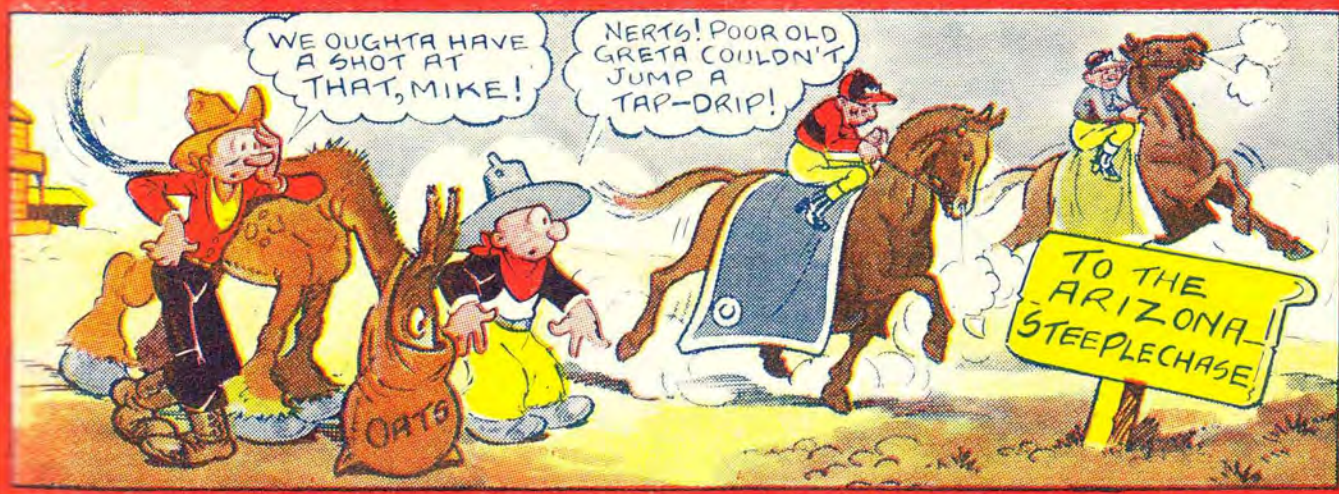


MEET WILL HAY : KEN MAYNARD : STAINLESS STEPHEN : LEONARD HENRY : ALEX JAMES : ARTHUR PRINCE etc. **INSIDE!**

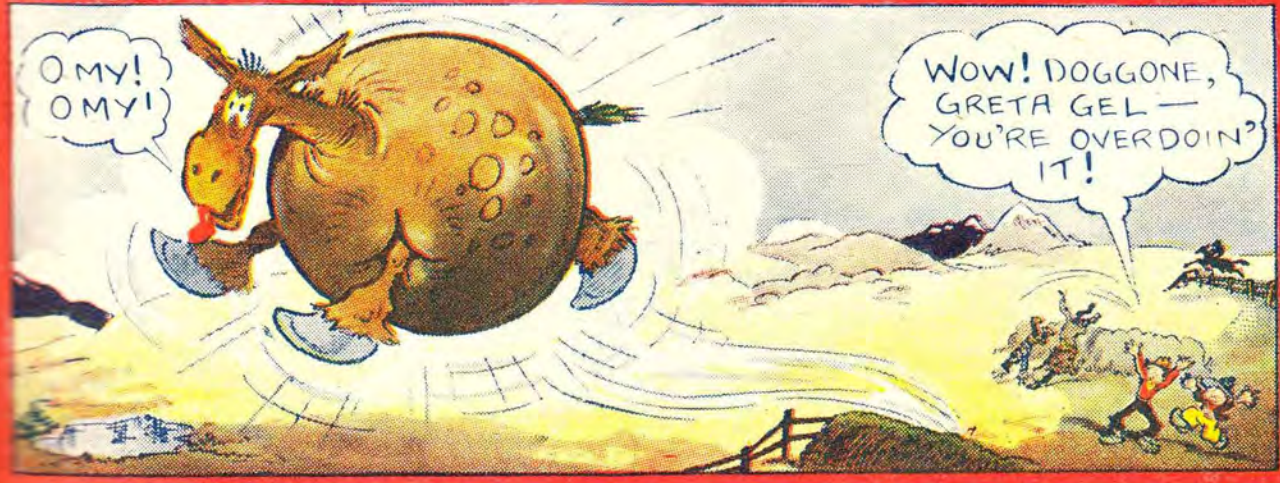
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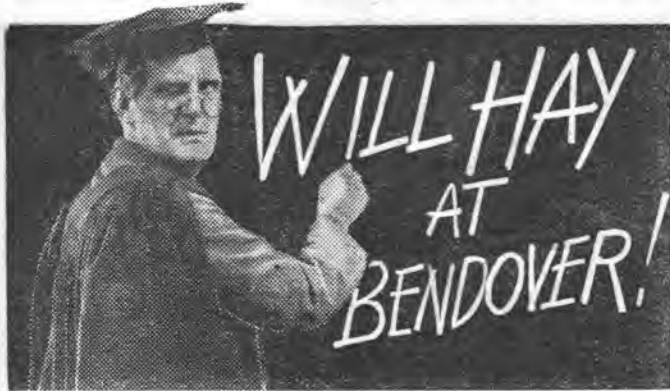
The PILOT

