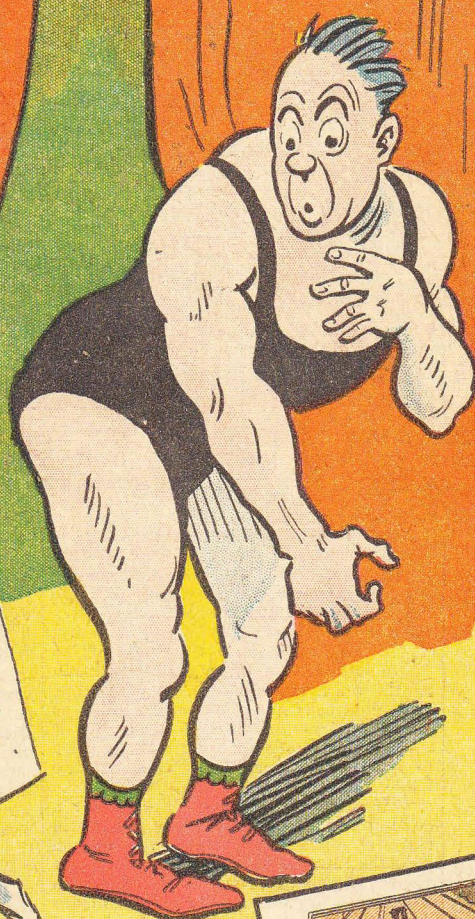


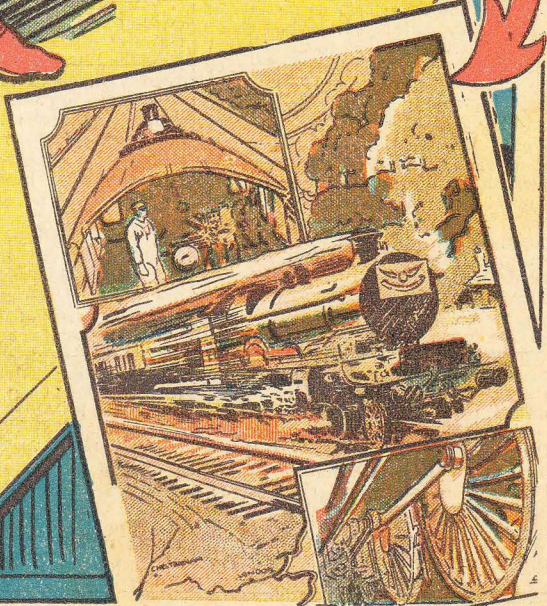
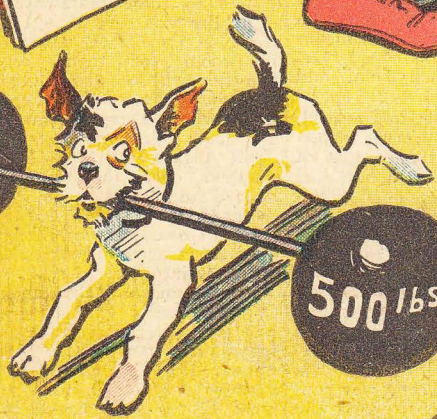
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The RANGER

