

THE "FUNK" SQUADRON!

SPECIAL THRILL-PACKED FLYING
STORY OF THE GREAT WAR!

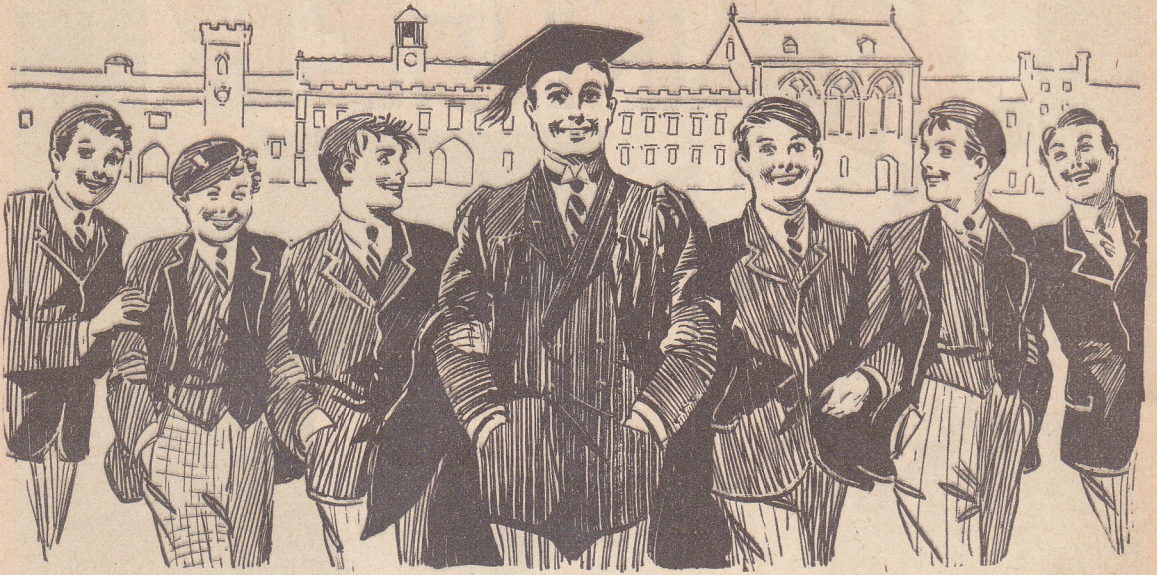
The

RANGER

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The Fourth Form at GRIMSLADE!



By FRANK RICHARDS.

(Author of the Greyfriars stories appearing every week in the "Magnet.")

THEY DON'T EXPEL BOYS FROM GRIMSLADE; THEY EITHER MAKE THEM OR BREAK THEM. HERE'S AN AMAZING STORY OF AN UNUSUAL SCHOOL, AN UNUSUAL HEADMASTER, AND A CROWD OF HIGH-SPIRITED SCHOOLBOYS, WHICH YOU WON'T FORGET FOR MANY A LONG DAY!

Fortunate for Fritz!

FRITZ VON SPLITZ trembled. His saucer-eyes bulged from his podgy face.

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz. "Tat peast and a prute, tat Duker, he pull me te leg! Now I am gaught!"

It was awful for Fritz!

Tommy Tucker of the Fourth Form at Grimslade, who had a misdirected sense of humour, had told Fritz that there was a hamper in Fenwick's study, and that Fenwick of the Fifth had gone over to Redmayes House.

Owing to that misdirected sense of humour, Tommy Tucker had not added that the hamper was empty, and that Fenwick of the Fifth was just coming back from Redmayes House! He left the fat Rhinelander to make those interesting discoveries for himself.

Fritz had just discovered that the hamper was empty, when he heard Fenwick's step in the passage. He trembled as it approached the door. Fenwick was about the worst-tempered fellow in White's House at Grimslade. Even had he been a good-tempered fellow, Fritz would not have wanted to meet him—in the circumstances.

There was no escape by the door. Fritz made a jump for the window. But the window was shut, and there was no time to get it open. Fortunately, the curtain was long, and hung almost to the floor.

The fat German squeezed himself behind the curtain. His large feet in their elastic-sided boots, and his baggy trouser-ends, remained visible; but a chair stood by the curtain, screening the extremities of Fritz. He fervently hoped that Fenwick would not come to the window, and that he would not move the chair. He tried to still his stertorous breathing as the door opened, and Cyril Fenwick came in.

The Fifth Form man shut the door after him, and to Fritz's dismay, turned the key in the lock. That looked as if he had come to stay. Fenwick of the Fifth, as most of the fellows knew, smoked in his study; and poor Fritz had no

doubt that he had locked the door for safety before he lighted a cigarette. Fritz suppressed a groan.

But Fenwick did not light a cigarette. He opened a drawer, and took therefrom a paper, and sat on the edge of the study table scanning it. Fritz caught a mutter through the curtain.

"Golden Quid, five to one—safe as houses!"

The sportsman of the Fifth was evidently thinking of sporting matters. He returned the paper to the drawer, sat down at the table, dipped a pen in the ink, and began to write. Fritz, behind the curtain, listened to the scratching of the pen, keeping as still as a fat mouse.

Fenwick was writing a letter, and Fritz could guess that it was to some sporting acquaintance, on the subject of 'Golden Quid' at five to one! And Fritz hoped that as soon as that letter was finished, the black sheep of White's House would take it out to the post. Then the coast would be clear for the fat German's escape.

