



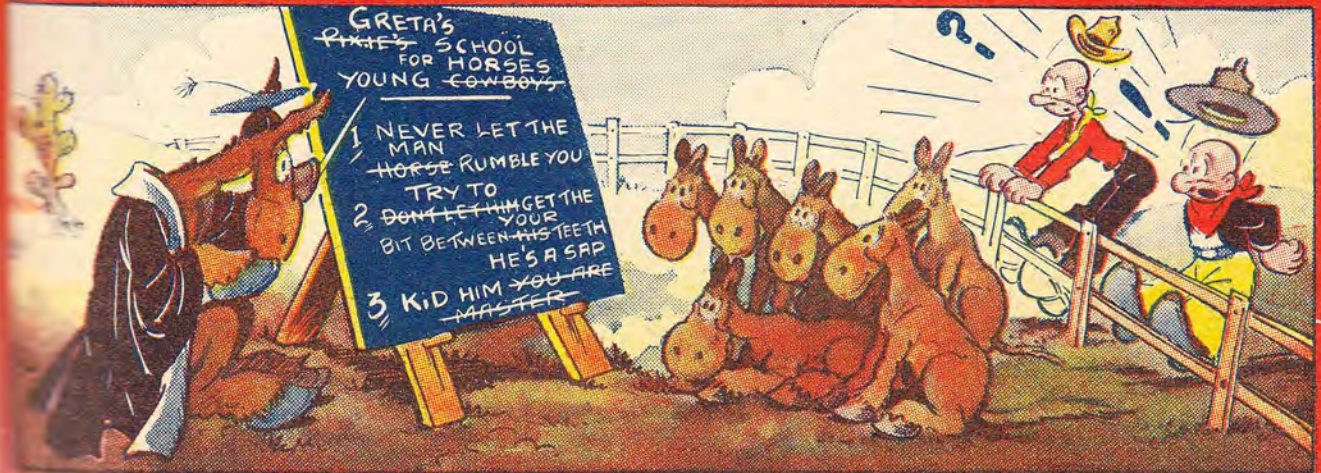
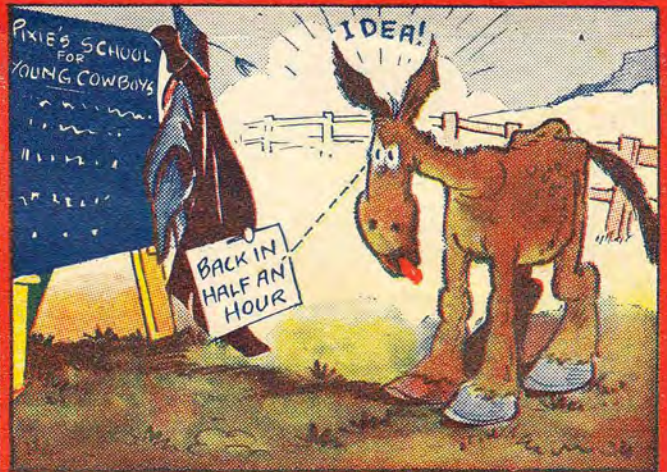
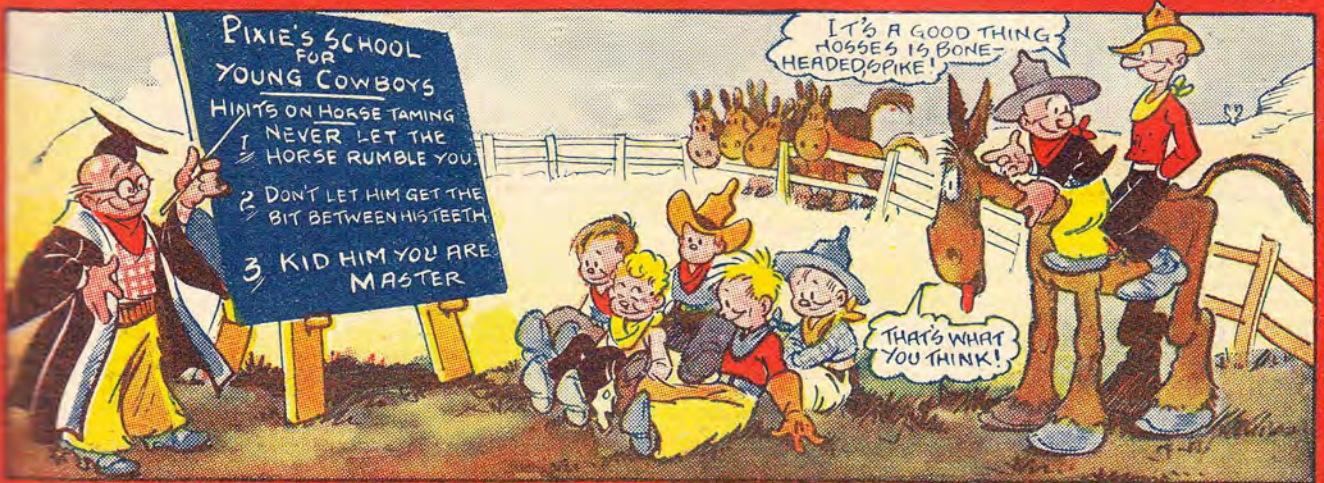
Meet WILL HAY inside

