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**THE SAINT PLAYS  
THE JOKER**

SUPER DETECTIVE LIBRARY Nº 38 - THE SAINT PLAYS THE JOKER



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## **SUPER DETECTIVE LIBRARY**

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# THE SAINT PLAYS THE JOKER



PURE CHANCE LED SIMON TEMPLAR TO BRIGHTON RACECOURSE ON THE SAME DAY THAT TONY MITRE WAS BEATEN UP, AFTERWARDS BEING RELIEVED OF HIS DAY'S TAKINGS..... IT WAS ALSO PURE CHANCE WHICH TOOK TEMPLAR WITHIN VIEW OF THE BEATING UP... THOUGH TOO FAR AWAY TO BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE TO TONY, THE SAINT'S KEEN SIGHT IDENTIFIED THE LEADER OF THE TOUGHS, AND HE BECAME EXTREMELY INTERESTED, FOR SNAKE GANNING WAS A MAN HE SUSPECTED OF BEING MIXED UP WITH A GANG WHICH WAS SMUGGLING OPIUM FROM THE CONTINENT.....



THEREFORE, IT WAS NOT PURE CHANCE WHICH CAUSED SIMON TEMPLAR TO ENTER THE SAME COMPARTMENT IN THE TRAIN WHICH CARRIED THE GANG BACK TO LONDON. IT WAS THE SAINT'S INTENTION TO MEET OUT A SPOT OF JUSTICE IN HIS OWN INIMITABLE FASHION, AND HE FELT THAT THERE WAS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT FOR DEEDS OF DERRING-DO. . . .



THEY CONGRATULATED HIM. THEY HAD NEVER BEFORE SET EYES ON HIM AND WERE INCLINED TO THINK THAT FATE HAD FAVOURED THEM, TOO, ESPECIALLY WHEN TEMPLAR, AFTER A TIME, COMPLAINED MOURNFULLY OF BOREDOM.



OF COURSE TEMPLAR WON - AGAIN AND AGAIN - THAT WAS SNAKE GANNING'S IDEA, AS THE SAINT KNEW. . . UNTIL TEMPLAR HAD POCKETED FIFTY POUNDS AND THE TRAIN WAS JUST TEN MINUTES OUTSIDE VICTORIA. . .

..WHAT ABOUT MAKING IT A TENNER FOR THE LAST ANTE TO GIVE US A CHANCE TO GET OUR MONEY BACK?

TEN POUNDS? THAT, SURELY, IS A LOT OF MONEY - STILL, FAIR ENOUGH! SO BE IT!

SNAKE GANNING CLEVERLY FIXED HIMSELF A STRAIGHT FLUSH WHILE SHUFFLING THE CARDS WHICH THE SAINT DEALT, ONE BY ONE THE BOYS DROPPED OUT, LEAVING ONLY SNAKE AND TEMPLAR PLAYING. CUFF LINKS AND A DIAMOND PIN WERE THROWN INTO THE KITTY TO MAKE UP GANNING'S AMOUNT, SHOWING HIS STRAIGHT FLUSH, GANNING WAS ABOUT TO PICK UP THE POOL, WHICH CONTAINED EVERYTHING OF VALUE THE FOUR TOUGHS HAD, IN ADDITION TO ALL TEMPLAR'S CASH, WHEN...

I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME THIS WAS NEXT TO UNDEATABLE?

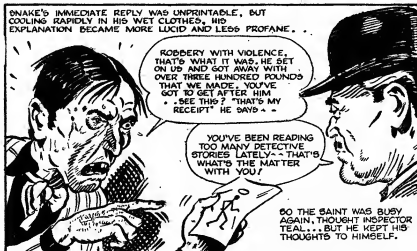
TEMPLAR WAS GOOD AT - FIXING THINGS, TOO!



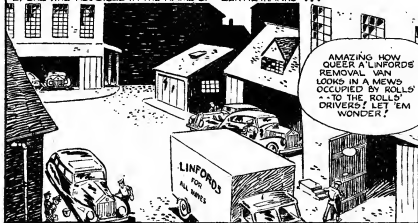
SIMON TEMPLAR THEN WITHDREW WITH THE KITTY INTO THE CORRIDOR, AND DISCREETLY LEFT THE TRAIN AS IT PULLED INTO VICTORIA. NOT SO, SNAKE AND HIS BOYS. THEIR UNDIGNIFIED EXIT WAS WATCHED BY CHIEF INSPECTOR CLAUDE EUSTACE TEAL, WHO WAS HANGING ROUND IN THE VAGUE HOPE OF FINDING A WANTED CON. MAN ON THE TRAIN. CHEWING GUM THOUGHTFULLY, TEAL WATCHED SNAKE'S FRIENDS AND TWO PORTERS BRING SNAKE BACK TO FULL CONSCIOUSNESS WITH THE AID OF A PAIL OF WATER.



SNAKE'S IMMEDIATE REPLY WAS UNPRINTABLE, BUT COOLING RAPIDLY IN HIS WET CLOTHES, HIS EXPLANATION BECAME MORE LUCID AND LESS PROFANE.



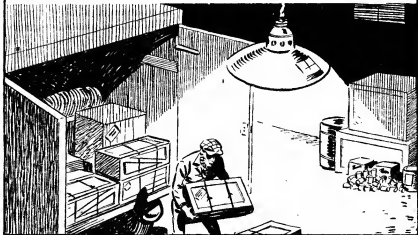
THE SAINT SPENT THAT NIGHT FOLLOWING UP ANOTHER LEAD TO THE DRUG-SMUGGLING GANG... A CERTAIN CONSIGNMENT ARRIVING AT TILBURY MIGHT WELL HIDE THE FORBIDDEN OPIUM.... EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, A REMOVAL VAN ENTERED AN EXCLUSIVE MEWS IN THE VICINITY OF THE SAINT'S FLAT IN BROOK STREET DRIVEN BY ONE WHO RETOICED IN THE NAME OF "BERTIE MARKS"...



THE SAINT WAS THE DRIVER OF THE VAN. HE HAD COLLECTED THE SUSPECTED CONSIGNMENT AT TILBURY IN LIEU OF THE CARRIER WHO WAS REALLY SUPPOSED TO DO SO — A GENEROUS BRIBE HAD TAKEN CARE OF HIM. SHOULD THE CONSIGNMENT PROVE HARMLESS, IT WAS THE SAINT'S INTENTION TO DELIVER IT TO THE ORIGINAL CONSIGNEES— BUT BEFORE HE DID SO HE MEANT TO FIND OUT IF THERE WAS ANY OPIUM CONCEALED IN THE INNOCENT LOOKING CARGO OF HIS HIRED LORRY....



