

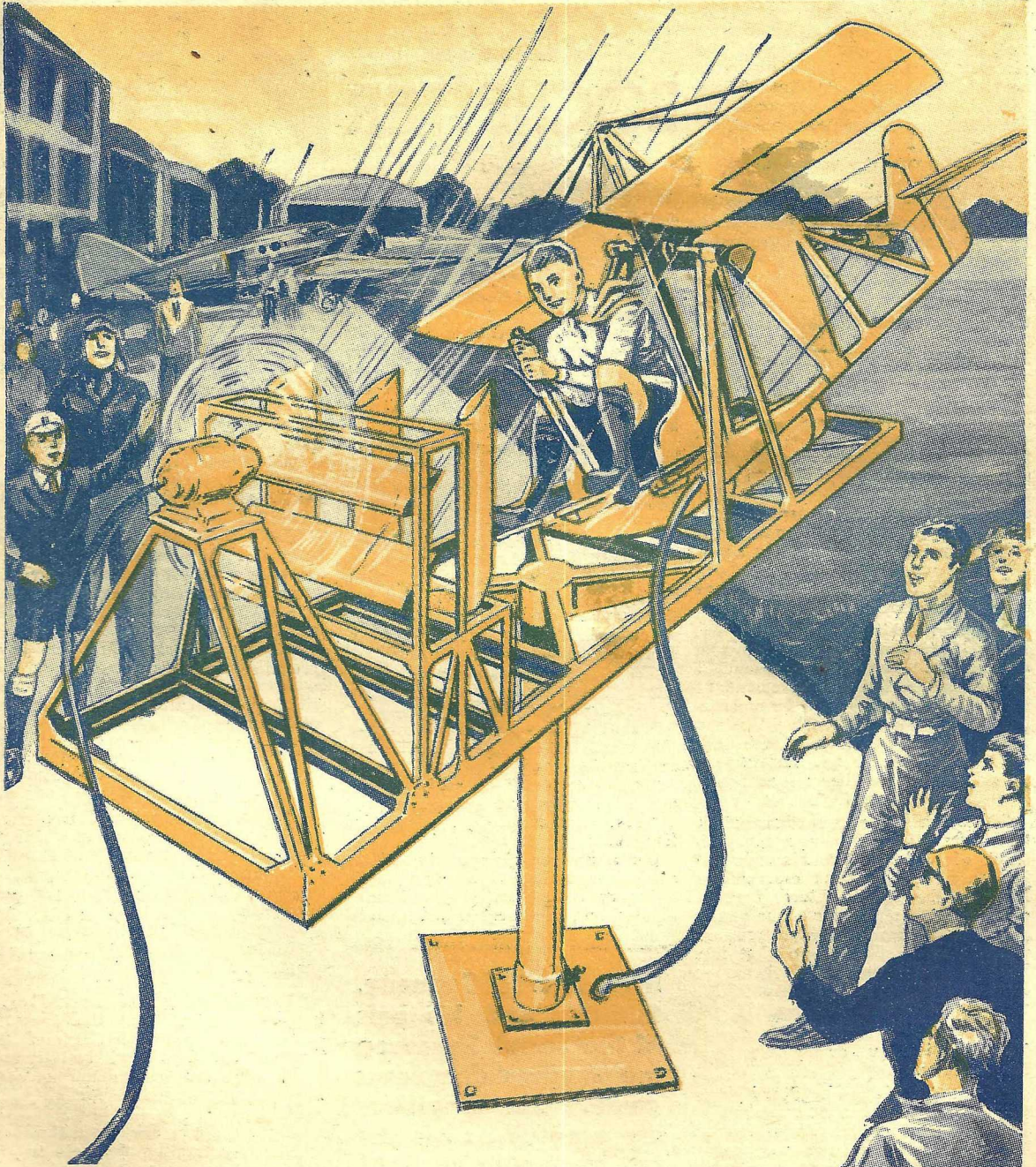
THE PAPER FOR THRILLS!

The MODERN BOY

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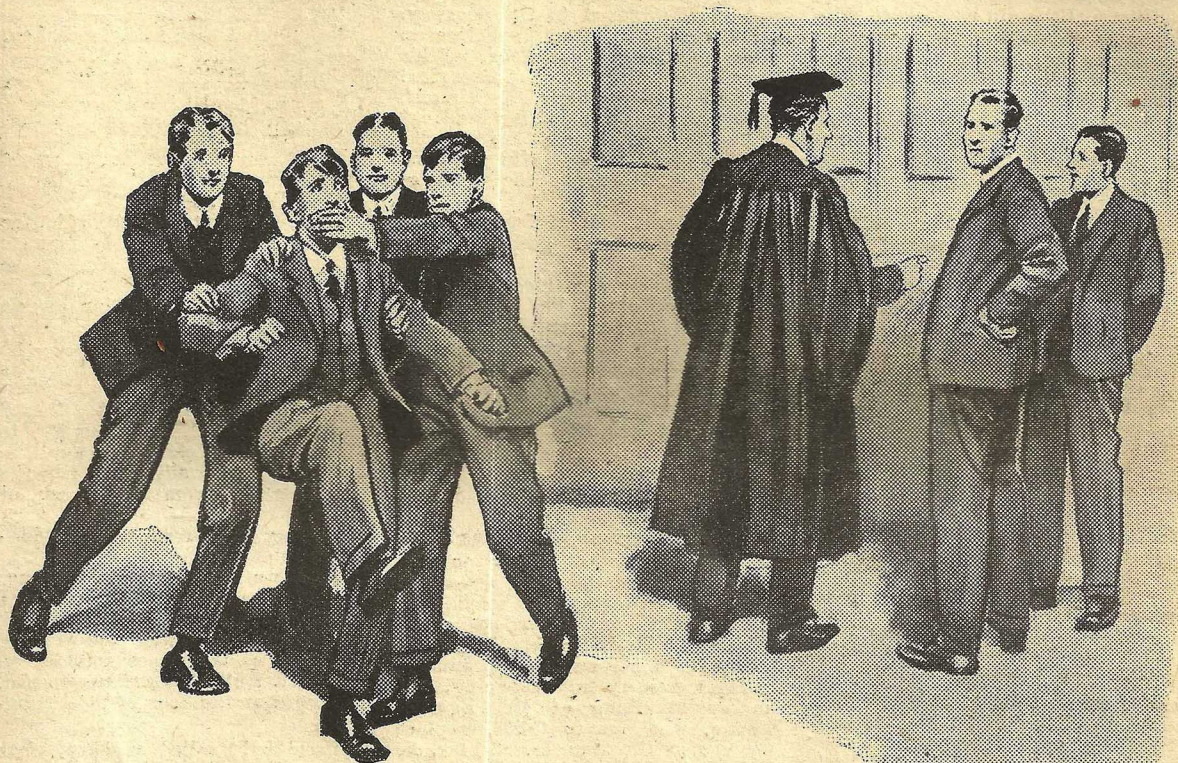
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HOW YOU MIGHT LEARN TO FLY!—See page 15