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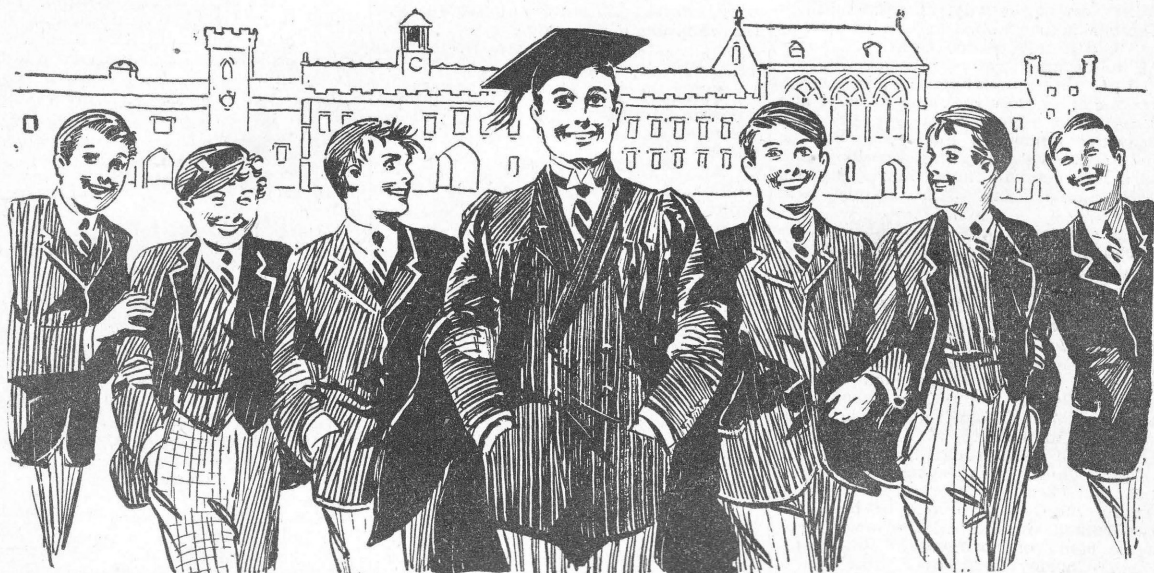


**SAMPSON
SIMPSON**
CATCHWEIGHT
LIFTING CHAMPION
OF THE WORLD



THE BEST SCHOOL STORY OF THE WEEK!

The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



JIM DAINTY'S SAID "GOOD-BYE" TO GRIMSLADE; HE'S BEEN EXPELLED! BUT BEFORE MANY HOURS ARE PAST JIM'S BACK AT GRIMSLADE AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. LET FRANK RICHARDS TELL YOU HOW THIS ASTONISHING THING COMES ABOUT!

Turned Out!

SACKED!

Jim Dainty could hardly believe it.

They never sacked a man at Grimslade School. Never since Dr. Samuel Sparshott had been headmaster of that ancient foundation had a Grimslade man been "bunked." Sammy Sparshott had other ways of dealing with unruly boys. Sammy, hitherto, had never failed. But it looked as if he had failed with Jim Dainty. For the first time in Sammy's headmaster-ship, a Grimslade man had been turfed out, and that man was Jim Dainty of the Fourth Form.

Dainty stood in the road in the bright spring sunshine, and stared at the gates that had closed behind him. Through the metal bars he could see into the quad. It was deserted; the fellows were still in third school. He had a glimpse of the tall figure of Sammy walking back to his study.

Jim Dainty turned slowly away, and still more slowly went along the lane towards Middlemoor. He had to get his train there—his train for home.

He had asked for it, and he had got it. And now that the chopper had come down, now that he had to go, he knew that he didn't want to leave Grimslade—didn't want to leave Sammy. His chum, Dick Dawson, even Fritz Splitz, and red-headed Ginger Rawlinson of Redmayes' House, his rival—he would miss them all sorely. And strangely enough he would miss Sammy most of all.

His obstinate temper had carried him away; but he realised now what an ass he had been. Suppose it was not too late—suppose he went back and took his whopping—suppose he owned up that he had made a fool of himself, and put it up to Sammy? For a long time Jim Dainty stood there, thinking, his mind in a turmoil. He hated climbing down. But Sammy was a man—the finest man he had ever met. He wouldn't mind climbing down to Sammy. He turned in the road, and started back.

Then he stopped again. The fellows would be all out of the Form-rooms now. He would have to face a staring

crowd. The news would be all over the school that a man had been sacked—a sensation at Grimslade. Climbing down to Sammy was one thing, but for the fellows to see him coming back, like a dog with his tail between his legs—he couldn't stand that. Better leave it till they were at dinner. It was little more than an hour.