INSIDE THE VAN WERE SOME CASES--PACKED WITH JARS, SUPPOSED TO CONTAIN COSMETICS... THE SAINT HAD GONE TO CONSIDERABLE TROUBLE TO SECURE THESE CASES FROM THE DOCKS AT TILBURY, AND NOW HE WANTED TO HAVE A CLOSE LOOK AT THEIR CONTENTS.....



THE CASES ALL CONTAINED JARS....



...BUT SOME OF THE JARS WERE MARKED..



THE SAINT HAD FOUND A TINY CROSS IN THE GLAZING OF THE CHINA JARS IN ONE OF THE PACKING CASES. IN THESE JARS ONLY WAS HE INTERESTED. THE REST HE REPLACED IN THEIR CASES, CAREFULLY CLOSING AND ROPING THEM UP AGAIN EXACTLY AS THEY WERE AT FIRST. THEN HE TURNED ONCE MORE TO THE JARS HE HAD SET ASIDE AND EMPTIED THEM CAREFULLY OF THE WHITE POWDER THEY CONTAINED.....



INTO EACH OF THE EMPTY JARS THE SAINT POPPED A LITTLE TIN FROM THE PILE IN THE CORNER, CAREFULLY PACKING IT IN WITH COTTON WOOL TO PREVENT RATTLING. CLOSING THE JARS, HE REPLACED THEM IN THEIR PACKING CASE. . . .



"RELOADED, THE VAN AND BERTIE MARKS" EMERGED RAPIDLY, AND DISAPPEARED IN THE DIRECTION OF BOND STREET. . . .



NOTHING REMAINED IN THE GARAGE FOR ANYONE TO SEE BUT A LITTER OF WOOD SHAVINGS, A HAMMER AND CHISEL, AND A FEW LITTLE TINS THE SAINT HAD NOT NEEDED, THE CASES AND THE BUCKET OF WHITE POWDER HAD GONE WITH 'BERTIE MARKS' IN THE VAN, AND 'BERTIE MARKS' WAS NEVER SEEN IN THE DISTRICT AGAIN.

AFTER DELIVERING THE CASES TO AN ADDRESS IN THE WEST END, THE ADDRESS THEY HAD ORIGINALLY BEEN INTENDED TO REACH, THE SAINT PULLED UP AT A LONDON HOSPITAL...

TAKE GREAT CARE OF IT, FOR IT'S WORTH MORE MONEY THAN YOU'LL EVER HAVE, SEE THAT IT GETS TO ONE OF THE DOCTORS, AND GIVE HIM THIS NOTE.



THE COMMISSIONAIRE HARDLY BELIEVED HIM - BUT THEN, HOW COULD HE KNOW THE WHITE POWDER WAS OPIUM!

AND LATER, IN A SIDE LANE OFF THE GREAT WEST ROAD...

A PITY TO SPOIL MY LAST NIGHT'S ARTISTRY, BUT IT'S ALL IN A GOOD CAUSE - LARGE VOTE OF THANKS TO THE CHAPPIE WHO INVENTED QUICK DRYING PAINT.



THEN BACK TO LONDON TO RETURN THE VAN...

LET'S SEE,  
TWENTY FOUR HOURS'  
HIRE, I THINK.



LATER THAT DAY, IN HIS OFFICE AT DANNY'S, A NIGHT CLUB IN SOHO, SAT THE PROPRIETOR, MR EDGAR HAYN. MR HAYN ALSO CONTROLLED MAISON LASERRE, AN EXPENSIVE REGENT STREET SHOP WHICH SOLD PERFUME, POWDERS AND THE LIKE.

HE HAD, IN ADDITION, OTHER LESS NORMAL AND LAW-ABIDING ACTIVITIES THAN THE RUNNING OF A NIGHT-CLUB AND A BEAUTY PARLOUR TO OCCUPY HIS MIND. HE WAS THEREFORE A BUSY MAN.

HE DID NOT LOOK UP AS GANNING OPENED THE DOOR...





EDGAR HAYN WAS CERTAINLY STARTLED...



WHEN BRADDON OPENED THE CASE, THERE WAS THIS SAME PICTURE INSIDE. WE COULDN'T FIGURE OUT HOW IT HAD GOT THERE, BUT WE DIDN'T THINK ANYTHING OF IT. BRADDON THOUGHT THAT THE MAN WHO PACKED THE CASE MUST HAVE BEEN HAVING A LARK. WE JUST PUT THE MARKED JARD AWAY AS USUAL. . .





IN SPITE OF THIS 'NUISANCE' WHO CALLED HIMSELF THE SAINT, HAYN CARRIED ON WITH HIS OPIUM SMUGGLING. . .

BUT THE SAINT WAS SET ON HIS COURSE TO BREAK UP HAYN'S RACKET. . .

HIS NEXT MOVE WAS TO SHADOW YOUNG JERRY STANNARD, WHO, HE KNEW, WAS USED BY HAYN TO CARRY OPIUM TO VARIOUS CLIENTS. . .

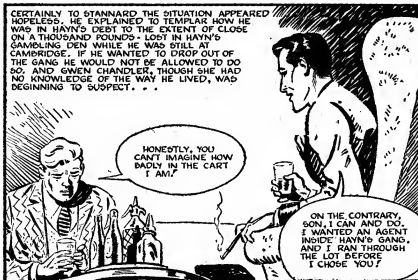
THE SAINT ALSO HAD A USE FOR JERRY. . .

THE POLICE WERE WATCHING STANNARD TOO, FOR THEY HAD THEIR EYES ON HAYN'S GANG. . .

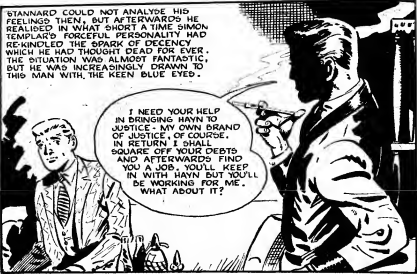
ONE DAY, IN REGENT STREET, THE ARM OF THE LAW FELL UPON JERRY AS HE WAS CARRYING A LITTLE PACKET FOR HAYN. THE SAINT, BEING ON HAND, ACCIDENTALLY BRUSHED AGAINST JERRY - - AND AT THE STATION, JERRY WAS AS BURPRIZED AS THE POLICE WHEN NOTHING WAS FOUND ON HIM. . .

THE SAINT WAS ADEPT AT PICKING POCKETS!





