASH AS YOU DO, YOU'LL
NEVER HAVE FRIENDS. YOU'LL
MAKE ENEMIES, LIKE THOSE TWO
GUYS, READY TO KILL YOU FOR
YOUR MONEY! LET TO-NIGHT BE
AN EXAMPLE, MISTER! IF YOU
HAD BANKED YOUR FORTUNE
AND LIVED AS NORMAL FOLKS
DO YOU'D NEVER HAVE GOT
INTO THIS TROUBLE! HERE,
TAKE YOUR BAGFUL
OF MISERY, 'COS THAT'S
ALL THIS MONEY
AMOUNTS TO!

BUT THE OLD MAN WAS NOT IN A
HURRY TO TAKE IT.

YOU'RE RIGHT, BILLY!
ALL THAT MY MONEY HAS
BROUGHT ME -- IS TROUBLE
AND MISERY. I'VE LEARNED
MY LESSON NOW THOUGH,
THANKS TO YOU, AND FROM
NOW ON I'M GOING TO
GET RID OF IT BY
MAKING OTHER
FOLKS HAPPY!



GOOD FOR YOU,
OLD TIMER --
HAPPY NEW
YEAR!

AND A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR. IT WAS FOR OLD EBENEZER SCRAGGS
AND FOR THE POOR FOLKS OF LITTLE FALLS -- FOR THE FOLLOWING
DAY AT THE PARTY --

HAPPY NEW YEAR, FOLKS!
HERE'S A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL
APIECE FOR YOU ALL -- AND I'M
PAYING FOR YOUR PARTY,
TOO!

SHUCKS, WILL!
IT'S OLD EB SCRAGGS!
WHAT'S COME OVER
HIM?

MAYBE HE'S MADE
A RESOLUTION NOT
TO BE SO MEAN!



Tell your friends about Billy the Kid! They will like to follow his adventures each week in the SUN!

SUN--January 3, 1953--7

WILD BILL HICKOK

and the MAN WHO
HATED SHERIFFS



Dan Smythe levelled his guns at the advancing marshal. "Come a step further and you'll die of lead poisoning," he called. From this exciting complete Western yarn by BARRY FORD.

DAN SHOOTS IT OUT!
WILD BILL HICKOK was famous throughout the West for his lightning guns. Wherever the fighting frontier marshal went, his silver- and ivory-butted Colts brought law and order and put fear into the hearts of badmen. But oddly enough, one of Wild Bill's bravest deeds was performed on a day when he did not use his guns. And this is how it came about.

Dan Smythe was a cow-puncher, and a good one. He got a job on a ranch near the town of Moosejaw, just south of Denver. He was a quiet fellow who worked hard and minded his own business. But he had a grudge against the law and even the sight of a sheriff made Dan see red.

Whenever he went into Moosejaw he turned sullen and refused to join his cheery cowboy companions on their holiday jaunts into town. After a while folks took no notice of him and turned their backs when he appeared.

And then one day the boss of the ranch where Dan worked gave him a week's holiday. Dan rode into Moosejaw and took a room at Ma Hopkins' Home-From-Home Hotel. It was a ground-floor room and for a long time Dan just sat in a rocking chair by the window watching the people passing to and fro along the wooden sidewalks. His eyes were hard and his lips were set in a cruel line.

There was no friendliness or kindness in his face.

Abruptly he got up, rammed his wide-brimmed Stetson on his curly head and stalked out of the hotel. Rudely elbowing several people out of the way who happened to be in his path, he stamped across to the Grinning Cow saloon. Giving the batwing doors a savage kick with his booted foot, he entered the saloon. He made his way across the sawdust-strewn floor to the bar and curtly ordered a drink.

He was about to raise the glass to his lips when his hand froze in mid-air. A look of intense hatred settled on his face as his cold eyes beheld the figure of the sheriff reflected in the long mirror over the bar.

Sheriff Hawkins, a cheery, likeable man, went over to a group of cowboys and had a friendly chat before going up to the bar.

And all the time Dan never took his eyes off the sheriff. Then his body stiffened as the lawman crossed over to the bar.

"Howdy, Joe," Hawkins greeted the barman. "Reckon it's time for my daily glass of cider."

"Got it waitin' for you, Sheriff," grinned the barman.

"Thanks," smiled Hawkins, and took a drink of the sparkling apple cider.

"Cider!" scoffed a hard voice beside him. "Why don't you have a man's drink?"

The sheriff lowered his glass and turned to the speaker.

"Why, Dan Smythe!" he said pleasantly. "How are you, Dan? Haven't seen you around lately."

"I said—why don't you have a man's drink?"

The sheriff's eyebrows lifted slightly, but he kept his temper.

"Reckon I consider cider is a man's drink, Dan," he replied quietly. "Now if you'll excuse me, I must get back to my office."

"I don't like your face, Hawkins," snapped Dan.

"Can't say I particularly like yours, Dan," returned the sheriff, and left the bar.

"He's trying to pick a quarrel, Sheriff," said one of the men standing at the end of the bar. "Why did you let him insult you like that?"

"Because he's yellow," mocked Dan's icy voice.

At that, Sheriff Hawkins turned and walked back to Dan. All the friendliness had left his face and was replaced by a white anger.

"Apologise for what you've just said, Smythe," he ordered sharply.

"Ha! Me apologise to a two-bit sheriff? Not on your life!" snarled Dan. And suddenly he shot out his fist and dealt a pile-driving blow to the side of Hawkins' jaw which sent the sheriff staggering.

Something seemed to have snapped inside Dan for he rushed at Hawkins like a mad-

man. Bunching his fists he swung two vicious blows to the sheriff's head. They were instantly followed up by another deadly right punch to his jaw.

Hawkins reeled backwards and crumpled to the floor, crashing his head against a marble-top table as he fell.

It had all happened so quickly the men in the saloon were taken by complete surprise. But they sprang into immediate action when they saw their sheriff was downed.

But Dan Smythe was too quick for them. He had backed rapidly over to the door and each hand now held a loaded six-gun.

"Stay where you are—all of you," he roared. "If anyone dares to come through these doors after me during the next five minutes, I'll drill him full of lead! Understand?"

After one look at the crazed expression in Dan's eyes, the men in the saloon understood only too well.

Dan backed his way through the swing doors and down the saloon steps. Then he turned and raced across the street to Ma Hopkins' hotel.

When the five minutes were up and the angry crowd burst out of the saloon, Dan was standing in his window, a rifle in his hand.

"I defy anyone to come and get me," he yelled. And banging the shutters to, he prepared to barricade the window and door.

Bullets pinged against the shutters and door on and off for several hours. But short of setting fire to the building, which Ma Hopkins naturally would not agree to, nothing would induce Dan to leave his stronghold.

"Leave him be," wisely advised the hotel owner. "He'll come out when he's good and hungry. He's not crazy enough to starve himself to death."

And so it was that when Wild Bill Hickok rode into Moosejaw that afternoon on Gypsy, his sorrel mare, he found half the town gathered outside Ma Hopkins' hotel.

A few brief inquiries brought him the whole story of Dan's uncalculated attack on the sheriff. And being a friend of Ted Hawkins, the marshal went with all speed round to the sheriff's house.

Hawkins was in bed, his head swathed in bandages, for he had cut it badly on the marble-top table. His jaw was bruised and swollen and his head throbbed painfully.

"I'm terribly sorry about this, Ted," said the marshal sympathetically. "I've just ridden in. Folks down at the hotel told me what happened. They want me to get this Dan Smythe. If

you feel up to it, I'd like to know a little more about the fellow."

The sheriff smiled weakly. "It's good to see you, Bill. Yes, I can talk, but there's little I can tell you. Dan Smythe is a cow-puncher out at the Slashed Y Ranch. Apparently he's a good worker. He's unfriendly and bad-tempered though, and I've always noticed he's got an extra down on me. And I can't think why, for I've made a point of being friendly to him."

"I can believe that, Ted. You have the unusual position of being a well-liked sheriff—friendly to everyone, good and bad! And it evidently pays, for Moosejaw is a peaceful, law-abiding town," smiled Hickok. "Do you know where Smythe comes from?"

