

CRICKETERS' AUTOGRAPHS & TEST MATCH BAT Offered Inside!

# The MODERN BOY

EVERY SATURDAY.  
Week Ending July 6th, 1935

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St. GEORGE of the R.A.F. & THE FLYING DRAGON!—See page 16

## JIMMY McCANN appoints a Fourth Former as Captain of Cricket at the SCHOOL FOR SLACKERS—with staggering results!

By  
**Charles  
Hamilton**

"You cheeky little beast!" exclaimed Tredegar. "Get out of my room before I get up and kick you out!" Ferg took no notice. Instead, he grabbed the bedclothes and jerked them off. Then his heart almost failed him as the Captain of High Coombe bounded out of bed.



# CAPTAIN—AND FAG!

### Whops for Slackers—and Side!

IT was incredible—or would have been incredible in any headmaster but James McCann.

Carter of the Fifth even suggested that it was a hoax—that the Blighter McCann had taken to jesting, and was working off a practical joke on High Coombe.

But, alas!—it was no jest. It was grim and ghastly reality! It was sheer, high-handed tyranny; all the School for Slackers agreed on that. Ferguson, of the Fourth Form, had been appointed by the Head to be Captain of Cricket at High Coombe!

Even Bob Darrell was a little dismayed. Bob was keen on seeing McCann wake up the School for Slackers and infuse a little life into it. But he had never looked for such drastic methods as these. Darrell, as a Fifth Form man, was not keen on taking orders from a junior in the Fourth. And that, if McCann's order stood, was what Bob had to do—and all the rest of the Fifth, and even the great and glorious Sixth as well—so far as games were concerned.

There was the Head's order on the board for all High Coombe to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest. Fifth and Sixth Form men gazed at it, and went away dazed—and came back to gaze again, to assure themselves that their eyes had not deceived them.

Ferguson of the Fourth gazed at it, and gazed and gazed. Ferg's remark was:

"What a lark!"

Other fags regarded Ferg with envy, awe, and admiration. John Andrew Ferguson that day seemed to have grown three inches taller. His mere look in the passages and the quad would have caused any prefect to whop him for side—but for one awful consideration: Ferg, who last term had fagged for Compton of the Fifth, was now a power in the land, and could whop! When a Fourth Form junior was given whopping privs, it seemed to all the seniors at High Coombe that it was time for the skies to fall.

Aubrey Compton gritted his teeth over it. Tredegar of the Sixth, Captain of High Coombe, looked like a man in a trance. Big Study hummed and seethed with indignation. Chard trumpeted in Common-room, and the rest of the staff agreed that it was ridiculous, revolutionary, unimaginable. Capes, master of the Fourth, said it was rotten; the youngest master on the staff, he rather played the part of a boy among boys, called Sixth Form men by their first names, and talked schoolboy slang—and did not know that this was described in Big Study as "greasing."

"We're not standing it, of course," said Aubrey Compton to an indignant crowd in Big Study.

"Aren't we?" growled Bob Darrell. "And how are we going to stop McCann doing as he jolly well likes?"

"Bullock will have to interfere!" said Teddy Seymour.

"Old Bully doesn't seem to dare to call his soul his own since McCann blew in!" sighed Corkran.

"He's games-master," said Aubrey. "He hates McCann like poison! Let's go and see Bully!"

"What are you goin' to do, Tred?" asked Carter.

Tred shook his head hopelessly.

"What can I do?" he asked. "It's in McCann's hands if he chooses to use his power! Of course, he's an unspeakable hound—"

"Oh, chuck it!" grunted Bob Darrell. "It's rotten enough; but you've asked for it. You fancied it was one up against the Blighter to let St. Chad's walk over us at cricket. You chucked away a match just to bait him, because he's keen! What did you expect?"

"You're a lot of slacking rotters!" went on Bob, with rising indignation. "You've made McCann think me a rotten slacker, too! Sticking me in that boating hut and keeping me out of the game! I can't give you away to McCann, so I've got to let him think—"

"What the dickens does it matter what McCann thinks?" asked Aubrey.

"Well, I care what he thinks!" roared Bob. "He thinks I cut the

## Captain—and Fag!

game like a rotten slacker—as slack as the rest of you! And the rest of you chucked it away to worry him. You might have expected something of this sort! And it serves you jolly well right!”

“That little beast Ferguson,” said Corkran, “spoke to me in the passage. He told me not to be late for early nets—me!”

Big Study gasped.

“Didn’t you whop him for side?” demanded Tunstall.

Corky shook his head.

“What’s the good? He could whop me at the nets if he liked!”

“Whop you!” said Peyerill dazedly.

“Ye s—according to McCann’s latest!”

“Ye gods!” said Randal.

“Last term,” said Aubrey, “I was whopping that young cad for burnin’ my toast! This term he can whop the head prefect of High Coombe if he likes! That’s what McCann’s brought us to! Come and see Bullock! He’s got to chip in. Let’s go and put it to old Bully!”