STANNARD COULD NOT ANALYSE HIS FEELINGS THEN, BUT AFTERWARDS HE REALISED IN WHAT SHORT A TIME SIMON TEMPLAR'S FORCEFUL PERSONALITY HAD RE-KINDLED THE SPARK OF DECENCY WHICH HE HAD THOUGHT DEAD FOR EVER. THE SITUATION WAS ALMOST FANTASTIC, BUT HE WAS INCREASINGLY DRAWN TO THIS MAN WITH THE KEEN BLUE EYES.



A black and white comic panel showing two men. On the left, a man in a suit and tie sits at a table with a bottle and glasses. On the right, Simon Templar, wearing a trench coat and smoking a cigarette, stands and speaks. A speech bubble from him contains the text.

I NEED YOUR HELP IN BRINGING HAYN TO JUSTICE - MY OWN BRAND OF JUSTICE, OF COURSE. IN RETURN I SHALL SQUARE OFF YOUR DEBTS AND AFTERWARDS FIND YOU A JOB. YOU'LL KEEP IN WITH HAYN BUT YOU'LL BE WORKING FOR ME. WHAT ABOUT IT?



A black and white comic panel showing two men shaking hands. The man on the left is older, with a beard and a patterned shirt. The man on the right is younger, with a mustache and a suit. Two speech bubbles are present.

THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER - YES - AND THANK YOU!

RIGHT! THEN LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS. HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO ~ ~ ~

THE NEXT EVENING, JERRY STANNARD MADE HIS WAY TO DANNY'S TO MEET HAYN... DANNY TRASK, WHO 'OFFICIALLY' MANAGED THE CLUB, AND FROM WHOM IT DERIVED ITS NAME, SAT IN HIS LITTLE CUBICLE AT THE ENTRANCE, STUDYING THE NEXT DAY'S RUNNERS FROM AN EVENING PAPER...

MR. HAYN  
AROUND?

HE DON'T USUALLY  
COME IN TILL LATE,  
MR STANNARD - -  
HE AIN'T HERE NOW.

HE'S EXPECTING ME.  
WHEN HE COMES, TELL  
HIM I'M AT THE BAR.  
OH - AND A MR TEMPLAR  
WILL BE HERE LATER.  
HE'S O.K. I'LL SIGN  
HIM IN.

DANNY NOTICED THAT STANNARD WAS AGITATED,  
FOR DANNY MISSED VERY LITTLE, BUT IT WAS  
NONE OF DANNY'S BUSINESS. HE PREFERRED  
THE STUDY OF HORSES TO THAT OF MEN.  
WITH A BRIEF, "VERY GOOD, SIR," HE RETURNED  
TO HIS PAPER AND STANNARD PASSED INSIDE...

I WANT  
SOMETHING STEEP  
IN CORPSE  
REVIVERS...



WITH A CASUAL NOD TO HIS COSMETICS MANAGER, HAYN PICKED UP THE AFTERNOON'S MAIL AND GLANCED THROUGH IT...



ONE PARTICULAR LETTER CATCHING HIS ATTENTION...



HAYN SLIT OPEN THE LETTER WITH HIS THUMB. HE GLANCED AT THE PAPER HE TOOK OUT AND SHOWED IT TO BRADDON WITH A GRUNT. . . .

I GOT ONE OF THESE AT MY HOUSE THIS MORNING. SO THE SAINT THINKS HE'S GOING TO RATTLE ME!

ISN'T HE?



HE ISN'T!  
I'VE GOT SNAKE AND  
HIS GANG JUST KEEPING  
THEIR EYES PEELED FOR  
THE GUY WHO BEAT THEM UP  
IN THE BRIGHTON TRAIN.  
IF HE'S IN LONDON HE CAN'T  
STAY HIDDEN FOR EVER!



BRADDON RAISED HIS EYEBROWS SLIGHTLY BUT SAID NOTHING. THEN HAYN REMEMBERED HIS APPOINTMENT WITH STANNARD, AND USHERED HIS COSMETICS MANAGER OUT OF THE OFFICE, LOCKING THE DOOR.

LEAVING BRADDON TO INSPECT THE GAMING ROOM UPSTAIRS, HE REJOINED STANNARD.

TOGETHER THEY WALKED  
TO A TABLE...

BY THE WAY, THERE'S A MAN  
DUE HERE IN AN HOUR. A SOUTH  
AFRICAN, SAILING BACK THE DAY  
AFTER TOMORROW. GOT LOADS  
OF MONEY TO BURN - HE WAS  
COMPLAINING ABOUT THE LACK  
OF FUN IN LONDON SO  
I DROPPED A HINT ABOUT  
A PRIVATE GAMING CLUB -

QUITE RIGHT,  
OLD MAN -  
YOU'RE QUITE SURE  
HE WASN'T  
A DICK?

NOT ON YOUR LIFE.  
I KNOW A BUSY WHEN  
I SEE ONE.

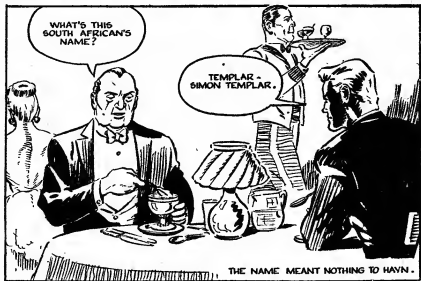
RIGHT. THIS BIRD CAN GO  
DOWN AS YOUR FIRST JOB ON  
COMMISSION - WE'LL GET HIM  
UPSTAIRS TO THE GAMING ROOM  
AND THE BOYS WILL RELIEVE  
HIM OF HIS CASH - AND  
NOW, IF YOU'RE READY,  
WE'LL EAT!

HAD HAYN NOT BEEN PREOCCUPIED WITH OTHER MATTERS, HE MIGHT HAVE OBSERVED AND WONDERED AT STANNARD'S ILL-CONCEALED NERVOUSNESS. BUT AS HIS THOUGHTS WERE WANDERING ROUND THOSE IRRITATING SAINT'S VISITING CARDS SO LATELY RECEIVED, TOGETHER WITH THE LOSS OF TEN THOUSAND POUNDS WORTH OF 'OPUM' HE NOTICED NOTHING UNUSUAL IN STANNARD'S MANNER. . . .



WHAT'S THIS  
SOUTH AFRICAN'S  
NAME?

TEMPLAR -  
SIMON TEMPLAR.



THE NAME MEANT NOTHING TO HAYN.

DURING DINNER, HAYN INTIMATED THAT STANNARD COULD MAKE A LOT OF MONEY BY INTRODUCING WEALTHY MEN TO THE GAMING CLUB AND BY DELIVERING PACKETS OF OPIUM... JERRY AGREED TO TAKE THE JOB HAYN OFFERED, AND REMEMBERING THE SAINT'S INSTRUCTIONS, ASKED FOR THREE THOUSAND POUNDS FLAT FOR THE FIRST YEAR... HAYN THOUGHT FOR ONLY A MOMENT - THIS MAN WAS VALUABLE - THERE WAS HIS FIANCEE, TOO...

