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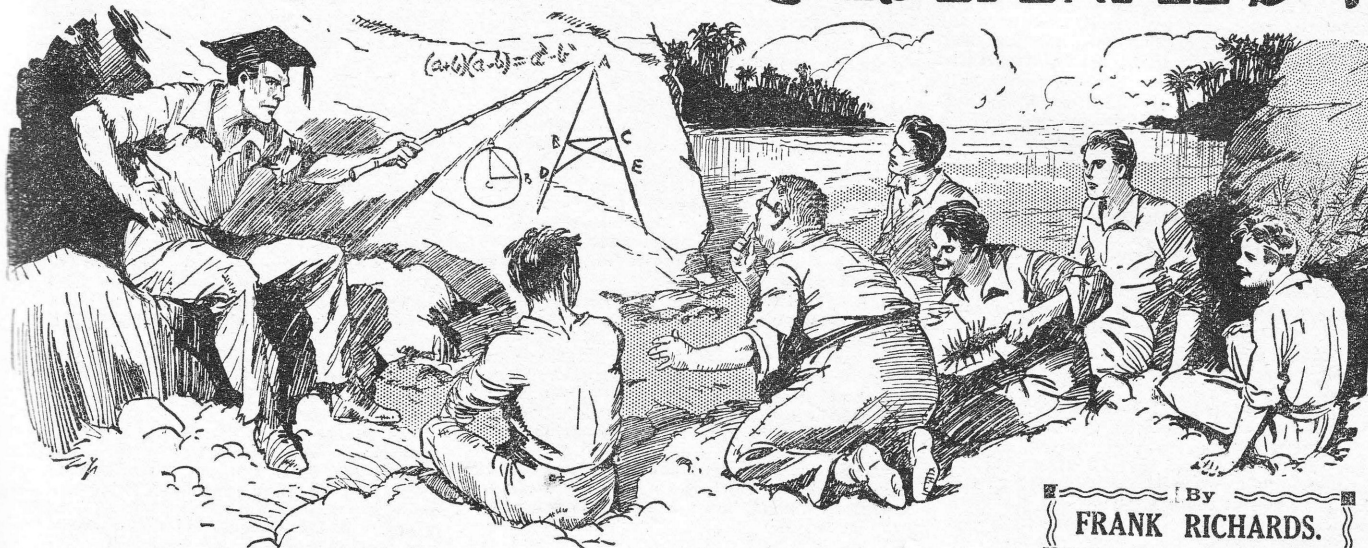
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**12
GRAND
FREE
GIFT
PICTURES
INSIDE!**



"Shun!!!" for
The SERGEANT MAJOR SHERIFF INSIDE!

THE CHEERIO CASTAWAYS!



By
FRANK RICHARDS.

Who?

“SOMEbody—”

“Who?”

“Goodness knows!”

“It peats me!” declared Fritz Splitz.

“Also Sammy is peaten after! There is nopoddy on te island, and yet tere must be some-poddy!”

“Oh, my hat! Look!” ejaculated Dick Dawson suddenly, pointing to the tall figure of the headmaster of Grimslade, under the spreading branches of the big ceiba tree.

“No sign here!” said Jim Dainty. “Whoever it was never left footprints! But who—”

“The juniors forgot, for the moment, the mystery that worried their minds. They grinned. Sammy Sparshott, deep in thought, did not heed a rustle in the thick foliage over his head. He did not see what the juniors, from a distance, saw!

A black-faced monkey was grinning on the branch over Sammy's head. The juniors had seen that monkey before—he dwelt in the big ceiba, and they had nicknamed him Tarzan. He was rather a playful and mischievous monkey, and had a fancy for snatching off fellows' hats when they passed under the tree.

Now he seemed to be after Sammy's hat! He swung on the branch by his tail, which brought his paws within reach of the Grimslade headmaster standing underneath.

“You've lost your hat now, Sammy!” chuckled Ginger. Dr. Sparshott was looking grave as he made his way back towards the hut. But he was not thinking of his lost mortar-board. The mystery of the missing stores was still a worry on Sammy's mind.