Tap!

It was a knock at the door of the study. The door-handle turned, and there was an impatient exclamation, in Mr. White's voice.

"Is your door locked, Fenwick?"

Fenwick started to his feet. He hastily slipped the unfinished letter out of sight, under a blotting-pad, and jumped to the door. Quickly he unlocked and opened it, thankful that he had not put on a cigarette while he was writing that letter to Mr. Monty Moses, the bookmaker.

The Housemaster stepped in, and gave a suspicious sniff as he did so. Fenwick's manners and customs had come to light more than once, and the eye of suspicion was on him. But Mr. White was relieved not to detect the odour of tobacco.

"Sorry, sir—I locked the door as I was going to do some swotting," said Fenwick, respectfully. "I was going to dig into Livy—"

"Very well, Fenwick! Dr. Sparshott desires to see you in his study," said Mr. White. "He has asked me to send you across. Go at once."

Fenwick breathed rather hard.

He was unwilling to leave the study, with that letter to Mr. Monty Moses lying under his blotting-pad. But certainly he could not touch it, under the eyes of his Housemaster. There was no choice in the matter, and the Fifth-Former left the study, followed by Mr. White.

Fritz grinned behind the curtain. Nothing could have happened better, from the fat Rhinelander's point of view. A minute later, Fritz spotted Fenwick, from the window, walking across to Big School. In great relief, Fatty Fritz emerged from his hiding-place.

"Ach! Tat is goot," murmured Fritz. "Mein goodness! I tink two times before I gum to tis peastly stutty vunce more after!"

The coast was clear now. But as Fenwick had gone over to Big School to see the Head, Fritz had plenty of time. So he paused at the study table, and lifted the blotting-pad to look at Fenwick's letter.

That was one of the fat Rhinelander's little ways. He guessed what that letter was about, but he wanted to know! And Fatty Fritz's saucer-eyes grew wider, as he read what the Fifth Form sportsman had written.

"Dear Monty,

Put a fiver on Golden Quid for me at Blackmoor to-morrow. I shall see you at the usual place on Saturday, and—"

That was as far as Fenwick had got, when he was interrupted, so there was no finish and no signature. But Fenwick's handwriting would have revealed who had written that letter, had any of the Grimslade 'beaks' beheld it. Fatty Fritz stared at it, and grinned. Dr. Samuel Sparshott had never been known to 'sack' a Grimslade man; but if 'Sammy' Sparshott had seen that letter, the Fifth Form sportsman would have found life hardly worth living at Grimslade.

"Mein gootness!" murmured Fritz. "Tat peast and a prute kick me on mein trousers, not vunce but many dimes!

I tink tat I teach him that he shall not kick a Cherman on his trousers, nicht war! I tink tat he will be sorry tat he kick me on mein trousers, when he gum pack and find tat tis letter is gone."

Fritz Splitz chuckled, and slipped the letter into his pocket. Then he rolled out of the study, and lost no time in getting back to No. 10 in the Fourth.

He heard a sound of merry laughter as he approached that study. Tommy Tucker was there, relating to Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson how he had pulled the fat Rhinelander's leg. The three juniors grinned at Fritz Splitz as he rolled in.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tucker. "Did Fenwick catch you, Fatty?"

"I hope he laid it on hard!" said Jim Dainty.

Fritz sniffed.

"I do not gare if he gatch me," he answered. "Vat do I gare for tat peast and a prute! You fellows may be afraid of him—but a prave Cherman is afraid of nopoddy. I can tell you fellows tat tat Fenwick neffer dare to lay vun finger on me."

"Cut off the gas!" growled Jim Dainty.

"Vell, you vill see!" declared Fritz; and Jim Dainty and Co. were destined to see—much to their astonishment.

Meanwhile, Fenwick of the Fifth arrived in Dr. Sparshott's study. He found Sammy Sparshott genial, but with a rather steely gleam in his grey eyes.

"Ah! Fenwick, I sent for you," said the Head. "I think it as well to give you a word of warning at the beginning of the term. Last term you were in trouble—I learned that you had dealings with some disreputable sporting man outside the school."

"I assure you, sir—"

"Evidence of the same kind of pursuit has been found in your study since we came back for the new term. Now, Fenwick, this will not do. I am quite determined that this sort of thing shall not go on at Grimslade. I am warning you, very seriously, that my eye is on you; and I hope that you will reflect on the matter, and decide to make a clean out. I advise you to do so. That is all for the present. Cut!"

Fenwick of the Fifth felt a cold shiver down his back as he left the Head's study, and walked slowly back to his House.

Sammy Sparshott was not a man to be trifled with; and Fenwick wondered whether he had better, after all, post that letter to Monty Moses, or throw it into his study fire.

He was debating that knotty problem in his mind when he came back into his study in White's House, and was relieved to see his blotting-pad lying just as he had left it. He stood for some moments in thought, staring at the blotting-pad.

Golden Quid, at five to one, was a 'sure' snip, a 'dead cert,' and Monty would put the money on for him, and meet him at the old Army hut in Middlemoor Lane to settle. It was safe enough—safe as houses—how was Sammy, keen as he was, to know? He was going to walk down to the village to post the letter—it was perfectly safe!

The next moment he jumped almost clear of the floor.

