

WONDERFUL FREE GIFTS COMING SOON! SEE PAGE 355.

The RANGER

2nd



The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



DON'T MENTION WHITENASH TO GINGER RAWLINGS, OR TO HIS HOUSEMASTER, MR. REDMAYNE, FOR WHITENASH GOT BOTH OF THEM INTO A DEUCE OF A MESS—AND NOW! THIS MIRTH-MAKING SCHOOL FARN, TELLING OF A GLORIOUS JAFF THAT WENT ASTRAY, WILL KEEP YOU ENTERTAINED FROM FIRST LINE TO LAST!

Up to Something!

"GINGER'S up to something!" murmured Jim Dainty. Dick Dawson nodded and grinned.

It was clear that Ginger Rawlings of Redmayne's House was up to "something." He was approaching the open doorway of Bykes' toilet in an exceedingly cautious manner. He approached in an tiptoe, watched as he went. Evidently Ginger Rawlings was waiting something in the toilet, but was waiting to make sure before he entered that Bykes, the Grimslade porter, was not there.

Wasteful and wary as he was, the red-headed junior of Redmayne's House had, of course, no eyes in the back of his head. So he was happily unaware that the two juniors of White's House had appeared in the office, and were watching him carefully from a little distance behind.

Ginger, on tiptoe, arrived in the doorway, and looked in—and then went into the shed, and disappeared from view. Evidently he had found that old Bykes was not there.

"Come on!" murmured Jim Dainty. "Bag him as he comes out, and give him a surprise!"

Dawson chuckled, imitating Ginger's tiptoe method, the two White's juniors silently approached the toilet in their turn. They stopped, one on either side of the doorway, out of sight of the fellow within. Then they waited, with the cheery intention of "bagging" Ginger as he came out, and giving him a surprise in the shape of a sudden bag on the ear. They exchanged a grin as they heard Ginger's voice within.

"My giddy gobshank! Here it is, all right! Good egg!"

Ginger Rawlings emerged from the doorway. He was carrying a bucket on his head, and he was ready to the brim of whitewash. This bucket of whitewash, the property of old Bykes, was what Ginger had been after. That was why he had been so careful to ascertain that Bykes was not on the spot.

Dainty and Dawson did not, as the moment, observe what Ginger was carrying. As soon as his red head appeared in view, they jumped at him and

collared him—and there was a startled pl from Ginger.

"What—what the blazes! Oh! Quosh!" Ginger Rawlings staggered in the sudden grasp that closed on him on either side, and the bucket rocked in his hand, and shed nearly half its contents. Quarts of white-wash swamped over Ginger's trousers and feet.

"You laughing chaps! Look at my bags! You silly ones! Look at my boots! You fat-headed White's ticks, look at me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dainty and Dawson as they looked. From the knees downwards, Ginger was white-washed. White-wash streamed down him and landed a pool around his feet. Ginger looked on as if he had been standing in the bucket. His face was as red as his hair with wrath.

"You—you—you—" spluttered Ginger.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My giddy gobshank! Eh—" Ginger did not waste time in stating what he was going to do—he started to do it. Seizing the bucket in both hands he went off to lard the contents at Dainty and Dawson.

"Hook it!" gasped Jim.

The White's juniors looked at promptly. They fairly bounded. A swang of whitewash splashed behind them as they went, but they were clear in time. They did not pause. Thinking they spotted out, Stone threw of whitewash had splashed on Jim Dainty's jacket—that was all. They fled, leaving Ginger Rawlings heeling with fury.

"Oh crony!" gasped Ginger, as he looked down at his whitewashed trousers and shoes. "Oh, my hat! And now most of the staff's gone!"

The bucket was only a third full now. And Ginger had wasted it full! With an angry grunt, he carried back into the toilet, and put the bucket under the tap there. Having filled it nearly to the brim, considerably thinning the whitewash with water, he carried it out of the shed again. Then he hurried away with it. He left a trail of white-wash as he went—it dripped from his trousers, and splashed from his boots. The desk was falling over Grimslade

School, and the bell was ringing for roll-over. Ginger did not heed the bell. Grimslade was crossing the quad and going towards Hall from both Houses, and—now that Dainty and Dawson were gone—there was nobody in use Ginger sneaking stealthily away behind Redmayne's House with the whitewash bucket. Oh, Spensholt was strict on punctuality, but Ginger had no risk being late for roll-over.