A dozen angry and excited fellows followed Compton of the Fifth to see old Bully about it. Something had to be done, that was clear—but unless the games-master could do something, it was not clear what!

**M**R. BULLOCK lived outside the school; and Aubrey & Co. marched down Coombe Lane to the house where Bullock dwelt. They found him in his garden with his lawn-mower, but he was not mowing. It was easy to see that Bullock knew of Ferguson’s appointment as Captain of Cricket. He had quite a dazed expression on his red face.

“You know about that rotter’s latest piece of dashed impudence?” asked Aubrey Compton. That was how the dandy of the Fifth alluded to his headmaster and his headmaster’s edict.

Bullock nodded his massive head slowly.

“He’s appointed Ferguson, of the Fourth Form, Captain of Cricket at High Coombe! Might as well have made him captain of the school while he was about it! A putrid fag—”

“What are you going to do, Bullock?”

“I can do nothing,” said Bullock—“nothing! The Head discussed it with me—he did me that favour!” Bullock sneered ponderously. “I protested—I objected—I pointed out—” He paused. “I can do nothing! I have thought of throwing in my resignation! I am considering it now. But—I can do nothing!”

“A Fourth Form fag givin’ orders to senior men!” hooted Aubrey.

“Only in games, of course,” said Bullock. “In all other matters, Ferguson is under the authority of the prefects, as heretofore. Possibly that circumstance will keep him within bounds.” He gave Corkran of the Sixth a meaning look. “As Captain of Cricket, he has whopping privs, so far as games are concerned.

But he may be made to understand that it would be wiser not to exercise them.”

Corky nodded. This was a valuable hint! He thought it over as he walked back to the school with Aubrey and the rest.

“Give the young cad a tip, to begin with!” suggested Aubrey. “Old Bully’s no fool, though he looks one!”

Corkran decided that it was a good idea.

It was easy to find Ferguson. They found him standing in front of the notice-board, reading over again for the umpteenth time the order of the Head, which had drawn him so suddenly and unexpectedly from his chrysalis state and turned him into a glorious butterfly. Half a dozen seniors pushed into him and barged him against the board.

Ferg’s eyes flashed round. Captain of Cricket was not to be barged like a common-or-garden fag!

“Here, chuck that!” rapped Ferg.

Corkran smiled pleasantly. He had slipped his ash under his arm, all ready for Ferguson.

“Did you speak to me, Ferguson?” he asked.

“I jolly well did!” retorted Ferg.

Corky slipped his ash down into his hand.

“That’s six for side!” he remarked. “Go over!”

Aubrey & Co. stood round, grinning. This was Jimmy McCann’s new Captain of Cricket, empowered to whop any man for slacking, even the captain of the school! Nevertheless, he was a fag of the Fourth and could be whopped for “side”—any prefect could whop any junior for side, and the prefect was judge and jury in the case. And to tell the truth, Ferg had rather put on roll since McCann’s order had appeared on the board.

Ferg eyed Corky and the rest uncertainly. But he realised that they had him! He went over.

Corkran laid on that six with scientific skill. Bullock’s hint was fresh in his mind. Ferguson had to be taught manners to begin with. At Early Nets, irresistible power would be in his hands. It was an awful prospect, unless he had been taught manners in time. Corky took six shots, and every shot rang.

Aubrey & Co. walked away, grinning. Ferg departed from the spot wriggling, and looking as if he was trying to fold himself up like a penknife. But while he wriggled, Ferg’s eyes gleamed.

“Let ’em wait!” said Ferg.

The blood of MacFheargus, founder of the mighty clan of Ferguson, was boiling in his veins. Ferg, at the moment, was an inconsiderable fag, whopped for side! But let ’em wait! At Early Nets they were jolly well going to see who was who and what was what!

Whopping for slacking was a rule at High Coombe—more honoured in the breach than the observance. But it was going to be enforced now! Under the reign of John Andrew Ferguson, High Coombe seniors might or might not become good cricketers—but one thing was certain; if whop-

ping could do it, there would be no lack of whopping!

### A Poser for Ferg!

**B**OB DARRELL grinned.

John Andrew Ferguson frowned.

They met on the cricket ground at half-past six on a bright, invigorating morning. They had met one another—and nobody else! Ferg was first. Not only was Ferg keen to carry out the new duties entrusted to him by James McCann, but he was keen anyhow.

Like Jimmy McCann, Ferg had a spot of ginger in his hair and also in his nature. Ferg was ready to turn out an hour before rising-bell for fielding practice—ready and willing and keen.

Bob Darrell had turned out. He was second on the ground—and last! He was keen enough, so far as cricket went, but it could not be said that he was keen on jumping to the orders of a fag. However, he jumped. Rotten as it undoubtedly was, High Coombe had asked for it, and got it—that was that!

“Where are the others?” asked Ferguson.

Bob shook his head.

“Shall we get going?” he asked.

Ferg’s blue eyes glinted.

“Do they think they will get by with this?” he demanded.

