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6 STAR STORIES AND WONDERFUL FREE GIFT!

The

RANGER

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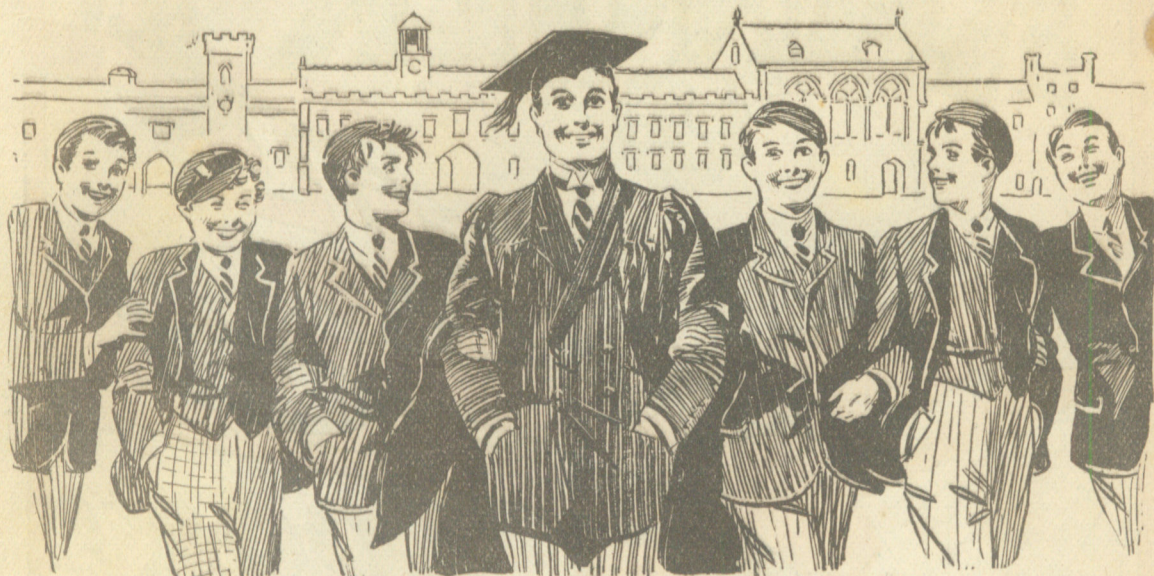
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The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



IT WAS A REWARD OF FIVE POUNDS THAT FRITZ VON SPLITZ WAS AFTER, BUT THE ONLY REWARD HE DID GET WAS FIVE SWIPES WITH A CANE!

Breakers of Bounds!

"BETTER not!" said Dick Dawson.
"Must!" answered Jim Dainty.

"Now look here"—Dawson leaned from the window of the detention-room at Grimslade to speak to the junior below—"if you trespass on Grimslade Chase you're bound to get spotted. Old Craggs will complain to Sammy, and Sammy will skin you! Cut it out!"

"Can't! That ass Rawlinson, of Redmayes, is going—he's dared me to go, too; and that's that! Ta-ta, old bean!" Dawson said no more. If a man of Redmayes' House had "dared" a man of White's House, that, undoubtedly, was that! But he shook his head as he went back to his detention task, and Jim Dainty walked away to the gates.

"Mein tear Tainty!" The fattest German outside the Fatherland rolled up to Jim. "I am gumming mit you! Tat poor Tawson peing detained, I tink tat you like my gompany, isn't it?"

Jim Dainty grinned. The pictures, and tea in Blackslade, were included in the afternoon's programme, as Fritz Splitz was aware. But Fatty Fritz was not aware that a short cut across the forbidden precincts of the Chase was also included.

"Right-ho—come on!" said Jim. Ginger Rawlinson, of Redmayes' House, was waiting at the gates. The red-headed Redmayes man stared at Fritz.

"Are you rolling that barrel all the way to Blackslade?" he asked. "My giddy goloshes! Well, come on, if you don't funk it."