"Yes, from Denver. You know, Bill, I feel there's some good in the man somewhere. There must be a reason for his surliness and violent temper. And I'm inclined to think that his apparent dislike of me is because I am a sheriff."

"If you think that, Ted, I'll ride into Denver and see if I can check up on him. Might learn something that will help us."

"That's an idea, Bill. Thanks. I've given orders for my deputies to keep a twenty-four hour watch outside Dan's door and window, so he can't make a getaway."

"Right. Well, I'll see you tomorrow, Ted. Take it easy and rest that head of yours. So long for now," and with a cheery grin Wild Bill left the room.

He stopped at the hotel and made certain the deputy sheriffs were keeping a constant watch over Dan. Satisfied that everything was in order, he set off for Denver.

THE following day the situation remained the same. Dan Smythe was still barricaded in his room. As Wild Bill, returning from Denver, rode up the street, he was greeted by a glad cry from the anxious townsfolk.

"Here's Marshal Hickok. He's come to deal with Dan Smythe!"

Inside the room Dan sprang to his feet and, wrenching his guns from his holsters, moved over to the window, for he had heard the cry of the crowd.

Hickok dismounted outside the saloon and tossed his reins lightly over the hitching rail. Turning, he started to walk over to the hotel. But he had only taken a few steps when the shuttered window of Dan's room suddenly burst open and Smythe leapt through it, his guns in his hands.

"Come a step further and you'll die of lead poisoning," he called as he aimed both six-shooters at the marshal's heart.

But calmly, and with an amazing display of fearlessness, Wild Bill Hickok continued walking with measured tread towards Dan. His white gaunt-

A Happy New Year To All "Sun" Readers!

The Editor and his staff hope that 1953 will be for you a year full of happiness, good fortune, and that you will find lots of fun and thrills in the SUN!

leted hands hung loosely at his sides, close to his twin Colts nestling in their cutaway holsters on his slim hips.

"I'm not a crooked sheriff who goes about framing innocent cowboys," he said in his quiet voice.

A strange look crossed Dan's face and his guns wavered.

"What—what did you say?" he asked.

"I'm not a crooked sheriff," repeated Hickok. "And somehow I don't think you'd shoot me in cold blood in the same way that your brother was shot."

A remarkable change took place in Dan. He dropped his guns wearily back in his holsters and covered his face with his hands. All the fight had suddenly gone out of him.

Wild Bill walked up to him, put his arm round his shoulder, and led him away from the amazed crowd.

Dan seemed not to notice where he was being led, and he gave a startled jerk of surprise when he found himself seated in Sheriff Hawkins' bedroom. He looked in bewilderment at the tall, velvet-clad marshal standing at the foot of the bed, and then stared blankly at the sheriff.

"You were fond of your younger brother, weren't you, Dan?" asked Wild Bill gently.

The man nodded. "Well, it may be of some comfort to you to know that his name—and yours, have been cleared. And Sheriff Davis has been hanged for the murder of your brother and two other innocent men."

"How do you know that?" asked Dan unbelievably.

"I've been to Denver to make a few inquiries about you. It seems Sheriff Hawkins thought there was some good in you in spite of the fact that you beat him up."

"I learned that you and your brother were falsely accused of cattle rustling by Sheriff Davis and that he trapped you both and shot you up without a trial. You escaped with a bullet wound, but your brother died."

"That's true," said Dan slowly. "My brother and I were great pals, and when he was killed something died within me. Since that time I have hated all sheriffs. I couldn't help myself. I sort of froze up whenever I saw one. And I wanted to kill them."

"That was rather stupid, Dan," said the marshal sternly. "You've gained nothing by

having a grudge against sheriffs because you happened to be double-crossed by one. Look what you've done to Sheriff Hawkins."

"I know, and I'm truly sorry, Sheriff," said Dan, bowing his head in shame.

"You can't go about attacking sheriffs or any other innocent people," continued the marshal, "without paying the penalty. And you know what that means."

"I do," replied Dan quietly. "A prison sentence."

"You'll be glad to know that Davis was found out to be a crooked sheriff. He stole the cattle he accused you and your brother of rustling. He had to plant the blame on someone and chose you two as you happened to be cowpunchers. But like all evil-doers, he found crime didn't pay. He was caught, for one of his men split on him. Cornered at last, he confessed to everything, and was hanged."

"Thank you, Marshal. I can't tell you how grateful I am to you for telling me all this. I feel a different man! And when I've served my prison sentence,

I'll never be sullen or unfriendly again, to sheriffs, or anyone else. Forgive me, Sheriff Hawkins. I'm deeply sorry for what I've done. And now, Marshal," said Dan standing up, "don't you think it's time you escorted me to the jailhouse?"

He took a step towards Wild Bill and unbuckled his gunbelt. "You must have trusted me a great deal, Marshal," he said quietly, "not to have taken my guns from me. I'll not forget that."

"Like the sheriff, I know there's a lot of good in you, Dan. And I also know when to trust a man. Well, let's go."

As the marshal turned away he looked over at the sheriff.

"Ted, as a favour, you'll be lenient with Dan when his trial comes up, won't you? I think, under the circumstances, a minimum sentence will be sufficient in his case. It will depend, of course, on how strong a charge you make."

A friendly smile creased the sheriff's mouth.

"Who said anything about making a charge?" he asked. "We'll drop the whole matter. I think Dan has suffered enough and has learned his lesson."

And so, thanks to the understanding and kindness of Sheriff Hawkins and Marshal Hickok, Dan Smythe became a changed man. And to the end of his days he remained happy and contented and was liked by all who knew him.

Wild Bill will be with you again next week in a new gripping adventure!

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



LOOK, Spotters—1,000 New Year presents this week! And there's one waiting for you if your Album number's amongst those below.

All those with numbers between 37,000 and 37,500 inclusive, and between 58,000 and 58,500 inclusive may send up and claim.

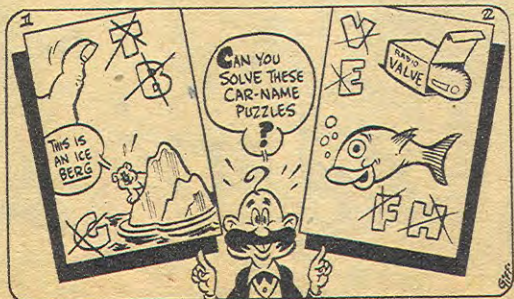
If your number's here, first of all choose one of the following presents: Pocket Knife, Purse, Binoculars, Box of Wire Puzzles, Box of Paints, Big Jig-saw, "Tenni-gun", or a Fountain-pen. Write its name in the space in your Album marked "For Official Use"—at the same time checking that your name and address are filled in on the Membership page. Then, on a 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 to:

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

Claims for this week's presents must arrive by Tuesday, January 13, 1953. Presents will be despatched about a week after this date and Albums returned at the same time.

