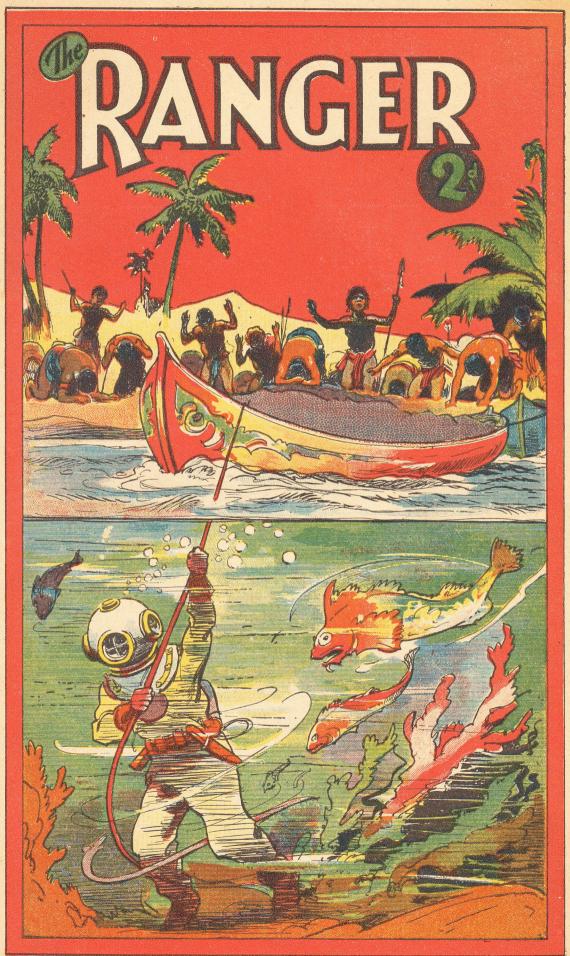
FREE INSIDE—ANOTHER BIG PHOTO-PLATE!



No. 124. Vol. 5.-Week Ending June 24th, 1933.

THE PERFECT SCHOOL-STORY-MIXTURE—LAUGHS, THRILLS, ADVENTURE—IS HERE!

h Immal (



Touch and Go!

ESCUE!" roared Ginger Rawlinson. Jim Dainty did not turn his

Jim Dainty did not turn his head.

Dainty, of White's House at Grimslade, was standing on the bank of the Floss, staring downstream. It was from upstream that Ginger's roar came, accompanied by the sounds of conflict. Ginger & Co., of Redmayes House, had a boat out that afternoon, and they had found trouble. Dick Dawson jumped up from the grassy bank, and stared up the riverside. riverside.

"Come on, Jim!" he exclaimed. "It's the Blackslade Toughs! Buck up, old

And Dawson started at a run up the bank. Dainty glanced after him for a moment. At a distance up the river, but easily within view, Ginger and Bacon and Bean were hotly engaged with half a dozen rather hefty lads from Blackslade.

The Blackslade Toughs were not bad fellows in their way, but they were rough and ready, and they found it amusing to rag Grimslade fellows when they came across them. Now they were bent on bagging Ginger's boat for the afternoon—a proceeding that the Red-

afternoon—a proceeding that the Red-mayes men were resisting strenuously.

Dawson, racing up the bank, plunged headlong into the combat. Jim Dainty made a step to follow—every instinct called him to join in the fray, and back up the Grimsladers. But he turned back again and stared downstream once more—and then started at a run along the bank down the Floss, with his back to the conflict.

bank down the Floss, with his back to the conflict.

A small black nose and a drenched, shaggy head, showed over the glimmering water. Jim had wondered at first whether the dog was trying to swim across the broad stream, but now he discovered that the animal was being swept away by the current.

Twice the Yorkshire textier disap-

peared under the surface, but it came up again, gamely struggling for its little life. Across the water came a squeaking shriek from an old lady in an ancient black bonnet.

"Save him!"