“My boys,” said Dr. Sparshott, “we shall cut our usual lesson this morning—”

“Oh, goot!” ejaculated Fritz. “It is clear,” went on Dr. Sparshott, after withering Fritz with a look, “that the missing stores were not taken by Splitz, as we at first naturally supposed. Someone else must be on the island! If there is another castaway, it is amazing that he has not made his presence known. But that seems to be the only explanation. Obviously, the matter must be cleared up. I shall make an extensive search this morning for traces of him—you boys may make a closer search at hand. You, Splitz—”

“Ach! I vas ferry dired tis morning!”

“You, Splitz, will remain on watch at the hut—”

“Oh, goot!”

“You are too lazy to join in the search, and would slack at once as soon as you were out of my sight. I do not, however, approve of laziness, Splitz, and for that reason I shall leave you my Virgil—”

“Oh grumbs!”

“And you will learn twenty lines by heart—”

“Mein gootness!”

“Which you will repeat to me when I return for lunch—otherwise, you will have no lunch!”

“Ach himmel!”

“Now, my boys, let us lose no time,” said Dr. Sparshott. “If there is some unknown person on our island, we must find him!”

“We'll root him out, sir!” said Jim Dainty. Dr. Sparshott strode away along the beach. Jim Dainty & Co. scattered in various directions, in cheery spirits. Hunting for the unknown plunderer of the stores from the hut was rather more entertaining than the usual morning lesson with their headmaster.

But Fritz Splitz, left at the hut with a volume of Virgil to keep him company, and twenty lines of Latin to learn by heart, did not look cheery! He looked dismal.

“Ach!” groaned Fritz. “I tink tat tat Sammy is a peast and a prute! I vish I vas pack in Chermany! Oh grumbs! I vish tat tat peastly pook had gone down in te Spind-rift like te odder peastly pooks. I have vun pig mind to trow tat pook into te sea! Prute of a Sammy!”

And Fritz von Splitz comforted himself with a bunch of bananas and a few coconuts before he opened the volume and started on his task.

“Look out, sir!” shouted Jim Dainty. Dr. Sparshott started and glanced round as the shout reached his ears. At the same moment the mortar-board was snatched from his head; and he gave a jump, in his surprise.

Tarzan, chattering with glee, scrambled up on the branch, with the mortar-board in his possession. The expression on Dr. Sparshott's face as he stared up, hatless, brought an involuntary yell from the schoolboys.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Ach! Tat vas vunny!” chuckled Fritz Splitz. “I tink tat tat vas ferry vunny after!”

“Upon my word!” ejaculated Dr. Sparshott; and then he laughed.

Tarzan, sitting on the branch out of reach, was putting the mortar-board on his head, in imitation of Sammy!

The juniors roared. Tarzan squealed and chattered in great excitement. Sammy made a dive at the monkey; but Tarzan was too quick for him. He whisked away up the tree-trunk, still with Dr. Sparshott's mortar-board perched on his head.

“Ha, ha, ha!” yelled the juniors.



Looking at Dr. Samuel Sparshott, their headmaster, the castaway schoolboys could see that he was perplexed also. The mystery of the island had Sammy beaten!

Dr. Sparshott was standing under the shady branches of the big ceiba tree, by the palm-grove on the beach of Castaway Island. His brows were wrinkled under the shadow of his battered mortar-board. He was evidently thinking deeply.

His glance roved up and down the beach, over the wide blue bay, over the jungle and shadowy woods that clothed the slopes of the island hill. Sammy was thinking out the mystery—but not even getting anywhere. It had him beaten.

Outside the hut, the shipwrecked schoolboys were hunting for “sign.” At Grimslade School, in far-away England, Jim Dainty & Co. had been keen Scouts. They had not forgotten their Scout-craft on the lonely island in West-Indian waters.

Dainty and Dawson, Ginger and Bean, scanned the ground for a trace of a foot-print. But there was little hope of any luck; for Sammy had already been over the ground and discovered nothing. Fritz Splitz sat on a rock and watched the juniors, not feeling disposed for exertion himself.

“My giddy goloshes!” said Ginger Rawlinson. “I begin to think that the dashed island is haunted! We jolly well know that there's nobody on the island but ourselves! That brute Sarson is marooned on a rock five miles away, and he can't have swum back to snaffle our stores. But—the stores have been snaffled!”