“Not knowing, can’t say,” answered Bob. “Did you tell Bullock to turn up?” This was sarcasm. Even Ferg, in his new glory, was not likely to issue commands to the games-master!

“Don’t be an ass!” said Ferg.

“What?”

“An ass—a silly ass!” explained Ferguson.

Bob breathed hard. Such a remark from a Fourth Form fag to a Fifth Form man, a member of the Eleven, called for kicking.

But—There was a but—a tremendous “but.” At the present moment, Ferg of the Fourth could no more be kicked than could James McCann, or the Chairman of the Board of Governors. From 6.30 to 7.15 Ferg was monarch of all he surveyed. For on the board, among the other notices, was that paper, written in the rather scrawling round-hand of John Andrew Ferguson, and it ran:

#### EARLY NETS.

Vth and Vth Forms, for Fielding.  
6.30 to 7.15.

J. A. FERGUSON, Capt. of Cricket.

That notice had caused even a greater sensation at High Coombe than James McCann’s own.

It was cheek—unparalleled cheek! But it was not cheek for which J. A. Ferguson could be whopped. It was his business in his new position—mere routine; that, and nothing more. If J. A. Ferguson had ordered them to turn out at 5.30 or 4.30, it was difficult to see how the order could have been disputed.

But only Darrell of the Fifth had turned out. This was not the way to

treat a Captain of Cricket; but it was, seemingly, the way the Fifth and Sixth Forms chose to treat that particular Captain of Cricket! Perhaps they hoped that the six administered by Corkran would have a deterrent effect on John Andrew. If he had the audacity to rouse them from their balmy slumbers, it was certain that he would be whopped for side at very frequent intervals during the day.

No doubt Ferg knew that. But Ferg did not worry. He was going to carry on and exercise just authority from six-thirty to seven-fifteen, regardless of possible consequences. Jimmy McCann had not mistaken his man. He seldom did!

**B**OB DARRELL waited. He did not kick Ferg, and Ferg, for forty-five minutes that morning, was unkickable. Ferg had a cricket stump under his arm. Horrifying as it was, Ferg, if he saw good, could tell Darrell of the Fifth to "go over." "Lip" at games practice was a good and sufficient reason. Bob suppressed his feelings and gave Ferg no lip.

Ferguson stared towards the House. There was no sign of life. Old Liggins had not yet turned out to clang the rising-bell. The Head was an early riser. But if he was up, he had gone down for his usual bathe on the sand-ridge fronting the Atlantic. Ferg stared—but he could not stare the slackers out of their beds. It was a time for action, or else throwing up the sponge. Almost any junior in Ferg's peculiar position would have backed out. Not so the fiery descendant of the great MacFheargus!

"Wait here!" said Ferguson to Darrell. He threw the words over his shoulder, like a Sixth Form man speaking to a fag. Darrell suppressed his feelings again and waited. He was half-vexed, half-amused, and he was certainly very curious indeed to see how Ferg would handle this.

Ferguson walked off to the House. He had given the slackers five minutes' grace, and not a man had turned up. Obviously, nobody but Darrell had any intention of turning up.

In the House, Ferg reflected. Aubrey Compton, once his fag-master, was at the bottom of it, of course—he was at the bottom of every defiance of the Blighter. Once upon a time Ferg had been as keen as anybody in taking the same side. But he had learned to know Jimmy better since. And now he was Captain of Cricket!

Ferg's loathing for McCann had changed into something like hero-worship. Even Darrell was lukewarm in his enthusiasm for the new Head compared with Ferguson. Ferg's footsteps led him in the direction of Dormitory No. 3, where Compton and Seymour slept on after Darrell had turned out and left them.

But he paused. Changing his direction, Ferguson headed for the Sixth Form studies. Aubrey, no doubt, was pulling the strings, as usual, but the chief offender was the man who should have set an example to the school—Tredegar of the Sixth, Captain of High Coombe. Tred was

still captain of the school, though the games had been taken out of his hands. Tred was the man of whom an example ought to be made.

Ferguson knew that if he funked it he was unworthy of the trust Mr. McCann placed in him; that if he let the Captain of High Coombe off he might as well let the rest off and go back to the Fourth Form dormitory for another snooze and chuck the whole thing. And let McCann think him a slacker, a funk, a weakling! Never! He paused as he arrived at Tredegar's door, then turned the handle and threw the door open.

"Tredegar!" he shouted.  
Tred, in bed in the alcove, was fast asleep. If he awakened at that shout in the doorway he gave no sign of it.  
"Turn out!" shouted Ferguson.  
"Hear me, Tredegar?"

Other Sixth Form men, in adjoining rooms, heard him. Some of them sat up to listen. Corkran realised that that "six" had done no good whatever. The cheeky little beast was carrying on as if he had never had six at all! Well, later in the day he would be sorry for it, unless he had a hide like a rhinoceros. With that comforting thought, Corky put his head on the pillow again.

