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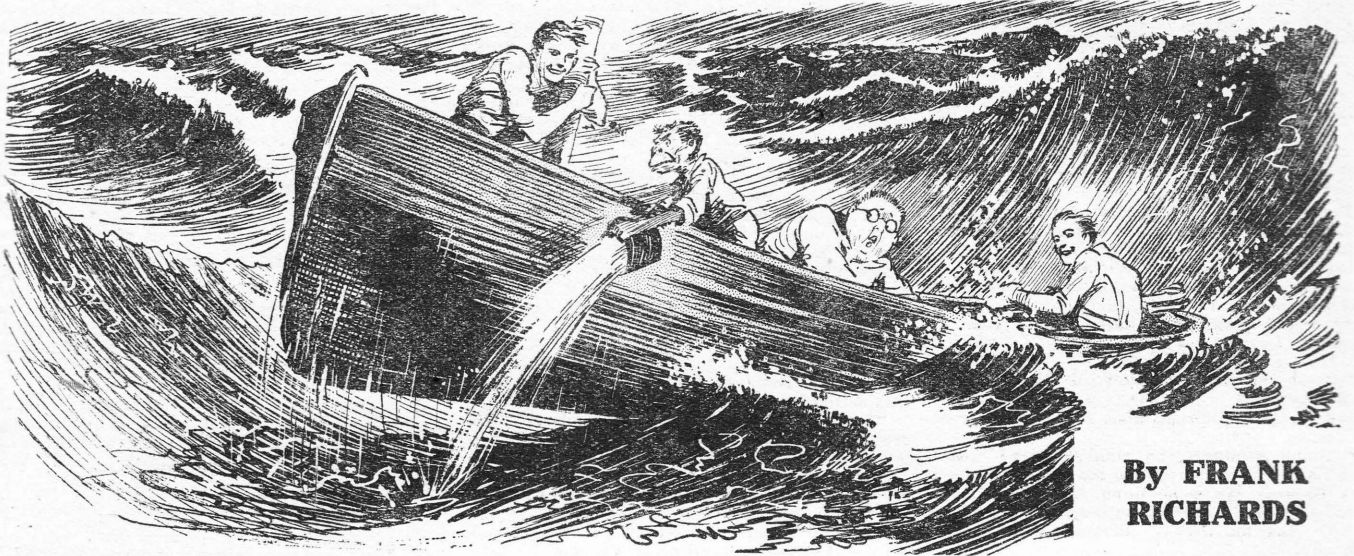
The RANGER²^D

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THE CHEERIO CASTAWAYS!



By **FRANK RICHARDS**

What Sammy Saw!



AIN'TY! Rawlinson!
Splitz!"

Dr. Samuel Sparschott barked out the names. Black clouds banked over the hill-top of Castaway Island. The wind came from the west with a deepening roar, shaking the branches of the great ceiba-trees, scattering

coconuts like hail from the tossing palms. It was one of the sudden squalls of the West Indian seas. The headmaster of Grimslade had been cutting sugar-cane, a mile from the hut on the beach, and with him had been Sandy Bean and Streaky Bacon and Dick Dawson. They had tramped home with their bundles of canes, dodging falling coconuts as they tramped, expecting to find the other castaways at the hut.

But the hut was empty; and no answer came to Sammy's call. He stared into the hut, and then turned and glanced along the beach, where the sand was rising in clouds like spray under the roaring wind. But nothing was to be seen of Jim Dainty or Ginger Rawlinson or Fritz Splitz, or of Friday, the monkey. Dr. Sparschott wrinkled his brows.

"The boat!" he exclaimed. He ran swiftly down the beach. Before he reached the spot where the boat had lain in the sand, he could see that it was gone. The three juniors followed him, with startled faces.

"Dainty was going out fishing, sir!" said Dick Dawson. "You told him——"

"Dainty has sense enough to run in, at the signs of bad weather!" barked Sammy. He stood on the margin of the water, staring grimly seaward. East Bay, which fronted the wide Atlantic, had been as calm as a pond, half an hour ago. Now it was tossing in wild confusion. Between the rocky headlands at the mouth of the bay the waves ran high, breaking on the rocks with a deep roar.