“There's the rub!” said Streaky Bacon. “They have!”

“And you have tunk tat I dake tose peefs!” said Fritz Splitz indignantly. “I tells you not vunce but many dimes tat I dake tem not—but you tink tat I dake tem!”

“Of course we thought you'd bagged the crab, you fat bloater,” said Jim Dainty. “And we should still think so, if some more hadn't been bagged while you were a mile off!”

“I tink tat you vas vun peast, Tainty! You have tunk—”

Fritz the Fighting Man.

SNORE!

Jim Dainty grinned, as he looked into the open doorway of the hut. It was getting towards noon, and the growing heat of the tropical day put an end to activity on Castaway Island. Jim was the first to return to headquarters, and the deep and echoing snore of Fritz von Splitz greeted him as he arrived.

Fritz sat in the shady interior of the hut, leaning against the wall, his eyes shut and his mouth open. There was a heap of banana-skins on one side of him, and some empty coconut shells on the other. Fritz, plainly, had tired of learning Latin by heart, and had allowed himself a little rest and refreshing slumber.

Jim Dainty proceeded to awaken him. He picked up a coconut and tossed it across the hut. The nut dropped on Fritz's bullet head, with a gentle tap, and the fat German came out of the land of dreams with a jump.

"Mein gootness! Vat vas tat?" gasped Fritz Splitz. "Tat peastly roof fall in on mein head, isn't it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jim Dainty. Fritz blinked at him with his saucer-eyes. "Peast and a prute!" he roared. "You trow vun gokernut at mein kopf, and I tink tat to roof fall on me after! Vy for you trow vun gokernut at mein kopf, peastly prute and pounder?"

"Sammy will be back soon," grinned Jim Dainty. "How many lines have you learned, old fat Boche?"

"Mein gootness! I go to sleep mit meinsel, and forget tem peastly lines!" groaned Fritz. "I have learn vun line, tat is all. Vere is tat pook? Tat prutal peast Sammy say tat I have no lunch if I learn tem not, and I shall have to puck oop. Vere is tat pook?"

Fritz Splitz blinked round for the volume he had laid down, when he went to sleep. It was not to be seen. He blinked this way, and he blinked that way; but there was no Virgil.

"Vere is tat pook?" he demanded, Jim Dainty chuckled. "That won't wash with Sammy, old fat bloater!" he said. "No good making out that Virgil's walked away. Better get it, and get on."

"But tat pook has disappeared—"
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jim.
"Vy for you gackle?" demanded Fritz angrily. "I lay tat pook town peside me, and now he is gone! Peast and a prute, giff me

tat pook! I must learn touse lines or tere is no lunch!"

Fritz's saucer-eyes gleamed with wrath as he came towards Jim Dainty, with a fat hand outstretched. Jim stared at him. He had not the slightest doubt that Fritz had put the book out of sight, or thrown it away altogether. Once before Fritz had been caught in an attempt to make away with the only school-book on Castaway Island!

"You blithering Boche!" exclaimed Jim Dainty. "You'd better find that book—Sammy will skin you if you've chucked it away, as you tried to do that day in the cave! Don't play the goat!"

"I tells you two times tat I lay him down, and I tink that you gum and take him while I sleep mit meinsel after!" hooted Fritz. "You vant me to lose mein lunch, peast and prute! I will not lose mein lunch to blease you, Tainty! Giff me tat pook!"

"Hallo! What's the row?" asked Dick Dawson, coming up to the hut with Ginger & Co.

In the distance, Dr. Sparshott's tall figure could be seen approaching along the beach. All the castaways were returning from an unsuccessful morning's hunt. The juniors stared in amazement at Fritz's red and wrathful fat face.

"Tat peast Tainty take away mein pook!" roared Fritz. "He hide tat pook, to make me lose mein lunch! I will not lose mein lunch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gackle away!" snorted Fritz. "But I will not lose mein lunch! If Tainty giff me not tat pook I will peast him till he pellow like a pull!"

"You Boche bloater!" roared Jim. "I haven't seen the book! You know jolly well you've chucked it away, you spoofing porker!"