MYSTERY MASTER

Pie Porringe gives Oakshott School one of its biggest laughs for years . . . and sets the Schoolboy Detective off on a new and exciting trail!



Ruined Lines!

GET out!" hooted Pie Porringe, of the Oakshott Fifth.

Len Lex, the Schoolboy Detective, Harvey, and Banks had come up to their study. They had rather forgotten that poor old Pie had a Georgic! They had been telling the fellows in the day-room about the bank raid at Trant that afternoon. As fellows who had been on the spot, and had actually seen the hold-up man, they were in great request—especially Len, who had not only seen the man, but had chased him on his bicycle till he lost him in Trant Wood.

It was a quite exciting topic, so it was not surprising, perhaps, that the three had forgotten Pie's Georgic! They were reminded of it, however, when they came up to Study No. 8.

There was Pie sitting at the table, weary and worn, with Virgil propped open against the inkstand, a sheaf of impot paper before him, a pen in his hand, a spot or two of ink and a savage scowl on his face. As three cheery faces appeared in the doorway, Pie waved the pen at them, scattering a few unheeded blots, and bade them get out.

Smiles dawned on the faces of Len, Harvey, and Banks. But there was no smile on Pie's. When he had a

"I tell you——" began Pie. He got no further, for Harvey clapped a hand over his mouth and Pie was borne off, under the curious gaze of Mr. Young.

Georgic. Study No. 8 was practically uninhabitable.

"My dear chap——" remonstrated Len.

"If you don't want me to shy the inkpot at you," said Pie, "you'd better hook it. Think I want to be bothered by a set of asses when I've got to grind through this tosh."

"How far have you got, old chap?" asked Harvey.

When Pie's chums had last seen him, he had got as far as "Quid faciat lætas segetes"—not a lot out of a Georgic containing five hundred and fourteen lines; but Pie was a slow worker. There are people who

admire the beauties of Virgil's Georgics. Pie was not one of them. His friends would not have been surprised had he added only "quo sidere terram" since they had seen him an hour ago.

But Pie had done better than that. Quite a number of lines were scrawled on the sheet before him. He had, indeed, got as far as "vere novo"—which was the forty-third line. This burst of industry had evidently tired him, and affected his nervous system.

"Forty-two, out of more'n five hundred!" grunted Pie. "I'm going to get through a hundred somehow before I chuck it. Get out, will you? I can't be bothered with you in the study now."

"But——" Banks began.

"Shut up, Banker! I said get out!" snorted Pie. "If you want something to do, go and look for that man Young, and kill him. It's all his fault I got this filthy Georgic."

"How the dickens was it Young's fault?" demanded Harvey. "You got that Georgic for breaking out of detention this afternoon."

"And why did I break out?" growled Pie. "I went down to Oakways to meet that swab at the

By
**CHARLES
HAMILTON**

Mystery Master

station, because he was supposed to be coming by the four o'clock train. He never came, and I waited for two more trains, and still the pie-faced piffler never came. If the silly ass hadn't been coming by that train, I shouldn't have cut, so it's all his fault! What are you sniggering at?" added Pie, in intense exasperation, as his friends chortled.

They really could not help it. Pie's big idea of meeting the new games-master at the station, and getting on the right side of him to begin with, struck them as comic.

Mr. Young might—or might not—have been pleased and flattered by a Fifth Form man taking that trouble on his account. But he was not likely to think more of Pie's cricket when he saw Pie at it! Pie's view was that he was undervalued as a cricketer. He had hoped much from the new games-master, who was taking Mr. Bullivant's place while old Bully was away. Only Pie was unaware how little ground there was for that hope.

"Oh, cackle!" said Pie. "From the way the fellow loses trains, I dare say he's as big a fool as old Bully. 'I've got this Georgic for nothing, anyhow! And when I'm trying to grind through it, I'm interrupted by a gang of goats gurgling in the study! Go and gurgle somewhere else. Hook it!'"

"But——" said Len Lex. "Are you hooking it?" roared Pie.

"No!" roared Banks. "We're jolly well not, you silly goat! It's our study, ain't it? You shouldn't have asked for that Georgic, if you didn't want it. You needn't hand it in till Saturday, anyhow."

"Over five hundred lines!" hooted Pie. "I'm going to work through a hundred to-day, and I can't work with silly asses assing about the study. You jolly well know that! Get going, or I'll jolly well shy the inkpot at you."

He clutched up the inkpot, and raised it to hurl. It was nearly full of ink, some of which trickled down his sleeve. Len Lex and Harvey and Banks retreated to the door again, eyeing Pie warily. They did not want the inkpot or the ink.

"Now, look here, fathead——" expostulated Harvey.

"Last time of asking!" bawled Pie.

He jumped up to take aim, caught his foot in his chair, stumbled, and deposited the inkpot, which slipped from his fingers, right on top of the sheaf of impot paper on the table.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared his chums.

It was, perhaps, a little unfeeling to laugh. But the goat of the Fifth was really enough to make a cat laugh.

In a laborious hour, he had written forty-two lines of that putrid Georgic. It had taken him only a second to obliterate the same with a flood of ink!