Sammy Sparschott's eyes were keen as those of a hawk. But in all the wide space of the bay he could pick up no sign of the boat. Beyond the headlands, the sea was a wilderness of rolling billows and whipping spray. It seemed to Sammy that he caught a distant glimpse of something that glanced and tossed like a fluttering sea-bird. His jaw set.

Leaving the juniors on the beach, the headmaster of Grimslade clambered to the summit of the cliff behind the hut. There, wedged in a crevice of the rock, he clamped his binoculars to his eyes, and focused the glasses on that speck far out to sea. Under the powerful glasses it rushed into nearer and clearer view.

It was the boat! Far out on the Atlantic it tossed and surged on the wild billows. Sammy

could make out Jim Dainty at the tiller; Ginger Rawlinson with the sail in his grasp; Fatty Fritz sprawling at the bottom of the boat, obviously in a state of blue funk; and Friday, the monkey, in his cotton trousers, clutching hold of the mast. The wind, blowing off the island, was directly against the boat's crew; but they were running for land on the starboard tack. Sammy breathed hard and deep.

"Heaven help them!" he whispered. In spite of the fierce wind and the tossing sea, the two juniors were handling the boat well. They were tacking for the island, to get back to the bay. Sammy watched. He knew that if they kept on the starboard tack they would shoot past the northern shore of Castaway Island; and he waited and watched to see the boat's bow swinging round on the other tack.

"Good men!" breathed Sammy, as the prow came into the wind, and fell off to port. On the port tack, the Grimsladers were making the bay; and Dr. Sparschott watched, with his heart almost in his mouth. Well as they handled the boat,

THE EVER-HUNGRY FAT BOY WHO WENT ON HUNGER-STRIKE!

cool as they evidently were in those moments of dire peril, it seemed impossible that the little craft could live in such a sea and such a wind.

A cry broke from Sammy, suddenly, and his tanned face went white. The sail had been blown out of the ropes by a terrific gust.

Sammy groaned. He saw the boat spin to the wind, driving helplessly out to sea now that the canvas was gone.

He could not help. Since the day when the Spindrift had gone down, and the Grimsladers had been stranded on Castaway Island, he had brought the juniors through a hundred perils. But he could not help them now.

He could only watch, with white face and aching heart, while the boat and the boat's crew, smaller and smaller in the distance, ran out before the gale into the boundless Atlantic. High on a surging billow, deep down in the trough of the sea, it appeared and disappeared, from moment to moment; till even to the powerful glasses it was but a speck—and then it vanished altogether. The wild Atlantic had swallowed Jim Dainty and his comrades from the headmaster's sight.

Sammy Sparschott's face was pale and set hard when he descended from the cliff. Dawson and Bacon and Bean looked at him in anxious silence.

"They are blown out to sea!" said Sammy quietly.

"Then——" muttered Dawson.

"While there's life, there's hope," said Sammy. "Grimslade never says die!"

He spoke with a quiet cheerfulness he did not feel. The juniors drew encouragement from their headmaster, as they were accustomed to do. But at the bottom of his heart Sammy knew how little hope there was.

Lost On the Atlantic!

"ACH! I vas vun tead Cherman!" groaned Fritz Splitz.

Fatty Fritz lay sprawling in the water that swamped the boat in spite of incessant baling. Every now and then he grunted and groaned and mumbled.

Jim Dainty and Ginger Rawlinson had no time for groaning or mumbling. They baled and baled, wet and weary and worn, but keeping up their courage; still, when all hope seemed to be gone, hoping on.

Friday, the monkey, crouched in the bottom of the boat, drenched with salt water, in a state of terror almost as intense as Fatty Fritz's.

Long since, Castaway Island had vanished from sight. Where they were, whither they were driving, the juniors did not know; but they knew that they had been driven many miles from the island that had been their Crusee home. They had little leisure to think of it, as they baled at the swamping water, expecting, from moment to moment, to be overwhelmed by the waves, and tossed to death in the wild Atlantic.

The wind had shifted a few points to the northward, and the boat ran to the south-east. The first fierce force of the gale was spent now, and the wind dropped more and more; but the sea still rolled in hills and valleys of green water. It seemed a miracle that the boat yet lived; but still it floated.