He struck off from the road across the moor, in the direction of Grimslade Pike. He had to kill time till dinner. He tramped through the gorse, his mind made up, feeling sure that Sammy would play up when he put it to him. In deep thought he hardly noticed the black clouds rolling down from the Pike, blotting out the spring sunshine. Then rain began to fall.

Dainty stared round him. He was a good mile from the road, on the open, unsheltered moor, and in ten minutes he would be drenched to the skin. But since he had been at Grimslade Jim had learned every highway and byway round the school, and he remembered the old shepherd's hut, long deserted, near Grimslade Water. He started for it at a run, and in a few minutes dashed into its shelter.

The old hut was in a dilapidated state, but there was shelter from the rain. In one corner, where old rafters and thatch had fallen in from the roof, there was a sheltered nook, and Jim sat down on an old beam, almost hidden among the rubbish. He listened to the dashing of the heavy rain. It had lasted an hour, when there was a sound of footsteps and voices in the broken doorway of the hut.

"Blow the rain!" came a deep, grunting voice. "I'm wet, Billy."

"You ain't wetter'n I am, Charley."

Jim looked round the stack of rubbish that half-hid him from sight. As he saw the two men who had entered, Jim drew a little closer into cover, hoping from the bottom of his heart that they would not spot him there. They looked two of the toughest characters he had ever seen. Billy had a bulldog face with two or three teeth missing. Charley had a broken nose and a damaged eye. If they were not hooligans and footpads, their looks belied them.

But they did not look round the hut, taking it for granted that no one was

there. They stood inside the doorway, scowling out at the drenched and dripping moor, where the rain was still pattering down.

"It won't last long now," grunted Charley. "But I fancy we'll wait for it to dry up a bit before we squat down on the footpath to wait for the schoolmaster."

"Bags of time yet. He won't be along till two, from what Monty Moss told us. But we got to be in time, and we got to get him down quick. I tell you, Charley, that schoolmaster's a blooming prizefighter."

"Don't I know it? I've seen him," said Charley. "And he handled Moss like a baby—whacked him with a cane like he was a boy at his school."

There was a chuckle from the two ruffians. Jim Dainty drew a deep breath, and his heart beat fast. He could hardly doubt that the schoolmaster of whom they spoke was Dr. Samuel Sparshott of Grimslade. And he knew the name of Monty Moss, the bookmaker, whom Sammy had caught once dealing with a Fifth Form boy, and thrashed with a cane as a warning to keep clear of Grimsladers. He felt his heart throb. He hardly dared to breathe. Charley, little dreaming that a Grimslade boy was within a few feet of him, went on:

"Monty's got his knife into him proper, but he don't dare tackle him himself. Five quid each for beating him up is good pay. But I tell you, Billy, if that schoolmaster hits out, we'll earn it, ard. He's got a hit like the kick of a mule. We got to jump on him quick, afore he sees us. Where them willows grow over the footpath—that's the place."

"If Monty's got it right, and he comes along—"

"He's got it right. The schoolmaster goes regular to Blackslade to see old Tracey. The man was in his battalion when he was a kid officer in the War, and he lost his leg on the Somme."

Jim Dainty hardly breathed. To keep silent till the ruffians were gone, and then sprint his hardest to Grimslade and warn Sammy—that was the thought in his mind. If only they did not look in his direction—the rubbish

in the hut only partly concealed him from—

"By gum!" Charley had glanced round. "What the thunder— My eye! 'Ere, what you doin' 'ere?"

There was a clatter in the rubbish as the ruffian leaped towards the half-hidden schoolboy. Jim sprang to his feet. He was discovered, and he made a desperate bound to escape. But Billy was in the way, and the bulldog-faced ruffian grabbed at him in time.

"Old him!" panted Charley.

"I got 'im!"