"Fathead!" answered Dainty politely. And they started.

A walk of half a mile brought them to the high fence that enclosed the extensive Chase. Fritz Splitz turned his saucer-eyes on Jim in dismay.

"Bunk me up, Dainty!" said Ginger. "But tat is out of pounds!" exclaimed Fritz in alarm. "I have tunk tat you take te motor-bus to Blackslade, Tainty."

"So we do," answered Jim. "But we catch it on the road the other side, see? Up you go, Ginger!"

He bunked up the Redmayes junior, and Ginger perched on top of the fence. Leaning down he gave Jim a hand up, and the White's junior joined him. Fritz blinked up at both of them.

"Coming, fatty?" inquired Dainty. Fatty Fritz was torn with doubt. He wanted very much to join in at the pictures, and especially at the tea, at Blackslade. But he did not want to join in the risk of trespassing on Grimslade Chase. Squire Craggs, the owner of that property, was known to be absolutely ferocious to trespassers. And Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the Head of Grimslade School, was certain to "whop" any Grimslader who was reported to him for trespassing. But the feed at Blackslade was certain, and the risk, after all, uncertain. With many misgivings Fritz Splitz decided to chance it.

"Ach! I tink tat I gum!" he said. "Pull me up, Tainty."

"Got a steam derrick in your pocket, Dainty?" asked Ginger, with playful sarcasm.

"Lend a hand!" answered Jim. The two juniors leaned down, and each grasped a fat hand of the podgy German. Exerting all their strength, they hooked him up the fence. Fatty Fritz leaned his well-filled waistcoat on the top bar and gasped.

"Ach! I have no more te breff!" he gurgled.

Ginger Rawlinson dropped on the inner side of the fence. Fatty Fritz made an effort, and went over the top. Unluckily he lost his balance in doing so.

"Ach! I fall!" yelled Fritz. "Mein gootness! Hold me, Tainty!"

His fat arms clutched round Jim as he went. Dainty was torn from the top of the fence as if a giant had plucked him away.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Jim. They went down together, sprawling. It was distinctly unfortunate for Ginger Rawlinson that he was standing below. He was waiting for them to descend; but he had not expected the descent to be quite so sudden! They landed together on Ginger's red head; and the

hapless Redmayes junior crumpled up under them.

"Yaroooh! Oh, my hat! Gerroff!" shrieked Ginger.

Jim scrambled to his feet, but the breathless Fritz was disposed to take a rest before he moved. A fierce fist jamming in his fat ribs moved him quickly, however. Fritz gurgled and rolled off, and Ginger staggered to his feet.

"Ach! Give me a hand!" gasped Fritz Splitz.

"I'll give you a foot!" roared Ginger. And he did!

"Ach! Kiek me not on mein trousers!" yelled Fritz, squirming away from the Redmayes junior's boot.

"Hold on, Ginger!" gasped Jim Dainty. "We shall have all the keepers in the place on our necks at this rate."

"You silly White's tick!" roared Ginger. "What the thump did you roll that Boche barrel along for? You can have him all to yourself! I'm off."

And Ginger Rawlinson started off at a trot, and disappeared through the trees.

Jim Dainty waited impatiently for Fritz to regain his breath. Ginger had vanished—and Jim was rather keen to vanish also. Once inside the Chase, it behaved a trespasser to move quickly. But he could not desert Friedrich von Splitz; and it was a full five minutes before the podgy German was able to get a move on.

But he moved at last. They passed through the trees and came out on a wide hillside, across which a path wound through gorse and bracken. Jim looked for Ginger; but there was nothing to be seen of the Redmayes junior.

But somebody else was to be seen—a rather thin old gentleman, with a white moustache, and pince-nez, hardly fifty yards away. Jim grasped Fatty Fritz by the arm and dragged him down into cover.

"Ach! Vy for you pull me ofer mit you?" gasped Fritz.

"Quiet, ass! We shall be spotted! Look!" grunted Jim.

