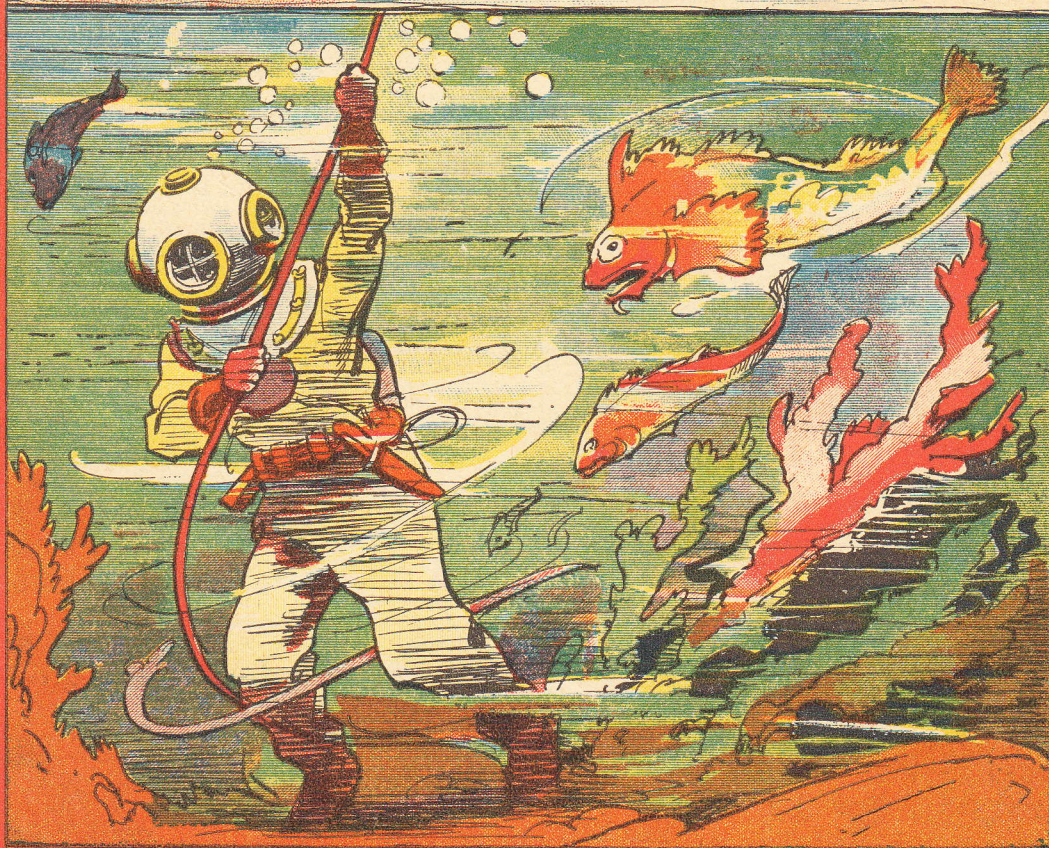


FREE INSIDE—ANOTHER BIG PHOTO-PLATE!

# The RANGER

2¢





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

# The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



## Touch and Go!

**"RESCUE!"** roared Ginger Rawlinson. 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.

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

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 Redmayes 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.

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 terrier, 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 mid-stream, 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.

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 in time.

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 the helpless little animal that burdened him in his struggle for life. On he swept, his struggles growing weaker, the murmur of the rushing water growing to a roar in his ears.

Middlemoor Bridge loomed up over the gleaming river. Under the stone arch the Floss roared and foamed. Jim Dainty made a last, desperate effort to

By Famous  
FRANK RICHARDS

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

reach the bank. But the current tore him away again and swept him under 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 bending 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, with a grin.

"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 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 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 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.

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 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 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



stared at him dumbfounded. 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!**

**J**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 teating 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 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.

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—"

"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 damaged as their chief. The Redmayes trio stared in at Dainty, 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 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 afternoon—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.

"Grooooooooooh!" spluttered Ginger, staggering back. "Urrrh! Oh, my giddy goloshes! Wurrgh!"

"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 clambering 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



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**WRIGLEY'S**  
 MEANS BETTER CHEWING GUM







"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.

"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 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. "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 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!"

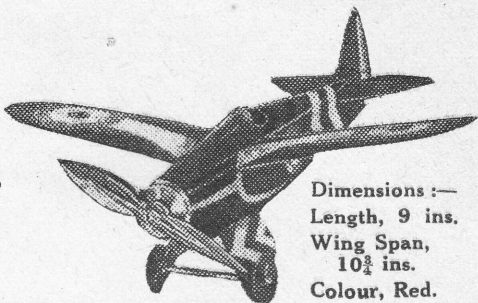
The Grimsladers knew now why Jim had turned his back on the serap with the Blackslade Toughs; and they knew that the fellow they had called a funk had taken a risk that not one fellow in a hundred would, or could, have taken. And they cheered, and cheered again.

(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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