

SIX SUPER THRILL-ADVENTURE YARNS FOR YOU!

# The RANGER

2<sup>d</sup>



THE SCHOOL ON THE LANCAS AND YORKS BORDER!

# The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



THE MERRY YOUNG BASCALS OF GRIMSLADE SCHOOL ARE CELEBRATING APRIL FOOL'S DAY, AND ANY NUMBER OF VICTIMS GET "HAD." BUT YOU WON'T BE "HAD" WHEN YOU READ THIS TIP-TOP STORY, FOR FRANK ARTHURS HAS NEVER WRITTEN A BETTER FARN. IT'S GREAT! IT'S WONDERFUL!

### Some Spoof!

**J**IM DAINTY had not noticed the date. Neither had his chum, Dick Dawson. But Ginger Rawlinson, of Rodanays House at Grimsdale School, remembered that it was the First of April. That was how it all happened!

The breakfast-table had not yet rung. Plenty of fellows were out in the quad in the bright, spring morning. Old Sykes had opened the gates, and Jim Dainty and his chum were in the gateway, looking out into the road that would away across the moor.

They were rather interested in a dumpy and grumpy figure in the road. The tramp—he was evidently a tramp—was a hairy man, with a stubble face seriously in need of a wash, a battered bowler hat stuck on the back of a startlingly untidy head of hair, a black patch over one eye, and a dirty sack over his shoulder—containing, apparently, odds-and-ends that he picked up on his travels.

He had stopped to light a short, black pipe, in sight of the gates of Grimsdale—and the two schoolboys, as they glanced at him, wondered how long it was since he had had a wash, and whether he had ever had one at all.

Ginger Rawlinson came sauntering down to the gates, and he, too, glanced out at the tramp with the patched eye. By that time the gentleman in tatters had finished lighting his pipe, and was stooping on. Ginger wanted till he was out of sight before he made the two juniors of White's House aware of his presence.

"You fellows heard?" exclaimed Ginger breathlessly.

Dainty and Dawson turned their heads. They saw Ginger—and regarded him inquiringly.

"Heard what?" asked Jim.

"About Sammy's silver pot." Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the headmaster of Grimsdale School, was the bagger-owner of many "pots," having been what he still was—a great athlete. But there was a very special silver pot which stood in his study at Big School, which Sammy had won with the gloves on.

"Anything happened to it?" asked Dawson.

"Oh, you White's ticks never hear anything!" roared Ginger. "Mean to say you haven't heard yet that it's been snaffled?"

Ginger was very particular about the truth; even on the First of April. He did not say that Sammy's silver pot had been snaffled. He merely asked the White's House juniors if they hadn't heard about it! But the impression he conveyed was that the silver pot had been snaffled!

"Great pip!" exclaimed Jim Dainty.

"But who?"

"Some cove of a tramp, to speak in and snaffle a pot, what?" said Ginger. "It seems that Sammy's widow was open. You didn't see anything of the man? Big, bulking sort of chap, I understand, with a black patch over one eye, and the grimmest face in Yorkshire, and a sack—very enough to guess what he carries a sack for!"

Jim and Dick Dawson gave a simultaneous start. They had seen, only a couple of minutes ago, a man answering to that description, and did not realize at the moment that Ginger, standing behind them, had seen the man, too, and had instantly evolved a jape.

"That scoundrel!" exclaimed Jim.

"Why, we've seen him!"

"Seen him? Where?" exclaimed Ginger. "If you know where he is, let's get after him! That silver pot—"

"Come on!" exclaimed Dawson.

"This way!"

Jim Dainty was already running out of the gateway. Dawson was hardly a second after him. Ginger started to run, too, in a hunch the three Grimsdale juniors tore down the road after the patch-eyed tramp. Ginger Rawlinson halted suddenly, with a wry.

"Oh! My ankle! Oh!"

Ginger stopped and rubbed his ankle. Jim Dainty and Dawson did not stop. They raced on. They had no doubt that Ginger would follow. But Ginger did not follow. He just stood and writhed!