It was no light matter to plunge into the rushing Floss, but Jim Dainty threw off his jacket, kicked off his shoes, and went in. The terrier was in midstream, and he went for it with powerful strokes. The sounds of the conflict between Ginger Rawlinson & Co. and the Blackslade Toughs had died away behind him. The winding bank would have hidden the scene from him, anyway. anyway.
But Jim was thinking now only of the

task in hand. He reached the dog and grasped it by the collar as it was sinking once more. The little animal was quite exhausted—he had reached it only

Then he struck out for the bank. But, Then he struck out for the bank. But, like many another swimmer in the swift waters of the Floss, he found the current too strong for him. Still holding the dog, Dainty was swept away down the rapid stream, fighting for his own life now. Twice, thrice, he came close to the steep bank, and was swept out

again.

He set his teeth and struggled on.
The banks were deserted—the old lady
in the black bonnet had disappeared
from view. There was no help. Far
ahead of him the stone bridge of Middlemoor spanned the stream, and there the current choked and foamed between the arches. If he went under the bridge—

Yet it did not occur to him to abandon

By Famous FRANK RICHARDS

A SCHOOLBOY HERO'S REWARD WAS A KISS, BUT HE DIDN'T WANT IT. AND NEITHER WOULD ANYONE IN SIMILAR CIRCUM-STANCES, FOR THE WHOLE SCHOOL WAS LOOKING ON!

reach the bank. But the current tore him away again and swept him under the bridge.

the bridge.

A shout rang in his ears. His dizzy eyes discerned the shape of a barge. He felt a grasp as he swept by. He hardly knew what happened next—his senses were swimming! But he realised that he was lying on a heap of sacks, dripping with water, and that a dog was licking his face; he saw a grimy visage handing over him.

"Aw reet!" said the bargee. "Got you in toime."

Jim sat up, panting.
"Oh, thanks!" he gasped. "I thought

I was gone! Oh, crumbs!"
"Taking a swim with your clothes on, you young idiot?" asked the bargee,

"No!" gasped Jim. "I went in for the dog! I've got him—it's all right!"
"Aw reet, is it?" said the bargee.
"Well, if you're aw reet I'll put you on the bank."

The bark.

The barge edged in and landed Jim Dainty and the rescued terrier. Then it floated on its way, leaving Jim sitting in the grass, dazed and exhausted, amazed to find himself still living. He amazed to find himself still living. He staggered up at last and began squeezing the water out of his drenched clothes. A succession of barks from the terrier greeted an old lady in a black bonnet who came toddling along the bank. Jim blinked at her.

"Here's your dog, ma'am," he said. "Safe and sound!"

"Peter, Peter, Peter!" the old lady was crooning. Apparently the terrier's name was Peter. "My dear, good, brave boy—my dear, noble—"

"Oh, my hat!" exclaimed Jim. "It's all right, ma'am—right as rain! I shall have to cut off and get dry!"

"My dear, good, brave, noble boy!"

Jim Dainty cut off. He left the old lady crooning over the rescued Peter—he was more than willing to leave it

he was more than willing to leave it all to Peter. He went up the bank at a trot, but his pace soon slackened. He was utterly weary from the struggle in the rushing Floss.

in the rushing Floss.

The hot summer sunshine dried him, which was one comfort, and he reached at last the spot where he had left his jacket and shoes and put them on

jacket and shoes and put them on again.

Then he suddenly remembered the fight that had been going on between Ginger & Co. and the Blackslade Toughs. That fight was long over by this time. Jim wondered how it had ended, and hoped that it had been a Grimslade victory—though that was unlikely as the odds had been heavy.

He sat down for a time to rest his weary limbs, but at length he took his way back to the school.

As he came in at the gates he met

way back to the school.

As he came in at the gates he met Fritz Splitz, the German junior of White House. Fritz astonished him. The fat German blinked at him with his saucer eyes for a moment, then his podgy lip curled. He turned up his fat little pimple of a nose even more than Nature had turned it up already, and then he turned his podgy back. Jim

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stared at him dumbfounded. These stared at him dumbrounded. These mysterious antics on the part of Fritz Splitz were very surprising.

"You Boche bloater!" gasped Jim.

"What's the game?"

Fritz gave him a scornful blink over a podgy shoulder.

"Ton't speak to me, Tainty!" he said.

"Vunk!"

The White Feather!

The White Feather!