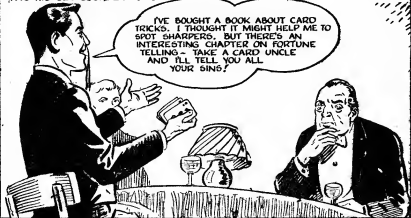


WITH THIS INTERESTING MEETING NOW IN PROSPECT, HAYN'S IMMEDIATE PROJECT WAS ACCOMPLISHED. HE BECAME RATHER BORED. UNTIL SIMON TEMPLAR ARRIVED...





TEMPLAR PAID FOR THE LIQUEURS FROM A HUGE WAD OF BANK NOTES TUGGED WITH DIFFICULTY FROM HIS POCKET. HAYN IMMEDIATELY BECAME INTERESTED AND FORGAVE THE FELLOW HIS ECCENTRICITY IN THE FACE OF SUCH WEALTH. HE SET HIMSELF OUT TO DISCHARMING. THE SAINT, HOWEVER, HAD MADE HIS PLANS, AND AT THE FIRST CONVENIENT PAUSE, STEERED THE CONVERSATION INTO HIS SET COURSE. . .



I'VE BOUGHT A BOOK ABOUT CARD TRICKS. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT HELP ME TO SPOT SHARPER. BUT THERE'S AN INTERESTING CHAPTER ON FORTUNE TELLING - TAKE A CARD UNCLE AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL YOUR SINS!

HAYN OBLIGED SMILINGLY. IF THIS FREAK HAD ALL THAT MONEY, THEN BY ALL MEANS LET HIM BE HUMOURED



I ONLY HOPE IT ISN'T THE FIVE OF DIAMONDS - BECAUSE ACCORDING TO MY BOOK A MAN WHO DRAWS THE FIVE OF DIAMONDS IS LIABLE TO SEND TEN THOUSAND POUNDS ANONYMOUSLY TO A LONDON HOSPITAL. ALSO HE IS A BLACKGUARD WITH A VERY UGLY FACE!

HAYN KEPT HIS SMILE NAILED IN POSITION. . .

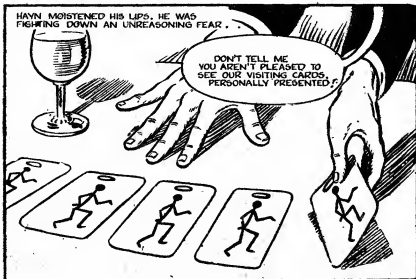


THE FIVE OF DIAMONDS, MR TEMPLAR.

THE SAINT WAS INNOCENTLY ASTONISHED AND MOST UPSET, SEEMING ANXIOUS TO PLEASE. HE PLEADED WITH HAYN TO SHUFFLE THE PACK AS HE HAD AN INTERESTING CARD TRICK HE WANTED TO TRY.



HAYN MOISTENED HIS LIPS. HE WAS FIGHTING DOWN AN UNREASONING FEAR.



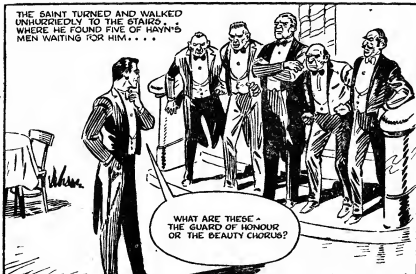


LANGUIDLY THE SAINT ENLARGED ON HAYN'S SINS AND TOLD HIM JUST WHERE HE STOOD WITH REGARD TO THE POLICE WHEN HAYN THREATENED TO CALL THEM IN. HIS BLUE EYES NOW HARD, FIXED ON HAYN, BELIED HIS CASUAL VOICE AND HELD HAYN SPELLBOUND. WITHOUT DOUBT TEMPLAR HAD HIM IN A CLEFT STICK. HAYN COULD SEE THAT. HE LOOKED ROUND. THE OTHER DINERS HAD LEFT. . . IT WOULD BE MORE CONVENIENT TO BIDE HIS TIME. . .

BEHIND HIS BACK, HAYN MADE A GESTURE TO ONE OF THE WAITERS. . .



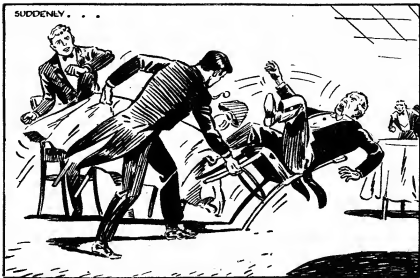
THE SAINT TURNED AND WALKED  
UNHURRIEDLY TO THE STAIRS...  
WHERE HE FOUND FIVE OF HAYN'S  
MEN WAITING FOR HIM...



SWIFTLY TEMPLAR WALKED BACK TO THE TABLE . . .



SUDDENLY . . .



BY THE TIME THE NEXT WAITER WAS UPON HIM  
TEMPLAR HAD PICKED UP ANOTHER CHAIR, SWIFTLY  
CRASHING IT INTO THE FELLOWS RIBS. . . THREE  
MORE. . . THEN A SLEDGE-HAMMER BLOW FROM HIS  
FIST FOR THE NEXT ONE. . . TWO MORE. . .



SOME SIXTH SENSE FLASHED THE  
SAINT A WARNING. . .



THE LAST WAITER WAS POLISHED OFF WITH A VOLCANIC RIGHT CAUGHT BY HIS NOSE AS THE MAN DROPPED, THE SAINT TURNED TO JERRY....

FIGHT YOU FOOL..  
FIGHT ~ FOR  
LOCAL COLOUR~



FIRMLY BUT REGRETFULLY, TEMPLAR CLIPPED STANNARD ON THE EAR, AND KNOCKED HIM DOWN CONVINCINGLY. THEN HE LOOKED ROUND HOPEFULLY FOR SOMETHING ELSE TO WALLOP, BUT FOUND NOTHING. . NO-ONE SEEMED TO HAVE ANY ENTHUSIASM ANY MORE. . . ON HIS WAY OUT, HE SAW BRADDON...



