

**FLYING BOMBERS!**—Great War Flying Story by  
**GEO. E. ROCHESTER**

# **The MODERN BOY**

EVERY SATURDAY.  
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**2<sup>D.</sup>**



**A THOUSAND MILES OF THRILLS!**—See Capt. Eyston's Own Story Inside!

# PIE on the WARPATH!

**Thirsting for vengeance, the Goat of the Fifth bikes out on the trail—and rides into Deeper Mystery!**

**"I'm Jolly Well Going!"**

**C**AMPION of the Sixth, head boy of Oakshott School, grinned. He was coming up the gravel path outside the bicycle-house at Oakshott. The door of that building was wide open. From the interior, voices could be heard in tones of excited argument. There were four voices, all speaking at once; but loudest of all was that of Porrhage, the Goat of the Fifth. Pie was fairly shouting: "I'm going! See? You swabs can come if you like, or you can stick here and let me down! I don't care! I'm going!"

"You silly ass!" came Len Lex's quiet voice.

"You goat!" That was a roar from Harvey.

"You priceless idiot!" A yell from Banks of the Fifth.

"You can call a fellow names!" Pie was bawling. "I'm going! I told that nose tick I'd punch him if I came across him again! Well, I've come across him again. I'm going over to that house on Greenwood Down—"

"You're not!" Three voices hooted in unison.

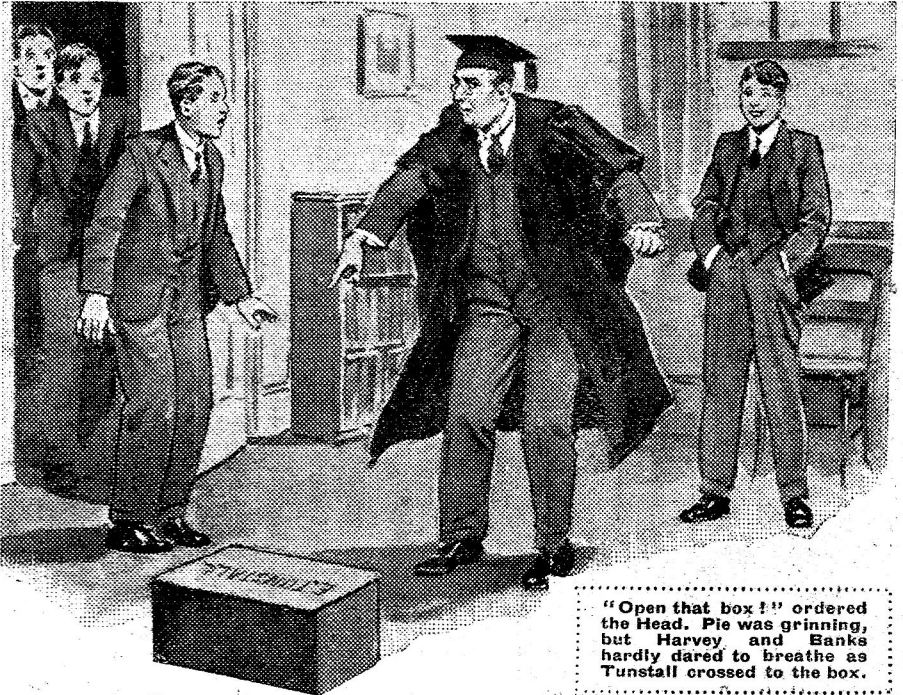
"I jolly well am! I don't care if he comes up to the Head! Let him, if he likes! I'm going over—"

Campion stepped into the doorway, a grin on his face, his official ash under his arm. Porrhage stopped in mid-bawl, as it were. Even the Goat of the Fifth realised that an expedition the object of which was to punch a man's face had better be kept from the knowledge of prefects!

"You men seem to be arguing!"