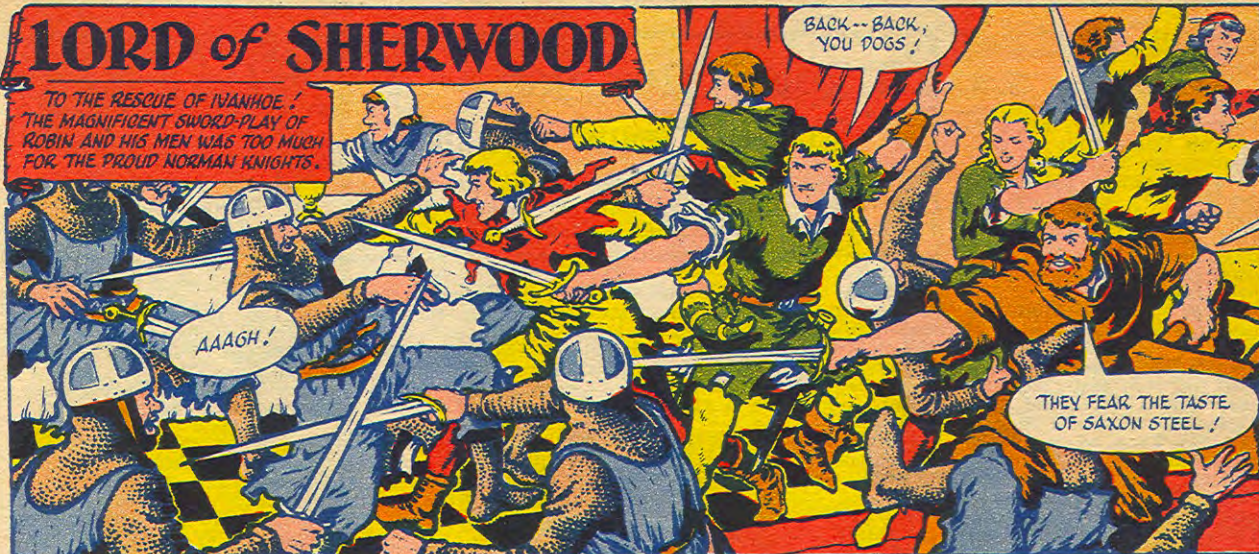
SPOT
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(Answer
on
page 15)

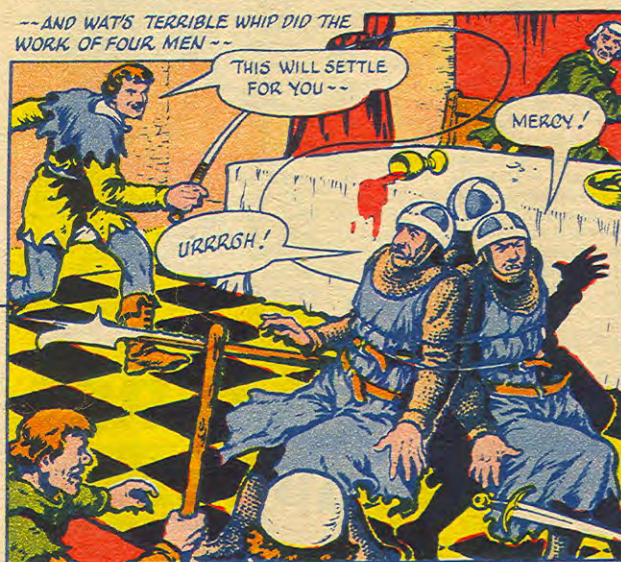


LORD of SHERWOOD

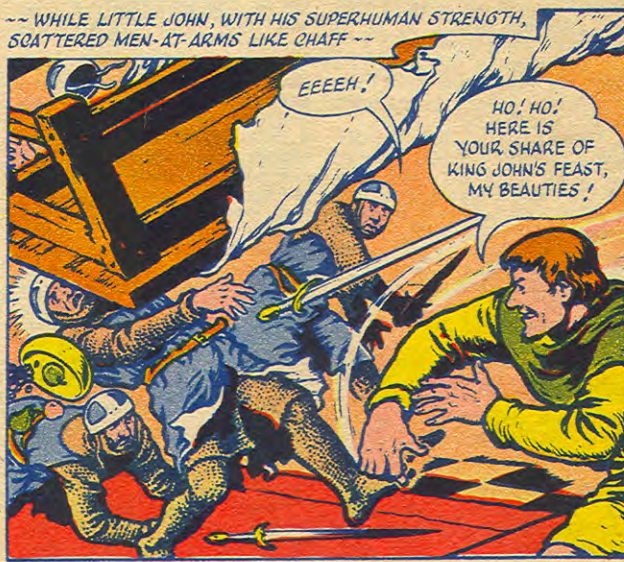
TO THE RESCUE OF IVANHOE!
THE MAGNIFICENT SWORD-PLAY OF
ROBIN AND HIS MEN WAS TOO MUCH
FOR THE PROUD NORMAN KNIGHTS.



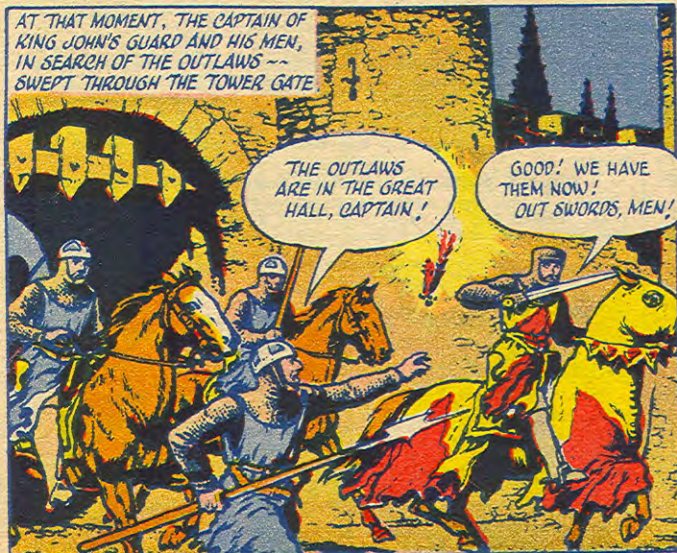
--AND WHAT TERRIBLE WHIP DID THE
WORK OF FOUR MEN--



--WHILE LITTLE JOHN, WITH HIS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH,
SCATTERED MEN-AT-ARMS LIKE CHAFF--



AT THAT MOMENT, THE CAPTAIN OF
KING JOHN'S GUARD AND HIS MEN,
IN SEARCH OF THE OUTLAWS--
SWEEPED THROUGH THE TOWER GATE



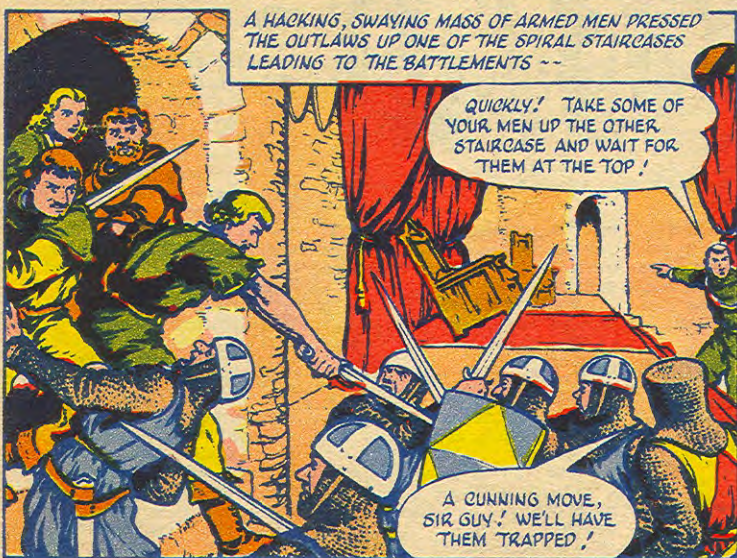
IN THE GREAT HALL, THE
KING'S MEN FLUNG DOWN
THEIR ARMS IN DEFEAT--



~ BUT THE OUTLAWS' WAY WAS BARRED BY THE KING'S CAPTAIN ~



ROBIN HOOD TURNED TO HIS MEN ~



A HACKING, SWAYING MASS OF ARMED MEN PRESSED THE OUTLAWS UP ONE OF THE SPIRAL STAIRCASES LEADING TO THE BATTLEMENTS ~

QUICKLY! TAKE SOME OF YOUR MEN UP THE OTHER STAIRCASE AND WAIT FOR THEM AT THE TOP!

A CUNNING MOVE, SIR GUY! WE'LL HAVE THEM TRAPPED!

STEP BY STEP AND BLOW BY BLOW FIGHTING EVERY INCH OF THE WAY, THE OUTLAWS RETREATED UP THE STAIRCASE ~ WHEN THEY REACHED THE TOP ~

HO! THEY COME AT US FROM ALL SIDES!

SURRENDER, DOGS ~ WE HAVE YOU NOW!