Tredegar's head was still on the pillow. He had not moved. For a third time Ferguson shouted in vain.

Then he stepped into the study and dragged back the blinds, letting in a

flood of bright sunlight. He stepped across to the bed-alcove.

"Tredegar, you rotten slacker!" bawled Ferg.

Tred's eyes opened and gave the new Captain of Cricket a look that might have withered any fag. It did not wither Ferg.

"Get out!" rapped Ferguson.

The Captain of High Coombe breathed hard and deep.

"You cheeky little beast!" he said. "Get out of my room! I give you two seconds before I get up and kick you out."

Ferg reached for the bedclothes, grabbed them, and jerked them off. Tredegar was out of bed with a bound.

Ferguson slipped the stump from under his arm into his hand. Almost his heart failed him as the enraged Captain of High Coombe towered over him like a giant, red with rage. But not quite! The heart of J. A. Ferguson was stout—and it needed to be at that moment.

He swished the stump under the nose of the towering Sixth Form man. "Go over, Tredegar!" said Ferguson.

### Turning 'em Out!

"**G**O over!" Tredegar of the Sixth repeated the words like a fellow in a dream. He refrained for the moment from grasping Ferg and



The seniors were vastly entertained by the sight of J. A. Ferguson going along the passage in a series of kangaroo-like bounds, urged by the busy and incessant foot of the Captain of High Coombe.

## Captain—and Fag!

annihilating him. This imp, this shrimp, was telling him, Tredegar of the Sixth, to go over! And he said it as if he meant it, and flourished a cricket stump—evidently with the intention of applying the same to Tred's pyjamas when he went over!

Tred refrained from stamping him out of existence. He looked at his determined, freckled face and the brandished stump. Then Tred's mighty grasp fell on Ferguson.

A stump—indeed, a whole cricket outfit—could not help Ferg then. He was swept off the floor in that giant grasp and whizzed through the doorway of the study like a stone from a catapult.

He crashed on the opposite wall, slid to the floor, and gasped:

"Urrrrg-gugggh!"

"Go over!" said Tred, repeating it

once more. "Go over, you little blighter! I'll teach you something!"

Tred was not finished yet. Slinging Ferg out of his study was not enough. Indeed, boiling in oil would hardly have been enough. Tred strode out of the study after him.

Fortunately for Ferg, he did not linger to put on his shoes, or even slippers. Still, Tred's feet were fairly large, and rather heavy—and even with bare toes he was able to do considerable execution. Ferg, sprawling, received the first one in the ribs—he rolled over and got the next on the other side—then he bounded up, and the third kick almost lifted him along the passage.

His stump had dropped somewhere in Tred's study, when Ferg dropped in the passage. Ferg did not run—as a fag of the Fourth he might naturally have done so; as Captain of Cricket he could not run from a

rebellious slacker, who turned on him mutinously instead of taking six, as in duty bound. Ferg disdained to run.

Nevertheless, he retreated down the passage. That was inevitable, with the biggest and heaviest fellow at High Coombe kicking him just as hard as he could kick with bare feet. A door opened and Corkran looked out; another door opened and Coffin looked out. Both grinned.

They were annoyed at being awakened early, but they were entertained by the sight of J. A. Ferguson going along the passage in a series of kangaroo-like bounds, urged by the busy and incessant foot of the Captain of High Coombe.

"Give him one for me, Tred!" grinned Corky.

"And a few for me!" yawned Coffin.

Tred was already giving as many

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**A**RE you taking advantage of MODERN BOY's wonderful new double prize offer? If not, don't lose a moment, but make up your mind to try it here and now. Your Editor is giving away *Actual Hand-Written Autographs of Famous Cricketers* in exchange for readers' own signatures, together with those of a few pals!

This is all you have to do: *Sign your own name* in the top left-hand space on the coupon here, and add your age and address in the spaces provided at the side. Then persuade five of your pals (whether "M. B." readers or not) to add *their* autographs, ages and addresses, too, in the other spaces. Each form should contain six different signatures, including your own, and be completed *in ink*. Then post to:

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so that it reaches there by Wednesday, July 10th. If you have already entered one or more of these contests, you can still enter for this one—just fill in your own signature, etc., at the top of the coupon, then get five other pals—whose signatures we have NOT already had—to give you their autographs and addresses. You should make a special point of doing this, in any case, as it will put you in the running for the valuable Special Bat Prize as explained below!

Each week the Editor is selecting the two sets of autographs which, in his opinion, are the best written and indicate the most character for the ages. The twelve competitors whose names appear on the winning coupons each receive a free set of six genuine hand-written cricketers' signatures. Only entries on the proper forms will be accepted. The Editor's decision will be final and employees of the proprietors of MODERN BOY must not compete.