Len Lex, the schoolboy detective, was looking very curiously at Campion. He could see, what did not occur to his friends, that the head boy had not barged in by chance. Campion had come there specially. From which Len—Detective-Inspector Nixon's nephew—deduced, correctly, that Campion knew what was on, and had come there to stop it. Somebody who knew of Pie's warlike stunt had put the head boy wise.

"These chaps," said Pie, "keep on jawing! They're too jolly slack to bike as far as Greenwood—that's what's the matter with them. See you later, you men!"



"Open that box!" ordered the Head. Pie was grinning, but Harvey and Banks hardly dared to breathe as Tunstall crossed to the box.

Pie grasped his bike and lifted it from the stand. Hitherto, his three friends had prevented that action. In the presence of a prefect, they did not intervene.

"Hold on!" said Campion. "Where are you going, Porrhage?"

"Spin over to Greenwood."

"Seeing anybody there?"

Porrhage hesitated. Obviously, he could not tell the head boy that he was biking over to Greenwood to seek out a man and punch his face!

"Well?" said Campion grimly.

"Well, a chap might see a chap," stammered Pie.

"Quite!" agreed Campion. "You fellows were late for roll yesterday. You came in with a prize nose, Porrhage, and you've still got it. You had a scrap with somebody yesterday round about Greenwood, and you're going over to-day for some more of the same—what?"

Pie breathed hard.

"I suppose a man can go out on his bike, after class, if he likes, Campion!"

"A man can," assented the prefect, "but not to hunt for trouble. You're gated, Porrhage!"

Harvey and Banks grinned. Argument and persuasion were wasted on

Pie. But gating was an argument that he could not disregard. Gated, he could not visit the house in the wood on Greenwood Down and punch the face of the dweller therein. Which was a great relief to Pie's friends.

"I—I—I say, look here, Campion," exclaimed the dismayed Pie, as the head boy was turning away, "I don't know how you got on to this, but—I'll explain. I found a vulture-nosed rotter over at Greenwood yesterday who played me a dirty trick first day of term—slung my bag out on to a platform, and when I tried to get back into the train after rescuing my bag, the rotter pushed me over and made me miss the train..."

"Well, I found him over at Greenwood yesterday. These asses dragged me back to school before I could punch his head, so I'm going over to-day to do it!"

"Oakshott seniors," said Campion, "are not allowed to go out hunting for trouble, and punching people's faces. I'm glad I've got on to this. If you punched the man's face, and he brought it here to show the Head, it would mean a flogging. You're gated!"

Campion walked away. Pie stood holding his bike and glaring after the departing prefect. He looked round at his friends.

"How did Campion get on to this?" he growled. "Some swab must have told him! Some rotten sneak! Well, I'm going, all the same!"

Porrhage wheeled his bike to the door. Len Lex, Banks, and Harvey exchanged a look, and hurled themselves at their chum.

Len hooked away the bike and

By  
**CHARLES  
HAMILTON**

## Pie on the Warpath!

swung it back to the stand. Harvey and Banks grabbed Pie, and hooked him away from the bike. Pie resisted fiercely.

"Lend a hand here, Lex!" gasped Banks.

Len lent a hand. Porringe still resisted, but the three of them were rather too much for him. They walked him out of the bike-shed. He still surged and heaved, but he went. There was no warlike expedition for Porringe of the Fifth that afternoon.

### Tunstall's Motive!

"LEN, old son, you're growing dense!"

Len Lex made that remark to himself, angrily and discontentedly. There was a furrow in the brow of the schoolboy detective as he stood, hands in his pockets, apparently interested in nothing in particular, but with a keen eye taking in Tunstall of the Fifth.

Tunstall, the new fellow at Oakshott, was loafing by an open doorway at a little distance. That door gave access from the quad to the senior day-room, which was under the Fifth Form studies. Dr. Osborne, the headmaster of Oakshott, had stepped in some time ago, doubtless to speak to some of the seniors there. It looked as if Tunstall was waiting for him to come out.