A burst of red sunlight came through the banks of clouds. The sun was setting—far away to the west over Castaway Island. Long before this, they knew, their friends must have missed them, and no doubt given them up for lost; though they did not know that Sammy had watched their last struggle to get back to the island.

"My giddy goloshes!" Ginger Rawlinson spoke at last. "Are we going to pull through, Dainty?"

"Looks like a chance!" answered Jim. Silence again, and baling, baling, baling! Almost dizzy with fatigue, the juniors struggled with the water that swamped them continually. Ginger reached out with his foot at last, and gave Friedrich von Splitz a kick in his fat ribs.

"Tumble up, and take your turn, you fat booby!" growled Ginger. "Take this can and bale!"

"Ach! Leaf me alone pefore!" groaned Fritz. "Mein gutness! I vish tat I vas pack in Chermany! Peasts and prutes, vy for you pring me out to sea in tis peastly poat after?"

"Kick him, Dainty!"
"Ach! Whoop!" roared Fritz, forgetting even his terrors for a moment. "Peast and a prute, kick me not on mein trousers after! Yaroooh!"

"Take your turn at baling, you podgy porker," growled Jim.

Fatty Fritz sat up. But as his saucer-eyes blinked at the wild seas rolling round the boat, he gave a squeal of terror, and crouched below the gunwale again. Like an ostrich hiding its head in the sand, Fatty Fritz preferred not to look on the fearful perils that threatened him. He lay shuddering. Ginger tossed the can to him, and it landed on his bullet head with a loud crack. But Fritz did not heed. He simply dared not sit up again.

But there was an unexpected helping hand. Friday, the monkey, grabbed the can and started baling. It was Friday's way to imitate everything that his master did; but his trick of imitation had never come in so useful. Jim and Ginger stared at him, and then, in spite of fatigue and peril, they burst into a roar of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Good old monk!" chuckled Ginger. "Go it, Friday!"

Splash, splash, splash, went Friday with great energy.

"Thank goodness the wind's fallen!" said Jim Dainty. "I believe the sea's going down a bit, Ginger. We're shipping less water now. We shall pull out of this, old bean."

"Vo vas all tead!" moaned Fritz Splitz dismally.

The red sunset faded into night. There was still a wind, more and more from the north; but it was only a breeze now, and the sea was falling calmer. While Friday baled industriously, Jim and Ginger were able to take a much-needed rest.

There was little doubt now that the boat would live. The gale had blown itself out. But now that they were able to think over their situation, the juniors realised that it was one that might have daunted the stoutest heart.

There was neither food nor water in the boat. They had taken it out to fish in the bay, not intending to be out more than a couple of hours. The attack of the giant ray had forced them to run before the wind, and then the gale had caught them. It was almost a miracle that they had lived through the gale; but what was to happen now?

Darkness enshrouded the sea. As the boat ran more steadily, and ceased at last to ship water, Fritz Splitz sat up once more and blinked dismally round him.

"Mein gootness! It vas tark!" he ejaculated. "Peastly prutes, you geep me away from land after tark! I vas all vet and cold! Also I am ferry hungry. Mein gootness! How I vant mein supper!"

"Ring for the waiter!" suggested Ginger Rawlinson sarcastically. "Mine's turtle soup, when you give the order."

"Peastly pounder!" groaned Fritz. Immediate danger being over, Fatty Fritz forgot his terrors in the recollection that he was hungry! He could not help remembering that! There was an aching void inside Fritz von Splitz. "Ach! I vas so hungry as neffer vas pefore! Vat is tere to eat in tis poat?"

"Nothing," replied Ginger briefly; whereupon Fritz groaned, and groaned again.

Jim and Ginger were also hungry. They had time to think of it now, and they found that they were very hungry indeed. But there was nothing for it but to tighten their belts and endure in silence. There was nothing else for Fritz, either—but he did not endure in silence.

The hot tropical day was followed by a cold night. Soaked to the skin, wet and shivering, the juniors snatched moments of sleep from sheer weariness. Every now and then Fritz's snore rumbled through the boat; but cold and hunger kept even the fat Rhinelander from sound slumber for once; and his snore was frequently changed into moaning and groaning.