DUCKING UNDER THEIR OUTSTRETCHED BLADES, LITTLE JOHN SEIZED THE TWO NEAREST NORMANS AND, LIFTING THEM SHOULDER HIGH, HE FLUNG THEM OVER HIS COMRADES' HEADS INTO THE FACES OF THE ENEMY ON THE STAIRS ~

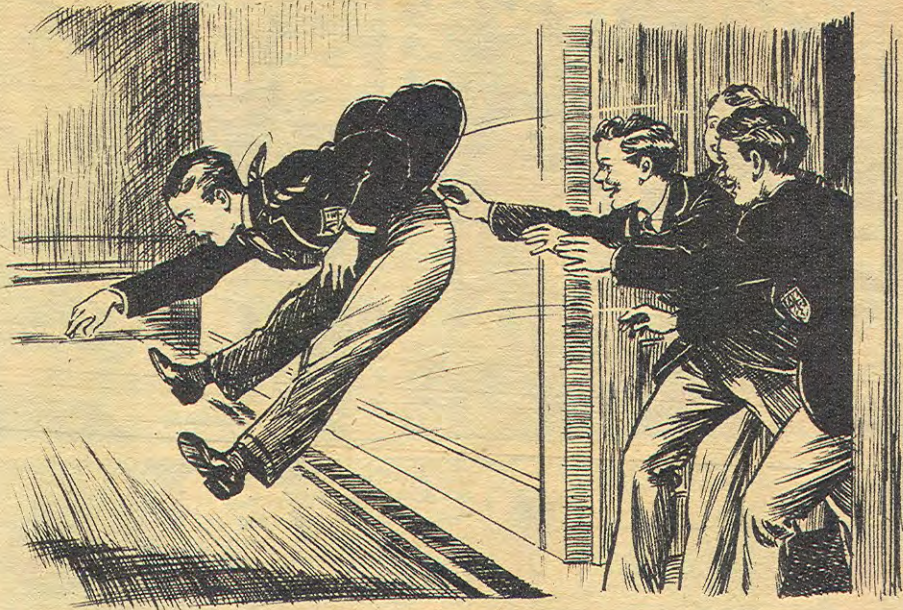
AND SO TO THE BATTLEMENTS OF THE WHITE TOWER, WHERE THEY COULD RETREAT NO FURTHER, ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRIE MEN AND THEIR SAXON ALLIES STOOD SHOULDER TO SHOULDER ~ READY TO FIGHT TO THE LAST ~ RATHER THAN SURRENDER ~

HERE WE FIGHT TO THE DEATH! WE SHALL NEVER SURRENDER!

BETTER TO DIE SWORD IN HAND THAN ON A NORMAN GALLOWS!



TOM MERRY'S SCHOOL DAYS.



The door of the study was flung open, and with one heave the juniors sent Arthur Augustus D'Arcy flying out into the passage.

D'ARCY RESIGNS

"WHERE'S our chairman?"

"Here I am, chums!" said D'Arcy, coming into Study No. 6 as Blake asked the question. "Do you want me?"

"No, of course not," said Blake blandly. "I was only wondering where you were. What's the matter?"

"Nothing."
"Blessed if you're not getting as mysterious as Tom Merry, going about scowling like a demon in a pantomime and refusing to explain what's the matter," exclaimed Blake.
"I wufuse to be compared to a demon in a beastly pantomime."

Mellish, the cad of the Fourth, had been secretly spreading rumours and making bad feeling between the boys. So upset was Tom Merry that a committee had been formed to find out why. Now D'Arcy had fallen a victim to this tale-telling.

"The question is, what's the next step for the committee of investigation to take? If you're the chairman, tell us what's to be done next," Blake said.

"Weally, I think we're takin' too much notice of Tom Mewwy," said D'Arcy. "I think the committee had better be dissolved."

"What?" exclaimed three voices in amazement.

"I weally consider that the committee had better be dissolved. I don't care a wap what's the matter with Tom Mewwy."

"What's made you change your mind all of a sudden?"

"Oh, I've got my weasons."

"But the committee's not going to bust up because you've got your reasons," said Blake. "We're going to pursue our inquiries in other quarters."

"Then I wesign."

"You don't want to be on the committee any more?" asked Blake, staring in amazement at the dandy of the School House.

Arthur Augustus shook his head decidedly.

"No."

"Very well. I'm chairman now, chums!"

"Rats!" said Digby. "Of course, we have to toss up again."

"If you're such an obstinate boulder, Dig, I'm afraid there will be rows in this study," said Blake with a shake of the head.

"Don't quawwel. Why not toss up for the beastly chairmanship?" said D'Arcy.

"Right-ho!" said Herries, taking a penny from his pocket.

"Oh, all right!" grunted Blake. "Heads!"

"It's tails," said Herries. "Now I'll call to you, Dig. Heads!"

"Tails again!" grinned Digby. "I'm chairman. I can tell you what to do."

"Upon second thoughts," said D'Arcy, who had been reflecting deeply—"upon second thoughts, deah boys, I will not wesign fwom the chair of the committee."

"Won't you?" said Digby grimly.

"No. As the committee of inquiry is still to go on, it will be better for me to wemain at the head of it, you know. You

fellows will be bound to get yourselves into some twouble or other if you go on without a guiding hand."

"We won't bother you for a guiding hand, Gussy."

"Not at all, old boy, quite a pleasure."

"To you, perhaps," said Digby, "not to us. The fact is, Gussy, that you've resigned and I'm chairman, and that's the end of it."

"Not in the least, Digby. I have already told you that I have changed my mind about wesignin'."

"You've changed it too late; I appeal to the committee."

"The committee, of course, will uphold me."

"The committee, of course, will do nothing of the kind," said Blake promptly. "Dig's chairman and you're off the board."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Nuff said. What's the programme, Dig?"

"We'll go over to the New House—"

"Blake, I must wufuse—"

"Shut up!"

"I wufuse to shut up. I am compelled to make my voice heard in this matter. I have changed my mind—"

"I'll change your face for you if you don't dry up."

"As chairman of this committee—"

"You've resigned."

"I withdwaw my wesignation."

"You'd better withdraw yourself."

"I wufuse to withdwaw myself. As chairman of this com—"

This week: THE WAR BEGINS

"Ring off!"

"I wufuse to wing off. As chairman of—"

"Get outside!"

"Certainly not! As chair—"

"Outside!"

"I shall wemain where I am. As—"

Three exasperated juniors rushed upon Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and whirled him towards the door. Blake opened it and D'Arcy was sent flying out into the passage. Then Blake slammed the door upon him.

"There, he's quiet now!" he exclaimed. "Never knew such a chap for keeping on with the chin-wagging. He goes on like a flipping gramophone. Now then, Dig, what's the game?"

"We'll go over to the New House—"

Digby was interrupted by the opening of the door.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy put his head in. His collar was hanging out by one end, his clothes were rumpled and his face was excited.

"Get out!" roared Blake.

"I distinctly wufuse to get out! I say—"

"Are you going?" exclaimed Digby, his hand closing on the inkpot on the table.

"Certainly not! I—"

Swish! A stream of ink flew from the pot as Dig jerked it forward, and it smote Arthur Augustus D'Arcy full in his aristocratic face.

He gave a howl as the black fluid shot into his face and streamed down over his blazer.

"Ow! You wotten wascal! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Get out!"

Blake slammed the door upon the inky dandy of the School House. D'Arcy could be heard grunting and gasping in the passage.

"Now then, Dig, go on with the washing."

"As I was saying, we'll go over to the New House and see Figgins and Co. about it," said Digby. "We'll ask Figgins—"

The door was thrown violently open and Arthur Augustus came in like a stone from a catapult. He rushed straight at Digby, but Blake caught him and slung him back.

"Hallo, hallo! What's the matter?"

"Welease me!"

"Rats! What's the joke?"

"I am goin' to give Digby a thwashing."

"Ha, ha! Better go and wash your face."

"I wufuse to go and wash my beastly face. I am going to

administer a fearful thrashing to that disgusting wotter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Welease me at once, Blake, or I shall stwike you!"