The new fellow constituted a problem that deeply intrigued the schoolboy detective; and seldom as it was that Len found himself up against a problem he could not solve, he had to admit that Eric Tunstall, so far, beat him.

That Len knew anything of his affairs Tunstall had not the remotest idea. But Len knew from his uncle, Bill Nixon, that Tunstall was the heir of Sir Gilbert Tunstall, and that he had been sent to Oakshott to make good after being sacked from his previous school, Higham.

Tunstall had denied the charges, and declared they had been faked by Sir Gilbert's other grandson, Varney, who had also been at Higham. He had been unable to prove his assertions, but Sir Gilbert had given him this second chance, and sent Varney travelling with a tutor.

If Tunstall failed to make good, he would be disinherited, in his cousin's favour. And so far as Oakshott he had done everything possible to land himself into trouble—smoking in Study No. 8, which he shared with Len & Co.; breaking bounds; cutting roll-call, and visiting a low public-house.

Several times other fellows had done him good turns, keeping him out of rows, and he had repaid them with bitter and malicious animosity.

And what was his connection with the vulture-nosed man at the lonely house on Greenwood Down? He had betrayed the fact that he knew the man. Now somebody had tipped Campion about Pie's warlike intentions—and Len knew that it must be the new fellow who had done so. He wanted to keep Oakshott fellows away

from that lonely house on the down. Why?

He loathed Pie, and would have been glad to land him in a row—which almost certainly would have been the result of that expedition had Pie carried it out. Why had he tipped Campion, and put a stop to it?

Len despised the shady, dingy, blackguardly tick from the bottom of his heart. It was galling, humiliating, to be beaten by such a rank outsider. Yet the fellow had him hopelessly puzzled.

Tunstall made a sudden movement, ceasing his slack loafing. Len watched.

Dr. Osborne emerged from the doorway. His glance fell on Tunstall, and he frowned slightly—an expression which told the schoolboy detective clearly what opinion he was forming of the new man in the Fifth. But Tunstall did not seem to see the Head—though, as Len was perfectly well aware, he had been waiting and watching for him to come out. He did not look at his headmaster, or seem in any way aware of his approach. He loafed away, a little ahead of Dr. Osborne, his hands still in his pockets.

One hand came out of a pocket. Something dropped from it. It was a small packet, and it lay on the path, behind Tunstall, as he loafed on.

Len's eyes—and Dr. Osborne's eyes—fixed on that packet. It was a packet of cigarettes! The Head undoubtedly supposed that the dingy fellow had dropped it by accident; he could hardly have imagined otherwise.

But Len Lex knew it was no accident. This was what the fellow had been waiting for! It seemed contrary to sense to suppose that a fellow, with so much at stake, wanted to be sacked. But Len had been driven to that astounding conclusion already—and now he had proof of it.

Dr. Osborne came to a stop. He glanced at the packet on the path, then called:

"Tunstall!"

The new Fifth Former gave a start and turned his head.

Len watched his face. There was nervous uneasiness in it. The fellow had done this intentionally; he had known that the Head would see that packet and call him back. But at the same time, the wrath of the headmaster scared him. He had little nerve and no courage—which, with utter recklessness, was a strange and surprising combination.

"Did—did you call me, sir?" stammered Tunstall.

"I did, Tunstall! Come here!"

Tunstall came, with lagging steps.

### Pie Plays Up!

"OH gum!" murmured Pie Porringe, as he stared down from the window of Study No. 8.

The window-sill was almost directly over the buttress on which Lex of the Fifth was leaning. Pie spotted him there—and the idea had come into his playful mind of making Lex jump by

dropping a cushion on his head from above.

So beheld Pie at the study window, cushion in hand—ready. Grinning, he looked down. Then he observed Tunstall loafing by the day-room doorway.

Pie loathed Tunstall—and he strongly suspected him of having tipped Campion about that intended expedition to Greenwood Down. He decided to let Tunstall have it instead of Lex. Pie took aim. Luckily, he dwelt long on that aim—which saved him from catching Dr. Osborne as he emerged from the doorway. By great good fortune, the cushion did not whiz as the Head emerged—and at sight of the Head below, Pie dropped it in the study behind him.