Pie stood gazing speechlessly at his ruined impot. Forty-two lines had almost disappeared from view, under that inky flood! That sheet would not do for Mr. Chalmers, the Fifth

Form master! It was no use taking a sheet of paper flooded with ink to any beak!

For a long moment, Porringe gazed at it. Then he grabbed up the inkpot again.

Len and Banks and Harvey got out of the study just in time. Old Pie was absolutely dangerous now. They scuttled down the passage for the study landing, howling with laughter as they went. There was a tramp of feet as Pie rushed to the doorway. Crash came the inkpot, splitting to pieces on the old oak floor. Whiz after it came the volume of Georgics!

At an unlucky moment for himself, Cayley of the Fifth put his head out of his study to see what the row was about. There was a fearful yell from Cayley as he caught the Georgics with his left ear.

"Whooooop!" roared Cayley.

"Sorry, old chap!" gasped Pie. "I never meant——"

"You dangerous maniac——"

"You—you see——"

Cayley grabbed up Virgil, and hurled it back. He was a better shot than Pie. Pie went backwards into Study No. 8, accompanied by the Georgics. His wrathful roar followed Len Lex & Co. as they went chuckling down the stairs.

Len Interviews Mr. Young!

LEN LEX was sitting in the window of the senior day-room, with a thoughtful wrinkle in his brow. From the window he had a view of old Bully stepping into a taxi with a suitcase in his hand.

Len was sorry he was going, but he was thinking of Mr. Egerton Young, who was to take his place for two or three weeks. So far, he had seen nothing of Mr. Young except a glimpse of the back of his head when old Bully was showing him round the school.

Len was wondering what Young was like, and whether he was, by chance, a good-natured and kind-hearted man like old Bully, when Hobbs of the Fifth interrupted him. Nearly every fellow in the Oakshott Fifth had asked Len about the hold-up man—now it was Hobbs' turn. The Schoolboy Detective suppressed a yawn. He was getting a little tired of the topic of the bank raid at Trant.

"You saw him, I hear," said Hobbs.

"Oh, yes," said Len. "We all three saw him. He was got up in silver hair and beard, and looked about sixty or seventy. I fancy he took them off, and about forty years along with them, when he got away in the wood."

"You don't know what he really looked like, then?"

"Only that he had brown eyes, as keen as a hawk's."

"By gum," said Hobbs. "If he really was in disguise like that, he might be walking about Trant this very minute and nobody the wiser."

"Quite likely."

"I say, I've heard that he got away with a lot of stuff," said Hobbs.

"They say that he fired two shots in

the bank, and knocked one man over with a bullet—rather badly hurt—and grabbed whole bundles of currency notes—hundreds of pounds! I wonder whether it'll be in the evening papers? Might get a squint at one of the beaks' papers when they're put in Common-room."

And Hobbs of the Fifth walked off with the intention of getting that "squint."

"Not a bad idea," remarked Harvey. "I'd like to see——"

"Never mind that now," said Len. "Look here, about poor old Pie——"

"Oh, blow Pie!" said Banks. "We shall have to keep out of the study till prep. What did he ask for that Georgic for, the silly goat?"

"I was wondering if Young would put in a word for him?" said Len.

"Eh? Why should he?"

"Well, Pie got the Georgic for going to meet his train. If Young's good-natured, like old Bully, he might think it rather hard on a chap to get a Georgic for paying him a little polite attention. If he put in a word with Chalmers——"

"He might," said Banks dubiously.

"Sporting chance, at least," assented Harvey. "I'd like Pie to get off that Georgic. Life won't be worth living in Study No. 8 till he's done it, and that means a week, at least."

Len Lex rose from the window-seat.

"No harm in putting it to Young, anyhow," he said. "I suppose I shall find him in old Bully's rooms."

Len left the day-room, and went up the stairs to the upper corridor on which Mr. Bullivant's rooms opened. He tapped at the door of the sitting-room.

"Come in!" called a sharp, clear voice, quite unlike old Bully's gruff bark, but much less kindly.

Len opened the door and stepped in. A young man of athletic and powerful frame was standing by the window. His face was rather handsome, if a little hard in outline, his eyes very keen.

"My baggage——" he began; and broke off as he saw that Len was an Oakshott fellow. Apparently, he had been expecting one of the household staff with his bags. There was no baggage of any sort to be seen in the room.

He gave Len a nod and a smile.

"Come in!" he said. "What is it?"

Len came across the room towards the window. Mr. Young gave a slight start as the light fell on his face. It seemed to Len for a moment that the man knew and recognised him.

That, however, was scarcely possible, as Mr. Young had never been at Oakshott School before that day. But it was only for a moment that the sharp eyes were fixed, with keen penetration, on Len's face. Then the young man turned to the window, his profile to Len.

"I hope it isn't a cheek to butt in on you like this, sir," said Len. "I'm Lex, of the Fifth——"

"I am glad to make your acquaintance," said Mr. Young; and he shook

hands. "I have heard of you already—Bullivant mentioned you as one of his most promising cricketers."

"That was very kind of Mr. Bullivant, sir! I've come here to speak about a pal of mine—Porringer of the Fifth. Old Pie—I mean Porringer—has been looking forward to your coming here, sir. He's fearfully keen on cricket, and was very anxious to meet you when you came—"

"He may have that pleasure whenever he pleases," said Mr. Young, with a smile. "I have been here some time now—several hours, in fact!"

"He heard that you were coming by the four o'clock train from Greenwood to Oakways Station, sir—"

"That is correct," assented Mr. Young. "I walked from the station, but I was here by half-past four, if your young friend was very anxious to see me."

Len was so astonished to hear this that his breath was nearly taken away.

Pie had waited for three trains at Oakways, and Young had not come. Yet Mr. Young calmly stated that he had walked from the station as if he had come by the four o'clock train!

Pie, it was true, was every known kind of a goat. But was it possible that even Pie could have let the man walk out of the station, under his very nose, without spotting him?

The amazement in Len's face drew another keen glance from Egerton Young. He stared at the Oakshott Fifth Former.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Len. "That goat Pie didn't know you by sight, but he told us that nobody looking the least bit like a games-master came by that train."