"You haven't been larking, Jim?" asked Dawson. Fritz's frantic excitement rather gave the juniors the impression that he was telling the truth, for once. If he was playing a part, he was doing it uncommonly well.

"Of course I haven't!" snapped Jim. "I got here only a few minutes before you chaps, and I never saw the book—Oh, my hat! You potty Boche!"

Fritz Splitz was not a fighting-man! He was anything but a fighting-man! But the prospect of losing his lunch roused all the fighting-blood of the Von Splitzes in Fritz's veins! With his saucer-eyes gleaming wrath, the fat Rhinelander hurled himself at Jim Dainty, hitting out with both fat fists.

"Take tat!" roared Fritz. "And tat! Till

you giff me tat pook, I peast you till you pellow like a pull!"

"Yaroooh!" spluttered Jim Dainty. Taken by surprise, he went down under that sudden attack, and sprawled in the sand. "Why, I—I'll—"

"Giff me tat pook!" roared Fritz, and he hurled himself on Jim.

With his podgy knees planted on Jim's chest, his weight did the rest. Jim Dainty gasped and gurgled under the fat German. The other fellows stared on blankly. Seldom, or never had Fritz von Splitz been seen in this fighting mood. Taking a grip on Jim's hair with one fat hand, Fritz banged his head on the beach.

Bang! Bang! The beach was hard! Jim Dainty struggled and roared. Dr. Sparshott, witnessing that remarkable scene from a distance, hastened his footsteps. Dick Dawson jumped forward to drag the enraged German off his victim. But an upward drive from Jim Dainty, catching Fritz Splitz where he hoped to pack his lunch, dislodged the podgy Rhinelander.

"Urrrrrrgh!" gurgled Fritz, as he rolled off. "Urrrgh! Peastly prute—urrgh! I have no more to breff! Wurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jim Dainty sat up dizzily, rubbing his damaged head. Fritz rolled and gurgled. Dainty gained his feet, crimson with wrath, and Fritz, still gurgling, got upright again. Jim made a jump at him, and Fritz, amazing to relate, did not dodge. He met Dainty halfway, and they closed and struggled.

"Peastly prute!" gurgled Fritz. "I peast you till you pellow like a mat pull! I tink—yaroooooooh!"

Bump! Fritz landed on the beach, with a terrific bump. He sprawled, gasping.

"Now, you fat frump, I'll jolly well bang your silly head!" roared Jim Dainty, and he grasped Friedrich von Splitz by his fat neck.

"Stop!" Dr. Sparshott came striding up. "Dainty—Splitz! What does this mean? Cease this at once!"

Jim Dainty let go Fritz's neck, as if that fat neck had suddenly become red-hot.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Yes, sir!"

The Mystery Clears.

"PRUTAL peast!" roared Fritz Splitz. "Peastly prute and pounder! I vas pumped so hard on te peach, tat I tink tat I tie! Peastly prute—"

"Splitz!" barked Sammy. "Get up!"

"Ach! How vas I get up mit meinsel ven tat I have no more to breff?" gurgled Fritz.

Dr. Sparshott grasped the fat German and heaved him to his feet. Fritz spluttered for breath.

"Now, what is the matter?" barked Sammy. "Tat peast Tainty take tat pook!" yelled Fritz. "He make me miss mein lunch after pefore!"

"The book! Is the book gone?" demanded Sammy sharply. "If you have been playing tricks again, Splitz—"

"I blay no dricks!" yelled Fritz. "Tainty blay him pefore! Tat pook—"

"I haven't touched the book!" roared Jim Dainty.

"Tat is vun pig vhooper! Vere is tat pook if you touch him not?"

Dr. Sparshott bent a severe, searching look on Fatty Fritz. He knew his Fritz only too well, and how probable it was that the fat slaeker was playing a trick to escape a task. But there was something convincing in Fritz's wild excitement. Also, the Head of Grimslade had to remember that Fritz had been unjustly suspected of "snaffling" the stores.

"Let the book be searched for!" barked Dr. Sparshott.