LATER THAT NIGHT STANNARD RECEIVED HIS CHEQUE FOR THREE THOUSAND. HAYN HAD COOLED DOWN SOMEWHAT, AND HAD REFLECTED THAT, AFTER ALL, IT WAS NOT JERRY'S FAULT. HOW WAS THE BOY TO KNOW THE SOUTH AFRICAN WOULD TURN OUT TO BE THE SAINT? IF TEMPLAR COULD PUT IT OVER SNAKE GANNING, HE COULD PUT IT OVER ANYONE. NEXT MORNING AT A PRE-ARRANGED SPOT ON THE NEWMARKET ROAD. . .



BACK IN LONDON, JERRY KEPT HIS PROMISE TO HAYN AND TOOK HIS FIANCEE, GWEN CHANDLER, TO SUPPER AT DANNY'S. AFTER THIS MEETING, HAYN'S INTEREST IN THE GIRL WAS DOUBLED. A FEW DAYS LATER. . .





THE CIRCUMSTANCES MADE IT IMPOSSIBLE FOR GWEN TO SNUB HIM, BUT SHE COULD NOT FATHOM HIS PURPOSE. THERE WAS SOMETHING SUBTLY DISQUIETING ABOUT THE MAN. MODESTLY SHE CHOSE A SMALL VANITY CASE AND FLASK OF PERFUME. HAYN SEEMED DISAPPOINTED BY HER CHOICE, AND FORCED HER TO ACCEPT IN ADDITION, TWO LARGE BOXES OF POWDER. . . .

IT'S REALLY ABSURDLY KIND OF YOU, MR HAYN. - I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'VE DONE TO DESERVE IT -

YOUR FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE, MY DEAR YOUNG LADY!

EMBARRASSED AND BEWILDERED, GWEN RECEIVED HER PARCEL FROM BRADDON AND MADE HER ESCAPE. HAYN WATCHED HER OUT OF SIGHT, A QUEER GLEAM IN HIS EYES, THEN MADE HIS WAY TO DANNY'S. . . .

GANNING AND SOME OF THE BOYS ARE WAITING TO SEE YOU, MR HAYN.

LET THEM WAIT- I'LL RING FOR THEM!

IN HIS OFFICE, HAYN WROTE A LETTER BEFORE  
SENDING FOR GANNING. . . SUDDENLY  
DANNY BURST IN AT THE DOOR . . .



FEELING LIKE A MOUSE TORMENTED BY A CAT, HAYN ASKED DANNY  
TO SHOW THE VISITORS IN. . . EVERY MORNING HE RECEIVED THE  
BAINT'S VISITING CARD BY POST - NOW THE NEXT ROUND WAS TO  
BEGIN . . .



CHEERILY THE SAINT STEPPED FORWARD.

GOOD MORNING, EDGAR!  
THESE ARE THE REST OF  
THE GANG. AS I WAS  
FOLLOWED HOME FROM  
HERE LAST TIME I CALLED,  
I THOUGHT IT WOULD SAVE  
YOU A LOT OF SLEUTHING  
IF I INTRODUCED YOU  
TO THE OTHER LADS!

SAT  
JUNE  
5

THAT'S VERY CONSIDERATE OF YOU,  
MR. TEMPLAR. - BUT THERE ARE SOME  
PEOPLE WAITING TO SEE ME. - WILL  
YOU EXCUSE ME - I'LL TELL  
THEM TO CALL AGAIN LATER!

BY ALL MEANS,  
SONNY. - BUT NO  
FUNNY TRICKS,  
MIND.

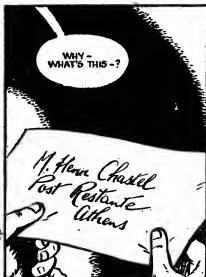
HAYN FOUND SNAKE GANNING AND THREE PICKED BOYS IN THE BAR, ON HEARING OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE SAINT, GANNING WAS FOR PILING IN IMMEDIATELY, BUT HAYN HAD OTHER PLANS. HE INSTRUCTED GANNING TO FOLLOW TEMPLAR'S COMPANIONS WHEN THEY LEFT . . .

WHEN I GET HOLD  
OF THAT SWINE - HE'S  
GOING TO ~

YOU'LL WAIT TILL  
I FINISH WITH HIM.  
I MEAN TO FIND OUT WHAT  
HIS NEXT MOVE IS. AFTER  
YOU'VE TRAILED HIS PALS,  
REPORT BACK HERE AT MIDNIGHT!

MEANWHILE, TEMPLAR HAD MADE THE MOST OF  
HAYN'S ABSENCE . . .

JERRY'S I.O.U.'S.  
HE'LL BE GLAD TO  
GET THEM BACK!  
HAYN HAS BEEN  
INCREDIBLY CARELESS  
- HE'S RATTLED -!



HAYN GLOWED INSIDE WITH SATISFACTION. THIS WAS JUST WHAT HE WANTED... HE AGREED, HAPPY IN THE THOUGHT THAT SNAKE AND HIS BOYS WOULD BE HOT ON THE TRAIL IMMEDIATELY.

THEY WERE. THEY SPENT ELEVEN PROFITLESS HOURS FOLLOWING A VENDOR OF BOOTLACES, A PAVEMENT ARTIST, AND TWO BARREL ORGAN MEN, ALL OF WHOM THE SAINT HAD HIRED FOR TEN SHILLINGS APIECE FOR THE OCCASION, AND WHO WERE AS MYSTIFIED AS THE PAINSTAKING BLOODHOUNDS WHO DOGGED THEIR FOOTSTEPS ALL DAY.

IT WAS THE SAINTS IDEA OF A JOKE. . .

ALONE WITH HAYN IN HIS OFFICE, SIMON TEMPLAR GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS. . .





HAYN WROTE THE CHEQUE AND HANDED IT TO TEMPLAR . . .



"... HALF PAST TWELVE, SATURDAY AFTERNOON. YOU CANNOT CASH THAT CHEQUE UNTIL NINE ON MONDAY MORNING, WHO KNOWS WHAT MAY HAPPEN BY THEN? YOU WON'T GET THE POLICE ON ME UNTIL MONDAY MORNING BECAUSE YOU WANT TO CASH THAT CHEQUE. YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO WIN - BUT YOU WON'T! DO YOU HONESTLY THINK I WOULD LET YOU BLACKMAIL ME FOR AS LARGE A SUM AS THAT - ?"

THE GLOVES WERE OFF AT LAST.  
.. BOTH MEN KNEW IT. BUT NEITHER FELT PERTURBED. . .

I SHALL SEND YOUR DONATION TO A LONDON HOSPITAL - ANONYMOUSLY, OLD SON. YOU CAN DO A BIT OF GOOD IN THE WORLD BEFORE YOU GO TO PRISON EVEN IF IT IS AGAINST YOUR WILL. . . AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW. ON MONDAY NIGHT YOU WILL SLEEP AT MARLBOROUGH STREET POLICE STATION. . .