"I don't understand you." Mr. Young's voice was cold and hard. "What do you mean, Lex? What are you talking about?"

"I was going to tell you, sir—Porringer went to meet your train at Oakways this afternoon—"

The games-master started. "My train—at Oakways!" he repeated.

"Yes; and from what he's told us, he was at the station long before the train came in, looking out for you," said Len. "You must have walked by right under his nose and he never noticed you."

Mr. Young stood silent, his face turned to the window.

Len was grinning now. Pie had risked, or, rather, asked for, a Georgic, by breaking detention to go down to Oakways and meet the new games-master, and had allowed him to walk off under his nose! It was the limit, even for the goat of the Fifth!

Mr. Young turned to Len again. His expression was cold and discouraging. Len realised that he was not, by any means, a good-natured man like old Bully. Pie's amazing blundering would have made old Bully chuckle.

"Let me have this clear!" snapped Mr. Young. "You say that this friend of yours, Porringer, went to the station to meet my train?"

"Yes; the four o'clock," said Len. "He watched it in and out again, and never saw you—I mean, he never saw anybody that could be taken for a games-master. He was going to ask, of course, if he saw a likely man. Must have been watching with his eyes shut, I suppose. He waited for two more trains, and you never came. Of course you didn't, if you'd already come by the four o'clock, and walked out of the station."

"And why," asked Mr. Young, "have you come here to tell me this, Lex?"

Mr. Young's voice was very quiet, but there was a tone in it that startled Len a little. It was a tone of subdued hostility. He realised that the man was angry, though why it was hard to say. There was nothing in the episode to make any man angry that Len could see. He would rather have expected Mr. Young to be amused.

"It's on Pie's account, sir," Len explained. "As it happens, he was in detention this afternoon—"

"You have just stated that he went to Oakways Station to meet my train," said Mr. Young harshly. "What do you mean? Explain yourself."

"I mean that he cut detention, sir, to meet your train," said Len, more and more surprised. It came into his mind that he was not going to like this Mr. Egerton Young. "That's why I came to speak to you, sir. Our Form-master, Mr. Chalmers, has given him a Georgic for breaking out of detention."

"How does that concern me?"

"Well, it doesn't, of course, sir," said Len, discouraged. "But we thought—that is, I thought—that as he had done it to meet you at the station, sir; being anxious to make your acquaintance, you—you might put in a word for him with Mr. Chalmers."

"Nonsense!"

Len set his lips a little. A man like old Bully would have laughed at Pie's fatheaded proceedings, and very likely done what he could for him. This young man, only too clearly, was nothing at all like old Bully.

"From what you tell me," said Mr. Young coldly, "the boy appears to be a fool. If he broke out of detention to meddle in what did not concern him, I should certainly not think of interfering in the matter in any way."

"Very well, sir!" said Len quietly. "I'm sorry I've bothered you."

Mr. Young, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, turned to the window again. He did not give Len another glance as the Fifth Former went out of the room.

Pie Sees Red!

THE fellows in the day-room burst into a roar of laughter as Porringer of the Fifth appeared in the doorway.

Pie, weary and worn, had come down for a rest from Georgics. Having restarted, he had done thirty lines, after which flesh and blood

could endure no more. It was getting near time for prep, too, and a fellow really had to have a rest between impots and prep. So down came Pie, for a little pleasant and genial company in the day-room. He was quite surprised when the fellows there burst into a roar at his appearance.

"What's the joke?" asked Pie, staring.

"You, old man—you!" chortled Cayley. "The richest joke ever! What would Oakshott be without you, you goat?"

"What indeed?" gurgled Banks. Pie frowned. He was accustomed to being considered a goat, but this was annoying—especially after a fellow had been grinding at Georgics.

"You silly asses!" began Pie. "If you're sniggering over that dummy, Young, not coming by the train he said he was coming by, he's a silly goat, if you like, for losing train after train. It wasn't my fault he didn't come."

"But he did!" shrieked Banks. "Don't be an ass!" said Pie crossly. "It may be funny, me sticking there waiting for a man who never came, though I don't see it myself! But he never came—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Pie glared.

His friends had considered it rather funny that Pie should put in over an hour and a half waiting at a railway station for a man who hadn't come. But the latest news made them consider it funnier. If the man had actually come, and walked by under Pie's nose, it was a real shriek, in the general opinion of the Fifth.

"Pie, old man," sighed Len, "you'll be the death of us yet! The man was here when we got in from Trant. When you told us he hadn't turned up at the station, we fancied he'd had a car from Greenwood, or something. But it turns out that he did come by the four train."

"He didn't!" shrieked Pie.

He was getting excited. Goat he might or might not be, but he wasn't goat enough to miss the man at the station if he had come. The bare idea was absurd. Pie glared at the hilarious Fifth Formers. His face grew crimson with wrath.

"He did!" chortled Harvey. "He did, old man—he did!"

"Four train at Oakways!" howled Banks. "And you standing on the platform watching for him! And you never saw him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

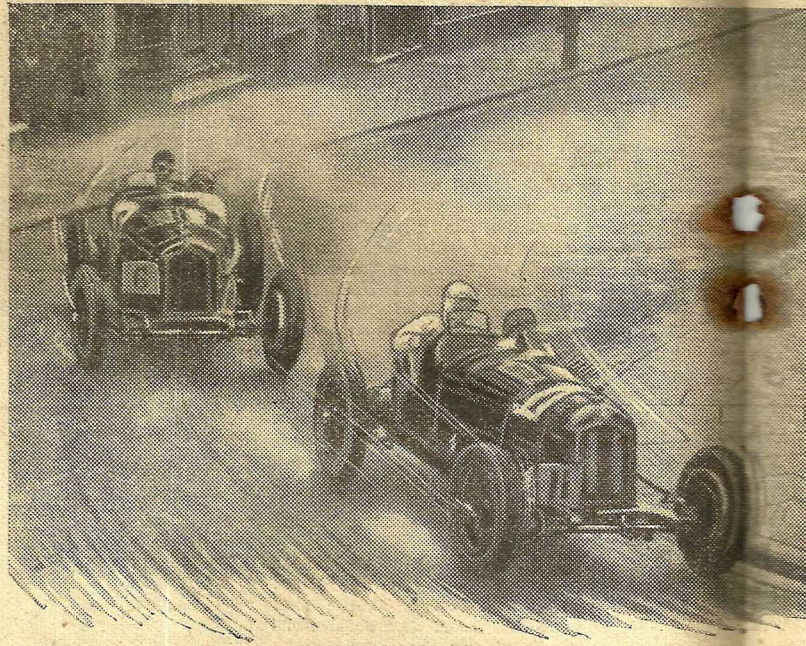
The day-room almost rocked. Every fellow there yelled. Really, it was too funny, even for Pie!