Jim Dainty was a good sprinter. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the ground

as he ran. Dawson panted at his heels.

"There he is!" gasped Jim. At a wind of the road they sighted the tramp, jogging along with his sack over his shoulder, puffing out volumes of smoke from his pipe. "Quick!"

"After him!" panted Dawson. They raced after the tramp. To collar him, before he got away, was their only thought. It would be rather ripping to walk back to Grimsdale with the recovered cup. Well they knew how Sammy Sparshott prized that silver pot. Besides, it was valuable—worth pounds and pounds.

"Stop!" shouted Jim. "Collar him!"

At the shouting voice and the patter-patter of the patch-eyed man started round. The next moment he gave a wild roar. Jim Dainty leaped at him and tackled him Suggar style, and he came down with a bump and a crash. His sack dropped to the road with a clatter.

"Back up, Dawson!" shrieked Jim.

He was struggling in the grasp of the tramp. The man was hefty—there was no doubt about that. But Jim was strong and sturdy, and gave him plenty to do. Dawson piled in with him. The patch-eyed man roared, and yelled, and struggled. He scrambled to his feet, with the two schoolboys clinging to him like cats.

"You young rascals!" he yelled. "What's this game? I'll smash you—blow my buttons, if I don't—Yew-or-ee-shooop!"

He crashed down again as Jim hooked his leg. Both the juniors scrambled over him. He rolled in the road, struggling and spluttering wildly. But they had him down, and they kept him down. It was a wild and terrific struggle, and all parties were rather dazed.

A thin red line ran from Dawson's nose, where an unwanted fat clumped hard—and Jim's head fairly sang from a swipe that landed on his ear. But they gave as good as they got—no better! In spite of his fierce resistance, the patch-eyed man was pinned down.



"Aah! I broke my main arch—I am pained and amazed!" shrieked Fritz. "Ouch! I have van colossal paring pain in main arch inside after! Woowoh! Grrrr!"

Fritz spluttered and coughed and gurgled. Water streamed from his nostrils. The bitter orange rolled on the floor and rolled out to the feet of the astonished Mr. Peck. Fritz clutched at his burning mouth; he roared and howled and caved.

"What the thump?" exclaimed Jim Dainty. "Is that Baden Heater better?"

"Spine!" shrieked Mr. Peck. "Ach! Mein goodness! I am pained!" yelled Fritz. "Mein mouth be in paring this mustard! This must be a prize Ginger put outside in the orange paper; but he kill him to me! Woowoh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Spitta, how dare you eat oranges in class! Rawlinson, did you give Spitta an orange? Have you played a foolish trick on that stupid boy?"

"Only a pinch, sir!" stammered Ginger, rather damaged. "First of April, you know, sir."

"What? How dare you, Rawlinson! Go to Dr. Sparckott's study, wait there for him, and tell him that I desire him to punish you severely for having played foolish tricks in class!" roared Mr. Peck. "Go!"

"Oh, my giddy goshes!" groaned Ginger.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Ginger Rawlinson left the classroom, leaving the Fourth chuckling, and Fritz Spitta spluttering and gurgling. It was close on the end of the second lesson, and in a few minutes the school would be dismissed for morning break.

At present, however, all Grimsdale was in the classroom, and there was nobody near as Ginger slowly and slyly took his way to the Head's study. There he had to wait till Sammy Sparckott came away from the Sick—and Ginger wriggled in anticipation of what he was going to get when he delivered Mr. Peck's message.

The study door was open when he arrived there, and the Redmayne junior opened the door and went in; but he took one step into the room; then he stopped, transfixed by what he saw.

The window opposite the door was open. In that open window was framed a dusty and tattered figure that Ginger had seen before—no other than Mr. Henry Horrocks! The patch-eyed man had his sack over his shoulder, and he was in the very act of dropping out of the window.

For an instant Ginger stared at him, then his eyes were fixed on the man's shoulder. He gasped—and his gasp was right. The silver sap was gone!