IM DAINTY was both puzzled and angry by the time he reached White's House. Several fellows whom he passed in the quad, stared at him with contemptuous looks. Paget and Tucker were in the doorway of the House, and they turned away as Jim entered. As he went into the junior's passage, he came on Pulley and Bates, and they passed him by without a word or a look. Something, it seemed, had happened during his absence that afternoon—something he could not understand, which had turned Grimslade fellows against him.

With a heightened colour, Jim walked on to his study, where he expected to see his chum, Dick Dawson, as it was now tea-time. He gave a jump as he came up to the door. There was a large placard on it bearing the words:

HOME FOR FUNKS!

Jim's eyes glittered as he jerked the placard down, and tore it into pieces. Then he hurled the door open. There was no one in the study—and no sign of tea.

Jim Dainty left the study, and tramped down the passage to the junior day-room at the end. In that room was a murmur of voices. Jim flung the door open, and walked in.

Dick Dawson was there. He looked damaged. His nose was red and swollen, and one of his eyes had a dark shade round it. Evidently he had fared badly at the hands of the Blackslade Toughs. Five or six other White's juniors were

with him, and all of them stared at Jim with grim looks. Dawson's face was as grim as the rest.

"Oh, here you are, Dick!" said Dainty. "What about tea?"

"I'm not teaing with you!" was Dawson's brief answer.

"Why not?"

"You can have the study to yourself!"

"What the thump do you mean?"

"I mean what I say!" snapped Dawson. "We've been pals—but I'm not palling with a fellow who runs away and leaves his friends to get licked by a gang of roughs!"

"Who ran away?" roared Dainty.

"You did!" hooted Dawson. "Ran away like a rotten coward, and left us to it. We got the thrashing of our lives—but I'd rather have had ten times as much than have left Grimslade men in the lurch."

Jim Dainty understood now. Ginger

much than have left Grimslade men in the lurch."

Jim Dainty understood now. Ginger had seen them and shouted, and Dawson had gone to the rescue. Jim had rushed away in the other direction. They knew nothing of the drowning terrier, or of what he had been through. All they knew was that he had turned his back on a fight and run. back on a fight and run.

back on a fight and run.

It had been his intention, of course, to tell his chum what had happened. Now he changed that intention. His face set hard with bitter anger.

"So that's what you think?" he snapped. "You think that I ran away and left you to it."

"I know you did!" said Dawson. "I suppose I can believe my own eyes! I'd never have believed it of you—"

"Vou can believe what you jolly well."

"You can believe what you jolly well like, and go and eat coke!" snapped Jim. He walked out of the room and slammed the door after him. A hiss followed him as he went.

With a black and moody brow, he tramped back to his study. It, was too late for tea in Hall; and tea on his own in the study was rather dismal. But he sorted the things out of the study cupboard, and sat down to it.

A red head appeared in view outside the open window. Ginger Rawlinson, of Redmayes House, looked in from the quad. Ginger's face was a study in damages. It was clear that he had fought to a finish before he went down under the heavy hands of the Blackslade Toughs. Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean looked almost as damiged as their chief. The Redmayes trio stared in at Dainty, and he gave them a grim look in response.

and he gave them a grim look in response.

"Oh, here he is!" said Ginger. "Like this hot weather, Dainty?"

"Eh, what?" Jim stared at that unexpected question.

"Good for cold feet, ain't it?" said

"Good for cold feet, ain't it?" said Ginger.

"You cheeky Redmayes tick!" roared Dainty, jumping to his feet.

"All serene—we've got something for you," said Ginger, and he tossed a white feather into the study. "Stick that in your hair, old bean—it will suit you."

Dainty's face crimsoned with rage. He had gone through the valley of the shadow of death that sunny afternoom—to be greeted as a funk when he came back tired and weary to the school.

He grabbed up the milk jug from the table, and leapt to the window. The contents of the jug shot out in a stream, catching Ginger Rawlinson fairly in the middle of his features.

"Grooooooogh!" spluttered Ginger,

middle of his features.

"Grocococogh!" spluttered Ginger, staggering back. "Urrrgh! Oh, my giddy goloshes! Wurrrgh!"