Pie breathed wrath. This was altogether too thick. If there was one thing he was absolutely sure of, it was that no man even remotely resembling a possible games-master had come to Oakways Station that afternoon.

"I tell you he never came!" he hooted. "If he's here now—I haven't seen him yet—he came some other

(Continued on page 16)

Thrills I Shall Never Forget!



MOTOR racing is a man's game, calling for iron nerves and quick action. To those of us who practise it, the starter's flag is a lovely sight and the boom of a maroon is music.

The highlights of the racing game are its successes and its escapes. I have experienced them both on land and water, and this week I would like to tell you of some of the latter; tight corners when all seemed lost, hairbreadth escapes that even now cause me to tingle with recaptured excitement when I think of them.

The racing driver's judgment is taxed to the uttermost when it comes to deciding whether or no he can effect a "pass" just before an acute bend or corner. Failure means either pulling back at the last moment, with a consequent loss of ground, or an excessive speed, which may or may not be controllable, to pass the obstruction.

ONCE when I was leading in a road race I had to pass a slower car on a rough switchback road. I was going at full speed, it was raining heavily, and showers of water and grit were being thrown up from the machine in front. It was difficult enough to see the road, and to select the exact spot to pass was a real problem. Several times when the road gave opportunity I closed with the driver in front, but he did not give way sufficiently. I had to fall back, in all the dirt and water.

Then he was flagged by the marshals at the roadside to keep over to the right. Now was my chance! I could hardly see, but it was now or never. I moved up to his tail. He was undoubtedly giving way. It should be a matter of seconds and I would be past. But suddenly the car in front hit a concealed gully in the tall grass by the side of the road.

Up it leapt into the air, and came down sideways on, still travelling forwards in a sickening slide. I was by now right up to it and in a flash, unless something was done, would crash into its back wheel. I wrenched the car to the left and, in doing so, avoided the other car, but not the sloping verge which led to a deep ditch.

BOOTH of us were now in a jam! The leading car had rolled completely over. Even though it was only a few feet away I was ignorant of what was going on, so preoccupied was I with my own danger. I wrenched my car out of the ditch, but she was now at right angles to the road, and her remaining velocity was still terrific.

Round she spun, and again, so that I seemed to

be facing all directions at once! But this, mad careering ended abruptly. I fought to straighten out and keep on the road, but in vain. The car fell back into a ditch on the same side as the other victim.

Spiked iron railings were close by, but we had not touched these. What we did touch was a telegraph pole which was completely cut in half, with the wires dropping down in festoons!

I personally had not felt the impact, so busy had I been with the wheel. On the mechanic's side the exhaust pipe which lay along the side of the body was completely flattened out, as if some giant pliers had squashed it to a ribbon. My mechanic was not actually thrown out, but his shoes were wrenched off in his partial exit!

We both scrambled out, and a nasty sight met our eyes. The whole of the front axle was twisted out of recognition. We were out of the race because I took a chance, and failed. I ought to have noticed the gulleys on the roadside.

NO racing driver who is wise drives recklessly on corners. I remember once in a race on the track, where a corner was introduced, being wedged in among drivers who were taking too many chances to be safe. On reaching the difficult turn in each lap I throttled down to let them go first and picked my way among the best of them.

But suddenly my engine seemed to take a new lease of life and I found myself careering down the straight, for once ahead of the bunch.

I took the corner, heard nothing behind, and looked over my shoulder. There was nothing to be seen! The track was empty!

The cars behind had clashed together in the heat and excitement of the struggle and the track was not big enough for them. The results were terrible both for riders and spectators.

Speedboat racing does not give you the same kind of thrills as road or track, but the excitement is there.

I REMEMBER the first time I tried to drive my hydroplane Miss Olga on the Thames up at Walton. The river was not very wide where a turn had to be made. I was told that if I went flat out and swung the helm hard over, the hydroplane would spin round in practically its own length. I noticed that no one offered to demonstrate this manoeuvre, but I was assured that all the best people did it as a matter of routine, and since I was to race on the Thames I had better learn straight away.

So in I got, revved up the engine, and was pounding away up the river, along in fine style. Before I had reached the limit of the strait

I got the boat in what I thought was a good position, swung the wheel round to get a better of it! But too late! I had taken charge and was rushing the barge moored to the bank. That was just a matter of luck.

In the Royal Motor Yacht Club in Southampton Water I had the excitement of the race I had been looking for, clouds gathering, and Calshot before a drenching downpour hit and every landmark I knew.

LUCKILY I was up with the tide which forged on, seeming to have no knowledge of the locality. The only thing was to hang on to the boat. Somehow we groped about an

HOW D

ONE of the first things you should remember when you handle a model is to treat it gently. The same thing applies to models.

Some chaps go wrong right from the start. When they are trying to hand up the elastic motor, summerize the model, and send the model off into a swish. They think this will give them the best performance.

But the plane should be sent off into a glide, and this is to develop a sort of speed. The model will back over the release the airscrew, and the model leave your hands at Just as it leaves your hands the pressure of the air beneath

Whatever adjustment you make sure that they are balanced. And always remember that a good adjustment will make a lot of difference.