2^d Every Friday



**MIKE,
SPIKE
&
GRETA**
in another
"CRAZY!"





WILL HAY, the world's funniest Form-master, gets full marks as a mirth-maker in this side-splitting picture-strip and story. READ THE PICTURE-STORY FIRST.

(By courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

"OH!" roared Will Hay. And it was enough to make any man roar!

For a moment, the master of the Fourth Form fancied that the ancient walls of Bendover School were tumbling on his head, or else that the skies were falling.

After class, the quad was crowded with Bendover fellows. Will Hay, leaning on an old buttress, under the windows of the Fourth Form studies, regarded the cheery crowd with a kindly eye. Then it had happened? Something hard dropped on Will's head, banged on his mortar-board, and slipped to the ground beside him.

Will roared and staggered. He clapped both hands to his head. He had a pain there. He removed his mortar-board with one hand and rubbed his cranium with the other.

A dozen fellows turned to stare. Some of them grinned.

"Oh!" repeated Will Hay. "Ow!"

He turned and stared up at the ancient ivy-clad walls and windows. Most of the latter were open. Directly above him was the window of Study No. 3 in the Fourth. Will's eyes gleamed over the nose-nippers that slanted on his beak.

Study No. 3 in the Fourth belonged to two fellows—Pyke and Bird. Will needed to know no more. All he wanted was to find Reggie Pyke! He rubbed his damaged head, glanced at the object that had fallen beside him, and picked it up.

It was a small pocket camera. But, small as it was, it had given Will a most unpleasant knock, dropping on his head from a height of twenty feet. He grasped it, and billowed away to the doorway of the House. He was anxious to catch the culprit before he had time to escape.

But if Reggie Pyke of the Fourth had been

in Study No. 3, he had lost no time in getting out. Will met him in the Hall as he breezed in.

"Pyke!" thundered Will Hay. "Follow me to my study! I shall dust your pants—that is to say, I shall administer a severe chastisement. Your camera will be confiscated. You—"

"That isn't my camera, sir!" piped Reggie.

"Not!" ejaculated Will Hay.

"No, sir! It looks like Bird's!"

"Oh!" said Will. He gave the bad hat of the Fourth a long, long look. Reggie met it with cheerful innocence.

"Oh!" repeated Will. "Have you been in your study since class, Pyke?"

"Oh, no, sir!" answered Reggie. "I've had a row with Bird, and I'm keeping out of the study till prep."

Will paused. He did not like Reggie. The son and heir of Mr. Dunkley Pyke was a most unpleasant youth. But the master of the Bendover Fourth did not want to be unjust, even to a worm like him. He breathed hard.

"Am I to come to your study, sir?" asked Reggie innocently. "What for, sir?"

"For the moment," said Will Hay, "no."

He breezed on up the stairs. Reggie Pyke winked at a marble statue in the hall, and strolled out into the quad. Will Hay arrived in the Fourth Form passage, breathless. The door of Study No. 3 stood half open, and Will blew in.

"Bird!" he thundered.

There was one junior in the study—Richard Bird of the Fourth. He was looking round the room, as if in search of something, when Will hurtled in.

"Your camera, I think?" said Will, holding it out.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed Bird. "I was just wanting it, and—"



1. Hey, fellows! Watch the balloon go up! Note the pot of honey tied to its tail. Those merry Fourth Formers are setting yet another trap for Will Hay, their master.