Jim Dainty struggled desperately, frantically. He struck out fiercely, and Billy gave a yell as a set of hard knuckles landed in his eye. But he held on to the struggling schoolboy, and in a few moments more Charley's grasp was added, and Jim Dainty was helpless.

"A school kid," said Charley, between his discoloured teeth. "My eye! And he's 'eard what we've been saying. And he knows—"

"He won't tell nobody," said Billy. "'Old 'im!" He drew a cord from his pocket, and, in spite of Jim's resistance, bound his hands together. He knotted the cord savagely, and then knotted another length round the schoolboy's ankles. "I reckon that'll keep him safe. And nobody ever comes 'ere. Chuck him in the corner!"

Jim Dainty went sprawling among the rubbish in the corner of the hut. Taking no further notice of him, the two ruffians waited till the bright sunshine came out over the moor again. Then Charley bent over him for a moment to make sure that he was safe, and grinned down at him.

"We'll let you loose arter!" he said. "But you'll just stay 'ere and 'old your tongue. See?"

And the two ruffians left the hut. Their footsteps died away across the moor. Jim Dainty groaned.

He wrenched at his bonds; but he knew that there was no chance of getting loose. He had to lie there, helpless, while Sammy Sparshott walked into the ambush that was being prepared for him.

Caught Napping!

DR. SAMUEL SPARSHOTT stood at his study window, looking out into the quad. Dinner was over at Grimslade, and all the fellows were out of their Houses. White's and Redmayes' men were gathered in groups, all in eager discussion. Their voices did not reach the headmaster, but he knew they were discussing the absence of Jim Dainty. Both Houses were thrilled by the news that a Grimslade man had been sacked.

Sammy Sparshott turned from his window as Mr. White entered the study. The Housemaster of White's coughed. Sammy smiled faintly.

"You're not blaming me, Mr. White?" he asked.

"No, sir; but it's broken the Grimslade record," said the Housemaster. "And—I wish that record had not been broken by a boy of my House."

"Quite!" agreed Sammy.

He cocked his eye thoughtfully at the Housemaster.

"It appears, too," went on Mr. White, "now I have inquired, that Dainty did not commit the fault for which his Form master sent him to you for punishment. It was the German boy, Splitz."

"I knew that Dainty had not buzzed that ink-ball at Peck," answered Sammy. "He said so. But he disobeyed a master's order. That's more serious. Instead of taking his whopping, he climbed on the roof, and, for his safety's sake, I had to promise to cut out the whopping, and let him come down. For the first time, White, the headmaster of Grimslade was beaten by a Grimslade boy!"

"I suppose you had no choice but to expel him, sir," said Mr. White. "Still, I am sorry he has gone. He had many fine qualities."

"If he has gone," said Sammy quietly, "we are well rid of him, White. In taking me at such a disadvantage he was not playing the game. I believe that that was due to hot-headed obstinacy and want of reflection. I believe that on reflection he will realise as much, and will be properly ashamed of himself. In that case, if he is the boy I have taken him for, he will come back, confess his fault, and ask to take his whopping."

"Oh!" said Mr. White. "Then you expect to see him here again?"

"Quite. I am surprised that I have not seen him yet," said Sammy calmly. There was a sudden yell from the quad.

"Ach! Tat you kick me not on mein trousers!" It was the voice of Fritz Splitz, raised in anguish. "Peast and a prute! Yaroooh!"

Sammy smiled grimly. Mr. White rather hastily left the study. The Grimslade fellows were letting Fritz Splitz know what they thought of him, and they seemed to be making it perfectly clear. A Grimslade fellow was expected to own up, rather than let another fellow take his gruel. Fritz did not see it, so the other fellows were making it clear to him. Mr. White was only in time to save Fatty Fritz from a ducking in the fountain.