The patch-eyed man dropped from the sill into the quad. Ginger raced across the study and fairly bounded through the window after him.

Henry Horrocks landed in the quad and stopped for a moment to adjust his sack on his shoulder. In that moment Fritz landed on Henry Horrocks' sack.

"Got you, you rascal!" gasped Ginger.

"That was an error," Ginger thought he had got Henry Horrocks—but the fact was that Henry Horrocks had got Ginger! The patch-eyed man twisted like an eel, got his sinewy hands on the Redmayne junior, and clutched him savagely. Ginger was swept off and landed on the ground, and he struggled wildly, but in vain, in the powerful grasp of the tramp.

Twice Mr. Horrocks banged Ginger's head on the earth, producing two fearful yells from Ginger. It was fortunate for Ginger that Mr. Horrocks was in a hurry to get away. He did not stop for a third bang. Leaving Ginger sprawling and howling as if his head had been smacked, knocked off, the patch-eyed man jumped up, grasped his sack, and sprinted. He vanished over a wall into



Jim and Ginger punched and thumped each other, and they put their feet into it. They staggered together over the edge of the ditch and plunged headlong to the bottom six feet below—madly disturbing the peace of Henry Horrocks, who had been enjoying a snooze!

the school field, and in that field he did not let the grass grow under his feet.

Ginger Rawlinson set up, clasping his dusty head with both hands and gasping for breath.

"Oh crinie! Oh, my giddy goshes!" groaned Ginger. "Go, my napper! Woe!"

There was a tramp of feet, a bust of voices, and fellows came pouring out of Big School. Ginger left off rubbing his damaged head and rushed to meet the crowd as they came out.

"That ain't Horrocks!" gasped Ginger. "He's snuffed Sammy's silver pot from his study! Come on—got after him!"

Jim Dainty warned, Ginger had caught him with that very once that morning. He was not likely to catch him again!

"Why you—you—you brabbers fat-head!" roared Jim Dainty. "Do one think you can pull a fellow's leg twice in the same way?"

"I tell you he's got it—the silver pot! I saw him—Yarcock! Looze! Oh, my giddy goshes!" shrieked Ginger, as five or six White's juniors grabbed him and rolled him over in the quad.

Bump, bump, bump!

"First of April!" shrieked Jim Dainty. "We'll give him First of April!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Brooky Bacon and Sandy Bean rushed to the rescue of their leader. Other Redmayne men backed their eyes. But the White's fellows had hold of Ginger and they kept hold of him. They rolled him and thumped him and ragged him till Ginger hardly knew what was happening to him. But a

back from Dr. Sparckott's study window interrupted the proceedings. Sammy was in his study now, starting from the window.

"Boys! Dainty, Dawson—all of you—come this at once!" barked Sammy.

Ginger Rawlinson was dropped. He lay spluttering on the earth. Jim Dainty & Co. turned towards the Head.

"Is-it's all right, sir?" gasped Jim. "The fathead was trying to pull our leg again—making us that your silver pot had been snuffed, sir."

"Goshoh! Woowoh! Oh! Woe! Through!" came from Ginger. "It's been snuffed! I saw that tramp—groooh!"

There was a sharp exclamation from Sammy. He had glanced round at his snuff-pot.

"Groat god! The cap is gone!"

"Gone!" gasped Jim Dainty.

"Urrrrgh! That tramp's got it! Through! I saw him—grooh! He hunched over the wall! Woe! You silly ones—groooh!"

"Gone!" repeated Jim Dainty. "My hat! The cap's gone!"

It was gone—and so, unfortunately, was Mr. Horrocks!

**Unexpected!**

**Y**OU silly one!

"You brabbers fat-head!"

Jim Dainty was the first speaker. Ginger Rawlinson was the second. And both of them looked as if they were about to proceed from speaking to sparring.