"Keep your whiskers on."
"I wufuse to keep my whiskers on—I mean, don't be a widiculous ass, Blake. Welease me, or I shall lose my temper and stwike you."

"Ha, ha, ha! Outside!"

D'Arcy went staggering into the passage again. This time Blake locked the door upon him. In a moment the swell of St. Jim's was hammering at it furiously, but the juniors within took no notice.

"My hat!" murmured Blake. "Gussy is on the warpath this evening! What are we to ask Figgins when we get to the New House, Dig?"

"Well, you see, we can't break Tom Merry's confidence," said Dig thoughtfully—"can't tell Figgy what Tom Merry said, but we can ask him if he knows anything about the matter, and if there's a mistake we can set it right, perhaps."

"Good wheeze!"

"Right-ho!" said Herries. "Let's get over there at once. We haven't much in the cupboard for tea and if Figgy has anything decent going, we may get a feed there."

"Something in that," said Blake. "Come on!"

"What about Gussy?"
Hammer, hammer, hammer came the thumps of the School House dandy upon the door. The strong oak shook under the efforts of Arthur Augustus. Blake grinned.

"We'll open the door and lock him in," he said, quietly unlocking the door and taking out the key. "Be ready when I open it."

"Ha, ha! We're ready!"

Blake threw the door wide open. Arthur Augustus, who was in the act of thumping it with both fists, staggered into the room, and in a moment Blake had given him a push which sent him across the study.

"Now, then!"

In a twinkling the three juniors were outside in the passage and Blake had slammed the door to after them.

But in another moment D'Arcy was tugging at it from inside.

"Let me out, you wotters!"

"Not this evening," murmured Blake, holding the door shut while he inserted the key in the outside of the lock and turned it.

"Let me out, Blake!"

"Presently, old chap. You're not safe at present."

"I no longer wegard you as fiends."

"We'll try to survive it, Gussy."

"You are a lot of wotters!" bawled D'Arcy through the keyhole.

"Too true!"

"I shall wufuse to acknowledge you as my fiends in future. I no longer—"

But the chums of the Fourth

did not wait to hear the rest. They walked away down the passage, leaving D'Arcy addressing the oak door and the empty air, and descended the stairs and went out into the quadrangle. The windows of the great school buildings glimmered with lights in the dusk of evening.

The blind of Study No. 6 was up, and the chums heard the window violently open. The voice of D'Arcy floated down through the gloom.

"Will you come and let me out, you feahful wotters?"

Blake chuckled.

"Good-bye, Gussy!" called out Digby. "Be good."

"I wufuse to be good! I—"

But the chums of the Fourth did not listen. They went down the steps of the School House grinning. Blake turned his head as he stood in the dusky quadrangle, and saw the head and shoulders of Arthur Augustus silhouetted against the light of the study window, and he kissed his hand.

D'Arcy shook his fist in reply. Then the chums turned away to cross towards the New House, and at the same moment a junior with a strapped bag in his hand came out of the School House. It was George Gore, and Blake stopped for a moment, looking at him in surprise.

THE COMMITTEE OF INQUIRY GET A WARM RECEPTION

"WHERE are you off to, Gore?" asked Blake, looking first at the bully of the Shell, and then at the bag he carried.

"Going home," snapped Gore.

"Got a holiday?"

"No. My uncle's ill, and I'm wanted at home."

"Well, that's rather a curious idea," said Blake, in a reflective sort of way. "If I were ill, I am sure the sight of your face would make me worse—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Gore; and he passed down the steps, and crossed towards the gates, with a discontented frown upon his face.

It was evident that George Gore had very little sympathy with his sick uncle, and still less desire to go home on account of him. But startling were to be the results of Gore's absence from St. Jim's.

The bully of the Shell disappeared in the dusk towards the gates, and the three chums walked away towards the New House.

Three youths were standing on the step there, with their hands in their pockets, looking out into the dusk, and talking.

The great Figgins was leaning against a pillar, with a frown upon his brow, and Kerr and Fatty Wynn, the famous Co., were looking rather less amiable than usual, too. Something had apparently happened to disturb the New House trio.

"Hallo! Here are the rotters!" exclaimed Kerr, the Scottish partner in the Co., as he caught sight of Blake, Digby, and Herries.

Figgins started, and looked towards them.

"Cheek, to come over here now!" exclaimed Kerr. "Well, we'll give them a little lesson while they're on the spot."

"Wait a tick!" said Fatty Wynn quickly. "There may be some mistake about it, and if Blake is willing to explain, and say, stand a feed by way of compensation—"

"Oh, shut up, Fatty!"

"I think that's a good idea. We—"

"If you say the word 'feed' again to-night, I'll jump on your neck!" exclaimed Figgins irritably. "Shut up!"

"That's all very well," said Fatty Wynn, stepping a pace farther away from his irate leader; "but I'm hungry."

"Go and eat coke, then!"

"Hallo!" sang out Blake, as he came up with his companions. "We've come over to see you, Figgins."

"Have you?" said Figgins grimly.

"Yes. We have got a bone to pick with you."

"Same here."

"Eh, what's that?" asked Blake, rather surprised by Figgins' grim tone.

There was usually warfare between the two Houses of St. Jim's, but any real ill-feeling seldom entered into the contests.

"We've got a bone to pick with you, too," said Figgins.

"Anything the matter?"

"Hold on, Blake!" said Digby. "You seem to have overlooked the fact that I am chairman of this rotten committee."

"If you want to hear yourself jaw, Dig—"

"Well, I don't want to hear you jaw; that's how it stands."

"So you're a committee, are you?" asked Figgins, in an extremely insulting tone. "A committee of what?"

"A committee of inquiry."

"Oh, I thought you might be a committee of back-biters!" said Figgins.

Blake turned red.

"What the dickens do you mean by that, Figgins?"

Figgins shrugged his shoulders.

"Better ask yourself the

(Continued on next page)



By the time the prefect came on the scene, New House and School House juniors were going it hammer and tongs. It was a bitter battle, with no quarter asked or given.

The Prisoner of Zenda



TOM MERRY'S SCHOOLDAYS (Continued)

question," he replied. "You ought to be able to answer it as well as I can."

"What the dickens—"
"Hold on, Blake, and let me question Figgins!"

"Oh, rats!"
"Now, look here, Blake, don't be an ass!"

"Oh, go ahead!"
"Figgins, I should like to know what you mean by that remark," said Digby. "From the information we have already gathered, it seems to me that you are more in the backbiting line than anybody else at St. Jim's!"

Figgins flushed crimson.
"Who says so?" he exclaimed angrily.

"I do. From what we've heard—"
"What have you heard?"

"Never mind that. It was told us in confidence."

"Just a second!" exclaimed Kerr, as if struck by a new idea. "Was it Mellish who told you this, whatever it was?"

"No, it wasn't. It was Tom M— But I don't think I can tell you."

"You've told us now. It was Tom Merry."

Digby bit his lip with vexation. "You've let it out now, Dig," said

Blake. "All your own fault, for being such an obstinate ass! If I had been chairman of this committee—"

"Oh, cheese it, for goodness' sake! You're getting as bad as Gussy!" said Digby crossly. "Blessed if you don't go on like a gramophone!"

"And what was it Tom Merry said?" demanded Figgins.

"Oh, hang! Never mind that. I never meant—"

"I dare say you didn't! It's like you School House bounders to talk about a fellow behind his back, and not tell him what you've got up against him!" exclaimed Figgins scornfully. "You know perfectly well that you're talking rot, Figgins!" exclaimed Herries hotly.

"Oh, get home, you chumps!" said Figgins. "It's not worth while to wipe up the quadrangle with you, or—"

"It's jolly lucky for some bounders that it's not worth while!" said Blake darkly. "Somebody would get hurt in the process."

"If you put it like that, Blake, we shall wade in and do it."

"Wade in, then!"

"Come on, kids! Kick these School House rotters home to their own side!" exclaimed Figgins, rushing at Blake.

"Get 'em, School House!" cried Blake.

"What-ho!"