"You need not thank me!" said Will grimly. "That camera, Bird, will be confiscated. Hand me that cricket stump! Thank you. Now bend over the table—"

"But what—" stammered Bird.

"I think I said bend over that table!" said Will Hay, brandishing the cricket stump.

"Yes, but what—what—what—" stuttered Bird. "Oh, crickey! Leggo! I say, sir—Whoooooop!"

Will Hay was in a hurry. There was a bruise on his napper. He had found the camera's owner, in the study from which the camera had dropped. If that was not conclusive evidence, Will had no use for evidence. He tossed the camera on the table, grasped Richard Bird's collar with his left hand, jerked him over the edge of the table, and laid on the cricket stump with his right!

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!" roared Bird of the Fourth.

"That," said Will Hay, releasing his collar, "is meant as a gentle reminder, Bird, that a camera must be kept for its proper use, such as taking snapshots—certainly not for taking pot-shots, especially at a Form-master's head. Do you get me?"

"No," howled Bird, "I don't! Wharrer you mean, I'd like to know? And I'd like to know what you were doing with my camera, too. I've been hunting all over the study for it—"

"You have a short memory, Bird!" said Will Hay severely. "It is not five minutes since that camera hanged on my bed—I mean banged on my head—under your window—"

"Oh scissors!" gasped Bird. "Did it? Well, I've only been in the study two or three minutes. I ran in for my camera, and couldn't find it, and then you came in with it—Ow!"

Will Hay blinked at him. Bird, wriggling, glared at him in deep indignation.

"My only hat and sunshade!" ejaculated Will Hay. "Have I made a mistake? Have I dusted the wrong pants? If so, it was very unfortunate that you were wearing them at the



4. Worse still, all the local wasps sizzled through the window after their favourite fruit. The more Will tried to get his hands free, the more the papers stuck to him. So did the wasps!



5. Zzzzzzzzzzz! Was Will waxy? Glaring at the laughing lads, over his nose-nippers, he ordered them to put that balloon on the spot, and make it snappy.

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2. It was a sticky business, as Will soon found, when the pot suspended over his desk began to leak, and sundry blobs dropped on the exam papers he was marking.

3. Those sheets grew as sticky as fly-papers. So when Will lifted his mitts, the papers came, too. And—crash!—in his flurry, he knocked over the ink-pot.

...ness, Bird! I accept your statement, Bird! A only you did not make it sooner. It is the party Bird that catches the worm, you know. You may consider that whopping withdrawn, Bird—washed out entirely! And you may keep your camera! In the circumstances, it will not be confiscated! Forget all about it, my boy!"

With a gracious wave of the hand, Will bemoaned out of the study. He trickled into the room with a frowning brow. His first suspicion had been well-founded—but how was it to be proved? It couldn't! Reggie Pyke had got by with it—as well as landing a fellow he disliked with a whopping! In the quad, Will spotted Reggie, whispering with his pal, Fruity Swift. Both of them were grinning, and Will could guess why.

Will rubbed his head, and drifted away with deep feelings. He could not whop a fellow on suspicion. A Form-master had to be just. But about a quarter of an hour later, as Will strolled under the old Bendover beeches, he seemed as sudden uproar reached his ears. He glanced round, at the view of Pyke of the Fourth wriggling, with his head in chancery, and Dicky Bird punching his features as if bent on pushing them through the back of his head.

"Take that, you tick," Bird was hooting—"and that! You can drop anything you like on that old ass Hay's head, except my camera! And that—and that! I've had six on the bags! And that—and that—and that!"

"Ow! Leggo!" yelled the struggling Reggie. "You silly ass, it was a chance, with the old goat standing right under the window,

"And that," said Dicky Bird, pounding—"and that—and that!"

"Yaroooh! Help!" roared Reggie. He wriggled and struggled. Then, sighting his Form-master, he yelled desperately. "Make me stop, sir!"

Will Hay smiled benignly, and breezed on. Dicky Bird paused for a moment, but, as his

Form-master departed, he resumed after the interval.

Frantic yells followed Will as he ambled on. It seemed to him probable that, by the time Dicky Bird had finished, Reggie would regret that he had dropped that camera from the window of Study No. 3.

"GOOD-MORNING, boys!" "Good-morning, sir!" grinned the Bendover Fourth.