Light at last gleamed on the rolling Atlantic. Fritz Splitz, sprawling on a wet boat-cloak, snored. Jim Dainty and Ginger moved their cramped limbs, and stood watching the curling waves, in the gleam of the rising sun. In the dawn, the sea was almost calm, and the boat drifted with an even keel.

Water, water everywhere, far as the eye could reach. No sign of land—no sign of a sail or a

steamer's smoke—the Grimsladers seemed alone in a universe of sky and water.

"Bit warmer, anyhow!" said Ginger.

"I hope it won't get too warm!" said Jim. Already there was warmth in the sun's rays; the tropical heat was coming.

"My giddy goloshes! I'm hungry."

"Same here!"

As if the word had reached him, through the mists and shadows of sleep, Fritz von Splitz ceased to snore, and sat up, rubbing his saucer-eyes with podgy knuckles.

"Mein gootness! Vere vas I?" he ejaculated. Then, as he blinked round at sea and sky, he remembered. "Ach! I vas hungry! Neffer vas I so derribly hungry as now I vas!"

"I wonder—" Jim Dainty stooped to the little locker in the stern.

"Nothing there!" said Ginger. "We never brought anything."

But Jim opened the locker and looked inside. There was a remote chance that something might have been left over from Sammy's last trip in the boat. He gave a shout and picked up a coconut.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes! What luck!" exclaimed Ginger, his eyes dancing. A single coconut was not much, among three fellows and a monkey. But it was something between them and actual famine.

"Ach! Goot!" gasped Fritz Splitz. "Giff me tat gokernut, Tainty!"

"Whacks round!" said Ginger Rawlinson.

"Peast and a prute!" roared Fritz. "You bring me here, and I vas so hungry as neffer vas pefore, and you vas so greedy tat you giff me not tat gokernut! Mein gootness! I tink tat you vas vun colossal peast, Chinger."

Jim looked at him. Ginger looked at him. Fritz was frantic with excitement; and there was no doubt that he was the hungriest of the three. They exchanged glances, and Ginger nodded his red head.

Quietly, Jim handed the coconut to Fritz Splitz. And Fatty Fritz, evidently in dread that they might change their minds, lost no time in cracking it, and devouring it to the last morsel.

On the Sandbank!

"SEE anything?"

"I think so!"

It was nearly noon. The blaze of the sun on shining waters that gleamed like a polished mirror round the drifting boat, dazzled the eye. In the burning heat the juniors longed for the chill of night. Thirst was added to hunger, and it was worse than hunger. Fritz Splitz, half asleep, lay sprawled against the bare mast, dry enough now; muzzling and grunting as he dozed.

From time to time, Jim or Ginger rose and scanned the sea—and now, in the haze of noon, Jim Dainty's eyes were fixed on a dark blur. As he answered Ginger's question, the red-headed junior of Grimslade scrambled up.

"Where away?" he asked.

Jim pointed.

"My giddy goloshes! It's something!" Ginger's voice was husky but eager. "We're nowhere near our island! But—it's land of some sort—if only a sandbank! Get hold of the oars."

The current was drifting them down past that blur on the sea; they would have passed it, leaving it to port. But a few strokes of the oars brought them in line with it, and they continued to pull, going with the current.

The dark blur grew darker; more distinct. They made out a creamy line of foam where the sea broke. It was a sandbank—innumerable in West Indian waters. As they drew closer, they could see that at its highest part it did not rise more than six or seven feet above the tide. Not a single tree nodded there; but there were thick patches of some brambly bush. Seagulls circled round and over it, their cries reaching the ears of the juniors.

Jim Dainty suppressed a groan. He had hoped for the sight of land when he picked up the blur on the sea. A low sandbank was little better than the drifting boat. But he pulled himself together. It was possible that water might be found in some hollow—that berries of some sort might be picked up on the bushes. At the worst, there was some shelter from the sun, and a chance of stretching their legs.

Bump! The water shallowed by the sandbank, and the keel bumped in the shifting sand. The shock startled Fritz Splitz, and he sat up with a groan.

"Vat vas tat?" mumbled Fritz.