The Editor is very happy to tell all readers that he has obtained special permission to present the picture-story of the wonderful Technicolor film, "THE PRISONER OF ZENDA".

Only in SUN will this grand picture-strip be printed. It is the story of what happened when the young king of Ruritania was kidnapped by his enemies on the morning of his coronation—and how a gallant fighting Englishman risked his life to prevent the kingdom falling into the hands of evil men.

On no account must you miss a single episode of

The Prisoner of Zenda BEGINNING NEXT WEEK!

In a moment the rival juniors were struggling furiously; and they were hitting hard, too, this time. Even in their roughest encounters they were usually restrained from giving really hard knocks, but this time all restraint seemed to be gone.

A feeling of bitterness had for once crept in on both sides. They fought hard, and with dire results to themselves. In a few moments one of Blake's eyes was closing up, and Figgins' nose was bleeding copiously.

Fatty Wynn was rolling on the ground, and Herries was rolling over him, and as there had lately been some rain, the state of their clothes may be better imagined than described. Digby and Kerr were boxing away like a pair of prizefighters, paying much more attention to attack than to defence, and each of them receiving some extremely severe punishment.

The fight was accompanied by exclamations, gasps, trampling of feet, and was not long in attracting attention from within the New House.

In a few minutes Monteith, the head prefect of the New House, came up with a frown upon his brow, and a cane in his hand.

"What's this row about?"

The juniors were too excited to heed even the voice of a prefect. Monteith looked at them in amazement in the dusk as he recognised them. Fighting

between the two parties was common enough, but not in such deadly earnest fashion as this.

"Stop it! Do you hear? Stop it!" shouted Monteith.

But still they did not heed. Monteith wasted no more time in words. He gripped the cane, and took an active part in the proceedings. Blake gave a yell as he felt the cane on his calves, and let go of Figgins. Figgins roared as he got it over the shoulders.

"Ow! What's that? Ow!"

"Go into your house!" said Monteith sternly. "What do you mean by fighting in the quadrangle, like a gang of hooligans?"

"Ow! Is that you, Monteith?"

"Yes it is. Go into your house at once, Figgins! Blake, return to the School House directly, or I will report you to your housemaster!"

Blake and Figgins glared at one another, with a world of expression in their looks.

"Just you wait till tomorrow!" muttered Figgins.

"I'll remind you," said Blake.

"Are you going, Blake?"

"Certainly. Anything to oblige a nice fellow like you, Monteith!" said Blake, rubbing his damaged eye.

Monteith made a movement toward him, and Blake retreated. Figgins called to his chums to cease the fighting, and Blake did the same. Kerr and Digby separated, glaring at one another aggressively; but Herries and Fatty Wynn did not heed the voice of authority.

Fatty Wynn, the Welsh partner in the Co., was usually a quiet and inoffensive junior; but when his Welsh fighting-blood was aroused it was not easy to quiet him again. He rolled over on the ground with Herries, who was equally excited and aggressive.

"Let go! Get up!" shouted Monteith angrily.

But the enraged combatants took no notice. Monteith began to lay on the cane, getting in a cut wherever he found a suitable spot, and that had the desired effect. Herries and Fatty Wynn squirmed away from the stinging cane, and separated. They scrambled to their feet, bruised and dishevelled, and smothered in mud.

Monteith burst into a laugh.

"Well, you're a pretty-looking pair of funny objects!" he exclaimed. "You had better go and get yourselves cleaned. No more of this!"

Exchanging glances of mutual defiance, the rival juniors separated, and the New House boys were seen into their house by Monteith. Blake, Herries, and Digby went back slowly towards the School House.

"I don't quite understand it," Digby remarked thoughtfully.

"What don't you understand?"

"Figgins & Co. seemed to have something up against us. I believe they were talking about us when we came up."

"Very likely," said Blake. "I dare say they've heard of the committee of inquiry, and Figgins knows that we are going to show him up."

"That's possible."

"Oh, I expect that's it! Anyway, one thing's jolly certain, it's war to the knife with those New House bounders now. We're going to give them a warm time."

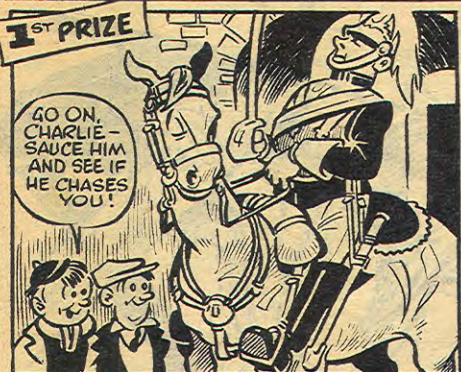
To which Blake's chums heartily agreed.

Next week: War to the Knife!

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.

1ST PRIZE



FROM SHEILA FISHER, WEST NORWOOD.



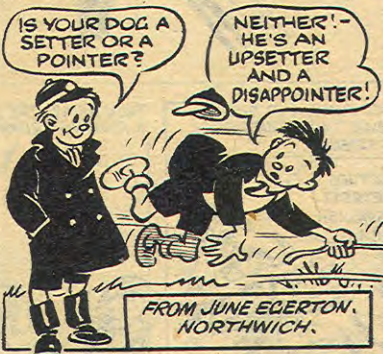
FROM JANICE BUCKLEY, RUDHEATH.



FROM BRIAN LEONG, WOLVERHAMPTON.



FROM DAVID PRICE, LLANELLY.



FROM JUNE EDERTON, NORTHWICH.



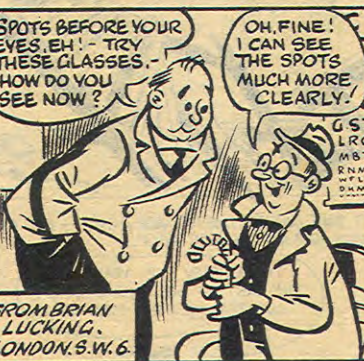
FROM M. HODAN, KILLIMOR.



FROM MARGARET GUNSON, BATLEY.



FROM MICHAEL BENDER, HOVE.



FROM BRIAN LUCKING, LONDON, S.W.6.



FROM EDWARD BRADLEY, BELFAST.



FROM DAVID WELLINGS, SHEFFIELD.



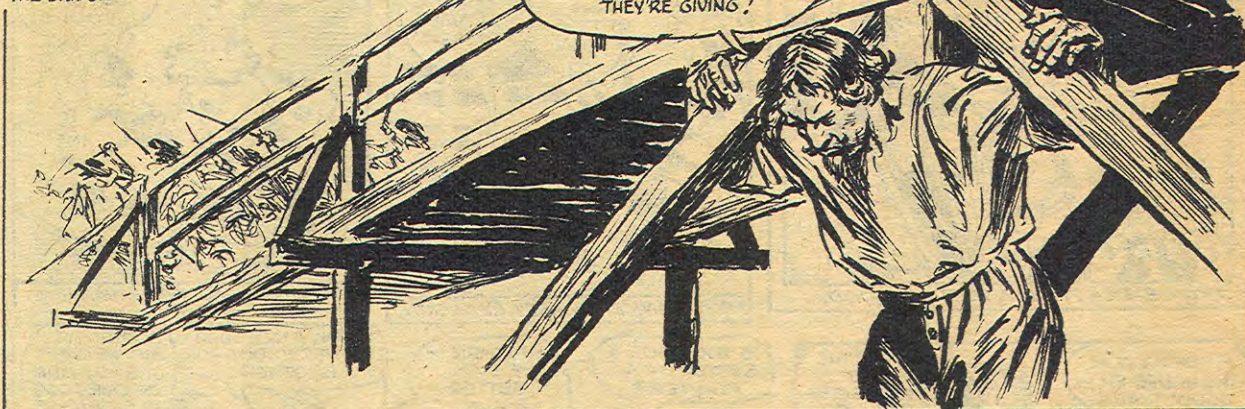
FROM DOROTHY ROWLAND, BRADFORD.