Everybody in the Fourth Form seemed happy and smiling, that bright sunny morning. But Will Hay, as he entered, did not wear his usual genial smile. Dr. Shrub, the headmaster of Bendover, was giving the Fourth a look-in that morning, in first lesson. That was the reason Will was so worried.

Will liked and respected the headmaster. But he liked Dr. Shrub better outside the Fourth Form room than inside it. First lesson was Latin, and Will was not sure—not at all sure—that he would impress Dr. Shrub favourably in the classics.

However, it could not be helped, and Will had to take his chance. He had, in fact, taken a good many chances, since he had become a Form-master at Bendover School. Generally, luck had befriended him.

Dr. Shrub had stopped to speak to Mr. Choot in the corridor, and he was just coming. But for that worry on his mind, Will might have noticed a certain look of anticipation on many faces in the Fourth, and suspected that that cheery Form had something on. Now he noticed nothing—not even that the juniors became quite breathless, as he went to his desk.

Reggie Pyke winked at Fruity. Jerry Smart barely suppressed a gurgle. Sammy Straw and Tubby Green exchanged blissful looks. Dicky Bird, who had his hand behind him, brought it forward, his desk concealing the fact that he had a diminutive camera in it. In the bright sunshine from the big windows, it was easy to take an interior photo-

graph in the Form-room—though that was a very unusual proceeding! But possibly something unusual was booked to happen, which the cheery Dicky desired to place on photographic record!

Excitement was at fever pitch when Will Hay reached his desk. Then there was a general gasp. He did not sit down on the high, long-legged chair at the desk. He merely removed a book from the desk—a help to Form-masters in difficulties which he did not desire the Head to become acquainted with—and turned to his class, standing by the desk. Disappointment was registered on every face in the Fourth.

Still Will guessed nothing, and had no suspicion that something might have happened had he sat on that long-legged chair. That the long legs had been sawn through, and gummed together again, did not occur to him. Gum was adhesive enough to hold the legs in position so long as the chair was not sat on. But it was absolutely certain that something would occur when weight dropped on the seat of that chair. In happy ignorance of the pleasant little surprise prepared for him, Will adjusted his slanting nose-nippers, and surveyed the class.

"My boys," he said, "I trust you to do your very best in this lesson. Dr. Shrub is going to take you for a preliminary canter—I mean, your headmaster will take you in this class. Do me credit, my boys!"

"Oh, yes, sir, certainly!" said Jerry Smart. "We won't give you away, sir, if we can help it!" said Tubby Green amiably.

"Shut up, Tubby, you ass!" hissed Jerry.

Before Will Hay could make any rejoinder to Tubby's happy remark, Dr. Shrub rustled in. His manner to Will was very genial.

"My dear Hay," he said, "pray take your usual seat. I will stand, while I listen to some of your boys in construe."

"Not at all, sir!" said Will. "Pray be



4. Darts and pellets from catapults looked like doing the trick, as Tubby Green rushed forward to stop the barrage. It gave Tubby a pain to think all that honey might be wasted.

5. Then—pop! Tubby got all the honey he wanted, and a bit over! Note the wasp army in stinging formation "getting Tubby's fat down"! Now enjoy the story which starts on column one, previous page.

seated, sir!" He waved his hand to the chair at the desk.

The Fourth Form hardly breathed. They had not expected this. Reggie Pyke rather wished that he had not operated on those chairlegs with a fretsaw. But no fellow, of course, could have foreseen that the Head would barge in that morning! Only Dicky Bird was more eager than ever. His pocket camera was ready. Snapping the Head as he collapsed was even a bigger catch than snapping the Form-master! Bird gloated in anticipation over that picture. He was ready—when it happened. But to whom was it going to happen?

Dr. Shrubb smiled, and shook his head. "No, no, my dear Hay!" he said. "I am not here to disturb you in any way. I beg you to be seated."

The Fourth listened—breathless! Was Hay going to sit on that chair?

He wasn't! "Sir," said Will Hay, "allow me to insist! Really, really, sir, I insist upon your taking my chair! Really, sir!"

"Very well, Mr. Hay, if you insist!" said the Head, gracefully yielding the point; and being, in fact, more than willing to repose his considerable weight while he dealt with the Fourth.

And he sat down—in a breathless silence. The Fourth Formers watched him as if fascinated. Dicky Bird had his camera on his desk now, hidden under a Latin book. Will Hay blinked over the Form. Preoccupied as he was that morning, it dawned upon him that something was on, at last.