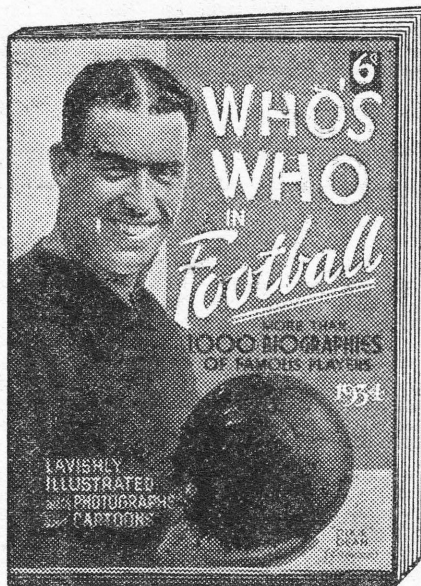
A search in the hut was made immediately. Fritz pointed out where—according to him—he had laid the book. Certainly it was no longer there. The juniors rooted through the hut; but P. Virgilius Maro was not to be found. Wherever that volume was, it was not in the hut.

The search over, Fritz Splitz regarded Sammy with anxious saucer-eyes. He was thinking about lunch. That was a matter of great urgency.

"I am not at all sure, Splitz, that you have not concealed the book!" said Dr. Sparshott.

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"But it is possible, at least, that it was taken by the same person who has purloined the cans of beef. I shall give you the benefit of the doubt."

Fritz gasped with relief. He was to have his lunch!

That important point being decided, Fritz ceased to bother about the missing book. The longer it remained missing, the better Fritz liked it, in fact!

He still half believed that Jim Dainty had hidden it for a "lark," and Jim more than half believed that Fritz had hidden it to escape learning his lines.

Dr. Sparshott was very silent over lunch. The strange mystery of the island was evidently on his mind, and it puzzled and worried him. Lunch over, Fritz Splitz rolled away for a nap in the shade of a tree, leaving the Head still thinking the matter over, and the juniors making plans for a more extensive hunt, when the heat of the day was over, for the unknown "snaffler."

The search, so far, had only seemed to prove that there was no one on Castaway Island but themselves; yet even while it was going on the book had vanished from the side of the sleeping Fritz! Who had taken it?

Quite heedless of the mystery, and not in the least perturbed by the loss of the volume of Virgil, Fritz Splitz rolled past the nodding palms to the circle of deep shade cast by the ceiba-tree. That was a very shady spot for a nap, and as cool as any spot on the island.

Fritz sat down in the deep shade, with his pogy back against the great trunk of the tree, and was about to pull his hat over his eyes when he remembered the playful tricks of Tarzan, and gave an irritated grunt.

"Mein gootness, if tat peastly monkey vake me up vunce after, I preak him te pones!" murmured Fritz, and he blinked up at the thick branches overhead, to see if the playful simian was about.

The next moment Fritz forgot that he was sleepy!

He jumped to his feet, his saucer-eyes almost bulging from his fat face. It seemed as if Fatty Fritz could not believe those saucer-eyes. He fairly goggled!

Sitting on a branch of the ceiba was Tarzan, the monkey, Dr. Sparshott's mortar-board still perched on his head. It was not surprising to see him there, as he appeared to have his home in the ceiba's mountain of foliage. What was surprising was his occupation.

He was sitting with an open book in his hands, gazing at it with all the seriousness of an ape imitating a human being, looking for all the world as if he were reading it!

"Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz.

There was only one book on Castaway Island—the one that was missing! Evidently it was the missing book that was now in Tarzan's jaws!

"Tat monkey!" gurgled Fritz. "Mein gootness, it vas tat monkey all te time before!" Himmel!"

Fritz forgot his intended nap! He rushed back in the direction of the hut in great excitement. He shouted and waved fat hands as he approached the group before the hut.

"Ach! Gum!" yelled Fritz. "Gum! I have find him out mit himself after! Now, I know apout it before! Gum!"

"My giddy goloshes!" ejaculated Ginger Robinson, staring at him. "Is the fat Bocho batty?"

Dr. Sparshott rose from the log on which he was seated. He fixed his eyes on the wildly excited German.

"What—" barked Sammy.

Fritz, gesticulating wildly, came on with a rush. He stumbled over a rock, which he was in too great a hurry to see, and took a header for Sammy!