.. AND THE SAINT WAS GONE. . .

SUDDENLY HAYN SAW THE LETTER...

THE STAGGERINGLY LIFE-LIKE IMITATION DID NOT DECEIVE EDGAR HAYN. . . HE OPENED THE ENVELOPE. . . INSIDE WAS ANOTHER SAINT SIGN!

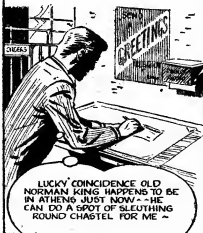
ON MONDAY NIGHT YOU WILL SLEEP AT MARLBOROUGH STREET POLICE STATION. . .

... AND LATER IN THE BAR OF A PICCADILLY HOTEL, TEMPLAR READ THE LETTER HE HAD TAKEN FROM HAYN'S DESK ...

THIS LETTER TO CHASTEL IN ATHENS TIES ALL HAYN'S OPIUM RACKET UP -



... THEN IN A NEARBY POST OFFICE, HE CABLED A FRIEND IN ATHENS ...



HIS NEXT MOVE WAS TO MAKE A CALL TO ANOTHER HELPMATE, ROGER CONWAY ...

I ESTIMATE THAT IN THE NEXT FORTY- EIGHT HOURS A NUMBER OF STRENUOUS ATTEMPTS WILL BE MADE TO BUMP ME OFF - SO, ROGER, DEAR OLD SOUL, CARRY OUT MY INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LAST DETAIL ~



AFTER DINING OUT THAT NIGHT, SIMON TEMPLAR WAS RETURNING TO HIS BROOK STREET FLAT. . .



HAVING PLACED HIS DOOR KEY IN AN EASY-TO-REACH PLACE, TEMPLAR WALKED INNOCENTLY UP TO HIS FLAT. .





THEN THE SAINT TURNED. . GRIPPED HIS WALKING STICK  
IN BOTH HANDS AND GAVE IT A HALF TURN TO UNSHEATH  
HIS RAPIER!

YOU ARE ALL VERY  
NAUGHTY CHILDREN - -  
I SHALL HAVE TO REPORT  
YOU TO YOUR SUNDAY  
SCHOOL TEACHER -

THE RAPIER IN THE SAINT'S HAND GLEAMED AND WHISTLED.  
GANNING'S BOYS RECOILED WITH GASPS OF AGONY AS THE  
BLADE LASHED ACROSS THEIR FACES. THEN, AS THEY  
SPRANG BLINDLY TO ATTACK,TEMPLAR STREAKED THROUGH  
THE DOOR AND SLAMMED IT ON THEM. .

CHUCK THAT  
FIRST-AID STUFF  
AND LET'S GET  
BACK -

UP IN HIS FLAT, THE SAINT WAS CALM AND UNRUFFLED. HE HEARD GANNING'S CAR MOVE AWAY AND SMILED. . .



GOOD-OH!  
NORMAN'S CABLE  
IN ANSWER TO MY  
QUERIES - HE'S BEEN  
REMARKABLY QUICK  
ABOUT IT!

NORMAN KING'S CABLE WAS WRITTEN IN CODE, AND TEMPLAR SPENT SOME TIME IN DECIPHERING IT. IT CONTAINED INFORMATION WHICH CONFIRMED HIS OWN SUSPICIONS OF HAYN'S DRUG TRAFFICKING.

SATISFIED, HE NEXT WROTE A LENGTHY LETTER TO CHIEF INSPECTOR TEAL OF SCOTLAND YARD, RECOMMENDING HAYN AND HIS BOYS FOR IMMEDIATE ARREST, GIVING HIS REASONS AND DATA WHICH THE INSPECTOR COULD CHECK. HE POSTED THE LETTER AT A NEARBY PILLAR-BOX AND CAME BACK TO HIS FLAT. . .

MUSING ON THE FACT THAT THE LETTER COULD NOT BE DELIVERED TO TEAL UNTIL MONDAY MORNING, TEMPLAR WENT ON WITH HIS PREPARATIONS. . .

CALL NUMBER ONE PUTS  
FRIEND DICKY TREMAYNE ON THE  
JOB OF LOOKING AFTER GWEN -  
CALL NUMBER TWO WILL GIVE  
JERRY STANNARD HIS  
INSTRUCTIONS!



HAVING PHONED TREMAYNE AND STANNARD, THE SAINT FELT THAT HE HAD COVERED EVERY MOVE HAYN MIGHT MAKE. HE ALSO FELT THAT THERE WAS A CASE WHERE A CONCEALED WEAPON MIGHT BE HELPFUL. . .



I THINK  
YOU'RE A TRIFLE  
RISKY THERE - THE  
CALF OF THE LEFT  
LEG WOULD BE A  
BETTER SPOT TO  
CONCEAL YOU!

THE SAINT STRAPPED HIS KNIFE TO HIS LEFT LEG, AND HAD JUST MADE SURE THAT HIS CIGARETTE CASE CONTAINED A SUPPLY OF A PECULIAR KIND OF CIGARETTE WHICH MIGHT PROVE USEFUL, WHEN . . .



SIMON TEMPLAR HEARD THE DOORBELL RING. . THEN HE HEARD THE SPLINTERING OF THE STREET DOOR AND SMILED. . HE HAD EXPECTED A BREAK-IN. . BUT HE DID NOT SMILE WHEN HE OPENED THE BACK DOOR OF HIS FLAT. .



THE DOOR-BELL - THAT WAS IT, MUG THAT I AM! THAT WAS A SIGNAL FROM THE LOOTS AT THE FRONT TO THE ONES AT THE BACK - THEY'RE USING THE FIRE ESCAPE BESIDES THE STAIRS! I'M SUNK - FOR THE MOMENT!

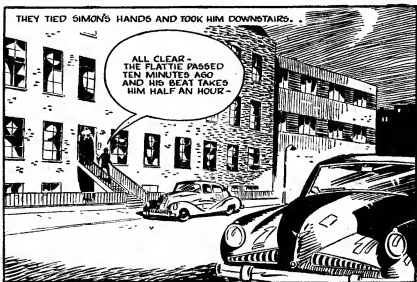
...FOR HE FOUND BOTH EXITS BARRED!...



YOU'RE GOING ON  
A JOURNEY WITH  
ME, TEMPLAR?

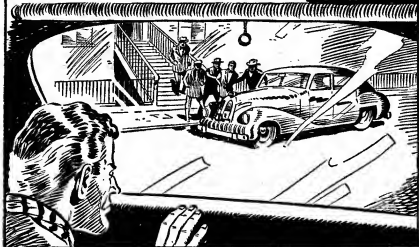
WELL, WELL, WELL!  
THIS IS MY IDEA OF  
A NIGHT OUT ~ ~ ~  
WHAT ARE WE  
WAITING FOR?