The chair held. It might go any instant; but, for the moment, the gummed legs held! But if the Head moved—

"Now, my boys," said Dr. Shrubb, "we will—"

He pushed the chair back an inch or two, to make more space for his ample knees. That did it—he never finished the sentence.

What happened next seemed like an earthquake to Dr. Shrubb. Will Hay jumped clear of the floor, as he watched the headmaster spin over backwards, his legs, tangled in his gown, flying into the air.

Click! Dicky Bird had his photograph! The camera disappeared instantly into his pocket. Bump!

Dr. Shrubb landed—not a happy landing! For an awful instant the Fourth Form and their Form-master gazed, as if hypnotised, at a scene that had never been witnessed before, in the long history of Bendover School—a headmaster with his shoulders on the floor, his legs whisking in the air, thrashing space. Then Dr. Shrubb rolled over, gurgling. Will Hay rushed to his aid—and from all the Fourth came an irresistible, breathless howl: "Ha, ha, ha!"

DR. SHRUBB did not take the Fourth Form in Latin that morning. He took a rest in his study.

Luck had befriended Will Hay once more, so far as that went. But Will did not think about that. He was concerned for the Head—and he was concerned also for himself!

Dr. Shrubb was hurt! A stout, middle-aged gentleman could not hit a Form-room floor with his shoulders and the back of his majestic head without getting hurt. It was not to be expected. But Dr. Shrubb was more angry than hurt. He was exasperated. He was enraged. He boiled!

That catch, of course, had been intended for Will Hay. But it was the Head who had been caught. Who had done it? The culprit had to be discovered, and flogged, with a record flogging. As master of the Fourth, it was up to Will Hay to discover him. When the Fourth were dismissed at break, Will breezed along to the Head's study, to make sympathetic inquiries. He found Dr. Shrubb in the worst temper ever. The Head seemed to have quite forgotten that Will was the member of his staff that he liked the most.

"Mr. Hay," thundered the Head, as Will breezed in, "have you discovered the perpetrator of that dastardly outrage in your Form-room?"

"Not yet, sir, not yet!" said Will soothingly. "But—"

"And why not?" thundered Dr. Shrubb. "It is up to you, Mr. Hay! Can you manage your Form, or can you not?"

"Not—"

"What?"

"Not the least doubt about that, sir!" said Will hastily. "But—"

"Find him, sir!" roared Dr. Shrubb, waving the master of the Fourth away with an angry hand. "Find him, or I shall be compelled to take the view of Colonel Chatterton, the chairman of the governing board, that you are incapable of fulfilling your duties here!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Will Hay. "I—I mean, bless my soul! My dear sir—"

"Say no more! I expect news to-day! Do not see me again, Mr. Hay, until you can give me the name of the culprit. Shut the door after you."

Will Hay shut the door after him, and breezed out into the quad in a state of dismay. It was up to him—he admitted it! But how was he going to do it?

Every man in the Bendover Fourth, probably, knew who had sawn the legs of his Form-master's chair. But there were no sneaks in the Fourth, to give a man away—except, perhaps, one. Reggie Pyke was not particular in

"Then what did you mean, Bird, by saying 'if you saw it again'?" demanded Will. "You cannot saw it again, unless you have sawn it once!"

"I mean I saw it, sir—"

"You mean did saw it?"

"Oh, no, sir! That wouldn't be good grammar," said Dicky innocently. "I mean, I did see it, sir!"

"You mean you—you did see it?" gasped Will.

"Yes, sir! We all saw it," said Dicky, with angelic innocence. "I was just saying to Straw, sir, that if I saw it again, it would make me laugh, just like it did in the Form-room, sir."

"Oh, I see—saw!" gasped Will Hay.

"Do you, sir?" asked Dicky. "I've never seen you see-saw, sir!"

Will Hay did not answer that. He billowed on, leaving the playful Dicky with the best of it. Dicky winked at the chortling Sammy.

"Lucky he never spotted the camera, old man!" murmured Sammy. "If he knew you'd taken a snap of the Head doing acrobatic stunts, you'd get it where the chicken got the chopper. If he saw that film—"

"I shouldn't get it so bad as Pyke, if he saw that film!" chuckled Dicky.

"What's Pyke got to do with it? He never even knew you had the camera in the Form-room, while we were waiting for Hay this morning."