**SPECIAL EXTRA PRIZE!** In addition to the hand-written signatures, your Editor has secured a Cricket Bat containing the signatures of all the South African Touring Side now in England, and this he is keeping as a special prize for the fellow who sends in the greatest number of different signatures during the run of the competition, thus giving you *two* fine prize opportunities! Full details for the claiming of this prize will be given in "Signatures" Contest No. 6, but meanwhile get busy and send us as many of your pals' signatures as you can. Note that each form sent must contain five different names, apart from your own, and be sure to *keep a note* of how many signatures you send in each week.

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as he could pack into the time. His leg, long and powerful, seemed to work automatically. At the end of the passage Ferg flew from a final kick and landed on hands and knees, roaring. In the scanty state of his attire, Tred did not care to pursue him farther. Leaving him for dead, as it were, he walked back to his study—limping a little. He had hurt his big toe on the little beast.

Not till he got back to his room did reflection come. Tred, so far, had acted entirely without thinking, in the natural wrath and indignation of a Sixth Form man checked by a pernicious little beast of a fag. But when he got back he did not turn in again—he sat on the edge of the bed, wondering.

Was anything going to happen? Properly speaking, the affair should have finished at that. A fag had checked him and had been kicked. There was an end! But was there? McCann, of course, was mad to dream of appointing a junior Captain of Cricket and giving him whopping privs. But if he happened to be in earnest—and Tred knew only too surely and sadly what an earnest Blighter it was! He sat in his pyjamas, with a wrinkled brow, uneasily wondering.

Meanwhile, Ferguson found solace in roaring. He was damaged—he felt like a Soccer ball after a hard game. He picked himself up at last. Then he noticed that a shadow barred the morning sunlight in the open doorway.

**T**HE stocky figure of James McCann stood there; the blue-grey eyes were on Ferguson. Ferg, blushing scarlet, wished that he had not roared, and wondered whether the Head had heard him. He hoped that the Head hadn't; he would have given a great deal to recall those anguished roars. Now he assumed a detached, almost jaunty manner, to show that he was all right. How the thump did McCann happen to be there? He must have cut out his usual bathe on the sand-ridge that morning.

How much had he seen? How much did he know? It was greatly to the credit of Ferg that even while feeling like an overworked football he did not want to get old Tred into a row with the Head. He blinked almost guiltily at James McCann, hoping that the Head hadn't seen him kicked.

"Good-morning, Ferguson!" said Jimmy. "I have given the field a look-in, and find only one man there."

"Oh! Yes, sir!" stammered Ferg.

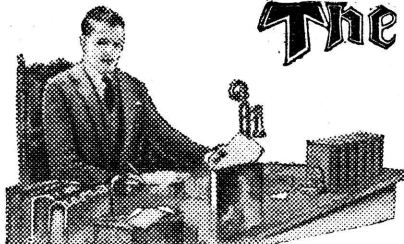
Was the Blighter going to sack him from his new position?

Nothing was farther from Jimmy's thoughts. Jimmy had beheld the final kick that had landed Ferg, sprawling and roaring, in front of the doorway. Jimmy knew what he was going to do. "Follow me, Ferguson."

Jimmy walked up past the Sixth Form studies. Corkran and Coffin were still at their doors, and Lacy also was looking out. All three popped back, like rabbits into burrows, at the sight of the stocky

(Continued on next page)

# The Editor Talks



Address your letters to:  
The Editor, **THE MODERN BOY**,  
Fleetway House,  
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All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer

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**T**HERE'S ONE MORE SIGNATURE wanted on that grand Cricket Bat on page 12—and that's YOURS, as its owner!

How does that idea appeal to you? Can you picture yourself writing YOUR name at the foot of the signatures of all the South African Test Players already upon it?

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**C**ORPORAL CORRIGAN!—You've made firm friends with him, of course, and you're looking forward to his next lively adventure Next Saturday. You're not going to be disappointed—take it from me! There are some hectic doings in Pine Creek Valley, and the Corporal and his four-legged chum, Midnight, are going to provide you with some more REAL excitement that you won't easily forget!

**N**EXT WEEK'S PROGRAMME is a specially FULL one! In addition to another Mountie story, Captain Justice, the School for Slackers, another long Mountain of Light instalment, and the centre pages feature of "Latest by Air, Land, and Sea," there will be special articles that will interest YOU immensely—and a Special Message to all MODERN BOY readers from A. E. R. Gilligan, the former Sussex and England cricket captain—one of the finest fieldsmen who ever played for England!

One of the best MODERN BOY issues of the year, you'll agree!

**T**HE OLD BOY'S SOLUTIONS to his posers on page 13 are: 1. Lowestoft; 2. Sidmouth; 3. Seaton; 4. Westgate-on-Sea; 5. Weston-super-Mare; 6. Minehead; 7. Dartmouth. How many of these did YOU manage?

**J**UBILEE STAMPS—AND A BAND. Roy H. Lane, of "Rutland," 28, Strathaven Road, Lee, London, S.E.12, wishes to correspond with MODERN BOY readers all over the Empire, by Air-Mail, with the object of exchanging Jubilee stamps, used and unused. He has several countries at his disposal for swapping.