If you are new to the model making, you will be interested to know that the ready-made planes, you can



When a famous speedman looks back over his adventures, picks out the moments when he thought his number was up—you get **THRILLS!** That is what Captain Eyston does here tells you of some breathless moments when he was hitting up the speed on land and water

By **CAPT.** **G. E. T. EYSTON**

Capt. Eyston leads the Hon. Brian Lewis round a corner in a "Round the Houses" Race in the Isle of Man.

point, which was a motor yacht with observers, moored for the purpose.

But in the turn I made too wide a sweep and found myself alone!

The rain simply pelted down, and the mechanic and I were soaked to the skin. The boat was collecting far too much water and, what was worse, it was putting out the plugs in the engine.

I stood up while we shot along, mopping the top of the cylinder block, getting plenty of shoeks from the plug electrodes and ignition leads, and at the same time trying to steer some sort of course in the blinding rain.

I knew that several steamers were anchored all the way up the water and thought we might charge one of them at any moment. It would be easy enough, with the rain so heavy that it was like driving through a fog. That we managed to keep clear of them was a sheer fluke.

At last the finishing line came into sight and I was never so pleased to hear the gun boom out. We had finished. Although it was midsummer my teeth were chattering with cold and both of us were like drowned rats! But we had the consolation of having gained a place in the race.

ed up the motor, and started the river, the boat skimming. Before I knew where I was, I of the stretch and had to turn.

what I thought was the best wheel round and then thought no late! The boat had already as rushing full out for a great bank. That I missed the thing luck.

r Yacht Club Meeting at Hythe ater I had another thrill. In e race I had not noticed angry l Cashot had not been reached lowpour blotted out the shore I knew.

up with two boats just ahead on, seemingly with a better the locality than I had. The ng on to them!

ed about and found the turning

Our Cover Picture

LEARNING TO FLY —ON THE TARMAC!

ALL the thrills of diving and banking a plane—without leaving the ground! The chance to experience those thrills may be yours if a new idea, shown on our Cover this week, is developed.

This is a machine which can reproduce many of the flying sensations. Queer-looking thing, isn't it? And the moment you take your seat in the "cockpit" the fun starts.

You grasp the joystick, put your feet on the rudder control—and off you go! Just because the whole machine seems to be fixed down to the ground, you needn't think you don't get the thrills of going up. Try it—pull the joystick back. Whoosh—you're rising! The stick has operated the big pneumatic plunger which is in the centre.

You've taken off into the wind in correct style; that's what it feels like, anyhow, with the big electric fan working up in front, blowing a mighty breeze through the shutters, which can be adjusted to make the wind come from a different direction.

NOW you're all set to try as much banking and tilting as you like, and the sensation is so near the real thing that you actually feel you are in control of a real plane. And when the time comes to descend, you needn't fear a bump—the pneumatic plunger lets you down lightly.

The whole secret of the realistic effect is in the perfect balance of the glider itself, so that it can swing in any direction on a universal joint.

Of course, no one is pretending that once you've had a flip in this machine you could step into the cockpit of a pukka plane, wave cheerio to your friends, and zoom up into the blue. It isn't as easy as that. But at least you get the feel of the thing, and get a good idea of how a plane behaves when the controls are operated. And as a first step towards learning how to fly, that's pretty good.

As well as giving you a spot of high-speed fun into the bargain!

DOES YOUR MODEL PLANE FLY?

first things you have to learn handle a real plane for the first to treat it gently. And the same models.

o wrong right from the start. rying hand launching they wind otor summon all their strength, el off into the air with a mighty ink this will improve its per-

not be thrown; it must be ide and the best way to achieve o sort of body swing. Holding back over your right shoulder, cev and then try to make the r hands at its own flying speed. your hands you should feel the ir beneath the wings.

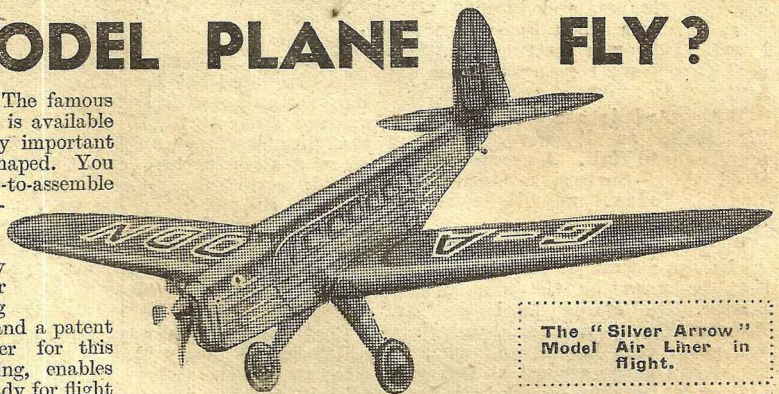
stment you make to the elevators, they are both exactly the same. mber that a very slight adjust- lot of difference.

to the model flying game, you may know that, as well as buying es, you can get complete kits

ready for assembling. The famous "Frog" model aircraft is available in this form, with every important part blanked out and shaped. You can buy these ready-to-assemble kits for from half-a-crown upwards.

Half-a-crown also buys a ready-to-fly model plane, the "Silver Arrow," a low-wing monoplane air liner; and a patent geared-up hand winder for this plane, costing a shilling, enables you to get the plane ready for flight very quickly.

REGULAR lubrication of the elastic in a model plane will enable you to put up a good and consistent performance every time, and this is made easy in the case of the Frog MK IV by a special insertor rod which enables you to slip out the motor in a jiffy and apply the necessary lubricant. This kit is supplied in a special winder box, with motor lubricant, gear-box oil, two



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Mystery Master

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way, unless he came by a later train than the five-thirty."

"You ass!" howled Banks. "He was here when we came in, I tell you! He was here at half-past four."

"Then he had a taxi from Greenwood," said Pie. "What the thump makes you think that he came by train, anyhow?"

"Only that he says so!" chortled Banks.

"Rot!" said Pie.

"But he does!" yelled Len. "I've spoken to him. I was going to ask him to put in a word for you, old man, with Chalmers. That's how it came to be mentioned. He said he came by the four train!"

Pie stood dumb. He knew that Egerton Young, the new games-master at Oakshott, had not come by the four o'clock train at Oakways. It was several moments before he found his voice.