"Mein gootness!" Fritz peered

through the gorse. "Ach! Tat is old Mr. Craggs, te squire's uncle!"

Hidden from view, the two juniors watched the old gentleman who was progressing slowly across their line of vision. They waited for him to be gone.

"Great pip!" ejaculated Jim suddenly. He rubbed his eyes and stared. It seemed like magic. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, old Mr. Craggs had disappeared from sight, as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Faintly a cry came. "Help!"

Jim sprang to his feet. After the first minute of amazement, he understood. There was one of the old pits, of which there were many round Grimslade in the hillside, hidden by the gorse and grass—and the old gentleman, not seeing it, had walked into it. Hence his sudden and astonishing vanishing trick.

Jim dashed forward at a rapid run. But Fatty Fritz did not follow. Helping a short-sighted old gentleman out of a fix was all very well; but getting spotted inside Grimslade Chase wasn't. Fatty Fritz hugged cover, content to watch from a safe distance.

Something Like a Half-holiday!

JIM DAINTY raced up the grassy slope, plunging headlong through golden gorse. Another faint cry came from the pit.

The pit had been quite hidden, but it was open now, Mr. Craggs' sudden descent having torn away the thicket and creepers where he fell.

Fortunately, the pit was not deep. Earth and rubble had piled into it, till the bottom was not more than nine or ten feet down.

On the rubble lay the white-moustached gentleman, his hat on one side of him, his pince-nez on the other, winded and gasping. Evidently he had been severely shaken by the fall; and he had not the remotest chance of getting out of the pit unaided.

"Help!" he called again faintly. "Goodness gracious Help!"

"Coming, sir!" called Jim.

Mr. Craggs blinked up at him. He adjusted the pince-nez on his thin nose and blinked again. Probably he was surprised by the sudden appearance of a schoolboy, apparently from empty space.

"Dear me!" squeaked Mr. Craggs breathlessly. "My dear boy, whoever you are, can you help me? I—I am quite—ooogh—out of—groogh—breath!"

He staggered painfully to his feet. Jim Dainty slithered down the steep slope, taking a shower of earth and stones with him as he went. He landed on the stack of rubble beside Mr. Craggs. That gentleman blinked at him through his glasses.

"Hurt, sir?" asked Jim.

"I am very severely—oooh—shaken!" gasped Mr. Craggs. "No bones broken! Ooogh! But how can I get out of this? Goodness gracious!" He peered at Jim like an ancient owl. "My good boy, it is very kind of you to come to my help, but how—groogh—are we to g-g-get out?"

"I'll help you, sir!" said Jim sturdily. "We'll manage it together."

It was no easy task. The slope was steep, and the earth crumbled in the grasp. Alone, Jim Dainty could have clambered out fairly easily. But the little old gentleman was a very different proposition.

Twice, thrice, Jim got him a yard up, and they slithered back again—and each time they landed the little old gentleman required ten minutes' rest before he tried again.

By that time, Jim, who was generally as neat and as clean as any fellow at Grimslade School was a pitiable object to look at. He was smothered with earth from head to foot; his face, his hands, his clothes were dirtier than even Fritz Splitz's had ever been in their

worst moments. And at this rate of progress it looked as if Jim was booked for a happy half-holiday in that horrible pit. But it is the duty of youth to help age; and Jim was the fellow to do that duty.

Up they went again, Jim climbing like a monkey, holding the ancient gentleman and helping him up.

Up and up, at the pace of a tired old snail, they went; and again and again poor Mr. Craggs slipped, and Jim, cramping himself somehow on the steep slope, and holding on, helped him from sliding back. He was strong, with muscles like steel; but every muscle ached and ached, and perspiration poured down him. But he set his teeth and fought on.

Inch by inch with aching limbs, Jim worked his way to the top of the pit, dragging the little old gentleman after him. He stared round for Fatty Fritz—a helping hand would have been invaluable just then. But the fat German was not to be seen.