There was no "third school" at Grimsdale that morning. Sammy's

silver pot was gone, and all Grimsdale turned out to look for it. Crawford and Voss of the Sixth were scouting the moors on their push-bikes, a dozen more of the Fifth and Sixth were on push-bikes, as well as a score of the Fourth. A still more numerous swarm turned out on foot. Sammy was out in his car.

The patch-eyed man had got clear from the school with his loot; but it seemed unlikely that, on foot, he would strike that group. And a mysterious parasite, Evers, said, every lane, every path over the moors was covered by eager Grimsdalers, on foot or on wheels. But on the moors and the hills round Grimsdale there were innumerable nooks and crannies where a man could hide in safe cover. And there was little doubt that Henry Horrocks had hunted cover, to wait for nightfall, when it would be safe and easy to slip away from the vicinity.

It was long past dinner-time, and Jim Dainty was both tired and hungry, after a long and futile hunt on the moor, when he came on Ginger. Ginger was tired and hungry, too.

They met in the narrow lane half-way between the school and Grimsdale Wood, bordered by a deep ditch that was almost choked with ferns and brambles. And, both being tired and hungry, and a little cross, they told one another what they thought of one another.

"You patch-eyed, giffing White's tick!" said Ginger. "If you hadn't played the goat we should have nabbed him before he got away."

"You red-headed Redmays freak!" said Jim Dainty. "If you hadn't spouted me about that tramp the first time I should have believed you the second time. Now he's gone, and it's your fault!"

"Now he's gone, and it's your fault!"

hooted Ginger. "He's had time to get somewhere and hide because you—"

"He's had time to hunt cover because you—"

"You hunting laidoff!"

"You hunting cheap!"

Ginger's fist established contact with Jim Dainty's nose. The next moment Jim's fist was in Ginger's eye! And the next, they were grappling and punching wildly.

"Take that, you White's tick!"

"Take that, you Redmays swamp!"

"Yarook!" roared Ginger, as the White's junior got his red head into danger. "Whoop! Oh, my giddy giddies!"

Thump! Thump! Thump! Ginger struggled frantically. The two juniors reeled and staggered in the narrow lane, and on the very verge of the ditch. Both of them were weary, and both forgot that they were supposed to be hunting for Henry Horrocks and the silver pot.

They remembered only that they were the rivals of Grimsdale, and they paroled and thumped—and they put their feet into it. They staggered together near the edge of the ditch, and landed headlong to the bottom, six feet below.

"Oh, arling!"

"Oh, my giddy giddies!"

"Strike me pink," came another voice—an unexpected voice. "Ooohoo! What's that? Strike me pink and blue!"

Under the two juniors a breathless, winded figure was wriggling.

In other amazement Jim Dainty and Ginger Hawthorn rebound one another.

They were sprawling on a patch-eyed man who had been hiding in the dry ditch, with the bracken and brambles carefully screened near him. In that safe and hidden refuge Henry Horrocks had been enjoying a snooze when the

Grimsdalers happened. It was a really exciting hiding-place.

"My hat!" roared Jim. "It's the tramp!"

"It's him!" gasped Ginger excitedly and ungrammatically. "Bag him!"

Mixed with was quite forgotten. Redmays and White's joined forces at once. Ginger twisted over and planted a knee painfully in Mr. Horrocks' "tummy." Jim Dainty knelt on his neck. They had him helpless.

Jim Dainty whipped off the man's unclean neckcloth, dragged his hands together, and tied his wrists. That was a very precaution, before Mr. Horrocks got his second wind!

"Safe now!" gasped Jim. "And there's the tick!"

He upended the sack on Mr. Horrocks. His strange and varied contents were emptied on Mr. Horrocks' consciousness. Among other articles was a handsome silver cup that glinted in the April sunshine.

"That's the pot!" roared Ginger.

"Sammy's silver pot! Oh, what luck!"

"Hoorah!"

The silver pot fashed back the rays of the April sun as Jim Dainty started for the school. Grimsdale fellows gathered round them on the way, and it was quite an army that marched home with the captured trophy.