Behind Redmayne's House, he concealed the bucket in a shrubbery, and then hurried into the House. By that time he had shed most of the whitewash from his feet. He got in by a side-door, wiped his feet very carefully on the mat, and scudded up to his dormitory to change his trousers and shoes.

Late or not, he could not turn up in Hall in his present startling state. Except for the servants below, there was nobody in the House—all the fellows had gone across to Big Hall. Ginger was rather glad of it. He did not want to be seen in his whitewashed state.

Done in the Dark!

"BLACK as a bat!" murmured Ginger Rawlings.

It was dark—very dark. That circumstance seemed to please Ginger, as he looked out of his study window in Redmayne's House. Ginger had been writing lines, which he had received for being late at roll-over. It was not yet time for prep, and his study mates, Stone and Stone, were in the gym.

Now, however, the red-headed leader of Redmayne's juniors had left off lines, and turned out the light in his study. He stood at the open window, and looked this way and that, like Stone of old, and like Stone, saw no man. Until the moon came up it was going to be very dark, and that was what Ginger wanted.

He dropped quietly from the study window, and scudded round the House to the shrubbery at the back, where he had hidden the bucket of whitewash.

Ginger was grinning. He had had an object in sneaking Bykes' whitewash behind the toilet in the morning, and that Jim Dainty of White's House had a ticket

for the cinema at Middlesboro, and that he had had the Head's leave to go.

There was no secret about it; lots of fellows knew, though only Ginger Rawlins had thought of putting his knowledge to use. Ginger had planned a job. Jim had to return for work, and there was a surprise in store for him when he did—if Ginger's scheme worked.

Taking the basket from its place of concealment, Ginger crept away with it to the path that ran up from the gates to White's House. In several places that path was bordered by some of the ancient Grimsdale oak—immense old trees that had been standing in the time of the Wars of the Roses.

Ginger stepped under a tree that overhung the path, right across the path. He attached a cord to the handle of the basket, and then climbed up the tree. Outside of a massive branch over the path, he drew up the basket on the cord and lodged it on the branch.

Then he waited.

There was a sound of footsteps on the path. They were coming up the path in the direction of White's House, the lighted windows of which were at a distance. Ginger prepared to tilt the basket.

In the thick darkness under the oak the White's junco could not possibly see the fellow on the branch above as he came along under the tree. He could see nothing—and know nothing till the sweep of whitewash dropped on his head.

Ginger peered down.

Footsteps came under the tree. He knew that he could not be seen, because he had no shining lantern—but he could hear. Listening intently, he judged accurately when the footsteps were just before. Then, timed to the second, he tilted over the basket of whitewash.

Woooooosh!

It descended in a flood. It swamped and splashed over the unseen head below. There was a gasping exclamation and a terrific gurgle. Ginger chuckled.

"Wooooerrrgh!" came gurgling from beneath him. "Urrgh! What—Urrgh! Bless my soul! Urrrgh!"

Ginger was about to burst into a roar of laughter, but he didn't! The laugh was frozen on his lips. "Bless my soul!" was certainly not an exclamation to be expected from a whistler. And the voice sounded familiar—and did not sound like Jim Dainty's. It sounded like a man's voice. It sounded, as Ginger realized with a thrill of utter horror, like the voice of his Housemaster, Mr. Redmayne!

Uttered with horror, Ginger clung to the branch and peered down. Dainty too made out a figure sniggering below. Now that it was whitewashed, it was dimly visible, even in the thick darkness. Horrible gurgles came from it.

"Gooch! What— Help! Bless my soul! Gooch! What— Help! Gooch!"

"Redmayne!" breathed Ginger. "By what awful luck Mr. Redmayne had been going over to White's House at that particular moment! Ginger did not know. Sometimes Redmayne went over for a chat with White, of course. But Ginger had not been thinking about him at all. He thought about his nose!