"You rotten White's funk," yelled Streaky Bacon. "You—oh crikey!" He broke off with a howl as a jam tart landed in his eyes.

Sandy Bean tried to dodge a pat of butter that followed. But he did not dodge quick enough. The butter dropped into his neck.

"Mop him up!" shrieked Ginger. He started elambering in at the window. Streaky and Sandy clambered after him. Jim Dainty, with blazing eyes, met them as they came. He could hardly have been called a funk at that moment



as he faced the attack of the three heftiest fighting men of Redmayes House. Three to one was long odds, but Jim had the advantage of position.

He met Streaky with his left, and Sandy with his right, and they rolled back into the quad as if they had been shot. Then Ginger's mop of red hair was grasped in two hands, and Ginger gave a roar of anguish. He rolled off the window-sill, Jim still grasping the red mop.

"Ow! Oh! Ow!" roared Ginger.

"Leggo my hair! You're pulling it

"Leggo my hair! You're pulling it out by the r-r-roots! Yaroooooh!"

Jim Dainty hurled him away from the window-sil, and he rolled over on

the window-sill, and he rolled over on Bacon and Bean.

"Now come on again, you Redmayes rotters!" roared Dainty.

"Scrag him," shrieked Streaky.

But just then, the tall figure of Dr. Samuel Sparshott, the Head of Grimslade School, appeared in the offing. Sammy Sparshott gave the Redmayes trio one glance, and they melted away like butter in the sunshine.

Jim Dainty, with an angry grunt, went back to the tea-table. He had handed some of that meal over to Ginger and Co., but he did not regret the loss of the milk and butter and tarts.

A Ducking for Three!

"Duck him!"
"Duck the funk!"
Jim Dainty's eyes glinted
was a shout from a score of Grimslade
juniors of both Houses. For once the
rivals of Grimslade School seemed to

rivals of Grimslade School seemed to be united.

Jim had been a little tempted to remain in his study in White's House after tea, but the thought no sooner occurred to him than it was dismissed. He had nothing to be ashamed of, and he would not avoid the public eye.

But when he walked out of the House to stroll in the quad till call-over, his reception was distinctly unpleasant. "Funk!" was shouted on all sides. And then came Ginger's proposal to duck the

"Funk!" was shouted on all sides. And then came Ginger's proposal to duck the "funk" in the big granite fountain that stood in the middle of the old quad. Jim had had one ducking that day in the deep waters of the Floss, and he certainly did not want another. But he stood his ground. If he was going to be ducked, somebody was going to be damaged first.

"Collar that funk who ran away from the Blackslade Toughs!" shouted Sandy Bean.

the Blacksiade loughs: Should be Bean.

"Ach! Tat is a goot egg!" exclaimed Fritz Splitz. "Tuck him! Tuck dat peastly goward!"

Jim Dainty set his back against the big granite basin of the fountain, pushed back his cuffs, and clenched his bands bend hands hard.

Come on!" he said between his teeth. "I'll show you whether I'm a funk, you fatheads!"

fatheads!? Ginger led the rush.

If Jim Dainty was a funk, he did not act like one now. He stood up to the rush of a crowd of fellows, and he stood up well. Ginger went over backwards as a fist that seemed like the kick of a mule crashed on his chin. He cannoned into Streaky and sent him spinning.

The next moment Sandy Bean rolled over them, and then Jim was scrapping with Paget of his own House, who went down with a roar. Bates and Pulley followed him. Dick Dawson did not join in the onslaught on his old chum, but the rest piled in vigorously. Fighting hard, Jim was overpowered and borne to the earth.

Ginger struggled up, gasping.

"Duck him!" he gurgled. "In with The next moment Sandy Bean rolled

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"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-dutable character."

him! My giddy goloshes, if he can scrap like this, why did he run away from the Toughs? But he did. Duck the rotten funk who let Grimslade

A dozen pairs of hands were on Dainty. But he was not beaten yet. He was still hitting out as he was heaved up the side of the fountain, and on the broad, granite rim he was still resisting

Splash! Splash!
Jim's legs went into the water. But he was grasping Ginger round the neck with one arm, Streaky with the other, and they could not get him loose. A dozen hands shoved at him, but he held on to the two Redmayes men. Dick Dawson shoved forward. He was as "down" on the funk as anybody, but he could not forget that Jim had been his best nal his best pal.
"Hold on!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed
"That's enough! Chuck it!"