Dicky chortled.

"No—he was too jolly busy with his fretsaw, while the Head was keeping Hay jawing in his study before class. You see, as I had the camera with me, I snapped Pyke sawing the legs of the chair! I've got him on the film, as well as the Head!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Sammy. "For goodness' sake, keep it dark, then! Pyke's a toad, but—"

"Fathead!" said Dicky. "Think I'd let a be seen? I shan't even develop that roll of film, till we go home for the holidays. I wouldn't take the risk of that picture being seen at Bendover! But it will make a jolly good set to keep at home—a fellow sawing the legs of the chair in the first picture, and the Shrubb doing his acrobatics in the second! What?"

"Ha, ha!" chortled Sammy. "You let me have a copy?"

"Not while we're at school, old man!" said Dicky. "No jolly fear! If it was seen, it would mean a flogging for me, and another for Pyke! When I've finished taking that roll of film, I shall jolly well park it at the bottom of my box, and keep it there under everything else till we break up."

"Safety first!" grinned Sammy.

"You bet! There's a couple more on the roll—let's go and take them now," said Dicky. "The sooner I get that roll out of the camera, and safely parked, the safer I shall feel."

And Dicky Bird got busy with his camera, and he had finished the roll by the time the bell rang for third school. He slipped the camera into his pocket as the Fourth went in for class.

Will Hay glanced suspiciously at the chair at his desk, when he came in to take his Form. It was a new chair—but Will moved it before he sat down on it. But he had only been seated a few minutes when he had to jump up again, as the Head came in.

"My dear sir, what an unexpected pleasure!" bleated Will. "Pray take my seat, sir—"

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Mr. Hay," said the Head freezingly. "Once, sir, is once too often! Kindly give me the name of the culprit!"

"The—the which, sir?" stammered Will.

"You do not mean to say, Mr. Hay, that you have not yet discovered the member of your Form who sawed the legs of that chair this morning!" exclaimed Dr. Shrubb. "How long, sir, do you intend to allow this very serious matter to remain in abeyance? What, sir, are you going to give me his name?"

"Shortly, sir," gasped Will; "very shortly. I hope! Patience, sir! As Shakespeare remarked, Hamlet was not built in a day—"

"I fear, sir, that you find this Form too much

BENDOVER COLLEGE.
SPRING TERM REPORT OF THE
FOURTH FORM.

SUBJECT.	REMARKS.
ENGLISH	Never 'eard of it.
LATIN	Greek to them.
GRAMMAR	None at all.
LITERATURE	Tuppenny bloods are favourites with the whole Form.
POETRY	Some of the boys' limericks are the best I've ever heard.
NATURE STUDY	The Fourth are all expert bird-nesters, except Pyke. Worms don't like birds, of course.
GYMNASTICS	Nearly every boy is a champion lead-swinger and all are expert twisters.
GENERAL BEHAVIOUR	All are general nuisances.

(Signed) WILL HAY,
 Master of the Fourth.

such matters. But Reggie, most decidedly, was not likely to sneak in this instance.

Will Hay, in the quadrangle, looked over his Form disporting themselves in break. Most of them were grinning. All the young rascals seemed to think that there was something funny in the headmaster reaching for the Form-room ceiling with his feet.

Dicky Bird and his pal, Sammy Straw, were chortling together. Bird had his camera in his hand. Will Hay was unaware that there was anything of an amusing nature in that camera. In the excitement of the moment, in the Form-room, he had not noticed the snapshot. But the two juniors seemed so tickled, that Will bore down on them, with a suspicious eye. As he breezed along, he heard Dicky Bird's voice:

"If I saw it again— Ha, ha!"

Will halted.

"Bird!" he thundered.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Dicky meekly, and closed one eye in a wink at Sammy. Dicky Bird was the champion leg-puller of the Bendover Fourth. It did not occur to Will, for the moment, that his remark had been made to be heard.

"I heard you, Bird!" exclaimed Will. "It was you who sawed the legs of the chair in the Form-room this morning!"

"Oh, no, sir!"

for you!" said Dr. Shrubbs grimly. "I shall expect to hear a report after class."

"Speaking of reports, sir," said Will chastly. "Did you ever hear of a policeman named Gunn—"

"Really, Mr. Hay—"

"He was called in, sir, to make an inquiry, and he went off with a report," said Will. "Ha, ha!"