The pen dropped from his hand with a shower of blots. There was nothing under the blotting-pad; the letter was gone. He had left it there, safe out of sight—and it was gone!

Gone! And the sportsman of the Fifth, in a state of palpitating terror and alarm, stood rooted to the floor, staring at the spot where that tell-tale letter had lain, his eyes almost starting from his head.

Amazing!

"PRUTE!"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Peastly plighter!"

Fenwick of the Fifth stared open-mouthed at the German junior, who defied him thus recklessly.

It was the following day, and Fenwick

was in an unenviable frame of mind, and in a fearful temper at the same time.

Having searched all over his study for the missing letter, he had only discovered that it was not in the study at all.

It had been taken away—that was clear—but who had taken it was a mystery. Not a prefect or a "beak," or Fenwick would have heard about it already. He was in momentary terror of hearing about it, and of being called on another visit to Sammy Sparshott.

That day, therefore, Fenwick's temper, never good, was at its worst. Fags of White's House had never found the bully of the Fifth so unpleasant. How many yelling fags Fenwick had kicked that day and how often, he did not even know himself.

Coming on Fritz in the quad, it simply depended on whether Fritz got within reach or not, whether Fenwick kicked or did not kick. Fritz, with unusual recklessness, got within reach—and Fenwick landed him a good one. And to his amazement, Fritz, instead of fleeing for his podgy life, only jumped out of kicking distance—and then fixed his saucer-eyes on him with a defiant glare and proceeded to call him names. In sheer astonishment, Fenwick stared at him and let him get on with it.

Had it been Jim Dainty, it would not have been surprising, or had it been Ginger of Redmayes House. But Fritz was a first-class funk—he had been known to scud from the wrath of small fags in the Second Form. For Fritz to stand up to the bully of the Fifth and hoot defiance, was a wonder of the world. Fenwick hardly believed his ears.

"Peastly prute and a pounder!" roared Fritz. "Kick me not on mein trousers, you plithering plighter, or I vill pang you in te pread-pasket, and make you yello like a pull!"

Fritz's roar reached many ears. Fellows looked round and stared at Fatty Fritz.

Fenwick fairly goggled at him. But the bully of the Fifth, recovering from his amazement, made a stride at the fat German, his eyes glittering. It looked as if the fattest funk at Grimslade was going to suffer for his unaccustomed temerity.

Jim Dainty, seeing the affair from afar, started at a run for the spot, with Dawson at his heels, ready to go to the rescue. But as it happened, rescue was not needed.

Fritz's light-blue saucer eyes were fixed on Fenwick, and he did not back an inch as the bully of the Fifth came at him.

"You petter tink two times, you peastly pully," he said. "You lay vun finger on me, and I takes tat letter to Sammy!"

Fritz spoke in a low tone, heard only by Fenwick. But those few words were enough. The outstretched hand, about to grab Fritz's extensive ear, dropped.

"Wha-a-at?" stuttered Fenwick, the colour wavering in his face. "What did you say, Splitz?"

"I takes tat letter to Sammy, if you lays vun finger on me!" grinned Fritz.

"What—what letter?" gasped Fenwick, though he did not need to ask the question. He knew only too well.

"I tink tat you know!" chuckled Fritz. "Sammy like to see tat letter to Monty Moses, vat? You like Sammy to see tat letter, you peastly pully?"

"Oh!" gasped Fenwick. "You—you took it—you—"

"Vat you tink?" grinned Fritz.

"Give it to me, you fat freak!" Fenwick spoke almost in a whisper, for fellows were coming round now, and he dared not be heard. "Give me that letter, you pilfering young Hun, or—"

"Or vat?" grinned Fritz. "If you vant tat letter, you pully, you go and tell te Housemaster tat I got your letter. I giffs it up to te Housemaster."

Fenwick trembled at the suggestion.

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Fritz winked at the chums of No. 10 Study, and picked an egg out of the box. Whiz! Crack! The egg smashed on the back of Fenwick's head. The yolk ran down the back of his neck. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fritz. "Take tat, you peast and a prute!"

THE FOURTH FORM AT GRIMSLADE!

(Continued from page 99.)

Fritz grinned triumphantly. He had the whip-hand of the bully of White's House now. He snapped his podgy fingers in Fenwick's face—and fellows stared at him from all sides, expecting the Fifth Form man to fall on him and slaughter him. Instead of which Fenwick, choking back his fury, turned to walk away.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes!" gasped Ginger Rawlinson. "Did you men see that?"

"Pully!" roared Fritz. "Peast! You gum pack and I peats you till you pellow like a pull!"

"That will bring him back!" chuckled Streaky Bacon. "Look out, Fritz!"

"Hook it, Fatty!" grinned Sandy Bean.

But the valiant Fritz did not hook it. Neither did his taunt bring Fenwick back. With that incriminating document in Fritz's possession, the bully of the Fifth dared not touch him. He was only anxious to get off the scene.

"Gum pack, you goward!" yelled Fritz. "Yah! Vunk! Peastly vunk!"

Fenwick's face was scarlet. His ears burned. But he walked on.

"We're dreaming this!" gasped Jim Dainty. "Fenwick's letting that fat freak call him a funk—and get away with it."

"Vunk!" roared Fritz victoriously.

Fenwick strode on—watched by all eyes! Fritz Splitz, bursting with valour now, rushed after him. He charged up behind Fenwick and landed out with his foot!