Tunstall was going—the Head was going—so there was nothing left for Pie but to return to his original idea of dropping the cushion on Lex. He waited for the Head to get off the scene first, however. And then Pie ejaculated "Oh gum!" as he witnessed the incident of the cigarette packet.

He watched breathlessly as the Head called Tunstall back. This time the smoky swab had fairly done it! Pie, forgetting that he loathed the fellow, felt quite concerned for him as he stood furtively uneasy under the Head's grim glare. Dr. Osborne's deep voice floated up to Pie.

"Pick up that packet, Tunstall—hand it to me."

The new man picked up the packet and handed it, in silence, to his headmaster.

"You dropped this, Tunstall!" said Dr. Osborne.

"Did—did I, sir?" stammered Tunstall.

"You did, Tunstall! Now, listen to me," said the Head sternly. "You have been here only a short time, Tunstall, but my attention has been very particularly directed to you. I have discussed you, very seriously, with your Form-master. I have had to take note of reports from prefects. I have been driven to doubt, Tunstall, whether you can be allowed to remain at this school. Now evidence of your conduct has met my own eyes!"

The new Fifth Former shifted uneasily, but did not speak. He was scared by his headmaster, and his look certainly did not indicate that he had deliberately planned all this. Len Lex knew that he had, though he could not begin to guess why. Such an idea did not, naturally, occur to the Head, or to Porringe at the study window.

"I shall now," pursued Dr. Osborne, "take the matter into my own hands and make a strict investigation, Tunstall. If it should prove that your possession of these cigarettes is merely an isolated act of thoughtless folly, you will be given an imposition and the matter will end there. But if I find any further evidence of bad habits on your part, I shall send you away from Oakshott. You will now go to your study, Tunstall, and I shall accompany you."

"Very well, sir!" stammered the Fifth Former.

He moved away towards the door of

the House—passing Len as he went, the Head rustling after him. Len's eyes were on the sallow, furtive face as the delinquent passed him, and he could read that furtive face like an open book. Tunstall was scared, uneasy, but inwardly gloating. His game was to get himself expelled, without appearing to desire anything of the kind—and he was getting away with it. They passed on to the doorway, leaving the schoolboy detective sorely perplexed.

Porringer, at the window, had heard every word. In three or four minutes they would arrive in Study No. 8, where Dr. Osborne would inspect Tunstall's belongings. That was the finish for the rotter. Pie knew, without looking, that in Tunstall's box in the corner there was evidence enough to sack a dozen fellows.

Pie had a kind heart. It would be ever so much more agreeable in Study No. 8 if that tick was turfed out, but Pie couldn't and wouldn't see a man sacked, if he could help. He jumped across to Tunstall's box.

Half a dozen packets of cigarettes, five or six racing papers, a couple of race programmes that hinted of actual visits to the races, met his eyes. And there was a sheet of paper, covered with writing in Tunstall's hand—a list of horses, with the odds marked.

By his own hand the fellow would be condemned, if the Big Beak's eyes fell on that. If the mad ass had actually wanted to leave himself no hope, he could not have been more thorough about it!

The sight of that heap of rotten rubbish tempted Pie to leave the miserable blackguard to his fate. The sooner he was kicked out of Oakshott, the better. But it was only for a moment. The next, Pie was grabbing those incriminating articles from the box in frantic haste.

What to do with them? Where to shove them out of sight? Nowhere in that study! Pie grabbed up a satchel intended for school books, crammed the things into it, and jumped towards the door. Footsteps were coming up the passage. He jumped back!

Those footsteps must belong to the Head and Tunstall, and he dare not be seen leaving the study with the satchel.

He remembered Len, under the window. If Len was still there—

Pie bounded to the window and leaned out, satchel in hand. Len Lex was still there, deep in thought about something, apparently. Pie gasped with relief.

