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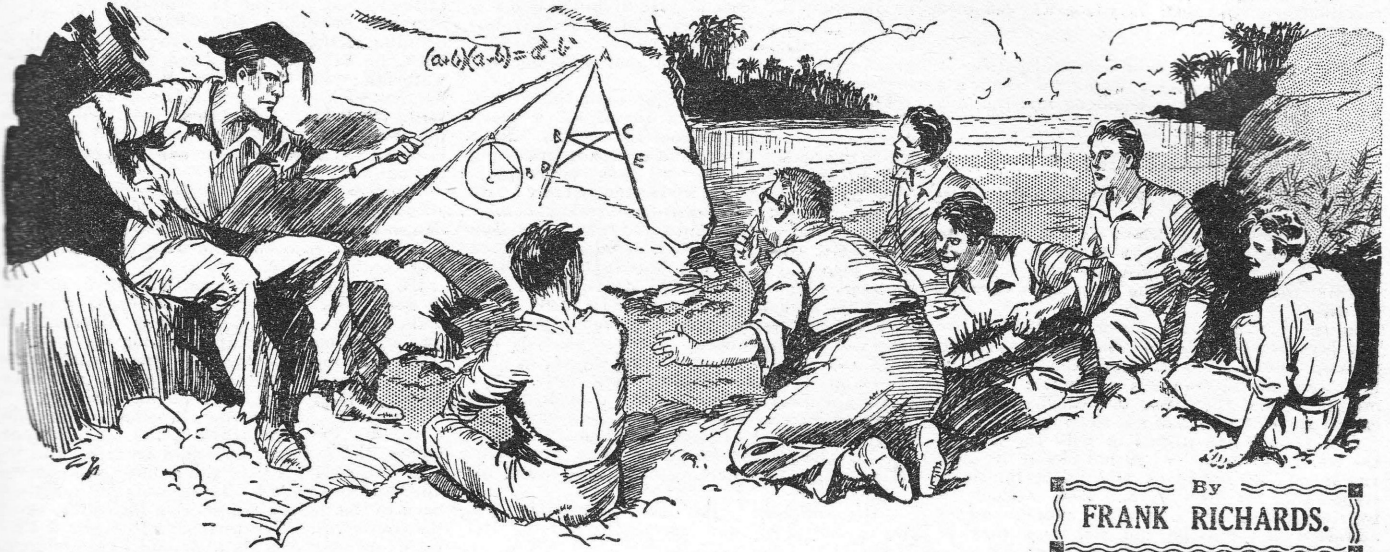
# THE RANGER 2<sup>D</sup>

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# THE CHEERIO CASTAWAYS!



By  
**FRANK RICHARDS.**

## A Dozen for Dainty!

**C**OLLAR him!" roared Ginger Rawlinson. Jim Dainty's eyes gleamed.

He was standing in the doorway of the hut on Castaway Island, looking out glumly into the red of the sunset. Ginger and Bacon and Bean came tramping along the

beach with bundles of sugar-cane on their shoulders. Dick Dawson was following them, similarly laden.

At a distance in the rear rolled Fritz von Splitz, unladen. Fritz had a wonderful skill in dodging his share of a job.

The juniors had been cutting cane, half a mile from the hut along the bay, under the direction of Dr. Samuel Sparshott. But "Sammy," the boyish headmaster of Grimslade School, was not walking back with them. His tall figure was not yet in sight.

Jim was glad to see the fellows coming. He had been left alone for a long time. It was "detention," though detention on Castaway Island, in lonely West-Indian waters, was rather different from detention at Grimslade School.

Jim was more fed-up with it than he had ever been at Grimslade, and it was a relief when the fellows came back from the cane-cutting. But his eyes gleamed as Ginger threw down his load, shouted to Bacon and Bean, and strode towards him with hostile intent.

"You silly ass!" snapped Jim Dainty. "What the thump— Oh, my hat! Hands off, you red-headed freak!"

"Back up, you men!" roared Ginger, as he collared Dainty, and they reeled, struggling, out of the doorway of the hut.