Thud!

A kick with Fritz's weight behind it was rather like a tap from a sledgehammer! Fenwick of the Fifth staggered forward, and fell on his knees.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Dick Dawson.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take tat!" roared Fritz! "Take tat, you peastly pully!"

With a yell of rage, Fenwick scrambled up, and turned on the fat German with his face ablaze with fury. He looked so dangerous as he whirled round that Fritz's newly-discovered courage petered out all at once, and he jumped away. But it was only for a moment that Fenwick forgot. The next, he remembered—and he hurried on towards White's House again.

"After him, Fritz!" yelled Paget of the Fourth.

Only Fenwick's retreat was needed to inspire the fat German with courage again. He rushed in pursuit of Fenwick. After him crowded the juniors, fellows of both Houses, roaring with laughter. Why the Fifth Form bully was allowing Fritz Splitz to rag him was a deep mystery. It was worth watching. As Fritz's footsteps pattered in pursuit, the senior broke into a trot—then into a run—and he was fairly racing when he reached White's House and dodged in.

"After him, Fritz!" yelled the juniors.

"Vat you tink!" chuckled Fritz. And he charged up three steps of White's House after the bully of the Fifth, with a mob at his heels. The fat German charged in—fairly into Yorke, of the Sixth, the captain of the House, who was coming out.

"Take that, you peast!" roared Fritz, hitting out, not seeing for the moment that it was not Fenwick. "You peastly pounder—yaroooooh! Leggo! Pang me not, you peast, or I go to Sammy—"

"You potty German porker!" roared Yorke, grasping Fritz by the collar, and shaking him till he shook like a fat jelly. "What's this game?"

"Ach! Mein gootness! I did not see you!" gasped Fritz. "I tink tat it vas tat peast Fenwick—pang me not on mein ears—ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Smack, smack, smack! When Yorke of the Sixth let go Fritz, all the fat German's warlike courage had oozed away, and he was roaring with anguish. Fenwick of the Fifth was given a rest. He felt that he needed one.

A Feast for Fritz!

D. R. SPARSHOTT looked from his study window—or rather, he stared.

The sight that met the eyes of Sammy Sparshott surprised him. It was not easy to surprise Sammy. But he was surprised now.

Across the quadrangle, Fenwick of the Fifth was walking under the oaks. Fritz Splitz came along from White's House. Catching sight of Fenwick, the fat German stooped and gathered snow and delivered a snowball, right in the Fifth Form man's ear. Fenwick spun round enraged—then, seeing that it was Fritz, he walked quickly away, and the fat Rhinelander snapped his podgy fingers after him as he went.

Sammy simply stared. Sammy flattered himself that he knew Grimslade from end to end, and understood everything that went on in the school. But he did not understand this. It left him guessing.

Fenwick was not aware, as he went, that the Head's eyes were upon him. But he knew that many eyes were, and he almost writhed with rage. The bully of the Fifth had been wont to make fags sordid at his approach; now he had to sordid himself, at the approach of the most insignificant fag at Grimslade, and so long as that tall-tale letter was in Fritz's possession, there was no help for it.

He trembled at the thought of that letter coming under Sammy Sparshott's eyes—as certainly it would, if he turned on his podgy persecutor. For two or three days now, Fenwick of the Fifth had led quite a hectic existence. How often he had kicked Fritz Splitz in the past he could not have remembered—but there was no doubt that Fritz was repaying him now with heavy interest.

He went into the tuck-shop. Jim Dainty and Dick Dawson were there, making purchases for tea in the study. Fenwick came up to the counter, and gave Dainty an angry shove aside. Jim staggered, and narrowly escaped sitting in a box of eggs leaning on the counter. Just then Fritz Splitz rolled in.

"You yellows gumming to tea?" asked Fritz. "Mein gootness! Are you pullying mein friend Tainty, Fenwick? Take that!"

"Ow!" gasped Fenwick, as Fritz's foot landed.

He turned on the fat German like a tiger. Fritz grinned defiance.

"Gum on, you peast and a prute!" he said.

But Fenwick did not come on. He controlled his fury, and stamped away to the door. Fritz winked at the chums of No. 10 Study, and picked an egg out of the box.

Whiz! Crack!

The egg smashed on the back of Fenwick's head. The yolk ran down the back of his neck.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fritz. "Take tat, you peast and a prute!"

Dainty and Dawson stared on breathlessly. They expected Fenwick to charge back into the tuck-shop. But he did not even turn. He gave a gasp of fury, and strode out, dabbing the back of his neck with his handkerchief.

"Well, my hat!" gasped Dawson.

"What on earth is Fenwick letting you rag him for, Fatty?" exclaimed Dainty.

"Tat vunk he is afraid of me," said Fritz complacently. "But a prave Cherman is afraid of nopoddy!"

"Rats!" growled Dainty.

Fenwick of the Fifth was in the hall of White's House when the three juniors came in. Fritz Splitz gave him a triumphant look. There was no moderation about Fritz. He had the upper hand, and he used it without mercy. Seldom or never did the fat Rhinelander have a chance to bully anybody. Now he was able to bully the fellow who had bullied him! It was pie to Fritz!

"Hold on a minute, you yellows," said Fritz. "I am going to kick tat peast and a prute."

"Oh, rats!" said Jim Dainty, and he went on with Dawson. Fritz rolled over to Fenwick.