Dr. Sparshott, a little later, left the House, in hat and coat, and went down to the gates. A fat figure bolted past him in the quad, with Dawson, of White's, and Ginger Rawlinson, of Redmayes, in hot pursuit. Sammy walked on, regardless. A ragging, in Sammy's opinion, was for the good of Friedrich von Splitz.

He turned out of the school gates and strode along the road towards the distant town of Blackslade.

He was thinking deeply as he turned from the road into the footpath across the lonely moor. It was of the "sacked" junior that he was thinking. He was sure that he had judged the boy's character aright—that Dainty would realise his fault and ask to be allowed to make amends.

Sammy's long legs strode rapidly along the lonely footpath. Sammy's eyes were sharp—as sharp as any in Yorkshire—but he did not spot the eyes that watched him from the clump of willows, ahead on the path.

The attack, when it came, came suddenly, and Dr. Sparshott was taken entirely by surprise. As he swung along the narrow path between the willows two figures leaped out at him, one from either side. In a sudden grasp from two pairs of hands, Dr. Sparshott went crashing down on his face, and a sinewy knee was planted in the middle of his back, pinning him down.

"What—" gasped the amazed Sammy.

"Got 'im!" panted Charley. "Got 'im proper! Now lay into 'im, Billy!"

And the headmaster of Grimslade, struggling and twisting, fought fiercely but helplessly under a shower of savage blows.

Fritz to the Rescue!

PEAST and a prute!" yelled Fritz Splitz.

"Bag him!" roared Dick Dawson.

"Sock him!" bellowed Ginger Rawlinson.

Fritz Splitz was having the time of his life that day. Again and again he had dodged, hunted cover—and again and again the Grimslade juniors had hunted him out. Fritz, in Form, had "buzzed" an ink-ball at Peck, and had kept mum when the Form master had ordered Jim Dainty to the Head for punishment for that offence. Peck had made a mistake, though nobody supported that that was an excuse for Dainty's mutiny. But Fritz had made a greater mistake in not owning up. He was getting more from the Fourth than

he would have got from either Peck or Sammy.

Now he was cornered once more. There was no escape for Fritz, and a shouting mob penned him in against the school wall.

"Bag him!" shouted Dick Dawson again.

Fritz made a desperate leap at the wall. On any other occasion Fritz would certainly have grabbed it a foot short and fallen back with a bump. But desperation lent him unexpected powers. He grabbed the coping and dragged himself up just in time to escape. Dawson clutched at a whisking foot a second too late.

"Oooogh!" gurgled Fritz.

He sat astride of the wall and blinked down at the crowd. They raged below him.

"Jump down, you fat worm!" roared Ginger. "We're going to spificate you!"

"Peast and a prute!" gasped Fritz.

"Give me a bunk up!" shouted Dawson.

"Hold on!" exclaimed Streaky Bacon. "I'll fetch him down! Stand clear!"

Streaky produced a pea-shooter and a handful of peas. Fritz Splitz blinked down at him. Streaky was a good shot with a pea-shooter, and the juniors stood round, grinning, while he opened fire at the fat German perched on the top of the wall.

"Peast and a pounder!" yelled Fritz, frantically dodging the whizzing peas. "Tat you leaf off! Tat you stop mit you pefore! Whooooop!"

Fritz Splitz squirmed on the outer side of the wall for cover. There was a yell from the Grimsladers as he lost his balance and tumbled over. A heavy bump and a howl sounded from the road.

"Come on!" roared Ginger, cutting away to the gates. "After him!" And the whole crowd rushed away.

Fritz staggered up in the road. He heard the shout and the rush of feet within and shuddered. Within the walls there were masters and prefects, outside the walls he was at the mercy of the ragers.

Fear lent Fatty Fritz wings. He was out of sight by the time the juniors came whooping out into the road.

But he did not stop. It was only too likely that the Grimsladers might enjoy a happy half-holiday hunting him. Fritz bolted on and on and on, puffing and blowing and spluttering. To hide in some nook on the moor was the only thought in Fritz's fat mind, and, having eluded pursuit, to remain in cover till the indignant Grimsladers had had time to cool down. And remembering the old shepherd's hut by Grimslade Water, the hapless Fritz headed for it. There, at least, he would be out of sight, and the weary would be at rest.