Streaky Bacon and Sandy Bean promptly added their grasp to Ginger's. Jim Dainty, resisting fiercely, went rolling on the sand. The three juniors rolled with him. But three to one was long odds, and Dainty was soon on his back, with Ginger sitting on his chest astride, and Sandy Bean standing on his legs, and Streaky holding his hair with both hands.

"You potty rotters! Lemme gerrup!" spluttered Jim. "Dawson, lend me a hand, you fathead!"

Dick Dawson looked at him and shook his head. He was Jim's chum in White's House at Grimslade School. But he was as angry with his chum now as Ginger & Co. of Redways House.

"Rats!" he answered. "You've asked for

it, you fathead, and the more you get, the better! I've a jolly good mind to give you a few myself!"

"Ach! Ja wohl!" grinned Fritz Splitz. "Tat Tainty is a peast and a prute! Giff him chip!"

"Oh, you rotters!" panted Dainty, wriggling wildly under the three.

"There's a rotter here," agreed Ginger Rawlinson, "and I fancy you're the rotter! You're going to have a lesson, you cheeky tick! You know what you've done, you blighter! Sammy warned us that there was a shark in the bay, and put the stopper on swimming. That wasn't good enough for you. You knew better than Sammy, didn't you?"

"Gerroff!" "So you had to disobey orders, and go for your swim, and Sammy had to tackle the shark to get you out. It was just a miracle that the beast never got Sammy. What do

## THE CASTAWAY WHO BECAME A RUNAWAY!

you think we were feeling like when we were watching Sammy fighting a shark in the water?"

Jim Dainty made no answer to that. As a matter of fact, he had thoroughly repented of his folly, and he shuddered whenever he thought of the terrible danger in which his reckless rebelliousness had landed his headmaster. But he was not likely to tell Ginger so.

Instead of answering he jerked a hand loose, and hit upwards at Ginger's red and angry face, catching him under the chin.

Ginger gave a roar.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes! Hold him!" Streaky caught Jim Dainty's wrists and dragged his arms back over his head. He resisted helplessly.

"Now," gasped Ginger, "you're going to have it! Sammy isn't going to whop you; he's too sick with you to do anything. I know that. Well, you're going to get a whopping. Roll him over, you chaps! Fritz, get a bamboo!"

The fat German junior scuttled into the hut, and came out with a thick, flexible bamboo in his podgy hand.

"You yellows hold him," grinned Fritz, "and I will giff him chip after! I peat him till he pellow like a pull!"

"Keep him steady!" grinned Streaky. Face down in the sand, Jim Dainty was held by his arms and his legs and his ears and his hair. He struggled frantically, but in vain.

Whack, whack, whack! The bamboo rose and fell with terrific swipes. There was more fat than beef in Fritz von Splitz, but he found plenty of energy to put into that whopping. Dawson's face clouded; he would not take a hand against his chum, but he was resolved not to intervene. He went into the hut.

Whack, whack, whack! "Make it a dozen!" said Ginger. "Whack, whack!" rang the bamboo, as hard as Friedrich von Splitz could lay it on. Jim Dainty set his teeth and struggled fiercely. But the three held him pinned, and the bamboo whacked and whacked.

In the excitement of the struggle and the whopping none of the juniors noticed the tall figure that came striding up the beach. Dr. Samuel Sparshott, with a heavy load of canes over his broad shoulder, came up. He stared a little at what he saw; laid down his load, and stood looking on with a rather grim smile.

Whack, whack, whack! Jim Dainty struggled and panted and squirmed. His face was white with rage.

"That's a dozen!" said Ginger. "That will do, Fatty!"

"Posh!" exclaimed Fritz. "I tink tat I giff him anoder tuzzen. Tat peast and a prute vill—"

"That will do, Splitz!" said a deep voice; and the fat German spun round at the voice of Dr. Sparshott, and dropped the bamboo.

Ginger & Co. released Jim Dainty and jumped up. More slowly Jim staggered to his feet. His hands clenched, and his eyes blazed. He was about to hurl himself at Ginger, when Sammy barked sharply:

"Stand back, Dainty!"

Jim's eyes flashed at him.