"Pah!" said Dr. Shrubbs. He stalked out of the Form-room.

Will Hay blinked dismally at his Form. They grinned at him. Reggie Pyke winked at Fruity Snell. Reggie was feeling rather glad, after all, that the Head had been caught instead of Will Hay. It looked like trouble for Will with the Head—a prospect that quite suited Reggie! Once Will got the sack, it would be easy to oust Dr. Shrubbs from his position, and that would leave the way clear for Reggie's father to get the job as headmaster of Bendover.

TUBBY GREEN rolled up to Dicky Bird, when the Fourth came out. He grabbed Dicky's sleeve with a fat paw.

"I say, let's see it, old chap!" he gurgled mirthfully.

"What and which, fathead?" asked Dicky.

"Oh, you jolly well know!" beamed Tubby.

"I saw you snap the camera in the Form-room, a first lesson—"

"Shut up," hissed Dicky, with an anxious glance round.

A dozen fellows were within hearing. Among them was Reggie Pyke—who was rubbing his long, sharp nose with his handkerchief. Richard Bird had punched that nose, the day before; not wisely, but too well. Every now and then it persisted in oozing claret, and likewise there was a pain in it. Reggie, as he looked it, gave Dicky an evil look. He would have given him something more drastic, had it been a fighting-man—which Reggie never was.

"But I say, can't you let a chap see it?" asked Tubby. "I jolly well know you got a snap of the Head doing his tumble off Hay's—"

"You blithering fat oyster," hissed Dicky. "I'm keeping it dark! Don't shout it out all over Bendover."

"But you can let a pal see it, old chap! I bet the Head must look fearfully funny in the picture, sky-rocketing off the chair—"

"You burbling bloater, that snap's still in the camera, in my pocket, and it's going to stay there!" grunted Dicky. "Shut up! I would get six, at least, if it came out!"

"But I say!" persisted Tubby, rolling after Dicky Bird as he walked away. "I say—"

Reggie Pyke, still pressing his handkerchief to his nose, looked after them—a glitter in his baby eyes. This was news to him! He had not been aware that Bird had had his camera in the Fourth Form Room that morning—still less that he had snapped the Head doing his acrobatic turn! Reggie breathed hard through his painful nose! If the Head knew, that his nose would be avenged—and a little more!

Dr. Shrubbs was walking in the quad with Mr. Choot. His face was grim and gloomy. His temper, generally kind, was bitter. Reggie looked on—thinking of the effect it would have if he learned that a Fourth-Form fellow had snapped him in an utterly absurd attitude, and given his remarkable performance on permanent photographic record!

But even Reggie could not "sneak" openly. Dr. Shrubbs would have been more likely to take a tale-bearer than to listen to him. But Reggie sagely considered that there were more ways than one of killing a cat.

He pined his pal, Fruity Snell, some distance ahead of the two masters. With his back to Dr. Shrubbs and Mr. Choot, as they came up the path, he listened for their footsteps. He eyed them, wondering what he was at. He knew! As soon as Reggie heard the sound of his headmaster behind, he spoke in a low voice:

"I say, Fruity, suppose the Head found out that Bird had his camera in the Form-room that morning, and snapped him falling off the chair! What?"

Reggie heard a startled gasp behind him. He walked away with Fruity, without looking back. From a distance, however, he glanced at the Head. Dr. Shrubbs had left Mr. Choot, and was whisking into the House at unusual speed. Reggie grinned, and rubbed his sore nose. He rather thought that Bird of the Fourth was soon going to feel as sore as that nose!

"Mr. Hay!" Dr. Shrubbs thundered into Will Hay's study. "Were you aware, sir, that one of your boys had a camera in your Form-room this morning—"

"Not the foggiest, sir!" gasped Will.

"And that he had the audacity, sir, to take a photograph of me in the act of falling off that chair!" shrieked the Head.

"Impossible, sir! I—"

"Call in Bird of your Form!" roared the Head.

"Sir, I will give a Bird-call this instant!" Will Hay leaned from the study window. "Bird! Where is Bird? Tell Bird to come to my study at once! Straw—Smart—Snell—Green—send Bird to me this moment."

Dicky Bird entered his Form-master's study, wondering what was wanted. He blinked at Dr. Shrubbs, startled by the expression on his face.



"I always go as Napoleon, so that I can keep my hand on my pocket-book!"