And R. Tuckey, of 32, Hardy Road,

Blackheath, London, S.E.3, wants to form a dance band of MODERN BOY readers between the ages of 13 and 16. Local readers interested are invited to write to him.

**L**IGHTHOUSES ON LAND may be common sights before long. The Air Ministry are now at work on a survey of possible air-routes up and down the country. Experience has shown that in U.S.A., the most air-minded of all countries, half the commercial flying is done at night. This means that planes must have beacon lights along their course.

Rotating light beacons such as are used over there will have to come in this country—and, like the steel towers for the electric grid, they will alter the look of our countryside a bit!

**T**HE LISTS OF KINGS of England in our history books usually start with William I and end with George V. At the great banquet that the Corporation of the City of London gave the King a short time ago, there was on view a little dried-up piece of parchment with some shaky writing in Norman-French. It was the charter William I gave London shortly after Hastings fight!

It is not usually shown to visitors, but I managed to get a sight of it once. It's kept under glass, in a sort of picture frame. I wouldn't like to guess what it is worth!

**S**HIPOLOAD OF FISH EGGS!—Some mysterious-looking long wooden troughs recently were put on board a ship at Southampton for Singapore. They contained thousands of trout eggs, which are to be placed in the mountain streams of Malaya so that Englishmen can have their trout-fishing even in the tropics!

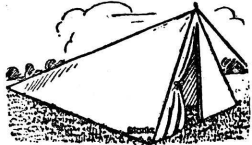
But this sort of thing doesn't always work. Some bright spark once thought it would be nice to introduce goldfish to Madagascar, the big island off the east coast of Africa.

They grew to unheard-of sizes, ate up all the other fish in the rivers, and—turned black! So they weren't even ornamental. And as for being any use for eating—well, try one! Ugh!

SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY!

# BETTER VALUE LOWER PRICES

FROM BLANKS



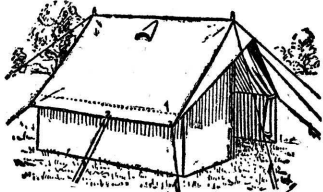
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## Captain—and Fag!

figure advancing. They closed their doors very softly. They decided not to go back to bed but to dress—and by a coincidence they decided to get into flannels. Mr. McCann's footsteps passed on to Tredegar's room, Ferg trailing after him.

Tred had not shut his door yet. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he was reflecting—and he jumped, as a stocky figure dawned on his eyes. He rose from the bed and stood staring at Mr. McCann.

McCann gave him a nod. Then his eyes fell on the cricket stump, lying on Tred's carpet. He made a gesture towards it.

"Pick that up, Ferguson!" Ferg picked it up. "Tredegar, you have seen the notice on the board?"

"I've seen the paper stuck up by Ferguson, sir!"

"Exactly! The time given was six-thirty, I think," said Mr. McCann. "It is now a quarter to seven. Why are you not at the nets?"

TRED did not speak. How to deal with this situation now that it had arisen, poor Tred did not know. He wondered what Aubrey Compton would have done. Old Aubrey might have been able to handle it. Tred couldn't! He simply blinked at the Head.

"Ferguson, I conclude that you came here to give Tredegar six for slacking?" McCann was able to deduce that from the stump and from what had happened to Ferg.

"Yes, sir!" gasped Ferg. "Proceed to do so."

Now, Ferg liked old Tred, as everybody did, and admired him, too, though not his cricket! But Ferg had an official position to keep up—till a quarter-past seven, at least—and Ferg was aching and paining all over from hefty kicks. Ferg took a businesslike grip on the stump.

Once more he pronounced the words:

"Go over, Tredegar!" Tredegar did not stir. He looked at McCann. Mr. McCann's face was quiet and serious. Tred found his voice.

"You don't mean that, sir!" McCann looked at him, raising his eyebrows.

"I generally mean what I say, Tredegar! Why should you suppose that, in this instance, I am speaking idly?"

"You can't mean it!" panted the Captain of High Coombe. "Look here, sir—"

"You are wasting time, Tredegar, which would be better spent in fielding practice!"

"It can't be done!" Tred took his courage in both hands, as it were—he had to resist this. "I'm a Sixth Form man, a four-yearer, and Captain of the School! And I can't—"

"You are a Sixth Form man, a four-yearer, and Captain of the School," conceded James McCann. "You are also a slacker! The slacker is going to have six from that stump; and the Sixth Form man, the

four-yearer, and Captain of the School must make the best of it. Go over!"

"I'll go over for you, sir, if you like!" Tred choked.

"Impossible!" said Mr. McCann gravely. "The Sixth Form are not caned, and I should be very sorry indeed to have to break with that rule. I should not think of caning you, Tredegar. I am here to see you obey the order of the Captain of Cricket of High Coombe, who is entitled to give you six for slacking. And I cannot wait!"

"I won't!" said Tred, with a deep breath.

"I am sorry," said James McCann regretfully. "I shall be very sorry indeed, Tredegar, to see you leave."

"Leave!" stuttered Tredegar.