"I—I've been waiting for you, Splitz,"

said Fenwick hurriedly. "I want you to come to tea in my study, old chap."

Fritz beamed.

"Goot!" he exclaimed. "I vill gum mit bleasure, Fenwick! Ven vill it be retty?"

"Ready now—I've got rather a spread."

"I vill chust speak to Tainty, and ten I vill gum!" said Fritz, and he rolled away to the junior passage.

Dainty and Dawson were getting tea in Study No. 10 in the Fourth when Fritz arrived there. The fat German took a sealed envelope from his pocket.

"My tear Tainty," he said, "vill you mind tat for me? I tink tat perhaps I lose him!"

Jim Dainty nodded, and slipped the envelope into his pocket. Fatty Fritz, with a cheery grin on his face, waddled away to the Fifth, and presented himself in Fenwick's study.

There was no sign of a spread on the table when he arrived there; but as soon as he was inside the study, Fenwick stepped swiftly between him and the door.

Placing his back to the door, the bully of the Fifth eyed the fat German grimly. Fritz blinked at him with his saucer-eyes.

"Now, you fat rotter!" said Fenwick, between his teeth. "I've got you. Give me that letter, you pinched from my study on Tuesday."

"But I gum here to tea!" said Fritz, innocently.

"Hand me that letter!"

Fritz chuckled.

"I tink two times before I bring tat letter to tis stutty!" he said. "Ach! Mein gootness! Geep off, you peast and a prute!"

Fenwick jumped at him. The fat German went with a bump to the floor, and roared. Fenwick planted a knee on him.

"Ach! Yooop! Gerroff! Whoop!" roared Fritz.

Fenwick grasped Fritz by his large ears, and banged his bullet head on the floor. Fritz Splitz wailed with anguish.

"Now hand over that letter!" hissed Fenwick.

"Yaroooooooh! I have not got him!" howled Fritz. "Peast and a prute! I vill take tat letter to Sammy—"

Bang, bang, bang!

Fritz's head was hard, but the study floor was harder. Fearful yells came from the hapless Rhinelander.

"Now will you hand over that letter?" snarled Fenwick.

"Ach! I tells you I have not got him!" gurgled Fritz. "Tat letter is vhere you vill neffer find him; and I vill take him to Sammy—whooop!"

Bang, bang!

"Ach! You vill preak me te head!" yelled Fritz. "Ach! I have vun colossal bain in mein napper!"

Pinning the squirming German down with his knee, Fenwick proceeded to search his pockets. But to his dismay, no letter came to light. It dawned on him at last that the fat Rhinelander had been too wary to bring it to the study.

Fenwick released him, and Fritz staggered to his feet, his fat face crimson with wrath.

"Peast and a prute!" he yelled. "Now I go to Sammy—"

"Hold on!" gasped Fenwick. The letter, evidently, was not there, and he was still at Fritz's mercy. "I—I say—hold on—"

"I vill not hold on!" roared Fritz. "I vill go to Sammy mit tat letter." He rubbed his damaged head. "I have vun colossal bain!"

"Hold on! Stut-stut-stut-stop to tea!" stuttered the hapless sportsman of the Fifth. "I've got a spread—a topping spread—stop to tea, old chap! Do stop, old fellow! Be a pip-pip-pal!"

It was some minutes before Fritz allowed himself to be placated. But he was placated at last! Fenwick produced a spread from the study cupboard that Fritz could not possibly resist. The fat German sat down to enjoy it. Fenwick, white with rage, waited on him hand and foot. Ample as the spread was, the podgy Rhinelander was more than equal to it.

He cleared the table in a remarkably short space of time.

"I tink I like some more cham!" he said.

"You've had a whole pot, you fat pig!" hissed Fenwick.

"Ferry vell," said Fritz, with dignity, "if I am not welcome here, I will go. I remember now I have to go to Sammy."

"I—I—I mean, I—I'll get some more jam!" gasped Fenwick. "I'll get another pot."

"It does not madder!" said Fritz, with dignity. "I vill go—"

"I—I—I'll get two more pots!" gasped Fenwick.

"Ferry voll; and get anodder gake also," said Fritz, placated again.

Fenwick's feelings could not be described in words, as he made a trip to the school shop for jam and cake. Where Fritz Splitz put two pots of jam, and a cake, was a mystery. But he parked them somewhere, and there was still a hungry look in his eye.

"I tink I like some cham tarts," he remarked.

"You fat porker— I—I—I mean— all right!" groaned Fenwick.

"Pring some puns also, and some chocolates," said Fritz calmly. "I tink tat I like vun pig box of chocolates, if you will be so goot."

Fenwick was so good as to bring buns and chocolates as well as jam tarts. He eyed Fritz like a wolf as the fat German dealt with them. But even Fritz had no room for the lot. He put the box of chocolates under his arm as he rose from the table.

"I tinks tat I takes tis away," he remarked. "Tank you for te spread, Fenwick! I vill gum to tea mit you again to-morrow."

"Wha-a-t!" gasped Fenwick.

"If you could not like me to gum to tea—"

"Oh! Yes! Rather!" stuttered Fenwick.

"Ten I vill gum," said Fritz amiably. "My tear yellow, I vill gum to tea mit you eferay day tis term! Rely upon me, old pean."