"Look here, sir! I—"

"That's enough! You've deserved it, and more! You are a disobedient, rebellious young rascal!" said Dr. Sparshott, coldly and contemptuously. "It will do you good to learn what your schoolfellows think of your conduct. Lift a finger, Dainty, and I will give you a dozen myself!"

Jim panted. He looked at his headmaster's cold and scornful face, at the hostile, contemptuous faces of Ginger & Co., at the averted face of Dick Dawson, in the doorway of the hut. His hands clenched convulsively. It seemed to him, at that moment, as if his passionate bitterness was more than he could bear.

"Very well!" he panted at last. "You're done with me—you don't want me here! I'll clear!"

He swung away. A strong hand fell on his shoulder, and he was swung back.

"You will not clear!" said Dr. Sparshott quietly. "You are under my charge, Dainty, rebellious young rascal as you are! Go into the hut!"

"I won't!"

"I think you will!" said Sammy Sparshott; and Jim Dainty did—a swing of Sammy's sinewy arm sending him headlong into the hut, sprawling.

### Cut and Run!

**N**IGHT—starry tropical night—on Castaway Island!

Only the murmur of the tide, lapping on the sandy shore of the bay, came through the silence, outside the hut. Within, there rumbled the deep snore of Fritz Splitz.

In the row of bunks along one side of the hut lay the shipwrecked schoolboys, sleeping. Sammy, in his little room at the end of the hut, slept soundly in his hammock. It was midnight; but there was one occupant of the castaways' hut who was not sleeping.

Jim Dainty had turned in with the rest, at the usual time, but he had not closed his eyes. His mood was too black and bitter for sleep. Repentance for his folly had been washed out by resentment. He had done wrong, and he admitted it; but he did not feel that he deserved general scorn and condemnation. So, in spite of Dr. Sparshott's orders, he had decided to leave the little community on Castaway Island.

Sure, at last, that his companions were sleeping, Jim Dainty slipped noiselessly from his bunk, and dressed himself. The other fellows slept on, Fritz Splitz snoring with a rumble like distant thunder. From the other side of the thin wall of palm-leaf, he could hear the steady breathing of Sammy, fast asleep in his hammock.

But he was very careful to make no sound. Sammy was a light sleeper; indeed, in times of danger, he seemed to sleep with one eye open! If he awoke, the rebel would not be allowed to go; and Jim was passionately and savagely determined to go.

Having dressed, Jim buckled on a knife, hooked an axe to his belt, and put on the rucksack he had brought from the wrecked Spindrift, with a few utensils in it. His future prospects were extremely hazy, but there was plenty of room for him on Castaway Island, far from the little community that had turned him down.

He could fend for himself—he could show Sammy, he bitterly reflected, that he did not need his protection.

When he was ready, Jim stepped to the door. It was barred on the inside with three strong, wooden bars, set in sockets of palm-wood. The bars fitted tightly, and there was a creak as he drew out the top one. He breathed quickly, laid down the bar and listened; but there was no alarm. Jim drew out the second bar, with great care and caution, without a sound, and laid it beside the first.

The third bar was tighter than the others, and with all his caution, there was a sharp crack as it was drawn from the sockets. Jim's heart thumped. The sound of steady breathing beyond the palm-leaf wall was interrupted. That slight sound had awakened Sammy! He heard a sudden movement of the hammock.

But the door was unbarred now, and Jim dragged it open. The night wind from the sea blew into the hut. He heard Dr. Sparshott leaping from his hammock. A voice barked:

"What is that? Is that you, Dainty?"

Evidently Sammy was suspicious of him. Jim did not answer, or heed. The door was open and he ran out of the hut.

"Dainty!" roared Sammy Sparshott.

A light gleamed in the hut. Jim heard the confused buzz of voices behind him, as he ran down the sand. A tall figure darkened the doorway, as he looked back. Sammy Sparshott, half-dressed, was striding out. Jim heard his voice:

"Remain here! Bar the door after me! Dainty has gone, and I am going to fetch him back!"

"Are you?" muttered Dainty, between his teeth. And he ran down the sand, with the sound of pursuing footsteps behind him, and dodged into the deep, dark shadows of the palm grove.

"Dainty!" Dr. Sparshott's voice came like the crack of a rifle. "Stop! I order you to come back!"