Bump, bump! Punting with the oars, Jim and Ginger pulled the boat to the sandbank, and ran it ashore. They jumped out in a foot of water, and waited for Fritz to follow them. Friday scuttled out, and skipped away to the bushes in search of food. Fritz sat and blinked. For a moment he had hoped that it was land, and the sight of the dreary, sunbaked sandbank made him groan.

"Get out, fathead!" hooted Ginger. "We've got to beach the boat—and do you think we can drag your ton of pork along?"

"Peastly prute!" moaned Fritz. "I vas too weak mit hunger to move mit meinsel after. I tink—yaroooh!" A lunge from the boat-hook convinced Fritz that he could move, and he skipped out of the boat almost as actively as Friday.

The boat was dragged up out of reach of the water. Then, leaving Fritz to groan and mumble, the two juniors set off to explore the bank. Ginger gave a yell of delight at the sight of a hollow among the bushes with a foot of brackish water in it, at which Friday was guzzling. The fact that the ape was drinking was sufficient evidence that it was fresh water, left by the rain of the late squall.

"Oh, good egg!" gasped Jim Dainty. Ginger threw himself down and plunged his burning face into the water. Brackish as it was, it tasted to him like nectar. Jim shouted to Fritz von Splitz:

"Fritz! This way!"

"Peastly prute!"

"Water, you fathead!" yelled Jim.

"Ach! Vas tat vatter? I gum—I gum!" gasped Fritz, and he came.

He came quickly. He might imagine he was dying of hunger; but thirst conquered hunger, and Fritz therefore showed remarkable energy. The German junior galloped through the bushes like a charging elephant.

But Fritz's eagerness led to disaster. The ground round about was studded with treacherous gullies. The foot of Fritz von Splitz found one of those gullies—and Fritz found himself falling forward.

"Ach! Safe me! I fall mit meinsel—"

With hands outstretched, Fritz sailed through the air groundwards. His right hand jabbed Ginger astern; his left hand did likewise to Jim.

Both Jim and Ginger were bending down over the pool in the hollow, drinking their fill. But now they drank more than their fill. Pushed from the rear, they both toppled face-first into the water.

"Urrrrrrrrgh!" spluttered Jim.

"Goooooooh!" gasped Ginger.

"Oooooooohh!" yelled Fritz, as his chin made contact with the ground, loosening half his teeth, and he lay there moaning and groaning.

Jim and Ginger, gasping and spluttering, scrambled to their feet. They glared down at the sprawling Fritz.

"You big, blithering, clumsy idiot!" howled Jim.

"You clumsy, blithering, big idiot!" roared Ginger.

Fritz still lay there, all the breath knocked out of his body, hovering on the brink of the pool, but too winded to move for the moment.

"I vas tead!" he gasped feebly. "I vas—yaroooop!"

But Ginger soon proved that Fritz was far from dead. A hefty kick in the German junior's pants made Splitz scramble to his feet. Another kick in the same spot sent him tottering forward—and this time it was Fritz who did a nose-dive into the pool.

Fritz von-Splitz forgot all his aches and pains then. Thirstily he drank the precious water; and Jim and Ginger, their ruffled tempers quickly subsiding, bent down beside him and again dipped their faces into the pool.

"Urrrggh! Mein gootness, tat is goot!" gurgled Fritz.

"My giddy goloshes—jolly good!" agreed Ginger, with a cheery grin on his dripping face, as he raised it. "Feel better, Fatty?"

"Ach! I vas petter! But now tat I have no more te t'irst, I have to hunger more tan neffer vas pefore! I tink tat I tie of hunger!" groaned Fritz.

"May find something to eat," said Jim Dainty hopefully. And they started exploring again—Fritz, revived by the water, joining up.

Friday was scuttling busily among the bushes in the interior of the sandy isle; but the juniors kept on the open shore. They soon had evidence

that they were not the first visitors to that lonely sandbank. Half-sunk in the sand was a ship's topmast, with some of the gear still hanging to it; and at a little distance they came on a boat's tiller, and several planks from a stove-in boat. Other wreckage lay about the sand—some of it half-buried.

"There's been a wreck here!" said Ginger. "More than one, I fancy," said Jim Dainty. "Some of this stuff is old—some looks a good deal newer! I'll bet that old mast has been there for donkey's years—but look at these bits of a boat—the paint's quite fresh!"