And Fritz Splitz rolled away at last, with the box of chocolates under his arm. He left Fenwick of the Fifth wiping the perspiration from his brow. Fenwick of the Fifth was a wealthy fellow, but if Fritz Splitz came often to tea, he was likely to be reduced to a stony state in a very short time.

He had to get hold of that letter, somehow! Asking Fritz to his study was evidently no use—Fenwick deeply regretted that he had thought of that as a dodge! He had to catch the fat villain somewhere—somehow. It was quite a problem for the sportsman of the Fifth to solve.

Fritz rolled back to Study No. 10 in the Fourth, reclaimed his letter from Jim Dainty, and tucked it away in an inside pocket. That evening Fritz munched chocolates over his prep, and was sticky and happy.

His fat thoughts dwelt with cheery anticipation on tea in Fenwick's study on the morrow, and on the morrow after that, and a good many more morrows. He had enjoyed bullying Fenwick; but still more he enjoyed teasing with him!

It was a happy and sticky Fritz that rolled off to the dormitory that night—happily unaware of what was to happen on the morrow.

Just Like Sammy!

"GOT him!" breathed Fenwick.

It was his chance, at last.

On Saturday afternoon, football was the order of the day, and Jim Dainty & Co. were playing Ginger & Co., of Redmayes. Most of the fellows were gathered on the football field.

Fatty Fritz had been rowstwing over the fire in the study, but he rolled out of the House at last—unaware that a pair of hostile eyes were watching him. The fat German loafed under the old Grimslade oaks, his thoughts dwelling in anticipation of another gorgeous spread in a Fifth Form study.

Behind him, like his shadow, moved

Fenwick of the Fifth. From the football field came the sound of shouting; but there was nobody at hand in the quad, and the trunks of the old oaks screened the path from the House. Unless a master happened to come walking there, Fenwick was not likely to be interrupted. It was his chance—and the Fifth Form sportsman did not miss it.

"Ach!" gasped Fritz, as a sudden grasp was laid on his fat neck from behind. "Vat te tickens—"

"Now, you rotten Boche!" muttered Fenwick.

"Ach! Peast and a prute!" gasped Fritz. "Oh! Ow! Yoooop!" He roared, as the Fifth-Former slammed him against a tree.

"That letter—quick!" said Fenwick. "Mein gootness!" gasped Fritz.

The letter was in his inside pocket. And he was in the hands of the enemy! He cast a wild blink round, but only the trunks of the oaks met his eyes. Fenwick grinned at him savagely.

"Hand it over, you fat Boche! Sharp's the word!"

"Ach! I—I leaf him in mein stutty!" gasped Fritz. "You gum to mein stutty, and I gif him to you."

"I don't think!" grinned Fenwick. He took a grip on Fritz's fat arm, and proceeded to twist it. There was a howl of anguish from Friedrich von Splitz.

"Ow! Ach! Leaf off!" he yelled.

"I gif you tat letter—mein gootness! Tat you leaf off to tvist me te arm!"

"Sharp, then!" snarled Fenwick.

Fritz thrust his hand into his pocket. Then, suddenly lowering his bullet head, Fritz charged at Fenwick. Fritz was not going to give up that precious document if he could help it. His head crashed on the Fifth-Former's waistcoat, and Fenwick staggered back, gurgling.

In an instant, Fritz had taken to flight. His baggy trousers fairly whizzed as he flew.

"Oooh!" gasped Fenwick, pressing his hand to the place where Fritz's head had smitten like a battering-ram.

But he recovered, and rushed in pursuit. Fritz was pelting his hardest for White's House; but the fat German had no chance in a foot-race with the Fifth Form man. Fenwick rushed him down swiftly.

His grasp fell on the fat German's shoulder from behind. He grabbed and held, and Fritz, stopped in his flight, spun fairly round him, spluttering. Fenwick shifted his grasp to Fritz's collar, and shook him savagely.

"The letter!" he snarled.

"Ach! Mein gootness! Leaf off, and I vill gif you te letter!" gasped Fritz. "Peast and a prute, tat you leaf off—yaroohh! Oooh!"

"I'll smash you—I—I—"

"Ach! Leaf off to bunch me in mein pread-pasket!" shrieked Fritz. "I vill gif you te letter—I vill gif you anything you like—leaf off to bunch me—ach! Whooop! Yoooop!"

"What is this?" a stern voice broke in. Dr. Samuel Sparshott came up with long strides, his brows knitted. "Fenwick! What—"

"Ach! Geep him off!" yelled Fritz.

"Release that junior at once, Fenwick!"

"What is this about a letter?" demanded Dr. Sparshott. "Splitz, have you a letter belonging to Fenwick?"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Fenwick, utterly dismayed by the arrival of Sammy on the scene. "There—there isn't any letter. I—I—"

"Give me the letter, Splitz!" barked Dr. Sparshott.

Fritz, gasping and gurgling, drew the sealed envelope from his pocket, in which reposed the letter he had taken from Fenwick's study. Dr. Sparshott took it from his hand.

"There is no name or address on this envelope," said the Head. "Does this contain a letter belonging to you, Fenwick? I will ascertain—"

"No, sir!" gasped Fenwick desperately.

"Then I will ascertain what it does contain!" said Dr. Sparshott, and he slit the envelope and drew out the folded sheet inside.

He gave a start as he stared at it.

"What—what—what is this?" he ejaculated. Really it was plain enough what it was!