The Kings Musketeers

THE SPANISH ARMY WAS ENDEAVOURING TO FORCE A PASSAGE ACROSS THE BRIDGE LEADING INTO FRANCE. BUT THE KING'S MUSKETEERS WERE DESPERATELY TRYING TO HOLD THEM BACK. MEANWHILE, PORTHOS, THE GIANT MUSKETEER, STROVE TO PULL DOWN THE BRIDGE. --

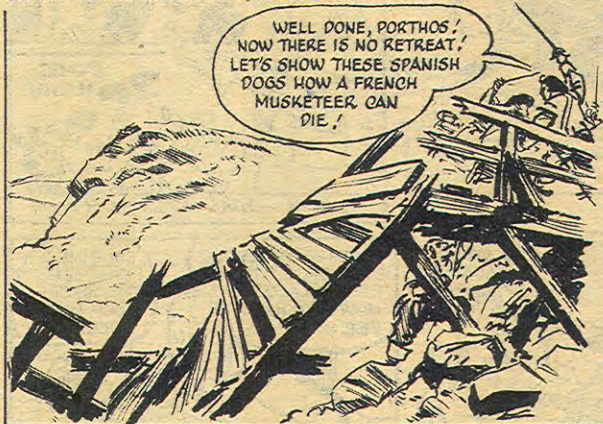
SWEAT STOOD OUT ON PORTHOS' FOREHEAD AS HE HEAVED WITH ALL HIS GIANT STRENGTH -- MUSCLES CRACKING UNDER THE TERRIFIC STRAIN --

AGH, A PLAGUE ON THESE OBSTINATE TIMBERS! -- AT LAST -- THEY'RE GIVING!



WITH A RENDING CRASH, THE SUPPORTS WERE TORN AWAY, AND THE BRIDGE FELL INTO THE RIVER WITH A MIGHTY ROAR! AND D'ARTAGNAN, CAPTAIN OF THE MUSKETEERS, SHOUTED TO HIS FRIEND.

WELL DONE, PORTHOS! NOW THERE IS NO RETREAT! LET'S SHOW THESE SPANISH DOGS HOW A FRENCH MUSKETEER CAN DIE!



THEN ABOVE THE CLASH OF STEEL SOUNDED A RINGING TRUMPET-CALL.

LISTEN! 'TIS A FRENCH TRUMPET!

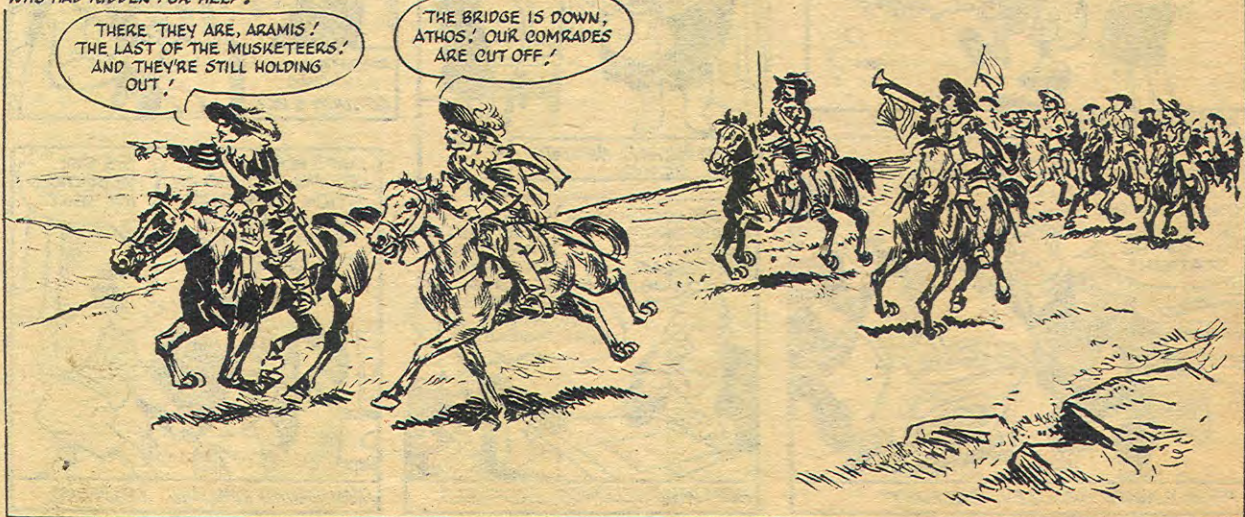
THE ARMY OF FRANCE IS HERE!



IT WAS INDEED THE FRENCH ARMY -- LED BY THE TWO MUSKETEERS, ATHOS AND ARAMIS, WHO HAD RIDDEN FOR HELP.

THERE THEY ARE, ARAMIS! THE LAST OF THE MUSKETEERS! AND THEY'RE STILL HOLDING OUT!

THE BRIDGE IS DOWN, ATHOS! OUR COMRADES ARE CUT OFF!



BUT WITHOUT HESITATION THE GALLANT MUSKETEERS AND THE FRENCH CAVALRY RODE THEIR HORSES INTO THE RIVER.

THEY ARE
HARD-PRESSED,
ARAMIS --
IN WE GO!



THE FRENCH FORCES STRUCK THE SPANIARDS IN THE REAR LIKE A THUNDERBOLT --

DEATH TO
THE SPANISH
INVADERS!

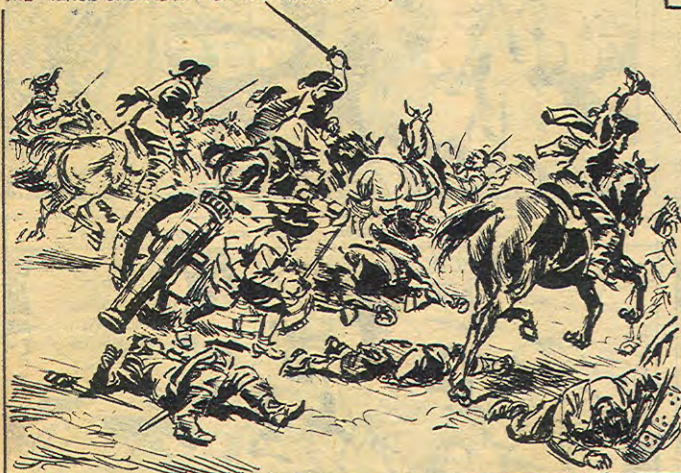


THE SPANIARDS BROKE AND FLED, FALLING BACK IN WILD DISORDER BEFORE THE FIERCE ONSLAUGHT OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

AND AT THE BRIDGE-HEAD, D'ARTAGNAN AND HIS THREE MUSKETEERS REJOICED --

THANK HEAVEN
WE WERE IN TIME,
COMRADES!

WE HAVE WON THE DAY!
WELL DONE, MY GALLANT
COMRADES!

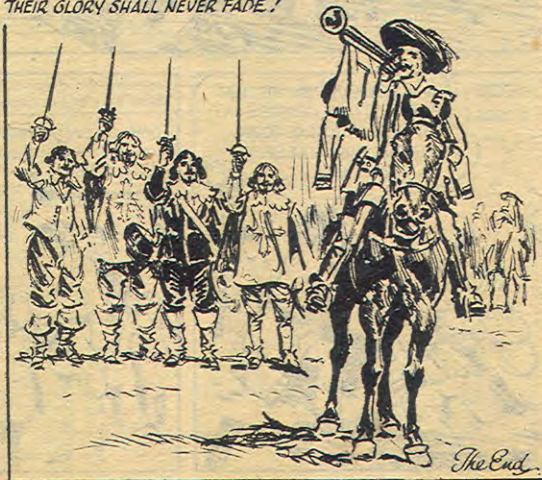


LATER, GENERAL TURENNE, COMMANDER OF THE FRENCH ARMIES, HUNG HIS OWN ORDER OF CHARLEMAGNE ROUND CAPTAIN D'ARTAGNAN'S NECK --

CAPTAIN D'ARTAGNAN! I INVEST
YOU WITH THIS ORDER IN DEATHLESS
MEMORY OF THE HEROIC MUSKETEERS
WHO HAVE FALLEN HERE THIS DAY,
DEFENDING THE SACRED SOIL OF
FRANCE! THEIR MEMORY
SHALL LIVE FOR EVER!