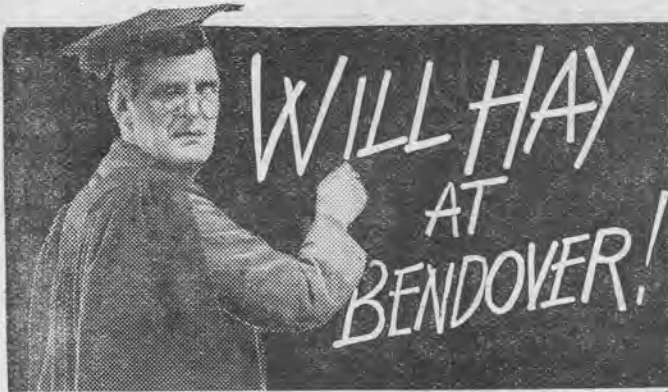
The PILOT

2^D

No. 87. Vol. 4. Week ending May 29th, 1937.

EVERY FRIDAY





READ THE PICTURE-STRIP FIRST...
 And then go on for the laugh of your lives with **WILL HAY**, the world's funniest Form-master and the jolly japers of Bendover College.

By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.

MR. HAY! Mr. Hay!" It was the voice of Dr. Shrubbs, the headmaster of Bendover. But for once Will Hay, master of the Fourth, turned a deaf ear to the voice of his chief. With a cane in his right hand, and his left clasing his nose, where he had a pain, Will was rooting along Great Hall. In that ancient, oak-raftered apartment no one was to be seen—it was, so far as Will could see, tenanted only by the armoured effigy of Sir Brian de Bendover, standing in its alcove between two tall windows. Yet that someone was there, Will Hay could scarcely doubt, for as he passed the open doorway a pellet from a catapult had caught him on the nose.

Will was in earnest search of the young rascal who had given him that surprise. He was sure that he had given the catapult no time to clamber out of a window. Yet Will could see nobody.

Will had stopped at the alcove where the suit of ancient armour stood. It seemed to Will that he had heard a sound from that spot. But nobody was to be seen there but Sir Brian; and Will stood rubbing his nose, puzzled and wrathful, as Dr. Shrubbs came whisking up.

"Mr. Hay!" hooted the Head; and Will gave him attention at last. "Please listen to me. There is nothing in that old suit of armour to interest you, I suppose?"

"I was just wondering whether there was, sir!" answered Will Hay. "But no matter—hewave ahead—I mean, pray proceed."

"I am very much distressed, Mr. Hay! I am alarmed! I—I am in danger!" said Dr. Shrubbs in a gasping voice.

"Eh, what? In danger sir?" Will Hay

glanced round quickly. There was, so far as he could see, no danger in the ofing. "My dear sir, rely on me! I will see you through! Give it a name! That is all! Give it a name!"

"You are the member of my staff, Mr. Hay, on whom I most firmly rely," said the Head gratefully. "I am sure you are devoted to me."

"Hear me swear—" "No, no!" interrupted the Head hastily. "You can't do that, Mr. Hay! But listen! I have received a telephone call. Pottifer of the Sixth has come back."

"Eh?" "It was before your time here, Mr. Hay. I expelled Pottifer of the Sixth ten years ago. He vowed, when he went, that he would return when he was a man, and flog me with my own birch!"

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

"I heard," went on the Head, "that he had gone to America. I forgot him and his threats, Mr. Hay, until I heard, a few weeks ago, that he had come over for the Coronation. Since then I have been uneasy. When he was in the Sixth Form here, Mr. Hay, Pottifer was nearly six feet high—a tremendously powerful fellow. What will he be like now? He has phoned that he has one day to spare before sailing back to America—and that he will devote that day to calling on his old headmaster. He has uttered no threats, Mr. Hay, which would justify me invoking the aid of the police; but he states that he is bringing a new birch with him, in case I have lost mine. What am I to do, Mr. Hay?"