"Dear Monty,—Put a fiver on Golden Quid for me at Blackmoor to-morrow. I shall see you at the usual place on Saturday, and—"

"This is your handwriting, Fenwick!" said Dr. Sparshott grimly.

Fenwick groaned. The game was up, now!

"How did you obtain this letter Splitz?"

"Ach! I—I—I find him in a stutty," stammered Fritz.

"I think I understand," said Dr. Sparshott. "This accounts for something I observed the other day, which puzzled me at the time. You may go, Splitz! Fenwick, get your coat! Meet me at the gates in ten minutes."

Grimslade fellows never knew what to expect of Sammy. Fenwick certainly had not expected this. He was in a state of apprehensive perplexity when he met the Head at the gates ten minutes later. Sammy had a stick under his arm!

"Come, Fenwick! You know where we are going!"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Fenwick.

"The usual place!" explained Sammy genially.

"Oh!"

Evidently Sammy was referring to the place of appointment mentioned in the letter that had never been posted to Monty Moses. Fenwick of the Fifth almost limped along by Sammy's side. There was no help for it; and he led the way down Middlemoor Lane, and stopped at the old Army hut.

"Ah! This is the usual place, is it?" said Sammy. "Is your friend there yet, Fenwick?"

"N-n-no, sir!" groaned Fenwick. "He—he doesn't come till half-past three."

"We will wait!" said Sammy cheerfully.

He walked into the old hut with the miserable sportsman of the Fifth. They waited—Sammy patiently and equably; Fenwick in a state of dismal apprehension. There was a sound of footsteps at last. The sportsman of the Fifth would have given a term's pocket-money to call out a warning to Mr. Monty Moses. But Sammy's eye was grimly upon him, and he dared not utter a sound.

A portly man, with a beaky nose and a shiny face appeared in the doorway of the old Army hut.

"You're on time, old thing," said Monty Moses. "Anything the matter, Fenwick? You're looking rather sick—why—what—who—" The bookmaker broke off as he spotted the tall, athletic figure of the Grimslade headmaster, and stared at him in alarm and astonishment.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Moses!" said Sammy genially. "I understand that you are in the habit of meeting your young friend here—at the usual place—on a Saturday afternoon. On this occasion he has brought his headmaster with him. I think this will probably be your last meeting."

"My eye!" murmured Monty Moses.

"Look here, sir—"

"Take that stick, Fenwick!" Dr. Sparshott tossed his stick to the Fifth-Former. "Mr. Moses, you see that bench? Will you kindly bend over it?"

"Wha-a-t!" gasped Monty Moses.

"And why?"

"Fenwick is going to thrash you!" explained Sammy Sparshott.

"What!"

"Please bend over that bench, and save time."

Instead of bending over the bench, Monty Moses made a backward jump to get out of the hut. Sammy Sparshott made a forward jump at the same moment, and his powerful grasp closed on the bookmaker. The fat racing man struggled frantically in Sammy's athletic grip.

He struggled in vain. With an iron grasp, Sammy Sparshott yanked him across to the bench, bent him over it, and held him there.

"Now, Fenwick!" he barked. "Don't you dare!" shrieked Monty Moses. "I'll have the law on you! I'll—I'll—"

"I am waiting, Fenwick!" snapped Sammy. "Lay it on, and lay it hard! Are you going to obey me or not?"

There was no doubt that Fenwick was going to obey. The stick swept through the air, and came down on the portly Mr. Moses.

"Harder!" barked Sammy. "Put your beef into it!" He released one hand from the wriggling bookmaker, and jerked the stick from Fenwick's hand. "Like that!" he explained, bringing the stick down across Fenwick's shoulders with a swipe that made him yell. "See? Take the stick—or do you want me to show you again?"

Fenwick did not want Sammy to show him again! Sammy had made it quite clear! He took the stick and laid it on!

Mr. Monty Moses squirmed and wriggled, howled and yelled! But there was no help for him. Fenwick under Sammy's glinting eye, dared not slack! He laid it on hard and heavy! Whack after whack descended, with all Fenwick's beef in it. Sammy, holding the squirming bookmaker in a grip of iron, counted. At twenty he stopped.

"That will do! You may go, Mr. Moses!"

A swing of his sinewy arm tossed the bookmaker into the doorway. A lift

from his foot set him running! Panting and gasping, the hapless bookmaker vanished across the fields.

"I think," said Sammy, with a cheery smile, "that Mr. Monty Moses will not be keen on further dealings with Grimslade boys, Fenwick! I feel sure that he will no longer entertain friendly feelings towards you at least! Come!"

Sammy Sparshott tucked the stick under his arm, and walked back to the school with the Fifth Form sportsman. On the way Sammy talked to Fenwick. He pointed out to him quite genially the error of his ways. But Fenwick had a deep apprehension that there was more to come when he reached Grimslade.

He was right! He followed Sammy into his study. There Dr. Sparshott selected his stoutest cane. He tested it in his hands, regarding Fenwick meditatively.

"Once already this term, Fenwick, I have given you six!" he said. "It seems to have done you no good. Evidently it is useless to give you six!"

Fenwick brightened a little.

"No," said Sammy thoughtfully; "giving you six is absolutely no use, Fenwick! I shall not give you six!"

Fenwick brightened still more.

"I shall," continued Sammy calmly, "try the effect of twelve!"

Fenwick's brightness vanished.