AND AS THE STIRRING SAD NOTES OF THE "LAST POST" RANG OUT OVER THE HUSHED VALLEY, THE MUSKETEERS STOOD IN SILENT SALUTE TO THEIR GLORIOUS DEAD, TWO HUNDRED AGAINST TWENTY THOUSAND, AND STILL UNDEFEATED! THEIR GLORY SHALL NEVER FADE!



DICK TURPIN

and
The Gentleman Tramp



Sam Supple was rescued from a watery grave by Dick Turpin. Later Sam was seen by Obadiah Humble, the crooked solicitor, who took him for a ghost. . . .

Titus Coates, the rascally thief-taker, eyed the whimpering solicitor with contempt. . . .

BUT I TELL YOU I SAW HIM - ALL WET AND DRIPPING AS THOUGH HE HAD WALKED OUT OF THE RIVER

NONSENSE! HE'S DEAD, THANKS TO ME - AND NOW FOR THE RECKONING - FIVE HUNDRED GUINEAS FOR THE JOB!



Still protesting fearfully, Obadiah gave Coates a bag of gold for disposing of Sam. . . .

H-HERE'S THE MONEY - BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LEAVE ME IN THIS HOUSE ALL ALONE - WITH THAT GHOST OUT THERE?

MY BUSINESS WITH YOU IS OVER. YOU'VE GOT YOUR HOUSE. I'VE GOT MY MONEY AND I'M OFF BACK TO LONDON WITH MY MEN



NO, DON'T LEAVE ME! . . . I CAN'T STAND IT!

DON'T WORRY - YOU'VE GOT A BIG HOUSE TO HIDE IN! HAW! HAW!



B-R-R-R! IT'S COLD! SOON BE BACK IN A WARM TAVERN IN LONDON TOWN, THOUGH!



But Dick Turpin had noted the arrival of the treacherous thief-taker and he had other plans for Titus Coates.

HERE THEY COME! STAND READY!

THE BRIDGE WILL FALL AT THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH, DICK



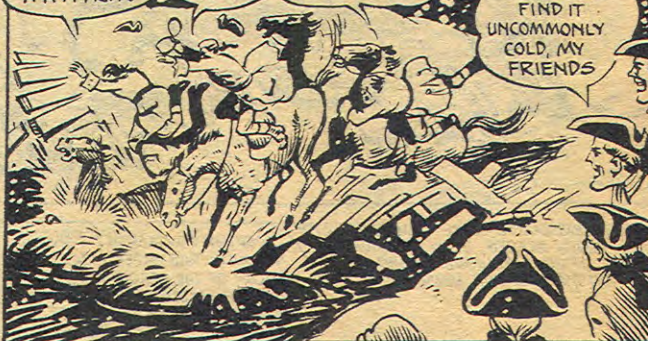
Just as Coates and his men got halfway across, the bridge collapsed.

A-A-A-AGH!

HELP!

WHAT THE . . . ?

HA-HA! YOU'LL FIND IT UNCOMMONLY COLD, MY FRIENDS



Y-Y-YOU . . . Y-YOU . . .

I'LL RELIEVE YOU OF THAT PURSE, TITUS COATES . . . AND GIVE IT TO THE POOR, AS A NEW YEAR PRESENT FROM YOU!



Leaving the dripping Coates and his men to find their way to London on foot, Dick turned to Sam.

COME ON, SAM! YOU HAVE YOUR PART TO PLAY NOW AND THE SNOW WILL BE IDEAL FOR OUR PURPOSE

Y-YES, BUT WHAT IF OBADIAH IS ARMED?



Meanwhile, back in the house, Obadiah nursed a blunderbuss on his trembling knees.

STEADY, OBADIAH! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF! TAKE A G-G-RIP ON YOURSELF



Suddenly the wind blew wide the window. The crash of broken glass mingled with the howl of the furious snowstorm. . . .



... and then an awesome sight appeared before the solicitor's terrified eyes!



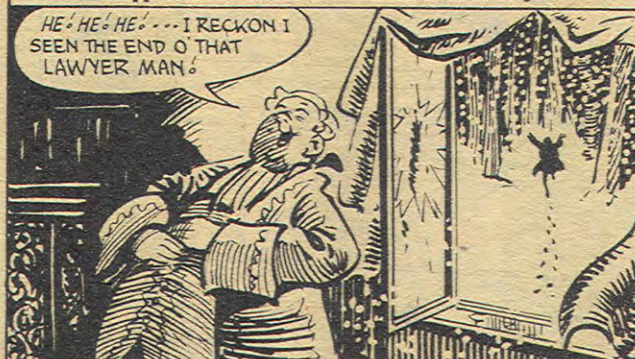
I HAVE COME BACK TO HAUNT YOU, OBADIAH HUMBLE! THERE IS NO ESCAPE FOR YOU AS LONG AS YOU REMAIN IN MY HOUSE

I'LL GO! I WON'T STAY ANOTHER MINUTE! THE HOUSE IS YOURS! YOU CAN HAVE IT!



So saying, the terrified solicitor jumped through the open window and disappeared into the snowstorm as fast as he could go.

HE! HE! HE! ... I RECKON I SEEN THE END O THAT LAWYER MAN!



The next day Lord Chessington called to see Sam with good news.

I HAVE EXPLAINED THE WHOLE THING TO THE DUCHESS. SHE IS WILLING TO CALL OFF THE CASE, AND HAS USED HER INFLUENCE TO GET SAM'S OUTLAWRY CANCELLED

A PITY SHE CAN'T USE HER INFLUENCE TO GET TITUS COATES IMPRISONED, BUT SOONER OR LATER WE'LL UNMASK HIM. FOR THE PRESENT HE'S BEEN WELL-PUNISHED!



... AND NOW WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, SAM?

I'VE BEEN THINKIN' ... I'M NOT CUT OUT FER TO BE A GENNELMAN, BUT I'VE AN IDEA TO PUT THIS PLACE TO GOOD USE...



Next morning a surprising notice appeared on the gate of Supple Hall. . . .



Inside Supple Hall, the "Gentlemen of no Fixed Address" lived like lords.

HOY, THERE, ADMIRAL! MORE PORT!

YES, ER-SIR!

LOOK LIVELY, ME LAD, THESE GENTS IS USED ONLY TO THE BEST



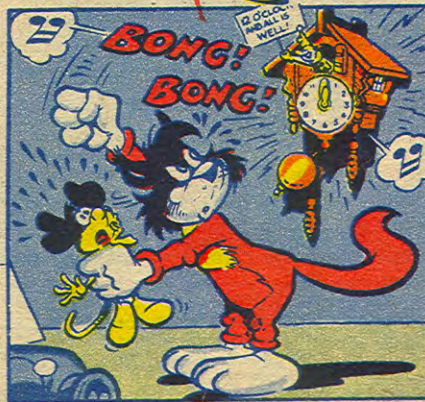
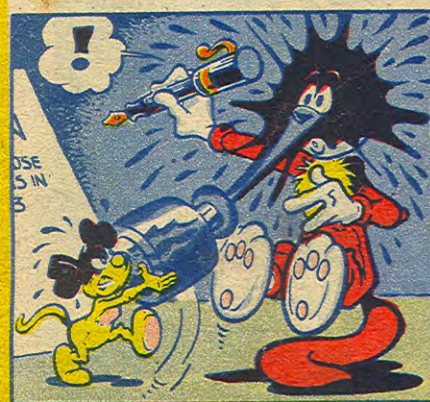
And so Sam Supple, the tramp who made good, passes out of the story of Dick Turpin.

... AND I SAYS - ALL THE BEST TO MISTER TURPIN. WOT BROUGHT ME MY SUCCESS!



Next week—A grand new adventure of Dick Turpin and Moll Moonlight!

SUN—January 3, 1953—19



Barry Ford's WESTERN SCRAPBOOK