"If any grub got ashore——" said Ginger. "Too much luck!"

"Mein goodness, tat was possible!" exclaimed Fritz Splitz; and from that moment, Fatty Fritz became the most eager of the searchers.

The three juniors separated, to cover more ground in the search. The bank was about half a mile in length, its width nowhere more than a hundred yards. But its sandy surface was unequal, broken into gullies, most of them overgrown with the wiry bush, a kind of hay-cedar for the most part; and so the three were soon out of each other's sight.

The heat was intense, and a myriad of insects buzzed over the low sand and among the thickets. Here and there, fragments of old wreckage were found, almost in the centre of the isle—showing that in wild weather the sea washed over it. Now, however, all was calm, and the castaways were safe enough from the ocean.

For long and weary hours, Jim and Ginger rooted up and down and round about, but only old shattered timbers rewarded them; and they came back to the boat at last, worn and weary.

"Where's that fathead Fritz?" asked Jim, as he sank down on the shady side of the beached boat to rest.

"Oh, let him rip!" mumbled Ginger. "Gone to sleep in the shade, I suppose—if he's found any!"

"Hallo, here he comes!"

Fatty Fritz emerged from the low thickets. He came quite briskly down to the boat, and without even looking at the two weary juniors leaning on it, he clambered in, and groped in the locker for the axe that was kept there. Jim Dainty stared round at him.

"What's the game, Fritz?" he asked in astonishment.

"Ach! Nottings!" said Fritz hurriedly. "I tink tat I chops up some of te tritwood, Tainty, to make vun fire——"

"Isn't it warm enough, you ass?"

"I mean, to make vun fire after tark, von tat it will be so cold as neffer vas!" explained Fritz. "Leaf it to me—tat is all right! You vas dired mit yourselves—leaf it to me."

Shouldering the axe Fritz Splitz marched off into the bush. Jim and Ginger stared after him. It was so utterly unlike Friedrich von Spitz to take any labour on himself, however necessary it might be, that they were amazed. But apparently the fat German was in earnest, for a little later, they heard the distant blows of the axe, though the thick bush screened the fat Rhinelander from their sight.

But the sounds soon died away. Fritz apparently had tired of his unusual exertions; at all events, he was no longer wielding the axe. But he did not return to the boat.

Friday, the monkey, came scuttling out of the thickets, and Jim stretched out a hand to give him a pat. It was thirty-six hours or more since food had passed the lips of the juniors, and they

were growing weak with hunger. Friday grimaced and chattered, and Ginger suddenly sat up and took notice.

"My giddy goloshes! What's the jolly old monk got?" he exclaimed.

"Nuts!" gasped Jim.

The monkey's paw was full of small nuts; of what kind the schoolboys did not know—but it was clear that Friday had found them in the thickets, had eaten some himself, and had brought some for his master. Grimacing and grinning, Friday held them out, and thankfully the juniors grabbed them. They almost hugged the monkey. It was a meal of sorts, and unsatisfying as it was, it made the castaways feel a whole lot better. Ginger rose to his feet.

"It's getting a bit cooler," he said. "Let's make the monk show us where he nosed out the nuts and tell that fathead Fritz. Come on."

Friday was an intelligent monkey. He understood at once what was required of him, and he grinned and skipped away, guiding the juniors to a thicket in the centre of the sandy isle where the nuts grew. They shouted to Fritz, but received no answer.

Having gathered enough of the nuts to fill their pockets, they started to search for the fat German, wondering uneasily whether he had fallen down in a state of exhaustion. Again and again they called to him, but there was no answer. Suddenly Ginger uttered an exclamation.

"Listen!"

"The fat blighter!" exclaimed Jim, anxiety changing to annoyance. "Fast asleep and snoring!"

The deep snore of Fritz von Splitz rumbled from a shady patch of bush. They came on him at last, stretched on his podgy back in the shade, his eyes shut and his mouth open, sound asleep.

They stared down at him. Fritz had had the coconut in the boat, while the other fellows had nothing; but he had an enormous appetite at the best of times, and it seemed to them amazing that he could sleep so peacefully in such a state of famine. But he slept serenely, as if in the hut on Castaway Island, or in the old dormitory at Grinslade School.