THEY TIED SIMON'S HANDS AND TOOK HIM DOWNSTAIRS. .

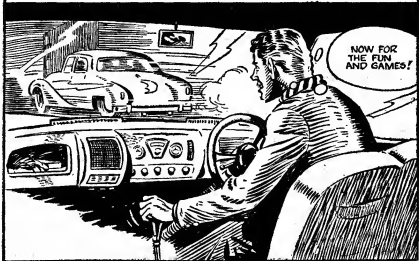


ALL CLEAR -  
THE FLATTIE PASSED  
TEN MINUTES AGO  
AND HIS BEAT TAKES  
HIM HALF AN HOUR -

BUT ALL WAS NOT CLEAR - HAYN DIDN'T KNOW IT,  
BUT TEMPLAR'S FRIEND ROGER CONWAY WAS ON DUTY.



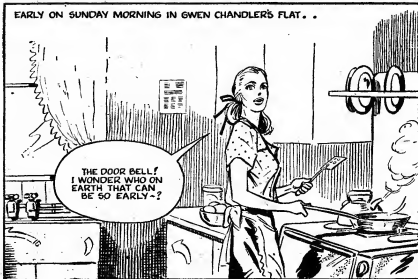
WAITING IN HIS CAR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROAD, ROGER WAS READY!...



IN THE DRIVING MIRROR OF HAYN'S CAR,  
SIMON CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF THE CAR BEHIND. . .



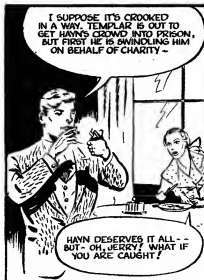
EARLY ON SUNDAY MORNING IN GWEN CHANDLER'S FLAT. .





OVER BREAKFAST, JERRY TOLD GWEN ABOUT TEMPLAR'S PHONE CALL OF THE NIGHT BEFORE. HE TOLD HER ALSO OF HIS RECENT MIRACULOUS RESCUE BY THE SAINT FROM THE HANDS OF THE POLICE, AND OF THE COMPACT THEY HAD MADE.

HE TOLD HER ABOUT HAYN'S GAMBLING DEN, BUT NOT ABOUT MAISON LASERRE, - FOR THE SAINT HAD NOT MENTIONED THIS SIDE OF HAYN'S BUSINESS TO STANNARD. . GWEN CHANDLER WAS SHOCKED. .



JERRY REASSURED HER. TEMPLAR HAD PROMISED THAT THERE WOULD BE NO FUSS. . THEN GWEN TOLD JERRY ABOUT HER ACCIDENTAL MEETING WITH HAYN AND HIS GIFT OF PERFUME AND POWDER. .

- FUNNY - ! I EXPECT HE'S GOT SOME FOOLISH CRUSH ON YOU. I'LL SPEAK TO TEMPLAR ABOUT IT WHEN I SEE HIM.

I HAVEN'T EVEN OPENED THE PARCEL YET - IT'S STILL ON MY DRESSING TABLE - - ANYWAY - - TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF - - PLEASE!

ALONE ONCE MORE, GWEN WAS TROUBLED WITH MISGIVINGS.  
THE WHOLE SITUATION SEEMED OVERLOADED WITH DIFFICULTIES  
AND DANGERS. HER FEARS WERE SOON TO BE JUSTIFIED. . .  
ONCE MORE THE DOORBELL RANG. . .



SHE OPENED THE DOOR. . IT WAS HAYN. . .





~ MY CAR'S OUTSIDE. IF I CAN GET THEM AWAY FROM YOU, SLIP DOWN AND SHOW MY CARD TO THE CHAUFFEUR-- HE WILL TAKE YOU TO MY HOUSE AT HURLEY. . . I'LL COME DOWN LATER AND DISCUSS HOW WE CAN GET YOU AND JERRY OUT OF THE COUNTRY-- HAYN THRUST HIS VISITING CARD INTO THE GIRL'S HAND AND DAZEDLY SHE WENT TO OPEN THE DOOR. . .



WITHOUT CEREMONY, TWO MEN - WHO WERE IN HAYN'S PAY - ENTERED - AND ANNOUNCING THEMSELVES AS COMING FROM SCOTLAND YARD, BEGAN TO SEARCH THE FLAT . . .



THERE WAS SOME ARGUMENT, BUT EVENTUALLY GWEN WAS ALLOWED TO GO INTO HER BEDROOM . . . HER FIRST MOVE WAS TO PHONE JERRY AT THE HOTEL SPLENDORE WHERE HE HAD GONE TO KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT . . .



THEN SHE MADE HER ESCAPE DOWN TO THE CAR AND WAS DRIVEN OFF, WHILE HAYN AND HIS MEN TRIUMPHANTLY WATCHED FROM THE WINDOW.

IT WAS EASY, BOSS!

IT WORKED PERFECTLY! IF I'D TRIED TO KIDNAP HER SHE'D HAVE BEEN TWICE AS MUCH NUISANCE - AS IT IS WITH HER PRECIOUS JERRY IN DANGER TOO, SHE'LL BE GLAD TO DO ALL I SAY!

JUST AS HAYN AND HIS CONFEDERATES WERE LEAVING, DICKY TREMAYNE, ACTING ON THE SAINT'S INSTRUCTIONS, ARRIVED AT GWEN'S FLAT.

WHERE IS SHE?  
WHAT HAVE YOU  
DONE WITH GWEN  
CHANDLER?

SO YOU'RE  
ONE OF THE  
SAINT'S PALS!

THE THUGS LEAPED TOWARDS DICKY - AND BEFORE HE COULD BRING HIS GUN INTO ACTION. .



AFTER GWEN'S DISTURBING CALL, JERRY WAITED IN SUSPENSE AT THE SPLENDIDE FLAT FOR TREMAYNE. FRANTIC PHONE CALLS TO SIMON TEMPLAR'S FLAT YIELDED NO RESULT, AND TREMAYNE STILL HADN'T ARRIVED. SO, WILD WITH ANXIETY FOR GWEN, JERRY HIRED A CAR AND DROVE OFF TO HURLEY. .



SWIFTLY JERRY TOLD CONWAY ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED .  
- CONWAY WAS THOUGHTFUL AS HE REPLIED . .