Dainty ran on, winding among the slanting trunks of the palms. In the daylight, he would have had no chance in a foot-race with Sammy! But in the uncertain starlight, and the shadows of the night, he had little doubt of being able to dodge away and escape.

Yet Sammy seemed to possess the cat-like gift of seeing in the dark. The running feet drew nearer and nearer, in spite of the shadows and the bewildering trunks of the palms. Looking back, Dainty glimpsed the tall figure of the headmaster of Grimslade in the star-shine, and caught the grim, inflexible expression on Sammy's face—a look that he well knew!

He turned towards the stream, plunged knee-deep in and tramped up to the waterfall. Heedless of falling water, he clambered up the

rocks through the splashing, spraying cascades, to the narrow, rock-walled ravine above. If Sammy followed him there, he would get a drenching!

But a drenching was not likely to stop Sammy Sparshott. Jim scrambled from the water, on to the shelf of rock that ran up the steep side of the ravine, and ran on, stumbling and panting, and dripping. But when he reached the opening of the cave up the ravine, and looked back, he saw Sammy's head rising from the waterfall; saw Sammy dash the water from his eyes with the back of his hand, and clamber on to the ledge. And dim as the starlight was in the narrow ravine, it was clear that Sammy's keen eyes spotted him, for his voice came ringing again:

"Dainty! Stop!"

"Likely!" muttered Jim. Apart from his determination to escape, that glimpse of Sammy's set face told him what to expect if he was captured now.

He ran on up the ravine, leaping from rock to rock, over fissures and pits—once slipping and falling into the tumbling stream, but scrambling out again and keeping on.

Behind him, active as a mountain goat, came the headmaster of Grimslade—his wet face grimmer than ever. And he was gaining.

Higher up, the ravine broadened out into a valley. Once he reached the open hillside above, Jim felt that he would be safe. But he had not reached it yet—and Sammy was coming up, hand over hand. To be collared, marched back to the hut with a grip on his collar, amid the contemptuous amusement of Ginger & Co., was more than Jim Dainty could have endured.

He turned to the rocky wall of the ravine, and clambered desperately up—climbing where, in a calmer moment, he would have thought that it was impossible for a monkey to climb. Somehow, he managed to find hand-hold and foot-hold, and he was a dozen feet over Sammy's head, when the panting headmaster of Grimslade reached the spot.

"Dainty!" There was a note of anxiety in Sammy's angry voice. "Come down at once—you are risking your limbs."

"I don't care!"

"Come down!"

"I won't!"

"Then I shall fetch you down!" said Sammy Sparshott grimly, and he clambered up the steep rocks after the rebel of Grimslade.

An outstretched hand touched Jim's foot from below. Without even stopping to think, acting in sheer desperation, he kicked back. There was a panting gasp, a sound of rolling and brushing, and a bump. That reckless kick had caught Sammy Sparshott's arm—a mere tap, but quite enough to dislodge him from his precarious hold on the steep rocks. He went slithering back, clutching in vain to save himself, and rolled on the bank of the stream with every ounce of wind knocked out of him.

Jim, hanging on to a point of rock with one hand, stared down—for a second forgetful of himself, thinking only of the possibility that Sammy had been hurt in the fall. But he saw the headmaster of Grimslade pick himself up to stand panting for breath and rubbing his bruises. He was badly shaken, but he was not hurt.

The rebel's momentary remorse vanished and he climbed on again. Whether Sammy attempted the climb again, Jim did not know—if so, he came nowhere near the fugitive. Jim Dainty clambered over the rugged summit of the rocky ravine, scrambled away across the rough, irregular hillside, and was gone.

### Hunted!

**T**HAT peastly pounder Tainty—"Oh, shut up, you Boche bloater!" growled Dick Dawson.

"But he has run away, and Sammy is in a fearful wax!" said Fritz Splitz. "He looks as if he vill giff somepody a whopping."

Fritz eyed the headmaster of Grimslade uneasily. There was no doubt that Sammy was in a "wax" that morning. His brows were knitted, over breakfast, and there was a glint in his grey eyes that boded trouble.