Jim bent over him and shook him. The supply of nuts to be found on the sandy islet was limited, but such as it was they were sharing it out. Fritz's saucer-eyes opened, and he blinked up at them.

"Vat is tat? Vy for you vake me oop?" he groaned. "Is it a ship?"

"No, fathead! We've got some nuts," said Jim. "Friday found them. Here you are, old fat porpoise!" He held out a handful of the little nuts. To his surprise Fritz gave a snort of angry scorn.

"You vake me up for tat, peast and a prute!" grunted the fat German. "Take away tat ruppish, pother you, and leaf me to slumper. Go and eat goke."

"You silly ass!" gasped Jim, wondering whether Fritz's fat brain was wandering. "They're good to eat. Better than nothing!"

"Posh! Leaf me alone!" growled Fritz, and he closed his eyes again and recommenced to snore.

"My giddy goloshes!" Ginger stared at him blankly. "Has he gone potty or what? He can't have found anything to eat."

"May have found some nuts for himself," said Jim. "Leave the fat brute alone, anyhow."

And leaving Fritz to snore, the two juniors resumed exploring the sandy islet in the setting sun. They had a faint hope of finding a turtle

on the beach, but they found nothing but tiny crabs in the sand.

As the brief twilight deepened to dark they filled their pockets again with nuts and went back to the boat. Already, now that the sun was gone, the wind from the sea was chilly.

Fatty Fritz loomed up in the shadows as they reached the boat. He was there first this time. But, strange to relate, he was not complaining of hunger.

"I tink tat ve petter have vun gamp-fire," he said. "It will be ferry cold after! If you have some matches mit you——"

"I've got matches!" said Ginger. "Where's the driftwood you chopped?"

"Ach! I vas too dired to chop him pefer." "Might have guessed that one!" growled Ginger. "Where's the axe, fathead? Have you left it in the bush?"

"Ja! Ja wohl! I leaf him behind——"

"That means fetching it, you blithering, bloated Boche. Where did you leave it?" growled Ginger.

It did not even occur to him that the fat and lazy Fritz would be willing to fetch the axe he had left in the bush. But the podgy Rhinelander jumped up in a hurry.

"Tat is all right. I fetches him!" he gasped. And he scuttled away before the astonished juniors could speak.

It was ten minutes or more before Fritz came back with the axe. Meanwhile Jim and Ginger had gathered driftwood. Under the glimmering stars they chopped up wood and built a fire. By that time it was quite cold. They were glad of the warmth and the cheerful blaze of the camp-fire on the sands; and they had a faint, faint hope that the flare might reach watchful eyes on board some ship that passed in the night.

There was brackish water to drink, hard and tasteless nuts to chew for supper. Fritz took his share of the water, but to the renewed surprise of the two juniors he refused to chew the nuts.

Their own hunger was so keen that they could almost have chewed leather, and the nuts discovered by Friday, hard and tasteless as they were, were a godsend to them. They wondered whether Fritz Splitz was losing his senses, and urged him to eat.

"Posh!" grunted Fritz. "Ruppish! Tose peastly nuts vas no goot to me! Leaf me in beaces. I vas not vun hungry peast like you fellows! Leaf me to go to sleep mit meinself."

And Fritz, lying alongside the boat in the warmth of the fire, went to sleep. Tired, hungry, and forlorn, Jim and Ginger and the monkey huddled together by the fire. Too hungry for sound slumber, they woke every now and then and put fresh fuel on the blaze.

But Fatty Fritz did not waken. It was amazing—and they almost wondered whether the fat German was getting sustenance from his own fat like a polar bear in his winter sleep. Really, it seemed to be the only possible explanation, for Fatty Fritz certainly was no longer hungry.

Whatever the explanation was—and the castaways were far from guessing the truth—Fatty Fritz slept and snored in happy contentment, while Jim and Ginger, between fitful cat-naps, waited for morning.

(Friday, the monkey, with the almost human intelligence, solves the problem of how the ever-hungry Fritz manages to keep going without apparently wanting any food. He'll let you into the secret in next week's record-breaking story.)

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