"Kindly bend over that desk!" said Sammy. "We will try the effect of

twelve, Fenwick, and judge by results! What?"

And Sammy proceeded to get busy. Jim Dainty & Co., coming back from the football, stared round towards Big School, startled by a series of fearful yells that came from the direction of Dr. Samuel Sparshott's study.

"My hat!" said Jim Dainty with a whistle. "Somebody's getting it hot!"

Somebody evidently was! The juniors could still hear those terrific yells as far as White's House. They wondered who was the happy man—till they saw Fenwick of the Fifth come in almost crawling. Then they knew! Fenwick, groaning, crawled away to his study. The way of the transgressor was hard—at Grimslade, under the rule of Sammy!

Fritz von Splitz rather expected to be called over the coals by the Head. He was relieved on that score; Sammy took no further notice of him. Perhaps Sammy sagely opined that Fritz was likely to get enough from Fenwick of the Fifth. If that was so, Sammy, as usual, was right! Fritz did get enough from Fenwick—and a little over—and then some!

(It's visiting-day for donkeys at Grimslade! See next week's hilarious story featuring Jim Dainty and the chums of Grimslade. He, he—haw, haw! This yarn's one long laugh, buddies!)

BUDDIES—THIS IS WHERE WE HAVE A CHIN-WAG!

The CHIEF RANGER CHATS



HALLO, Buddies.—Look out next Saturday for another full-value-for-money issue of *The RANGER*, which will contain as usual the five best stories of the week! The "Baldy's Angels" yarn in particular is one which no boy should miss. John Henry Dent earned a wonderful reputation during the grim days of the Great War for his dazzling skill as a fighting pilot and his real British sense of sportsmanship. In next week's graphic flying story John Henry encounters a German "Ace" pilot who is also a sportsman. The result forms one of the finest stories it has ever been my pleasure to publish in this paper. This all-thrills yarn alone is well worth the twopence you will have to pay for next Saturday's *RANGER*, so order your copy NOW!

Cheerio,

The Chief Ranger

STONE-COLD NEWS.

"What's the latest, Bill?" says one teeth-chattering Greenlander to another. "Seen the paper?" Bill gropes in a pocket and fishes out a paper which bears a date four or five months old. "Here you are!" says Bill. "Straight from the printing press!" It has taken all that time for the newspaper—which has no rival, for there is only one paper in the whole of Greenland—to reach him, from the printing office at Godthaab. Once a month the paper comes out, and the readers who live in the wilder and more remote parts of that country are always several issues behind, because of the difficulties of transport. Not much use them trying to follow the latest Test match scores!

WALLOP!

A large lump of some other world came tearing through our atmosphere the other day—a piece torn off in some way, or shot at us when that other

mysterious world blew up. Explorers may find out for us just how large that chunk of metal is, for an expedition is going to look for it. They know where this mighty meteorite fell in Central Australia, for it made a hole 70 feet deep and 660 feet across! And the explorers are going to try to find the remnants of that other world, which flung up so much earth above it when it buried itself that it is not visible at the bottom of the giant crater. Supposing that meteorite had hit an aeroplane in the sky—or landed on a house—or in the middle of a crowded street, instead of in the lonely spot where it is now resting!

DEFEATING DEAD-SHOT DICK.

Whang, whang, whang! What's that—the merry sound of hail on the top and sides of our motor-car? Yes, only it isn't so merry, and the hail isn't frozen rain but hot lead! The bandits have become so bold in California that the special police who have to chase them

go on the trail now in bullet-proof motor-cars. There's even a thick steel shield that lets down over the glass windscreen, to prevent the bad lads' bullets entering that way. And so that the cops in the car shall be able to return the fire, there are a couple of small loopholes in the steel shield. The glass windscreen that the latter covers is hinged back out of the way when the car goes into action.

FIRE ALARM FIENDS.

You've heard of the criminal idiots who spend their spare time giving false alarms of fire, of course. Scores of times a year some fire-brigades are called out in that way, the false alarm being given either by telephone or by the breaking of the glass of a street fire-alarm. The one responsible for the false alarm nearly always escapes—and goes and does it again somewhere else. Well, he won't do it more than once if the invention now being tried out proves as successful as it is hoped. This new-pattern fire-alarm actually puts the handcuffs on whoever gives the alarm. There's a sort of metal handcuff in the alarm-box, and to sound the alarm you have to slip your hand and wrist through that handcuff—and there it is automatically locked. The big handcuff comes away from the fire-alarm box, and so allows you to go back to where the fire actually is, and then the firemen unlock it, and get it off your wrist. But if it is a false alarm you've given—well, with that big handcuff decorating you the firemen or police don't have to look far!

THE BEAR-TAMER'S FRIGHT.

A nigger looking for a black cat in a coal cellar on a pitch dark night would be a mournful sort of chase—but not half as exciting as the adventure that happened at a circus a little while ago, when the circus lights suddenly went out, and stayed out for fifteen minutes. During all that time an animal trainer was shut in a cage full of bears! All he could see were shifting green eyes as the animals slunk backwards and forwards around him and growled threateningly. The audience heard it, but were powerless to help. Had any outside noise been made it would almost certainly have excited the bears, and there is no knowing what they would have done to the unfortunate trainer. However, he stepped safely out of the bears' cage when lights were eventually switched on—thankfully clutching the whip which had been his only weapon!