Disobedience and rebellion naturally made Sammy waxy, and probably his anger was increased by the bumps and bruises he had collected as a result of his tumble in the ravine. But Sammy was not the man to visit his wrath upon an unoffending head, and Fritz

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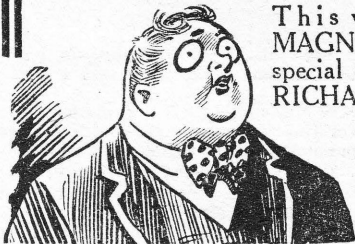
This week's issue of The MAGNET contains an extra-special school story by FRANK RICHARDS featuring Harry Wharton & Co. and Billy Bunter, whose amusing and amazing adventures have entertained readers the world over, a grand TWO-PAGE FULL-O'-CHUCKLES SUPPLEMENT, a big gorilla thriller entitled: "When the Great Apes Came!" And a—

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had no cause for uneasiness. His wrath was reserved for the rebel.

Breakfast was brief that morning. The juniors rose from the meal when Sammy did—except Fritz, who had not only not finished, but had hardly started. But Sammy did not heed the fat Rhineland.

"Rawlinson, Bacon, Bean!" barked Sammy. "You will go in search of Dainty. You will bring him home if you find him. You are authorised to use any measures that may be necessary. Start now."

"Yes, sir!" said Ginger.

"You will come with me in the boat, Dawson—I am going fishing," added Dr. Sparshott.

It was like Sammy, always considerate even in moments of deep wrath, to spare Dick the task of joining in the hunt. Dawson was angry enough with his chum, but certainly he did not want to take an active hand against him.

He walked down to the boat with his headmaster; Ginger & Co. started at once on the trail, leaving Fritz von Splitz still guzzling.

Ginger & Co. were quite keen. Sammy had said nothing of the incident in the ravine, but they were aware that he had come back rather damaged from his vain pursuit of the rebel. They were very nearly as wrathful as Sammy himself.

"That cheeky, conceited, fatheaded tick!" said Ginger as they started. "That blithering, dunderheaded, impudent jackanapes—setting himself up against Sammy—the man who's pulled us through ever since the Spindrift went down. My giddy goloshes! We'll jolly well make him sorry for himself when we get hold of him!"

But it did not prove so easy to "get" the rebel. Ginger & Co. clambered up the ravine, looked into the cave, and then clambered on till they came out into the valley above. Jim Dainty had gone that way the night before, but he had left no trace of the way he had gone. It was probable, however, that he had kept on to get to the other side of Castaway Island.

As the sun rose higher and higher, it was hotter and hotter, and Ginger & Co. mopped perspiration from their faces as they tramped over the rugged slopes of the hill that filled the centre of the island. It was on the lower western slope of the hill that they picked up the first sign of the rebel—several husks of coconuts and other signs of a brief camp.

"He had his brekker here!" said Ginger.

"Hours ago!" said Sandy Bean.

"We'll get him, all the same!"

The wide western shore of Castaway Island spread before their eyes with the sea rolling beyond. Thick woods clothed the lower slopes of the hill, great ceiba-trees laced with endless lianas, and lower down were groves of coconut palms. Ginger climbed a tall tree, to scan the landscape for a sign of the missing junior.

At a distance, by a clump of palms, a thin spiral of smoke rose in the clear air, and Ginger's eyes gleamed as he saw it. He came slithering down, grinning.

"Got him!" he said. "The silly ass has got a fire going—cooking his dinner, what? I've seen the smoke! Come on."

"Good egg!"

Ginger led the way, and the hunters tramped on. They drew closer to the distant group of palms, and were soon in sight of the camp there. Smoke rose in a column from a wood fire, and with the fire, with a frying-pan in his hand, stood the junior of whom they were in search.

Jim Dainty had evidently been fishing that morning, and was now broiling fish for his dinner. He had his back to the three; and they grinned as they broke into a run and approached him swiftly.

Dainty put the frying-pan back on the fire, having turned the fish in it. Then he stepped back from the fire and wiped his heated brow. As he did so, his glance fell on the three advancing Grimsladers. He gave a start, and his brows knitted. Ginger & Co. expected him to cut and run, but he did not. He stood waiting coolly for them to come up, and they reached him rather breathlessly.