"Dress yourself now! You need not put on flannels, as you will be leaving High Coombe immediately after breakfast, and that, of course, washes out fielding practice for you. Pack your box, Tredegar; you will be catching the nine o'clock train at Okeham. I will drive you to the station."

The room seemed to be spinning round Tredegar. He gazed almost wildly at the Blighter. McCann spoke quietly, with real regret in his look and voice, but with iron decision. Sacked!

McCann stepped out of the room. It appeared that he regarded the matter as finished.

"One moment, sir!" Tred gasped. Mr. McCann glanced back.

"Have you anything further to say, Tredegar?"

"I—I—I—" Tred seemed to be afflicted with stuttering. "I—I—I'll go over!"

And he did!

Ferguson of the Fourth wielded the cricket stump scientifically. Six loud whacks echoed along the passage—echoed in other studies and made Sixth Form men jump! It was all the worse for Tred, because he was still in pyjamas—poor protection against a cricket stump wielded in a determined hand.

The humiliation of it was worse than the pain, no doubt; still, there was no doubt that it was painful. Sixth Form man, four-yearer, and Captain of the School as he was, Tred found it hard to keep from yelping like a fag under a prefect's ash.

McCann mercifully walked away, and made it a point not to see the infliction.

Tred rose, after the whopping, with a burning face. Ferg tucked the stump under his arm in quite the manner of a Blood who had whopped a slacker.

"Get into your flannels!" he said, over his shoulder, as he left the study.

Tred did not answer. He was past speech. He got into his flannels.

## Out of the Frying Pan!

CAPES, master of the Fourth, came to the rescue. That afternoon he put Ferguson in Extra.

Early Nets that morning had been well attended, after all, in spite of

the determination of Sixth and Fifth to pass the new Captain of Cricket by, like the idle wind which they regarded not.

The whopping of Tredegar had worked the oracle. The news of that whopping spread like wildfire. Ferguson sent Coffin of the Sixth—a perfect—round to call the men who were required to turn out! A prefect of the Sixth—running about at the orders of a fag of the Fourth! It was too staggering—yet Coffin went!

He was more inclined to take Ferguson by the scruff of the neck and bang his head on the wall of the pavilion. He very nearly did it—but not quite! Instead of obeying his own inclinations, he obeyed Ferg's directions. If the Captain of the School had been whopped, it was not much use for any other man to hope to escape whopping if he asked for it. And Coffin, no more than Tred, wanted to catch that train at Okeham.

The men turned up—most of them late; all of them savage and sulky—Aubrey Compton, indeed, looking rather like a demon in a pantomime. Ferg wondered afterwards how he had escaped being mobbed at Early Nets by that crowd of disgruntled and infuriated seniors.

Gratifying as his new power and authority were, he was rather glad at seven-fifteen when he had to dis-

card it; and when the quarter struck Ferg cut rather promptly. But in break that morning he put a new paper on the board: "Senior Nets at four."

"After three" was the end of school, unless a fellow was put in Extra. Fellows seldom or never were put in Extra at High Coombe. After three was a happy time of slacking—at games or anything else that pleased a fellow's fancy. When Tredegar had put up such a notice, fellows had been accustomed to turn up or not as they jolly well pleased.

Under the gentle guidance of McCann, Tred had started a new line of firmness—Randal had been whopped for cutting games practice. But Tred had soon abandoned that line, and entered heart and soul into the general resistance of High Coombe to the new headmaster—even to the extent of ragging McCann by throwing a cricket match away under his eyes. For which reason the new dispensation had come to pass; and every man who read Ferg's paper, "Senior Nets at four," knew that Ferg meant business.

Slogging at the nets in the sun, under the cheeky eye of a cocky junior, it was intolerable and unendurable—had not the alternative been worse.

Thus it was that Capes came to the rescue. In his role of a boy

among boys, Capes was keen on the side of the injured seniors of High Coombe. As a Form-master, he could put a fellow in Extra School if he liked.

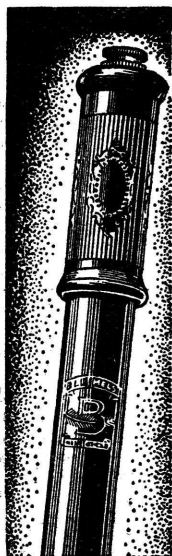
He had to have a reason, of course. That was easy enough. Ferg had "skewed his con"! Every other fellow in the Fourth Form, as well as Ferguson, had skewed his con. But Capes did not put them in Extra. Ferg was landed in Extra. And if McCann had been curious to know why, Capes was ready to tell him. He reflected sardonically that a Blighter who had found serious fault with the state of knowledge in the Fourth Form could hardly complain if the master of the Fourth put a boy in Extra for skewing his con. He had the Blighter there!

In Big Study they rejoiced, and blessed the name of Capes.

In Extra, Ferguson did not rejoice.