Len Lex came out of that deep reverie with a jump as a satchel dropped at his feet. He glanced up and his eyes fixed in amazement on Pie's excited face, staring down. Pie pointed to the satchel—made wild gesticulations—he dared not call, for the Head was almost at the door.

Len Lex, luckily, was quick on the uptake. For a moment he wondered whether Pie had taken leave of his senses, then he caught on. He stooped, picked up the satchel, put it under his arm, and strolled away.

Pie, breathless with relief, turned from the window—to face Tunstall

and the Head as they entered Study No. 8.

### Booted Down the Passage!

HARVEY and Banks were standing at the door of Cayley's study, talking to that Fifth Former, when Tunstall came along, with the Head rustling and frowning behind him.

They looked on with grim faces as Tunstall went into Study No. 8 and the headmaster followed him in. No fellow wanted an expulsion in his Form, especially in his own study, and Harvey and Banks would gladly have kicked Tunstall for getting himself sacked. But they knew that it could mean nothing else now. The Head, obviously, was there to inspect his personal belongings, and the result was a foregone conclusion. All Study No. 8 knew what the beaks would find, if they came to look.

They went along to the doorway of Study No. 8 and stood looking in. Pie was standing with his back to the open window, looking rather red and breathless. Dr. Osborne seemed unaware of Pie at the window, and of Harvey and Banks at the door. His attention was fixed on Tunstall—and from Tunstall it went to the box in the corner, on which the name "E. Tunstall" was plainly painted. He pointed.

"Open that box, Tunstall!"

Tunstall hesitated. His manner was that of a fellow who feared what would come to light. Len Lex, had he been there, would have read it more accurately. Len knew that the fellow wanted to be sacked—unsuspected of wanting it! Len would have known that he was playing a part to keep up appearances. But his hesitation was taken at face value by those who were present.

"You hear me, Tunstall!" The Head's voice was deep. "Open that box at once."

"Very well, sir!"

Harvey and Banks hardly breathed as Tunstall crossed to the box in the corner. They knew what would come to light—what must come to light! To their surprise, Pie winked and grinned at them from the window behind the Head's back. What the unexpected wink implied, Pie's friends had not the remotest idea.

Tunstall lifted the lid of the box, throwing it back, and stepping aside for the headmaster to look down into it.

Three or four more Fifth Form men gathered behind the two at the doorway, looking in. All the Oakshott Fifth knew Tunstall's ways, and knew what this meant. All the spectators—excepting the happy Pie—waited with bated breath for the storm to burst.

Dr. Osborne's face was dark with suspicion as he looked into the box, but it cleared. He doubted the new fellow in the Fifth—doubted and suspected him; but he was glad and relieved to find no grounds for doubt and suspicion. For a long moment the Head looked, then he turned to Tunstall, with a much kinder expression than before.

"You may turn out that box, Tunstall!" he said.

Tunstall was so utterly taken aback by the change in the Head's manner that he could only goggle at him blankly.

But an imperative gesture from the Head drove him to the box, and his eyes almost started from their sockets as he looked into it. There were various articles—books and other things—in the box, but nothing was to be seen that any Oakshott fellow might not have had. Like a fellow in a dream, Tunstall turned out the box.

The Head desired to make sure that nothing dubious was hidden there—and nothing was! The incriminating articles had been full in view, on top of the other things, before Pie's masterly hand got to work. Now they were gone! Nothing came to light that would have speckled the most spotless reputation!

"You may replace those things, Tunstall." The Head's tone was still kinder. "Now, if there is any other receptacle in this study belonging to you, please point it out."

Tunstall shook his head.

"N-nothing, sir!" he stammered.

Harvey and Banks exchanged an astonished look. That sudden visit must have taken the "bad hat" by surprise—he could not have got ready for it! They had fully expected him to be bowled out—he looked as if he had expected it himself.

Dr. Osborne scanned the dismayed, furtive, uneasy face. It was difficult to read; but any fellow might have looked confused and troubled, with his headmaster searching his study.