Ginger clambered through the tree, dropped on the farther side of the massive trunk, and fled into the darkness, leaving Mr. Redmayne still gurgling and gasping and spluttering. He left the basket jammed in the hollow in the oak. Briefly, his feet hardly touching the ground, the dismayed Redmayne junco fled. He smashed his sturdy window. It was open, and the steady still dark. By great good luck, Harem and Bean had not yet come in for

Mr. Redmayne scrawled in at the window, shut it after him, and turned on the light. Hurriedly he sorted out his

books, and sat down to prep. He was sorry for Redmayne—Redmayne was not a bad old fellow—but he was likely to be still sorrowful for himself if it came out who had whitewashed the Housemaster!

It was not going to come out if he could help it. Even his next and dearest chums, Stranky and Sandy, should not know—such a secret could not be kept too dark! It was a secret that needed to be buried deep!

Ginger Rawlins heard sounds from the quad. There were footsteps and voices and flailing of lights. Quite a livellable was going on in the dusky yard. He knew why! Obviously, the whitewashing of Redmayne would cause a sensation at Grimsdale. But Ginger had no desire to join that excited crowd in the quad. He desired to creep as far away from it as possible.

The study door opened, and Harem and Bean came in, with excited faces.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Stranky Harem. "Hurry!"

"Hurry!" gasped Ginger.

"Haven't you heard the row? Somebody's banged a lot of whitewash over old Redmayne!" gasped Stranky. "Got him on the path under the oak as he was going over to see Billy White. Now White's tick, of course!"

"A White's tick, that's a cut!" agreed Sandy Bean. "Nobody in this House would rag Redmayne. I wonder if it was young Dainty! He was out of his house, anyhow. He's been to Middlesboro, I heard."

"I—I don't think it was Dainty!" gasped Ginger.

"Well, he's got stuck enough—and precious few fellows have cheek enough to whitewash a head! I saw him there

in the crowd. I heard him say he came in just after it happened."

"I—I fancy he did!" gasped Ginger. "Yes! I—I—I fancy he must have!"

"There's going to be a fearful row!" said Stranky. "I pity the chap when he's banged!"

"Summy will make mischief out of him! What are you grousing about, Ginger? Don't you mind?"

"No—no. Oh dear!"

"You're looking rather queer!" said Sandy.

"Oh—yes—no! Let's get on to prep!"

The scheme of Redmayne's House gets on to prep. But Stranky and Sandy gave little attention to prep; they discussed what was likely to happen to the "tick" who had whitewashed the head when he was caught. They never asked a man at Grimsdale, but Harem and Bean agreed that the bightor, when he came under Summy Spurdell's hands, would wish that they did! And the "bightor," as he listened to these, wondered whether they were right!

Fella Needs a Change!

I THINK that it was Dainty!" "You think—what!" gasped Jim Dainty.

It was in break the following morning, and all Grimsdale was discussing one topic—and one only. The whitewashing of Mr. Redmayne had fairly thrilled Grimsdale.

Every fellow asked every other fellow who the doctos had done it, and nobody knew. Even Ginger Rawlins asked fellows who the jolly old thump it could have been! If he hadn't seemed as curious as the rest, fellows might have guessed that he knew!



Woooooosh! The whitewash descended in a flood. It swamped and splashed over the unseen head below. There was a gasping exclamation and a terrific gurgle. "Wooooerrrgh!" Ginger chuckled—and knowing that the whitewash had fallen over a Housemaster instead of Jim Dainty!

A bunch of White's fellows, standing near the fountain in the quad, were discussing the thrilling topic when Fritz Spitz stated his opinion. And Jim Dainty gave him a glance that might have withered him.

Most of Grimsdale thought it meant for a White's man: it was simply natural that a Redman's man would rag his own Housemaster. Only Dainty and Dawson wondered what Ginger had been going to do with that whitewash he had been after in the football. Still, they could not believe that Ginger had had any idea of ragging his Housemaster, and it did not occur to them that he had whitewashed the young lady.

"Don't be waxy, Tainty!" said Fritz van Spitz. "Nothing to be waxy about. I think not. It was you, my good friend; but, of course, I say nothing!"

"You pit-head, pit-head, headed, pitting porke!" said Jim Dainty. "I came in two or three minutes after it happened, and knew nothing about it."

Fritz Spitz grinned.