He darted into the old hut, streaming with perspiration, and gurgling for breath.

"Ach! Mein gootness! I have no more te breff!" gurgled Fritz. "Peasts and prutes and pounders! Vy—vy—Himmel!"

"Fritz!"

The fat German stared round him in amazement. His saucer-eyes almost started from his head at the sight of a schoolboy lying bound hand and foot in the midst of a pile of rubbish in a corner of the hut.

"Mein gootness! Is tat you, Tainty?" he gasped.

"Do you think it's my ghost?" yelled Jim. "Get me loose, you silly fathead! Can't you see I'm tied up? Quick, you idiot!"

Fritz, amazed and very bewildered, bent over Jim Dainty and fumbled with the cords. But he shook his head.

"Mein gootness! I tink tat I gannot untie tem knots, Tainty! I tink—"

"Haven't you a pocket-knife?" yelled Jim. He writhed with impatience. Fritz's unexpected arrival gave him a

chance to warn Sammy—if he was in time.

Fatty Fritz extracted a penknife from his pocket, opened it, and sawed at the cords. One by one they parted. Dainty gave a wrench, and he was free. He scrambled up. If he was in time—

"Has Sammy gone out, Fritz, do you know?"

"Ja! Sammy go out before tat I go out," answered Fritz. "But vy—"

Dainty ran to the doorway. From Grimslade, Sammy had twice the distance to cover to reach the willows on the footpath on the moor. The hut lay in a different direction from Grimslade, but at only half the distance.

With his teeth set, his hands clenched at his sides, Jim Dainty ran as if he were running for his life.

Sammy All Over.

SAMMY SPARSHOTT was hard pressed. Down on the earth, in the grip of two muscular hooligans, he was at a hopeless disadvantage. On his feet the fighting schoolmaster would not have hesitated to tackle the pair of them. Sammy Sparshott was a boxer of renown. But they had him down—and they kept him down.

He struggled fiercely, and he got in some blows that made Charley and Billy gasp, and feel that they were fairly earning Monty Moss' fivers. But they kept him down, and they punched and thumped and pommelled with hard and knuckly fists, and Sammy Sparshott suffered fierce punishment.

Who they were, why they attacked him, he did not know—but he knew that they were bent on knocking him out. And he knew, too, that they were getting away with it. Hard as he fought, he could not get on his feet; hard as it was to hold him, they held him; and game as he was, the severe punishment could only end by overcoming his resistance, and leaving him bruised and battered and senseless on the ground.

A light patter of footsteps passed unheard in the straining excitement of that desperate scrap. The swaying of the willows, as Jim Dainty came bursting through them from the open moor, was unseen by any of the three. A breathless, panting schoolboy leaped out into the footpath only a few yards from the fight, breathing in gulps. He gave the scene one look, shut his teeth hard, and leaped into the fray.

Sammy was sprawling under Charley, who had him by the throat. Billy was jamming a hefty fist into his face. A fist that was like a lump of lead landed on Billy's ear as he jammed, and sent him spinning away from the schoolmaster, to sprawl on the ground. And as Charley glared round Jim Dainty grabbed at his shock of hair with both hands and dragged him bodily off Sammy.

A terrific swipe sent Jim spinning, and he crashed over, half stunned. Dazed and dizzy, he sprawled on his back, his nose spouting red. But that moment was enough for Dr. Sparshott. The moment he was released by his assailants Sammy Sparshott was on his feet with the lightness of an indiarubber ball. And as Charley and Billy came at him again Sammy's hands were up, and he met them with left and right.

Jim Dainty sat up dizzily. His nose streamed crimson. That one terrific swipe from the hooligan had done damage. But he scrambled to his feet, to help Sammy if he could.