"I shall not doubt your word, Tunstall," said the Head, after a pause. "But for your own sake I must clear up this matter definitely." He glanced at the door. "Harvey!"

"Yes, sir!" stammered Harvey.

"You have heard Tunstall's answer. Do you bear it out?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Harvey.

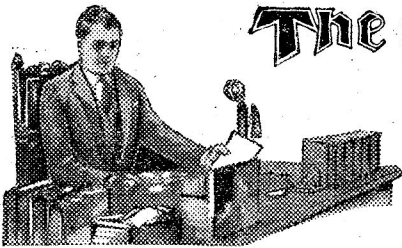
"Tunstall's got nothing in this study to keep things in, except that box."

"Thank you, Harvey!"

The frown was gone from Dr. Osborne's face now. The senior of whom he had heard such dubious reports had passed the test. It was a relief to his mind.

"Tunstall," he said quietly, "I am sorry that your own conduct has made you subject to suspicion. You have only yourself to blame, as you must realise. The matter ends here. You will write an imposition for having had cigarettes in your possession. I shall mention it to your Form-master. And I hope, Tunstall, that you will after all do well at Oakshott!"

Tunstall stood dumb. Dr. Osborne rustled out of the study, the seniors in the passage respectfully making way for him. He rustled away to the stairs, and disappeared. Len Lex passed him on the study landing, and came up the passage, a faint smile on his face. That smile widened as he looked into Study No. 8 and read the dismay and suppressed disappointment and rage in the face of the delinquent. Len tossed an empty satchel on the table. Porringer gave a cheery chuckle.



# The Editor Talks

Address your letters to:  
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All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer

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**S**NOWED UNDER!—Are readers of MODERN BOY air-minded? Ask Mr. A. R. Dobson, Secretary of the League of Air-Minded Youth! We published details of the League in our March 27th issue, with Mr. Dobson's address. The result was an avalanche of letters from readers which made it necessary for extra staff to be engaged!

If you're still thinking of writing to Mr. Dobson, don't hesitate. The League has been formed with the idea of giving every air-minded boy in the country a chance to learn all he wants to know about aviation, enabling him later on to become a pilot or engineer, or to play some part in Britain's air future. There are two sections, one for boys up to fifteen, the other for members above that age. Membership is free in the Junior Section.

Three divisions have been formed so far in Surrey—Kingston, Chertsey, and Epsom. That's only a beginning. The Government is interested and may give valuable help towards spreading the movement all over Britain. Watch MODERN BOY for further news!

**AIR ACES OF TO-MORROW!**—When Mr. Dobson first formed his League, he was thinking only of boys. But floods of letters came from girl readers of this paper—and why not? Amongst the youngsters of to-day are not only the C. W. A. Scotts and Tommy Roses of to-morrow, but the Amy Mollisons and Beryl Markhams as well! As a result of this response, the League is to have yet another section, for girls.

Anyhow, the invitation is still open to all who are interested, and here again is the address of the Secretary: A. R. Dobson, Esq., 1, The Priory, St. Mark's Hill, Surbiton, Surrey. Enclose, if you can, a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

**L**OST—AN ECHO!—Sounds pretty rummy, what? And needing a

## Pie on the Warpath!

"Some fellows," remarked Banks, "have all the luck! I thought that swab was fairly copped when the Head blew in."

"So did I!" said Harvey. "I'd have given any fellow ten to one, in doughnuts, that the Beak would find enough in that box to sack half Oak-shott."

"Ha, ha!" chirruped Pie. "So he would, old beans, if I hadn't been here! Ha, ha!"

They looked at the gleeful Pie,

word of explanation. Well, it's all to do with Uncle Herbert's astonishing hobby. He collects his own voice in echo form! He's working up to be world's champion when he suddenly finds himself up against the mystery of THE MISSING ECHO! That's next Saturday's "Told-in-the-Tuckshop" story. And it's a BEAUTY!