He resolved, savagely, to put in some hard swotting that term, and give Capes no more pretexts for shoving him in Extra. So out of evil was likely to come good! Meanwhile, however, he was stuck in Extra; and he thought dismally of his notice on the board, and the seniors grinning at it. He knew, of course, why Capes had shoved him in Extra; all High Coombe knew; and probably the Blighter himself would guess—but what could even the Head

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## Captain—and Fag!

do? It was an undoubted fact that Ferg had skewed his con!

And so it came to pass that when Jimmy McCann glanced from his study window at four he did not behold the expected scene of activity at the nets. At ten minutes past four he glanced again. He saw fellows in flannels gathering there. Bullock did not appear. Bullock, suffering under a severe sense of injury and grievance, was sulking. But Sixth and Fifth Form men turned up—even Aubrey. It seemed rather safer to turn up; also, they knew that the Blighter's eye would be on them, and that he would not see what he expected to see.

It was one in the eye for the Blighter—and his precious new Captain of Cricket! When word passed round that McCann could be seen at his study window in the distance, a joyous grin was reflected from face to face.

"WE'VE got the rotter on toast!" said Aubrey. "He can't say we haven't turned up! We're not exertin' ourselves fearfully, perhaps—but here we are! What?"

"What-ho!" chuckled Teddy.

"Well, what about doing something now we're here?" grunted Bob. "Don't be an ass, Darrell!"

Capes walked down with Tredegar. Capes was smiling. Tred looked rather glum; he could not help remembering that he had had to "go over" that morning. Still, he drew comfort from the fact that McCann was getting "one in the eye." Likely enough, he would come along to inquire why Ferguson wasn't there. Let him! What could he do? Not a

thing! Capes, realising that, smiled, and most of the seniors smiled.

Jimmy's face disappeared from his study window.

Five minutes later he appeared in sight, walking down to the field. He was in flannels. Why the deuce the Blighter had changed into flannels no man knew. Not that they cared. "Darrell!" he called. "Where is Ferguson?"

"I've heard that he's in Extra, sir."

Jimmy turned to Mr. Capes, who smiled a respectful smile.

"Ferguson's construe this morning was so very bad, sir, I had to give him an Extra School," explained Capes.

There was a pause. Jimmy's face was hard to read; but Bob at least knew that he had guessed already that Ferguson had been wangled off the scene somehow. Was that why he had come out in Flannels? Bob wondered.

Aubrey winked at Teddy Seymour. The wind was taken out of the Blighter's sails this time! Even if he divined exactly and precisely how the matter stood—as very likely he did—what could he do? Rag a master for putting a man in Extra for a skewed con? Impossible!

"For how long is Ferguson in Extra, Mr. Capes?" McCann asked.

"From four to five-thirty, sir." Capes was beautifully respectful, with quite a cat-like softness in his manner. He had the winning cards. "I was sorry to have to give a boy of my Form an Extra School, sir, but you remember speaking to me on the subject of undue leniency—"

"Quite!" said Mr. McCann. He dismissed the subject. "Ferguson not being available, I will take this practice personally," he said. "Let us lose no more time."

Bob Darrell grinned. He could not help it. The expression on the faces round him might have made a stone image grin.

That practice was timed for four to five-thirty: precisely the time that the call of duty had compelled Mr. Capes to put Ferg in Extra! Ferg sat in Extra, making new resolves about swotting. On the cricket ground, the seniors of High Coombe suffered under McCann as certainly

they never would have suffered under Ferguson.

He kept them at it! He drove them, as Peverill said afterwards, almost with tears in his eyes, like a dashed slave-driver! McCann himself was tireless. Aubrey & Co. were not! If the High Coombe cricketers were rotter in one branch of the game than another, it was in fielding. McCann took them specially in hand in that branch. Impervious to fatigue, McCann kept them on the go.

Fellows who dropped catches received scaring remarks from him; fellows who dawdled and slacked were bucked up by a voice that took no denial. When Aubrey, perspiring, tired, sulky, enraged, and reckless, flatly refused to go after a ball, the Blighter made him go over, and gave him six with a stump; after which, even the infuriated Aubrey did not kick over the traces any more.

Leather-hunting, as a pastime, had never appealed to the High Coombers; but never had they hated it and loathed it so fearfully as now. Before half-past five rang out from the clock-tower they were wondering whether their legs were going to drop off; wishing frantically that Ferguson had come instead of McCann; and longing wildly to kick Capes for greasing up to them by shoving Ferg in Extra.

Even Bob Darrell was fed-up by the time the clock struck—and when it did strike it seemed to the suffering seniors almost too good to be true.

"I'll make the Blighter sit up for this!" groaned Aubrey, tenderly feeling his bruised and tingling palms. "Look at him!" he added, as the Head left the field. "He's half killed us, and he hasn't even turned a hair himself!"

Ferguson, coming out of Extra, stared at the sight of a crowd of seniors, crawling in like snails.

Ferguson grinned. But Ferg had the grin all to himself. In the Fifth and the Sixth there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth!

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