"Stick to it, my dear Tainty!" he said. "That is not I should say if I had done that thing! Mein goodness! I think it was being funny, snapping all that whitewash after that Redman's! Voodoo he put me to test, but Redman, and I get better glad that you consider him a whitewash!"

"You shouldn't have!" roared Dainty, giving Dainty a look by the collar, jerked his hand over the granite basin of the big fountain, and dipped his fat fingers in the water. There was a splashing loud from Fritz.

"Now, you fat boogie, do you still think I did it?" roared Dainty, as the fat German struggled and wriggled wildly in his grief.

"Urrr-ugg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fritz struggled frantically as his fat face was dipped a second time. His podgy arms flung into the water and splashed it on all sides—chiefly over himself. Jim Dainty had a group of boys on the bank of his podgy neck. Dainty watched it supposed that he had got a hand in the dripping amount on Mr. Redman's. Jim dipped the fat face a third time.

"Enough!" gasped Fritz.

"Ware looks!" whispered Dick Dawson suddenly.

Mr. White was coming up to the spot. Dainty jerked the fat German back from the fountain, and Fritz went gasping, splashing, and dripping.

"Dainty! How dare you! What—" explained the Housemaster of White's.

"Ach! That peasant and a waxy, he took me for me I think not by whitewash Redman's!" gasped Fritz. "Now I am all wet before."

Mr. White stared. His eyes fixed on Dainty, if you know anything of the scandal on Mr. Redman's last evening.

Jim Dainty breathed hard.

"Nothing at all, sir! I hadn't come in. That fat idiot—"

"Spitz, you should not make such suggestions. Go into the Home and change your jacket before third school."

Fritz van Spitz, perhaps, asked that he had not aired his opinions as he limped away, drenched and dripping to the Home. He went up to the Fourth Form dormitory to change, pink with wrath. His jacket was soaked.

"That peasant and a prate!" he gasped, as he stripped off his wet clothes.

"That peasant powder! Now I am all wet in it and as if I had been washed! Prate! pligher!"

Fritz had to towel himself down. Really, it was as bad as if he had washed—and Fritz hated washing. He opened his door to take out his Sunday jacket, to put on in place of the wet one. Then he passed. He did not want to wear his best jacket on a week-

day. And one of Dainty's jackets was hanging on a bench over his bed.

Fritz grinned as he took it down. It was the jacket Jim had been wearing the previous day. Jim had changed it for another because it was spotted with whitewash; and he was going to touch that whitewash off—some time. He had not done yet, so he was still wearing the other one, but.

"That jacket is my main blanket, and I was not Tainty's chucker after!" grinned Fritz. The bell was ringing for third school, and Fritz donned that jacket hastily, without noticing that it was spotted. "I think not but serve him right, and I will make it ferrier take, before I will put some grass on it also, and I will get some more! Feast and a prate!"

Fritz rolled out of the dormitory and joined the crowd of fellows heading for Big School, for third lesson. In the doorway of Big School stood Trafford of the Sixth.

"Big Hall!" he announced.

And the Grimsdale fellows, instead of going to the Form-room, went into Big Hall, where Dr. Sparscott awaited them. And all Grimsdale wondered whether it meant that the mysterious offender of the previous night had been discovered.

Up to Ginger!

SAMMY SPARSBOTT glanced over a silent assembly with his keen, grey eyes. A pit might have been laid to drop in Hall. Every fellow present, whom was "on." And one fellow, at least, was feeling fairly uneasy. Ginger Hamilton had quite a sickening feeling in his inside.

Fritz Spitz gave Jim Dainty a fat grin. He had no doubt that Dainty was "for it." Jim gave him a glance in response. All Grimsdale was present, with all the Form-masters and both the Housemasters. It was a solemn occasion. It seemed as if every fellow in the assembly's penetrating eyes were being fixed him personally.

"Mr. White! Please proceed!" barked Sammy.

Ginger breathed again. Sammy knew something! It was an inquiry—on what issue, Ginger could not guess. Mr. White "proceeded." He moved along the ranks of Grimsdale and stopped at White's fellows, one after another, and scanned them with searching eyes. What the game was, what White was up to, was a mystery to all present, until the Housemaster stopped suddenly at Frederick van Spitz.

"Spitz! Go to the Head!"

Fritz's nose-eyes goggled with alarm.