Next on the list is Scotty of the Secret Squadron, in another exciting Great War flying story, THE CAMERA SPY.

Then comes the Schoolboy Detective, searching for his missing chum and hearing suspicious noises from behind the shuttered windows of the HOUSE OF MYSTERY!

Tabu Dick goes on the trail of a jungle killer. Where the beast's spoor ends The Boy Who Must Not Be Touched finds a human footprint!

In KING ALARIC'S SWORD, Von Eimar finds himself getting all the luck. He reckons that vast treasure to be as good as in his own pocket. But it's a good job he cannot see ahead!

**T**HE OLD BOY gives the answers to his puzzles on page 10:

**WHAT'S THE WORD?**—The word is *HABIT*. If you take away the first letter, there's still *A BIT* left; if you take away the second letter, there's still *A BIT* left; and *IT* is still there if you take away the third letter.

**PUZZLE PROVERBS.**—(1) *TOE*, (2) *CHIN*, (3) *EAR* (two ears, as a matter of fact), (4) *NOSE*, (5) *TOOTH*, (6) *CHEST*.

**SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY!**

Tunstall had been utterly mystified. Now he began to see light!

"You!" he breathed. "What did you do? Did you—"

He choked.

"I can tell you," explained Pie. "I'm sick enough of seeing you in this study! But I wasn't going to see a man sacked."

"You—you—" stuttered Tunstall.

"But what—" yelled Banks.

"Ha, ha!" Pie chortled. "I say, if the Beak knew—ha, ha! He would feel like sacking me instead of that

swab, what? Ha, ha! You see, I spotted it all from the window, and chucked Tunstall's tripe down to Lex in time—just in time—in that satchel."

"You priceless chump!" moaned Harvey. "If you'd got spotted, getting that putrid tick out of a scrape—"

"Near thing!" said Pie. "But a miss is as good as a mile! But, I say, we don't want a bunking in this study, what? Not even that tick! But it was jolly near it—and r. idea is that that sweep ain't going to disgrace this study, so what about booting him up the passage?"

Tunstall had been standing with clenched hands, struggling to hide the rage he felt, as he learned what Pie had done. At those words, however, he turned quickly to the door.

"Pie," said Harvey, "talks sense sometimes. Go it!"

Three boots crashed on Tunstall as he dodged out of the study. He went staggering and yelling into the passage; and the three followed him up. They followed as far as the study landing, where Tunstall, howling, dodged away among the Fourth Form studies and escaped.

Len Lex grinned. The fellow who had planned to get the boot had got a booting instead. But what could it all mean?

## Limping Home!

**P**ORRINGE grinned as he wheeled his bicycle out on Saturday afternoon. There was a Form match on, on Big Side, and Harvey, Banks, and Lex were playing in the Fifth Form eleven. Pie was not. Harvey, who captained the Fifth Form side, had received the offer of his chum's services, and had replied that the next time he played marbles, he would be glad to avail himself of them, but not till then!

Which reply led Poringe to tell Cedric Harvey, at considerable length, what he thought of him and his intelligence. Nevertheless, there was a cheery grin on Pie's face as he set forth on his own, with his jigger. He would rather have played for his Form, but with his three comrades kept busy, he was at liberty to carry out the deferred expedition to the house on Greenwood Down.

His wrath against the "nosey tick" was quite unabated. The man had been so utterly and needlessly offensive—causing Pie to lose a train, cutting short his acquaintance with a fellow to whom he had taken a liking, and whom he had never seen since. Punching that nosey tick's unpleasant face seemed, to Pie, an urgent matter—all the more because of the opposition he had received on the subject. Opposition did not cause Pie to doubt his wisdom—it made him obstinate.

He rode away in quite a cheery and anticipative mood.

Campion had gated him, to put the stopper on that warlike expedition. But that was several days ago, and the head boy had said nothing on the subject since—perhaps having forgotten it, or supposing that Pie had.