"Ach! Himmel!" spluttered Fritz, as he fell.

"Boy!" gasped the Head of Grimslade, as Fritz crashed on him. "Splitz, you utter young ass—Ooooh!" He grasped the fat German by the collar and shook him. "Now, what does this mean?"

"Urrrgh!" gurgled Fritz spasmodically.

Shake, shake, shake!

"Explain yourself!" barked Sammy.

"Speak!"

"Tat monkey—" gasped Fritz. "Tat monkey—grooh!—tat peastly monkey tat tey mit Tarzan—Yoooggh! Led go! He



The monkey, grave as any schoolmaster, with the mortar-board perched on his head, was dangling from the ceiba, blinking at the printed pages of Virgil. "Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim Dainty.

take tat pook. He read tat pook in te tree before—"

Dr. Sparshott stared at him blankly for a moment, then, with long strides, he started for the ceiba-tree. Jim Dainty & Co. rushed after him. Fritz, gurgling for breath, tottered in their wake.

In a few minutes they reached the ceiba. The expression on Dr. Sparshott's face was extraordinary as he stared up at Tarzan, who was now dangling from the tree by one arm, with Virgil clasped firmly between his two feet.

The monkey, grave as any schoolmaster, with the mortar-board perched on his head, was blinking at the printed pages of the open book, evidently as he had seen the castaways doing—probably Fritz that morning in the hut.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jim Dainty! "Tarzan's got the book—that's the book all right. Can it have been that dashed monkey all the time?"

"My giddy goloshes, that's it!" yelled Ginger. "He tried sneaking our hats, and he's been sneaking things from the hut! There isn't anybody else on the island, after all—it was that jolly old monk!"

"But what the thump did he want cans of beef for? He couldn't get the tins open."

"Just mischief!" said Sammy, his astonished face breaking into a smile. "I fancy we have caught the culprit at last!" he chuckled. "That rascal of a monkey has been roofing in the hut. He has seen us carrying cans of beef, and he did the same. I think we have solved the mystery at last, my boys. And this is where I get back my hat!"

Sammy Sparshott stepped towards the monkey and made a grab. Tarzan immediately scrambled up on to the branch. Ceasing to hold the book to his eyes, the ape suddenly hurled it at Dr. Sparshott, catching him on the back of his head as he commenced to climb up the trunk of the tree.

"Oh!" roared Sammy.

"Good shot!" breathed Streaky, and the juniors chuckled.

Jim Dainty fielded the Virgil.

"I've got the book, sir!" he called out.

But Sammy did not heed—he wanted his mortar-board, and he climbed on. Tarzan, chattering excitedly, retreated into higher branches. Sammy followed up.

The monkey disappeared into the foliage, and the next moment something hard and heavy whizzed through the leaves. It was a can of beef! But Sammy was watching, and he dodged the missile.

Two more cans of beef came whizzing, but Sammy ducked his head, and they shot past and dropped. Then came another, and, with all Sammy's watchfulness, it grazed his shoulder as it shot by.

"That's the lot, sir!" bawled Ginger.

Sammy was aware of that. All four of the missing cans of beef had now come to light—proof that Tarzan was the culprit!

There was still Dr. Sparshott's mortar-board, however; and that came next. Having returned all the cans of beef, Tarzan snatched the mortar-board from his head, and hurled that, too. The monkey scored a bullseye; it landed right on top of Sammy's head, and stayed there!

The headmaster of Grimslade slithered lightly down the tree, and rejoined the juniors with a smile on his face. Tarzan, screaming with wrath, scampered away in the branches, and disappeared from sight.

The mystery of Castaway Island was solved, and the solution of the mystery made the castaways roar with laughter. It was only a mischievous monkey that had caused all the trouble.

Ginger had already mooted the idea of catching him, taming him, and making a pet of him, and as that seemed a good way of keeping him out of further mischief, all the fellows agreed that it was a good stunt. And that afternoon they tried it on! But the big ceiba was deserted, and Tarzan, apparently, had changed his residence to another part of the island, where he would not be bothered by human neighbours.

(Fatty Fritz plays a big part in next week's rollicking story of the schoolboy castaways. Don't miss it—or the next sheet of 14 free coloured pictures!)