"You're not pulling my leg, Lex?" he asked.

"Honest Injun, old fathead!" chuckled Len.

"Then," said Pie grimly, "why is the man telling lies about it?"

"Wha-a-t?"

The laughter died away in the day-room. This was getting serious!

"He never came by train," said Porrhinge, in the same grim tone. "And if he said he did, he's telling lies."

"Oh, chuck it, you ass!" said Cayley. "You'll get into a frightful row if anybody hears you say a beak was telling lies."

"I don't care who hears me say so!" roared Pie. "I tell you I watched that train, and the two after it, and saw everybody that came. Look here, where's the man? I'll take a squint at him. Where is he?"

"I saw him in Hall, talking to Surtees," said Banks. "But—here, hold on, you ass! Pie, you goat!"

Pie, unheeding, turned and tramped away. His friends exchanged glances, and hurried after him. A dozen Fifth Form men followed. This was getting exciting, and they weren't going to miss the fun.

With a whole army following on his trail, as it were, Porrhinge marched into Hall. A group of three stood there—Surtees, master of the Fourth, Young, and Oliphant, captain of Oakshott.

Pie's eyes fixed at once on Young. As he was a stranger there, Pie knew that he must be the new games-master. He stared hard at Mr. Egerton Young—a man he certainly had never seen before, and who, he knew, had never arrived at Oakways Station by the four o'clock train from Greenwood.

Banks tapped him on the elbow.

"Don't glare at the chap, fathead!" he whispered.

"So that's the man!" breathed Pie. "And he makes out that he came by the four train! He never did! Think I shouldn't have guessed who he was, and asked him? I tell you, I saw everybody who came—watched

every face. And if he says he came by that train, he's a—gurrgrggh!"

Pie's friends grabbed him in time, closed round him, and walked him out of Hall. Surtees, Young, and Oliphant were glancing round—and Pie's friends felt that the excited Fifth Former was better off the scene.

"I tell you," spluttered Pie angrily, "if—oooooh!" Harvey clapped a prompt hand over Pie's mouth, and they walked him back to the day-room.

"Now, you goat, you can blow off steam, if you like," said Banks, shutting the door. "But you're not going to let Young hear you calling him a liar, you blithering idiot."

"I don't care if he does hear me!" bawled Pie. "I tell you he never came by that train! I don't know why the man should tell lies about it, but he never came by that train, and I jolly well know it. He's a lying tick, and if he told me that he came by that train, when he jolly well didn't, I'd jolly well tell him so to his face!"

"Isn't he the giddy limit!" sighed Banks.

"Oh, shut up!" roared Pie. He grabbed the door-handle. "Making out that a fellow's a fool, and blind as an owl! He never came, I tell you, and if you can't take my word for it, you can go and eat coke, and be blown to you!"

And Pie jerked the door open, stamped out of the day-room, and slammed the door after him, with a slam that was heard over most of Oakshott School.

Rough Luck for Root!

"COMING?" asked Root of the Fourth.

It was after class the following day, and plenty of juniors had gathered in the Lair. Not one of them answered.

"Nobody coming along with me?" asked Root, with sarcastic scorn.

"Out of bounds, you know!" said Skye, shaking his head.

"Yah!" rejoined Root, inelegantly. And he departed.

Root walked down to the gates, where he found Len Lex, Harvey, and Banks arguing with Porrhinge. Root grinned in passing. He could guess that Porrhinge was up to something of a goatish nature, and that his friends were trying to make him see reason. He passed on his way, and went out, up the road that led to Trant. At the same time, Pie, detaching himself from his argumentative friends, started in the opposite direction towards Oakways.

Root went on his way unheeded—which he was happy to do. A fellow who was deliberately going out of school bounds naturally did not desire to draw attention to himself.

Getting towards Trant Wood, which was out of bounds for Lower boys, he cast a cautious glance backward—and was dismayed to spot an athletic figure in the distance. It was annoying for Mr. Young, the new games-master, to be walking in that direction, when Root was bound on an expedition that might result in

"six on the bags" if discovered by his Form-master.

Root broke into a run.

Mr. Young had been only twenty-four hours at Oakshott School, and did not know half the fellows yet. Probably he did not know Root at all. Anyhow, he would never guess where Root was going, if Albert got out of his sight.

Looking back five minutes later, Root was relieved and satisfied to see that he had dropped Mr. Young. All was clear now. He scrambled up the grassy, brambly bank by the roadside, wriggled through a fence where a paling was missing, and found himself in Trant Wood. With his eyes well about him, Root proceeded to wind away through the wood.

Footpaths and bridle-paths in Trant Wood were free to the public. The thickets and sunny glades were not. Root could not help that. He had no time to go by footpaths. He had to get to a particular spot, and he took the shortest cut.

On half-holidays, school bounds were extended, and Trant Wood was then within the radius. That was the cause of Root's trouble, really. The previous afternoon, with two or three comrades from the Fourth, he had climbed a tree in the wood. In climbing, he had dropped his pocket-knife—a little accident that might have happened to any fellow, and that did not matter in the least, as it was easy enough to spot it and pick it up again when he descended from the oak. But while Root & Co. had been in the branches, there had been an alarm of keepers—and they had dropped and fled, without stopping to look for the pocket-knife.

Leaving it there till next half-holiday was not to be thought of. So here was Root.

Suddenly he came to a halt as he heard a rustle in the thickets behind him. The thought of keepers flashed into his mind at once. He could see no one yet, but he could hear. With a palpitating heart he hurried on, taking as much care as he could to make no sound. The rustle died away, and he breathed more freely.

A few minutes later he emerged into a cart-track. This was the spot, from what he had heard, where Lex of the Fifth had chased the hold-up man the day before. The man had abandoned his bike and taken to the wood—and it was quite as likely as not that it was his approach that Root & Co. had mistaken for a keeper's, when they were in the oak. That was rather a thrilling idea.

The old oak was only a short distance from the track. Root turned off into the wood again, and reached the tree.