Jim could not even call to him—he was too spent to utter a whisper. With the last ounce of his strength, he wormed his way on to the level ground and dragged Mr. Craggs to safety.

There he lay, panting, unable to move or speak. Mr. Craggs spluttered, sitting by his side. For a good quarter of an hour nothing was heard but spluttering and gasping and panting. Then Jim sat up.

"Oh crumbs!" was his first remark. He got on his feet and gave Mr. Craggs a helping hand up. The ancient one tottered into an upright position. He peered at Jim through his gold-rimmed glasses.

"You are a Grimslade boy, I think," said the old gentleman, peering at his cap.

"Yes, sir."

"Dear me! Then you are trespassing here?"

"Um!"

"Well, well, I shall say nothing to my nephew about it—he is very angry when his land is trespassed upon. Indeed, I am very thankful that you were here! You are a good, brave, and noble-hearted boy! I must reward you, my dear boy."

"Rot! I—I mean, no thanks!"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Craggs. He took out a fat notecase, and, to Jim's amazement, selected a five-pound note from a wad of others. "Take this! Yes, I insist!"

"No jolly fear! It's all right, sir," said Jim. "I don't want any reward, really! Jolly glad I helped. If you don't tell Squire Craggs that a Grimslade chap has been trespassing, it will be all right."

"Very well, my dear boy." Mr. Craggs returned the five to the notecase, and the notecase to his pocket. "You have my grateful, my very grateful thanks! You need not fear any troublesome consequences for having trespassed here—I shall take care of that. Once more, thanks, my dear boy!"

Mr. Craggs shook hands very warmly with Jim, and tottered away in the direction of the distant house. Jim cut back towards the fence, and Fatty Fritz, quitting cover, joined him in the trees.

"You fool!" gasped Fritz Splitz. "Plockhead! Dummkopt!"

"What?"

"I hear mit mein ears vat he say—he giff you fife bounds, and you dake him not! You vas one pig fool!" gasped Fritz Splitz.

Jim gave him a glare, and then ran on to the fence. Fatty Fritz lumbered after him. Jim leaped up and caught the top, and pulled himself up.

"Tat you help me out, peast and a prute!" roared Fritz.

"I've a jolly good mind to leave you in the lurch, as you did me, you burbling Boche!" growled Jim. "But come on—give me your paw!"

It was hard work, dragging Fritz up, but he was got up at last. He sprawled over the fence, and rolled into the mud. Jim jumped lightly down. Fritz picked himself up, snorting.

"Come on, fatty!" snapped Jim. "I'm going straight back to Grimslade. I want a wash more than anything else."

And Jim Dainty, leaving Fritz, trotted away to Grimslade.

(Continued on page 550.)



Thomas would have leaped the plank in two bounds, but Ginger gave him time for only one. The man was in the middle of the plank when the Grimslader, grasping the end, lifted it and waggled it. Whereupon Thomas performed an impromptu dance.

THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 535.)

Warm Work!

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger Rawlinson, in dismay. Really it was a case of more haste and less speed. Ginger would have done better, as it turned out, to linger with Jim Dainty, and the slow-plodding Fritz. He had kept on the trot all the way across the forbidden precincts of Grimslade Chase, and had reached the farther boundary of the estate—a matter of three good miles. And then it happened.

On that side there was a high brick wall bordering the Blackslade road; and Ginger would have been glad of a bunk. However, he was alone, and he jumped to it. His hands just caught the coping, and he hung on; and as he hung there was a wrathful voice below him, a rush of footsteps, and a grasp at his ankles. Ginger was caught on the last lap!

He twisted his head round and looked down. A man in velveteens had him by the ankles, and was holding on. The man, evidently a keeper, had a face like granite—obviously not a pleasant gentleman for a trespassing schoolboy to deal with.

"Coom down!" he said. "I've got you aw reet! Coom down!"

Ginger gasped. His hold on the coping was precarious, and it was made more so by the keeper tugging at his legs. He had to come down—there was no doubt about that. But with his ankles held he looked like falling on his head when he came down.