"Bird," said Will Hay, "I think—"

"Do you, sir?" asked Dicky, as if surprised.

"I think you have a camera—"

"Yes, sir; in my pocket."

"Give it to me at once!" thundered Dr. Shrubbs.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Dicky, in dismay. "I—I say, sir, it—it wasn't me who dropped it on Mr. Hay's head yesterday. Mr. Hay knows—"

"Give it to me this instant!"

Unwillingly, Dicky Bird handed over the little camera.

"Does this camera still contain the film you took in the Form-room this morning, Bird?" asked the Head, in a grinding voice.

"Oh crumbs!"

Dicky's face was enough.

"You may go!" said Dr. Shrubbs grimly.

"The film in this camera, Bird, will be developed and printed to-day—I shall ask Mr. Choot to undertake it. If I find any absurd and disrespectful representation of your headmaster, you will be caned with the greatest severity. Go!"

Dick Bird went—dumb with dismay. Dr. Shrubbs turned grimly to the master of the Fourth.

"Mr. Hay," he said, "this is too much! Your Form, sir, is evidently quite out of hand. Have you yet discovered who sawed the legs of that chair?"

"Not yet, sir! Shortly—"

"Shortly will not do, Mr. Hay! Unless the culprit is discovered to-day, I shall expect your resignation."

Reggie Pyke, under the study window, grinned. He thought he had reason to grin! Everything, it seemed, was going Reggie's way!

WILL HAY did not look happy in class that afternoon. So far, he had not the foggiest idea who had sawn the chair. And the exasperated headmaster meant what he said. Will looked over his Form. Among more than twenty fellows, one was the guilty man! Which? Will did not know the answer to that one! In his mind's eye, he saw his career at Bendover coming to a sudden end!

He almost groaned when Dr. Shrubbs rustled in. Really, the Head seemed to be making a habit of it! The expression on the Head's countenance was exceedingly grim. But he bowed politely to Will Hay. There was satisfaction in his face, though it was a grim satisfaction. Will realised that there was a change. He was no longer in his chief's black books, and he could only wonder why. Fortune, that had always seemed his friend, seemed to have let him down with a bump that day. Perhaps the fickle dame was tired of protecting him.

"One moment, Mr. Hay!" said the Head.

"Two, if you like, sir," said Will, "or three!"

"I have here"—Dr. Shrubbs held up a strip of printed photographs—"I have here a number of pictures taken from a roll of film, developed and printed out for me by Mr. Choot. The roll was taken from Bird's camera. One picture"—the Head knitted his brows—"shows me, the headmaster of Bendover, under conditions of ridicule—falling over the sawn chair in this Form-room."

Dicky Bird wriggled on his form in dismal anticipation. Reggie Pyke grinned, till his grin extended almost from ear to ear.

"It was my intention," went on Dr. Shrubbs, "to punish Bird, who took this photograph, most severely for such a disrespectful act. I shall not do so, however, as the incident has most unexpectedly led to the discovery of the culprit of this morning! Pyke!"

Reggie jumped.

"Pyke! One of the photographs here shows you engaged in sawing the legs of your Form-master's chair with a fretsaw!"

"Wha-a-t?" stammered Reggie.

"Oh, my only hat and sunshade!" gasped Will Hay.

"I conclude, Pyke, that you were unaware of this," continued the Head, "or you would not have spoken so carelessly in my hearing. But for a remark I heard you make in the quadrangle, I should have known nothing of this."

"Oh lor!"

"This photograph," said the Head, "establishes your guilt beyond doubt, Pyke! You are here depicted in the very act! Pyke, you will follow me to my study!"

Dicky Bird grinned. It was his turn to grin now! Reggie had given him away—with this result! Reggie was no longer grinning! Reggie looked as if the joys of life had all departed—as he tottered out of the Form-room after the Head!

Will Hay smiled. He smiled still more widely when Reggie Pyke came back into the Form-room! Reggie came in wriggling.

"Let this, my dear Pyke, be a warning to you!" burbled Will genially. "You may sit down, Pyke!"

"Ow! Wow! Ow!"

"Or," grinned Will, "in the circumstances, Pyke, you may stand up!"

Reggie remained standing!

Why did the French-master want to fight Will Hay? . . . Reggie Pyke knows the answer, and you'll know it, too, when you read next week's side-splitting story, featuring WILL HAY, the world's funniest Form-master, and the bright sparks of Bendover.