Splash! Splash! Dainty went in bodily at last, but he still had a vice-like grip on Ginger and Streaky, and they rolled in with him. Three juniors sprawled and splashed in the great granite basin.
"Ooooogh!"

Jim Dainty scrambled to his feet.
The water was round his waist as he stood in the granite basin. But he was still game. He grasped the collars of the two floundering Redmayes men, and brought their heads together with a terrific crack.
"Whooooop!" roared Ginger and Streaky simultaneously.

They rolled in the water, and Jim scrambled over the rim. Five or six fellows shoved him back, White's and Redmayes together. It was too much for Dawson. He rushed in, dragged back Paget and Bates by their collars, shoved Sandy and two or three others aside, and hauled Dainty out. Jim sprayuled to the ground drenched and aside, and hauled Dainty out. Jim sprawled to she ground, drenched and

"Why, you cheeky rotter!" bawled Paget, "are you backing up that funk? Duck him, too!"

In another moment there would have

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been a terrific scrap, but by that time the shindy round the fountain had drawn the prefects to the spot. Yorke of the Sixth came striding over from White's House—Trafford from

Redmayes—ashplant in hand. They did not stop to make inquiries; they whacked round with the ashplants right They did and left.

The raggers scattered on all side. There was no arguing with big Sixth Form men wielding the official ashplant. Almost in the twinkling of an eye the crowd had dispersed. Dick Dawson helped his panting chum back to the House. But at the door of White's he stopped.
"You'd better go in and change," he

"You'd better go in and change," he said rather curtly.
Jim looked at him, with a faint grin.
"You stood by me," he said.
"Yes. But——" Dawson hesitated.
"Look here, Jim, what the thump did you run away for this afternoon? You left us in the lurch."
Dawson walked away, and Jim, shrugging his shoulders, went into the House to change. Dick had stood by him in his need, but he still believed that he had funked, and, so far as Dainty was concerned, he could go on believing so.

Miss Sophonisba Looks In.

7 UNK !" Fritz Splitz whispered the word in Big Hall. And it was echoed in whispers by other fellows in the Grimslade Fourth. They could only whisper, for the school was assembled in Hall for calling-over, and Dr. Samuel Sparshott was about to take the rell. the roll.

Jim Dainty's face reddened as he took

Jim Dainty's face reddened as he took his place in the Fourth.
"Funk!" whispered Ginger in his ear.
He gasped the next moment as an elbow jammed in his waistcoat.
"Urrrg! Gug-gug! Ow!"
"Silence, there!" rapped out Peck, the master of the Fourth angrily.
"Rawlinson, take fifty lines!"
"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" murmured Ginger.

Ginger.

And after that there was no more whispering in the Fourth.

Sammy Sparshott, from the dais at the upper end of the Hall, turned his keen eyes for a moment on the Fourth. Then he began calling the roll. For once, the Head of Grimslade was interpreted in that their these controls are the same of the same of

Then he began calling the roll. For once, the Head of Grimslade was interrupted in that task.

The big doors of the Hall had not been closed, and the summer sunset glimmered redly in on the old polished oak of walls and floor. A figure appeared in the big arched doorway—that of a little, ancient lady, dressed in black, with a little black, ancient bonnet. A voice was heard—that of Byles, the Head's man, in rather agitated tones.

"Madam, not at the moment, madam. Later, when Dr. Sparshott is disengaged."

Every head in Hall craned round. Jim Dainty gave a jump. He knew that ancient black bonnet! And he knew the wiry Yorkshire terrier that snuggled under the old lady's arm.

"I must see him!" came a highpitched voice. "You say the boys are all here? Then that dear, good, noble boy will be present. I have come all the way from Blackslade to thank him."

The black bonnet sailed into Hall.

"Madam!" ejaculated Dr. Sparshott.

The black bonnet sailed into Hall.