Behind them, at the bottom of the six-foot ditch, they left Mr. Horrocks, moaning and groaning, and lamenting that the first article he had ever put foot within ten miles of Grimsdale School.

(Look out for the return of an old favourite next week—the Rio Kid, in a romping scene of the Wild West, entitled "The Stallion Kid!" Don't miss it, buddies!)

## GATHER ROUND FOR A CHEERY POW-WOW, BUDDIES!

# The CHIEF RANGER CHATS



**HALLO, Buddies.**—You've been making Ranger Dan laugh so heartily lately that his ribs are in danger of cracking under the strain. So I've packed him off on a long holiday and undertaken to do his job myself. Don't show me that I can appreciate a good job, but we pass on to you a "off-tickler" which comes from E. Kimball, of Colwyn, Lakewood Grove, Chichester. (I've forwarded him a speaking pocket knife for it.)

### SHAME.

**Johnny:** "I can't find my knee caps, neither!"

**Andrew:** "I've just searched it."

**Johnny:** "That's done it! I find all my Anonworth seams on that collar!"

Good one, wasn't it? Now, you fellows who haven't tried one with a funny story should get busy right away. I've heard of small pieces of rag stuck up-behind. While I think of it: In this space each week I'm going to make it a habit to reply to readers' letters. Like the idea? Good! For a start I'm going to say to Stanworthy Kendall of 1, Saville Hall Lane, Doodworth, near Bicester, that he knows what he's talking about. Besides, now he's got a telephone. Listen in to what he says.

In brass or iron, its armor or rain

The RANGER'S best — that's pretty plain!

And I think you will agree

The RANGER'S best for You and Me!

Dear, dear, Stanley. I'm sending you a pocket wallet for that charming inspiration. Hope you will like it, old boy! Now here's a brief note from a reader in Canada. He says that he's got quite a lot of stamps the R's referring to our "Every Boy's World in Pictures" scheme, which came to an end some time ago), and hopes I will continue the Grimsdale series. But your life is well, Doug-Lexander. Glad you like the new school year by Frank Richards—it shows you know what's what! Ready for another job, buddies. Bye bye!

### IN THEORY.

**Father:** "If my dog goes round to become a musician, say 'Bye!'"

**Boy:** "Because my words would be all play!"

That came from M. Phillips, of Fressing Town, near Witley. Now he's mighty pleased I'd suggest, for I've sent him a handy pocket knife. It won't out-

per friendship, oh dear no, but it'll cut the things that matter—what is what every good pocket knife should do. Now, come on, you other fellows, the year looks into the. The address is: "Chief Ranger," 3, Gurnette Street, London, E.C.4. (Comp.) Postcards will do, too. Bye!

**BRavo, Guyton Parnell.** He sent me a lively job a few weeks ago, and I had pleasure in awarding him a prize. Guyton was so pleased that he showed it to his school teacher. His school teacher showed it to the class, and the boys (most of them anyway) said they were going to start reading the RANGER. That's the style. Pity them boys, Guyton, didn't start the "Ranger habit" when you did. Look what a number of treats they've received. Tell them from me, there are plenty of treats ahead. The RANGER goes ahead, the whole time, and is never content to sit still and let other boys' papers steal a march on it. Just one more job, so as to put an all in good honour and next week's RANGER comes along! P. McLaren, of 38, North Road, Wimbledon, S.W.18, has the billings this time.

### THE CAT PARADE.

**Old lady (to the postman):** "Dear-est, how I've had a cat burglar!"

**Postman:** "M'm! And how much did he take, m'm'm?"

**Old lady:** "Half a ha'penny!"

Worth while sending in that job, wasn't it. You've got a tapping pocket knife in disguise. Show it to your pals. And now for a few words about the programme in next Saturday's issue of the RANGER. As usual, there will be six first-class stories, including a thrilling Wild West yarn introducing an old favourite character, the Rio Kid. This story has been written at the special request of many readers, and takes you right to the real "red" line, and it's worth next week. Buddies—in print, anyway—so cheerio all them.