"Got you!" panted Ginger.

"Has Sammy sent you after me?" jeered Dainty.

"Yes—but we should have come after you anyhow," said Ginger. "And we'd jolly well give you the licking you've been asking for."



Up the slanting trunk of the palm went Ginger. Jim Dainty coolly jerked off a coconut from the cluster on the tree and dropped it on the red head below. Ginger gave a fearful yell and sat at the foot of the tree. "Oh, my giddy goloshes! Ow, my napper! Wow!"

only you'll get enough from Sammy when we haul you home."

"I wish you'd come along a bit sooner, Ginger."

"Eh, why?"

"It would have saved me the trouble of lighting a fire. Your mop would have done."

Ginger's face grew as red as his head. Everybody but Ginger thought him a red-headed fellow; only Ginger knew that his hair was an agreeable shade of auburn! Fiery as Ginger's mop was, it was an exaggeration to suggest that fish could have been broiled on it! Forgetting, in his wrath, that he was going to leave Dainty's punishment to Sammy, Ginger Rawlinson hurled himself headlong at the rebel of Grimslade.

In a second they were scrapping furiously.

"Here, we haven't come here for a dog-fight," exclaimed Streaky. "We're here to take that tick home! Bag him, Sandy."

Bacon and Bean rushed in, and grasped Jim Dainty. He struggled fiercely in the grasp of three. With a terrific effort, he tore himself loose, jumped back, and grabbed the frying-pan from the fire. Ginger & Co., rushing on him, were met by a shower of hot fish, and they jumped back, yelling.

For a moment Jim stood panting. Then, dropping the frying-pan, he leaped to the nearest palm and went clambering up the trunk like a monkey. Forty feet from the ground he curled his legs round the trunk, rested his arm in a forking frond, and grinned defiance down at the juniors below.

"After him!" Ginger panted.

Up the slanting trunk of the palm went Ginger. Jim Dainty coolly jerked off a coconut from the cluster on the tree and dropped it on the red head below. There was a loud crack as the nut met the head; Ginger gave a fearful yell, and sat at the foot of the tree.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes! Ow, my napper! Wow!"

"Come on!" shouted Dainty.

Sandy and Streaky eyed him like wolves. But it was clearly impossible to climb the palm with coconuts dropping on their heads from above. Ginger rose, rubbing his head, and glared up at the junior in the tree.

"You—you—you rotter!" he gasped. "You—you—you tick! We'll jolly well wait till you drop off, you rank outsider."

"Will you?" grinned Dainty. He detached another coconut, and it whizzed down. There was a yell from Streaky as it caught him on the chest. The next minute, a fearful howl from Sandy Bean responded to a whizzing coconut cracking on his chin. The three Grimsladers backed hastily away out of range. Coconuts followed them, whizzing fast, till they were at a safe distance.

Ginger Rawlinson shook an infuriated fist at the active junior clinging to the tall palm.

"The rotter!" gasped Ginger. "We'll make him squirm for this! He can't hang on there for ever! You fellows cut round to the other side. I'll stay here, and when he comes down—"

"He's coming!" yelled Streaky.

"Oh, my giddy goloshes! After him!"

Jim Dainty was not giving the hunters time to post themselves surrounding the palm. Now that he had driven them to a distance he shot down the slanting trunk like an arrow. The instant his feet touched the ground he was running, like a hare, for the thick wood at a little distance.

"After him!" yelled Ginger.

They rushed in fierce pursuit. They tore past the palms in hot chase of the running junior. But Jim Dainty made good use of his start. He vanished into the thick wood and was lost to sight.

Ginger & Co. hunted in the wood till the sun dipped into the western sea. Jim Dainty, hidden from sight in a mass of lianas on the branch of a ceiba-tree, let them hunt. And he grinned when, in the last gleam of sunset, he had a glimpse of three weary and wrathful juniors trailing homeward—unsuccessful.

The Grimslade rebel was still on his own. But he still had to deal with Sammy!

(Another grand story of Jim Dainty, the rebel, and the Grimslade castaways in next week's exciting story. Order your RANGER in advance, buddies!)