"Ach! I know nothing, mein prate is a perfect plank!" he stammered.

"Go to the Head!"

"Mein goodness!"

All eyes were fixed on Fritz van Spitz as the fat German slowly made his way up the crowded Hall to the spot where the headmaster stood.

"Mr. Spitz!"

"That it was Fritz!"

"Sammy's spotted him!" whispered Sandy Bacon.

Ginger stood dumb! How could Sammy have spotted a fellow when it wasn't that fellow?

Fritz Spitz stood quaking before the Head. His fat nose quivered to Fritz van Spitz. He was certain that Fritz had been guilty. He could not have looked more terrified. Sammy scrutinized him grimly. Then he addressed the headmaster school.

"Now, you all know what happened to Mr. Redman's last night. Some Grimsdale boy handled a basket of whitewash. It seemed to me possible—indeed, probable—that that boy might have traced of whitewash left on his clothes. For that reason, I requested Mr. White to examine the boys of his House."

"Oh!" came in a gasp from the school. They understood now. Redman's House was not under suspicion.

And the White's fellow who had done it had been spotted. And it was Fritz!

"Spitz, there are six or seven distinct stains of whitewash on your jacket!" said Sammy Sparscott, in a deep voice. "How do you account for that?"

"Mein goodness!" gasped Fritz.

"Have you anything to say, Spitz?" thundered the Head.

"Ach! Ja! Ja, would!" squeaked Fritz in dire terror. "It was not me! Oh, grumble! Mein prate is a perfect plank."

"You have been handling whitewash recently, Spitz. I have no choice but to conclude—"

"Ach! Nein!" shrieked Fritz. "I took me to whitewash. I know nothing of whitewash! Neither have I touch to whitewash."

"My clerk, Byles!" said Sammy Sparscott.

Fritz gulped.

"Ach! I tell you—"

"Byles, take that boy up!" said Sammy Sparscott.

And the Head's man stepped to Fritz to lead him for the flogging.

There was a yell of approval from Fritz as he was "hoisted." It rang through the crowded hall, all eyes turned to look on him. Nobody, but one—indeed, that Sammy!—had spotted the right man! And it was evidently going to be a record flogging! Dr. Sparscott took a firm grip on the stick. And then—

Ginger could stare no more! There was a stir in the Fourth, a sudden hush as a red-headed junior jumped out of the ranks and ran up the Hall!

"Stop!" gasped Ginger. "It wasn't Spitz, sir! It wasn't—was it?"

Sammy jumped almost clear of the door.

"Yes!"

"Me!"

"Great good!"

There was a sudden hush in Hall! Byles lowered Fritz from his shoulders. The fat German gasped. His gangle was the only sound that broke the dead silence.

Then Sammy Sparscott spoke:

"Hamilton! You confess that it was you that made an unprovoked, brutal assault on your own Housemaster?"

"Oh, my giddy gables! I mean, no, sir! I—no, sir!—I—no, sir!" Ginger babbled.

"I—I mean, it was my mistake, sir! I—I thought it was Dainty of White's who was chasing up in the dark, and—and it was Redman's! Oh, my giddy gables! I never dreamed that it was my Housemaster, sir!—ill—ill to get the whitewash!"

Sammy gasped at Ginger's stunts.

"Hamilton! I am glad you have confessed rather than allow another boy to take your punishment! It is what I should have expected of any Grimsdale boy! I am glad, too, that it was a foolish mistake—not a deliberate act of insolence, as it appeared! I am very glad of that! In the circumstances, I shall not flog you—"

"Oh, thank you, sir!" gasped Ginger.

"I shall leave your punishment to your Housemaster!"

"Oh, my giddy gables!"

"Mr. Redman's, kindly take this boy!"

"Oh, ho!"

But Mr. Redman's laid it on lightly. No doubt the discovery that it had been a mistake in the dark made a difference. No doubt Ginger's plank in coming up made a difference, too. And no doubt the fact that Mr. Redman's had now recovered from the whitewash made a still greater difference.

anyhow, he laid it on lightly, for which Ginger was duly thankful.

(Another full-of-laughter story featuring the chummy class of Grimsdale coming next week. Don't forget popular Frank Hamilton's also writes a long complete school story every Saturday in the "Magnum," price 2d.)