Sammy, on his feet, did not need help. Sammy was handling the two hooligans in a way that showed how prudent they had been to take him by surprise and get him down. That was only too clear now that he was up. Sammy's right caught Billy on the point of the jaw, lifted him off his feet, and laid him on his back. His left landed on Charley's nose with a crash that would probably have broken it, had it not been broken already. Charley spun across Billy, moaning.



Streaky was a good shot with a pea-shooter, and the juniors stood round grinning, while he opened fire at the fat German perched on the top of the wall. "Peast and a pounder!" yelled Fritz, frantically dodging the whizzing peas.

Sammy Sparshott stood a minute, breathing hard and deep. Then he stepped up to the two hooligans, who lay squirming and groaning, and grasped them by their collars.

"Who put you up to this?" asked Sammy quietly.

"Find out!" snarled Charley.

Crack! There was a sound like a pistol-shot as two heads were crashed together; and a simultaneous yell from Billy and Charley.

"Perhaps you will tell me now!" said Dr. Sparshott genially.

"'Ands' off!" shrieked Charley. "Monty Moss give us a fiver to lay you out! Blow me tight! I wouldn't take it on agin for five hundred."

"Ah!" said Sammy. "I will deal with Mr. Moss later! You can cut. You've rather damaged me—but I think you've had the worst of the bargain. Cut! I shall kick you till you've cleared!"

Sammy had a hefty kick. The two hooligans were not long in clearing. They tottered away, gasping and groaning.

Dr. Sparshott turned to Jim Dainty. Jim looked at him.

"You're hurt, kid!" said Sammy softly.

Jim passed his hand over his damaged face.

"Yes," he gasped. "I—I don't care."

"How did you come here?"

Jim told him in a few words. Dr. Sparshott looked at him whimsically. He did not seem to realise that he was hurt himself. Sammy was tough.

"But I don't get you," said Sammy. "Did you lose your train home, or what?"

Jim crimsoned.

"I was coming back—I left it till dinner—then—I couldn't come," he stammered. "I—I was going to—to—"

"To what?"

Jim gulped. "To tell you I'd been a fool—and—and a rotter, and—and to ask you to give me the whopping, and—and another chance!"

Sammy's face was quite sunny. "Come," he said. "I shall go to Blackslade later—let's get back."

"Then I—I—I'm not sacked?" panted Jim. "I—I'm going back to Grimslade?"

Sammy chuckled.

"You never were sacked, you young ass!" he said, grinning as only Sammy could grin. "We never sack a man at Grimslade!"

Jim could only stare.

"I was pulling your leg!" said that most remarkable headmaster. "I knew you better than you knew yourself, Dainty. I knew you'd realise that you hadn't played the game and that you'd come back and say so. You made me promise not to whop you. Do you give me back that promise?"

"Yes," gasped Jim.

"You're booked for a terrific whopping!"

"I don't care!"

Sammy chuckled again.

"Come!" he said.

The Grimslade record was not broken after all. All Grimslade was glad of it—and Fritz Splitz as glad as any.

Some of the fellows thought that Sammy might have let the rebel off the whopping, in consideration of services rendered and of the damages Dainty had collected in rendering them. But Sammy did not seem to think so—and the whopping was duly administered in Big Hall, with all Grimslade looking on—and it was, as Sammy had promised, a terrific whopping.

It was so terrific that Jim Dainty wondered, afterwards, whether he was glad to be back at Grimslade or not; and whether he liked Sammy, or hated him like poison. But that evening, in Study No. 10 in White's House, Fritz Splitz remarked:

"'Tat Sammy is a peast!"

And Jim Dainty reached out with his feet, and Fritz yelled as he caught it. From which it appeared that, after all, he did like Sammy!

(Look out for another lively adventure story of the Grimslade chums in next week's RANGER. And don't forget there will be another superb Photo-Plate Given Away Free with every copy.)