Stooping, he groped in thick grass under the wide-spreading branches, in search of the pocket-knife. At last his searching fingers met a hard object lying in the grass, and in great relief and satisfaction, he clutched up the lost knife.

Breathing rather hard, he rose to his feet—and came face to face with a man coming round the thick trunk of the oak! Root jumped almost clear of the ground in his surprise. He

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had not heard the man coming—any more than the man had heard him—and right up to that moment, the massive trunk had hidden them from one another's sight.

Root's first feeling was panic. His next was relief, as he saw that the man was not a keeper. Relief was mingled with surprise as he recognised Mr. Young.

Then he started back at the black look that came over Mr. Young's face. For a moment he thought that the games-master was going to grab him; he looked so startled and savagely angry at the sight of him. But if that had been Mr. Young's intention, he restrained it.

"You are an Oakshott boy!" he rapped. "What are you doing here?" He did not wait for an answer. "You are out of bounds here—and not merely out of bounds, but trespassing!"

The dismayed Root wondered how he knew. He had been picking up local information pretty quick for a man who had been only one day at the school.

"Your name and Form?" rapped Mr. Young.

"Root of the Fourth, sir!" faltered the junior dispiritedly.

"Mr. Surtees' Form! I shall report this to him!"

"I—I say, sir," stammered Root, "I—I only came to—"

"Go back to the school at once—and report yourself to Mr. Surtees!" said the games-master sternly. "You will tell Mr. Surtees that I caught you out of bounds, trespassing in Lord Trant's woods. I shall speak to Mr. Surtees when I return. Now go!"

Albert Root, with feelings too deep for words, went.

Pie's Proof!

"WELL, we've given old Pie a helping hand," said Len, rising from the study table. "Let's go down and see if he's in the office. It's close on 'gates' now!"

Pie's friends had been occupied in a noble work of self-sacrifice. They had done fifty lines each of Pie's Georgic. Mr. Chalmers being—very fortunately!—a short-sighted gentleman, they had no doubt that the lines would pass, jammed in with the rest.

Fifty lines each was a handsome quota; quite as much, at all events, as any of the three felt disposed for. Tired of Virgil's deathless verse and the rural delights described therein, the three left the study.

They reached the study landing,

and found a junior hanging on the banisters there, wriggling and meaning. The Fifth Form men chuckled. Root of the Fourth glared round at them.

"Had it bad, kid?" asked Len good-naturedly.

"Surtees gave me six—wow!" said Root. "Every one a swipe! Oh, that cad—that rotter—that sneaking spy—I'd like to punch his head! What bizney was it of his, I'd like to know! Trespassing himself, if you come to that! Beaks ain't allowed in old Trant's woods any more than we are! Ow!"

"If you've been trespassing you jolly well deserved six, and Surtees had to hand them over," said Harvey.

"I know that!" groaned Root. "I ain't blaming Surtees. But it was no bizney of that swab Young—ow!"

"Young!" repeated the three.

"That swab—that cad—that worm!" said Root, with eloquence. "What was he doing there himself, I'd like to know? Sneaking about in the wood like a fox and coming on a chap suddenly! He's not a regular beak—only a games-master, and a temporary one at that! No bizney of his to report a chap—wow!"

"Young came on you in Trant Wood?" exclaimed Len. "He's new here. I suppose he doesn't know the public aren't allowed—"

"He jolly well does; he told me I was trespassing!" grunted Root. "So he was himself, but, of course, a chap couldn't tell him so. Sneaking rotter, going about on tiptoe and catching a chap! I can tell you that Young is a rotter!"

Len & Co. passed on to the stairs, leaving Albert Root hanging on the banisters again, wriggling and mumbering.

"Young isn't going to be popular here!" grinned Harvey. "Old Pie makes out that he's a liar, and young Root calls him a spy and a swab! But why the dickens was the man rooting about in Lord Trant's woods?"

"Like his cheek to nail young Root for trespassing when he was up to the same game himself!" remarked Banks. "Can't say I like the man. You don't, Lex?"

"No," answered Len slowly.

They went out of the House and walked down to the gates. It was getting near lock-up now, and fellows were coming in. They watched the road for Pie, who, despite his friends' arguments, had gone down to Oakways with the declared intention of making inquiries at the station there, and jolly well prove, as he expressed it, that that swab Young hadn't come by the four train on Wednesday afternoon.

Harvey and Banks expected him to turn up looking down in the mouth,

with proof, of course, that Young had come by that train. Len Lex now was not feeling so sure. He was a keen judge of men, and he did not like Mr. Egerton Young; and a vague distrust of the man had, somehow, been strengthened by what he had just heard from Root of the Fourth.

It seemed impossible that the man could have lied concerning his route to the school the previous day—there was no imaginable reason why he should, the matter being of absolutely no consequence whatever, so far as a fellow could see. Yet Len did not share the certainty of Harvey and Banks that Pie would return disappointed, forced to own up that he had made one more of his idiotic mistakes.

"Hallo, here he is!" said Banks. "Any luck, old ass?"

"Lots!" grinned Pie. "You've found out that everybody at the station knows that Young came by the four train yesterday?" chuckled Harvey.

"Wrong!" said Pie, with superb coolness. "What I've found out is this—that everybody at the station knows that he didn't!"

Len Lex drew a deep breath. Now that it had come he knew that, at the back of his mind, he had been expecting it.

"I told you yesterday that Young was a liar if he said he came by train from Greenwood to Oakways!" added Pie. "Now I've proved it! The man who took the tickets remembers every passenger who came by the four train, and there wasn't anybody like Young among them. And that ain't all, either. Young's bags came on by train and were sent on to the school, but Young wasn't with them! Looks as if he meant to come by that train, as his bags were on it. But he never did! So what do you say about it now?"

Harvey and Banks had nothing to say. They could only gasp. It was not only that Pie had turned out to be right, which was surprising enough in itself. But why, in the name of all that was idiotic, should Young have said that he came by the four train to Oakways, when—as was now quite clear—he hadn't?

Harvey and Banks could only wonder, while Pie grinned and chuckled in his triumph. Neither had Len Lex anything to say, but the Schoolboy Detective was thinking, and thinking hard!

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