It was natural for Ginger to prefer falling on the keeper's head. He set his teeth, flung himself well away from the wall, and for the fraction of a second he sat on the keeper's head. Then he rolled off, clutching the man and dragging him down as he went.

They sprawled on the ground. Ginger struggled to get loose. He simply had to get loose. Squire Craggs was the man to march him to the school, and hand him over to Sammy for a flogging, if he got hold of him. Ginger struggled furiously.

But the keeper was obstinate. He was a Yorkshireman, and rather resembled the tyke that would bite, alive or dead. He was rather winded, but he held on to Ginger. They struggled, rolled, and sprawled.

"Tummas!" roared the keeper.

There was a sound of running feet. Ginger was desperate. He did not want to hurt a man who, after all, was only doing the duty he was paid to do. But still less did he want to be hauled before Squire Craggs. There was no help for it, and Ginger clenched a fist that was celebrated at Grimslade for its driving powers, and hit the keeper in the eye.

"Ooooh!" roared Velveteens; and he let go Ginger quite suddenly, claspings hands to his damaged optic.

Ginger sprang away. But Thomas was already on the scene—a huge fellow, six feet high. His grasp barely missed Ginger as he sprang. There was no chance of getting over the wall now. Ginger had to dodge back through the Chase.

Ginger fairly flew; but Thomas was some runner. Big as he was he covered the ground fast. Ginger Rawlinson dashed into a woodland path, and Thomas' grasp was only inches behind him as he went.

Twice Ginger dodged him among the trees, and gained a few minutes' breathing space; but each time Thomas turned up like a bloodhound, and the red-headed Grimslader had to foot it again.

It was three miles to safety, and it seemed like three hundred to Ginger. He had still a mile to go when he realised that all was up, unless he could get rid of Thomas.

Then Fortune smiled.

One of the streams that ran down from Grimslade Pike divided Squire Craggs' land. It was crossed by a single plank where Ginger reached it. Ginger did the plank in two bounds, halted, and turned. Thomas was just leaping on the plank.

Thomas also would have done it in two bounds. But Ginger gave him time for only one. The man was in the middle of the plank when the Grimslader, grasping the end, lifted it and waggled it. Whereupon Thomas performed an impromptu dance, but soon lost his balance.

Splash!

The water was only three feet deep, but quite deep enough for Thomas. He splashed in headlong. Leaving him to it, Ginger took up the running again. Gurgling and gasping followed him till he was out of hearing. He did not stop to listen.

But Thomas was still sticking. Ginger, with a long lead, gained the fence on Grimslade road, and as he reached it he heard footsteps behind once more. He did not look round, but he knew it was Thomas. Without a pause he leaped at the fence and caught the top. And as he jerked himself up one of his feet was captured by a grip from below.

But the other, fortunately, was free, and Ginger used it with effect. He kicked. There was a fearful howl from Thomas as he caught it with his chin, and he let go. The howl was barely uttered before Ginger was over the fence, and rolling down into the Grimslade road. Thomas, on the wrong side of the fence, nursed his chin.

Ginger, to his surprise, landed on

To Readers in the Irish Free State.

"Readers in the Irish Free State are requested to note that when free gifts are offered with this publication, they can only be supplied when the article is of a non-dutiable character."

something soft as he rolled down the grassy bank from the fence to the road. A fiendish yell informed him that it was Fritz Splitz.

"Ach! Peast, and a prute! Tat you get off!" yelled the fat German.

"My giddy goloshes!"

Ginger jumped up. As a matter of fact, he was only a few minutes behind Dainty and Fritz. And Fatty Fritz had sat down on the grassy bank to rest after Jim had left him. Certainly he had not expected Ginger to land on the back of his neck.

"Leg it!" gasped Ginger. "Race you to Grimslade, Fatty!"

Ginger Rawlinson "legged" it. And Fatty Fritz rolled after him. They were disappearing in the distance when Thomas rested his damaged chin on top of the fence and looked over.