THERE'S BEEN A HITCH SOMEWHERE -  
TREMAYNE WAS TO GET HOLD OF GWEN,  
JOIN YOU AT THE SPLENDIDE, AND TAKE  
YOU BOTH TO TEMPLAR'S COUNTRY BUNGALOW  
AT MAIDENHEAD. HE DIDN'T GIVE YOU THE  
JOB YOURSELF AS HE FELT THAT IN YOUR  
ANXIETY YOU MIGHT MUCK IT UP.  
TREMAYNE WAS TO GO BACK TO  
THE SPLENDIDE AND WAIT FOR  
A CALL FOR ME. HE'S NOT  
THERE - AS YOU KNOW -

THEN HAYN'S GOT HIM -  
AND TEMPLAR, TOO, AS  
I COULDN'T GET IN  
TOUCH WITH HIM AT ALL -

--AND THEY'VE GOT GWEN  
TOO - CONWAY - WE CAN'T  
HANG AROUND LIKE THIS -

WE'RE NOT HANGING AROUND  
ANY LONGER. THEY'VE GOT  
TEMPLAR HERE AT HAYN'S HOUSE -  
I WAS DETAILED OFF TO WATCH,  
AND I FOLLOWED. NOW, AS  
TEMPLAR ISN'T WITH US, WE  
MUST MAKE OUR OWN PLANS -

ROGER CONWAY ACTED IMMEDIATELY. SCRIBBLING OUT A MESSAGE, HE PLACED IT IN AN ENVELOPE AND SEALED IT. THEN HE ADDRESSED THE LANDLORD.

IF I'M NOT HERE TO CLAIM THAT IN TWO HOURS, OPEN IT YOURSELF AND PHONE WHAT'S INSIDE TO SCOTLAND YARD -

- IS IT A JOKE - ?

IF YOU DON'T DO AS MY FRIEND ASKS, IT WILL BE ONE OF THE MOST UNFUNNY THINGS THAT EVER HAPPENED !

MEANWHILE, AT EDGAR HAYN'S HOUSE AT HURLEY, THE SAINT WAS TAKING IT EASY. HIS WRISTS WERE STILL TIED, FOR HE HAD DECIDED THAT THE TIME HAD NOT YET COME TO CUT HIMSELF FREE. LATE ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON, HAYN PAID HIM A VISIT. . . .

..AFTERNOON !

THERE ARE SOME FRIENDS OF YOURS DOWNSTAIRS - - I SHOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU ALL TOGETHER .



GANNING LET FLY WITH BOTH FISTS. THE SAINT SLIPPED THE BLOWS AND LANDED A SHATTERING KICK TO GANNING'S SHINS - THEN BRADDON INTERPOSED. . . .



HAYN TOOK THE SAINT BY THE COLLAR AND YANKED HIM INTO A KNEELING POSITION ON THE FLOOR. TREMAYNE SAW RED. BUT BRADDON SILENCED HIM. . . .



HAYN BEGAN TO QUESTION TEMPLAR ABOUT HIS ORGANISATION, AND THE SAINT REPLIED BANTERINGLY. . . HE WONDERED HOW LONG IT WOULD BE BEFORE ROGER CONWAY GOT BUSY, FOR HE WAS NOW THEIR ONLY HOPE. . . ALL HE COULD DO WAS PLAY FOR TIME PLEASANTLY. . . AND THERE WAS, OF COURSE, THE KNIFE, WHICH MIGHT HELP MATTERS. . . AND HAYN HAD PUT THE SAINT IN A VERY CONVENIENT POSITION TO REACH IT. . .



YOU CAN QUESTION AWAY AS MUCH AS YOU LIKE! YOU'LL NEVER GET TO THE BOTTOM OF MY ORGANISATION! . . . THERE'S A LITTLE LETTER ABOUT YOU IN THE POST ADDRESSED TO INSPECTOR TEAL, ENCLOSED YOUR LETTER TO DEAR OLD CHASTEL - OH DEAR! HOLD THE LINE WHILE I LAUGH!



I TOLD YOU HE'D SQUEAL - YOU FOOL - I TOLD YOU!

WE'VE PROVIDED FOR THIS EMERGENCY - WE HAVE PLANES AT AN AIRFIELD IN READINESS TO TAKE US OUT OF THE COUNTRY - YOU SHALL COME WITH US TONIGHT - AND SOMEWHERE IN MID-CHANNEL -



I SHALL BE FLITTING THROUGH PARADISE COMPLETE WITH REAL HALO - PLEASANT THOUGHT!

. . . BUT THE SAINT'S HEART WAS LIGHT AGAIN NOW. . .







GASPING FOR BREATH AND UNABLE TO SEE, HAYN AND HIS MEN GROPED FOR THE DOOR... THEN FROM THE WINDOW CAME THE SOUND OF BREAKING GLASS - - - AND A WELL-REMEMBERED VOICE - - JERRY'S!



HAYN AND HIS MEN GOT THROUGH THE DOOR . .  
BUT THAT WAS AS FAR AS THEY DID GET . . .

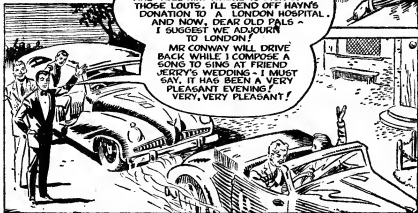


THE SAINT AND HIS PALS CHOSE A MAN APIECE,  
TOOK THEM AWAY AND GAVE THEM THE HIDING  
THEY HAD ASKED FOR. IT LASTED JUST HALF-AN-  
HOUR. THEN WHAT REMAINED OF HAYN, BRADDOON  
AND GANNING WAS TRUSSED UP SECURELY TO BE  
PICKED UP LATER BY TEAL.

. . . SUDDENLY CONWAY REMEMBERED THE MESSAGE  
HE HAD LEFT AT THE 'BELL' FOR SCOTLAND YARD . .  
HURRIEDLY PILING INTO CONWAY'S CAR, THE SAINT  
AND HIS PALS DROVE OFF TO THE HOTEL AND  
CLAIMED THE MESSAGE BACK FROM THE  
MANAGER . .

BEFORE I GO TO BED  
TONIGHT I'LL DROP A LINE TO TEAL  
AND TELL HIM WHERE TO PICK UP  
THOSE LOOTS. I'LL SEND OFF HAYN'S  
DONATION TO A LONDON HOSPITAL.  
AND NOW, DEAR OLD PALS -  
I SUGGEST WE ADJOURN  
TO LONDON!

MR CONWAY WILL DRIVE  
BACK WHILE I COMPOSE A  
SONG TO SING AT FRIEND  
JERRY'S WEDDING - I MUST  
SAY, IT HAS BEEN A VERY  
PLEASANT EVENING!  
VERY, VERY PLEASANT!



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