"Madam!" ejaculated Dr. Sparshott, descending from the dais. "Really, madam, if you will kindly allow Byles to show you to—"

"I have called to see that dear, good, noble boy!" came the high-pitched voice, audible in every corner of Big Hall, "and my taxi is waiting, Dr. Sparshott. I must see him, and thank him, and ask him if he has caught a cold! He risked his life to save Peter!"

"Pip-pip-Peter?" stuttered Sammy.

"Who is Peter?"

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"This is Peter! My dear little doggie! I am Miss Sophonisba Frisby!" explained the owner of the black bonnet. "Where is he? I mean, where is that noble boy? He is a Grimslade boy. I am sure of that. But I do not know his name!"

"But—but what——" gasped the amazed Head.

Jim Dainty, his face scarlet, made himself as small as possible in the ranks of the Fourth. If anything could have made him regret going into the Floss for Peter, this visit would have done it. He devoutly hoped that Miss Frisby's eye would not fall on him.

"Did you not know, sir?" exclaimed Miss Frisby. "Has not the brave, good, noble lad told you? He plunged into the Floss to save my dear little doggie this afternoon. There were some other boys on the bank, but they were fighting, like naughty boys, and did not see what was happening, or I am sure they would have tried to rescue Peter."

"Oh!" gasped Sammy.

"I must see him. I have called specially to thank him!" exclaimed Miss Frisby. "Let me see him! Oh, I thought he was drowned when he was swept under the bridge!"

"Madam," said Dr. Sparshott, "if a Grimslade boy plunged into the Floss, above Middlemoor Bridge, to save a dog, I am very glad to hear of it. I cannot understand how he escaped alive, but I am proud to be such a boy's headmaster, madam! Certainly, you shall see him. All Grimslade boys are present here. Pray pick him out, madam!"

"Oh crikey!" groaned Jim Dainty, Dick Dawson gave him a startled look.

"Oh crikey!" groaned Jim Dainty.
Dick Dawson gave him a startled

"Jim—you——" he breathed.
"Oh, shut up, ass!" hissed Jim.
"Keep in front of me, and she may not spot me. For goodness' sake, keep

"Keep in front of me, and she may not spot me. For goodness' sake, keep her off!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dawson,
But there was no hope. Miss Frisby, conducted by the Head, was passing along the ranks of the Grimsladers, her bright little eyes peering out under the black bonnet. There was a sudden bark from Peter as he recognised Jim. The next moment Miss Frisby spotted him. "That is the lad—the dear, good, noble lad!" she exclaimed. "My dear boy, I hope you have not caught a cold! I hope you have not suffered for your bravery."

"Dainty!" exclaimed Dr. Sparshott.

"Dainty!" exclaimed Dr. Sparshott.
"Did you—"
"It was nothing, sir," gasped Jim, with a burning face. "I only got a bit wet."
"Yes, I think you must have got a bit wet," said Sammy, with a smile.
"You young ass, did you fancy that you could swim the Floss?"
"I—I couldn't let the dog drown, sir!" stammered Jim. "A bargee got me out when I was swept under the bridge." He broke off with a yell as Miss Frisby pounced on him, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him on both cheeks. "Yow-ow-ow! I say, chuck it! I say, I'll never do it again! Oh crikey!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Grimslade men!" said Sammy Spars.

Oh crikey!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grimslade men!" said Sammy Sparshott, holding up his hand. "Three cheers for Dainty of the Fourth Form!"

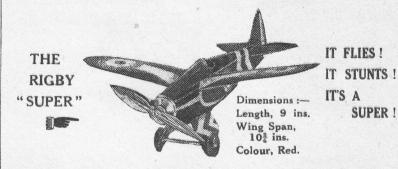
They woke every echo of the ancient rafters of Big Hall. Ginger's voice was the loudest of any. Even Fritz Splitz joined in with "Pravo! Tainty!"

The Grimsladers knew now why Jim had turned his back on the scrap with the Blackslade Toughs; and they knew that the fellow they had called a funk had taken a risk that not one fellow in a hundred would, or could, have taken. And they cheered, and cheered again. again.

(There's another sparkling story of the Grimslade chums in next week's fine Free Gift Number of The RANGER. Don't miss it, boys.)

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