Not a Fiver!

THE notice was in Sammy's hand. It was posted in Big School, and in both Houses, and it ran:

"The Grimslade boy who trespassed in Grimslade Chase yesterday will report himself to Dr. Sparshott after third school."

All Grimslade read that notice in the morning, and most of them wondered who the trespasser was. Ginger Rawlinson had not breathed a word about his wild adventures, except to his pals, Bacon and Bean. It was a matter that could not be kept too dark.

Ginger & Co., reading Sammy's notice, exchanged winks—and that was all. Ginger had not the remotest intention of reporting himself in Dr. Sparshott's study, if he could help it. Evidently, a complaint had been lodged

by Squire Craggs, and the fellow who had damaged the keepers was to get damaged in his turn—if he was found. Ginger hoped that he wouldn't be.

Jim Dainty, on the other hand, took a different view. Unaware of Ginger's hectic exploits, he concluded that the Craggs who wanted to get into touch with that Grimslade boy was not Craggs, the irate nephew, but Craggs, the ancient and benevolent uncle.

The ancient one had been full of gratitude, and very keen to reward his rescuer with a fiver. What was more likely than that he had written to Sammy about it—perhaps enclosing the fiver, to be handed to the kind-hearted rescuer?

That was what Jim Dainty thought, but he had no intention of claiming the reward. Fritz Splitz knew that—and Fritz suddenly had a great idea.

"It will be a fiver, Tainty," he said.

"And you will not ask for it?"

"No, ass!" answered Jim.

"Goot!" said Fritz.

He rolled away to Big School. He tapped at the headmaster's door.

"Come in!"

Fritz rolled in. Dr. Samuel Sparshott eyed him rather curiously. Sammy hoped that his notice on the board would induce the culprit to come forward and own up, and save time and trouble. If it didn't, Sammy was prepared to root through Grimslade till he found him.

"Splitz! What—"

"It was me, sir," said Fritz.

Sammy looked at him long and hard. He had wondered whether the reckless young rascal might be either Dainty of White's House or Rawlinson of Red-mayes' House. He had not thought of Fatty Fritz.

"Be careful what you say, Splitz," said Sammy quietly. "Let me have this plain. You trespassed in Grimslade Chase yesterday afternoon?"

"Ja wohl! Yes, sir!" said the happy Fritz. "It vas me, sir! Vatever is to gum is to gum to me, sir. Tat is vy I am here."

"Holy smoke!" said Sammy.

He knew nothing of the rescue of the ancient uncle from the pit. All he knew was that Squire Craggs had sent a savage complaint of trespass and assault. He would hardly have thought Fritz Splitz capable of such things. Still, there was Fritz, owning up, and Sammy had to take his word. He rose to his feet.

"Very good!" said Sammy. "I am glad you have come to me, Splitz. I should have found you out sooner or later; but it saves time." He picked up his cane. "Bend over that table!"

Fritz jumped. That did not look like a fiver!

"Vat?" he gasped. "Pend ofer? Mein goodness! I did not tink—"

"You trespassed on Squire Craggs' estate yesterday?" barked Sammy.

"Yes," gasped Fritz. "But I tink tat—"

"That will do. Bend over!"

Sammy laid on "five" with scientific precision. Every one was a swipe. And five successive yells floated out of the Head's window and woke the echoes of the Grimslade quad.

"Cut!" said Sammy, when he had finished.

Fritz Splitz tottered from the study. And Sammy picked up his receiver and phoned to Squire Craggs that the reckless trespasser had owned up and had been duly punished. And Sammy, who knew nearly everything, never knew why Fritz had really come to his study. He supposed that Fritz had got what he expected, and did not guess that Fritz had only got what he deserved!

(Fatty Fritz as a human football! Next week's rollicking Grimslade story is full of kicks and full of laughs! There will also be another topping Free Photo-Plate—and make a note that Frank Richards writes a long school story every week in the "Magnet." Price 2d.)