Will Hay rubbed his nose hard. "In the circumstances, sir, I suggest hitting the open spaces, and hitting them quick!"



Read the picture-story first.

Dr. Shrubbs looked thoughtful. "You mean, I could absent myself—" He paused. "But—I have my duties here, Mr. Hay! Pottifer has telephoned from the Hamlet Squitz, in London, where he is staying. He states that he will pass through Doddlebury on his way to Southampton, on Wednesday. He will get out at Doddlebury, pay his way here, and catch a later train to take his steamer. He has told me all this, I am sure to keep me on tenterhooks—a most malicious man! He desires me to be dreading his visit all through to-morrow and on Wednesday—"

"My dear sir," said Will Hay, "forewarned is fore-armed—in this case, we might say fore-armed, as you have ample time to leg it before the Pottifer bird blows in! The open spaces—sir—the open spaces!"

"But the Sixth Form, Mr. Hay—" "I will take the Sixth, if you like! Leave it to me to teach them Greek. Cicero is second nature to me—"

"But Cicero is Latin, Mr. Hay!" "It is Greek to me!" sighed Will. "I mean, why not extra French? Mossoo Boy can put in some overtime—"

"An excellent suggestion!" exclaimed Dr. Shrubbs, his troubled face brightening. "I knew that I could rely on you, Mr. Hay. The ruffian—that hooligan—that Pottifer—will not find me here, and he will have to catch my train or miss his steamer! Hay, I thank you."

"Not at all, sir!" said Will modestly. "Brains, sir—just brains! But now that we have settled about the Old Boy of Bendover, let us settle with a Young Boy of Bendover. Ten minutes ago, sir, I received a binge call from a catapult, and the miscreant seemed to have vanished into space—and when he trickled in, sir, I was wondering—" Dr. Shrubbs reached out and gave the armoured effigy of Sir Brian de Bendover a shove on the pectoral chest.





"Mr. Hay!" exclaimed the Head in astonishment, as the effigy reeled. "What—?" Over went Sir Brian, crashing and clanging. "Yaroooooh!" came a fearful yell from within the armour.

Dr. Shrubbs jumped almost clear of the old oak floor. As Sir Brian de Bendover had been dead for more than five hundred years, it was amazing to hear him yell when he was toppled.

"Wha-a-t—" stuttered the Head. "Am I dead-dreaming?"

"Crash! Clang!" Heavy armour rang on oak, and as the various parts flew asunder, was another ear-splitting yell. Then the armour was revealed. Amid the scattered pieces of ancient armour, helmet and visor, breast-plate and back-plate, greaves and gauntlets, sprawled Reggie Pyke, of the Fourth

Shrubbs stared at him with popping eyes. Will Hay grinned at him with all his teeth. Reggie sprawled and roared.

"Pyke!" gasped Dr. Shrubbs.

"The festive Reggie!" grinned Will Hay. "Looked in that old armour, sir, catapult and

"How my soul!"

roared Reggie. "Wow! Ow, my head! Wow!" Reggie, sitting up dizzily amid the armour, rubbed places where he had had knocks. "Oh, crumbs! Oh, scissors! Crickey! Ow!"

"I trust, sir," said Will Hay, "that your misgiving that you may have lost your birch is unfounded. If it is still in the school, I recommend giving it a little

"Thundered the Head. "Follow me."

"Crickey!" groaned Reggie, as he picked up, and limped after his headmaster.

Yells from the Head's study a few

minutes later announced that the birch was getting some exercise.

Will Hay breezed out of Hall—still rubbing his nose. He had a pain—but, to judge by the sounds from the Head's study—not so much as Reggie!

REGGIE PYKE tiptoed into his Form-master's study late that evening, with bated breath. It was dark—but Reggie did not turn on a light. He closed the door softly, and tiptoed across to the telephone. Lifting the receiver, he breathed a London number into the transmitter, and waited, with beating heart.

Reggie had listened at the door of Masters' Common-room, and heard the voice of Will Hay therein. So he was safe—for a time, at least. Reggie very much wanted the use of a telephone that evening. Parking himself in Sir Brian's armour had not saved Reggie from discovery and a licking; but it had enabled him to overhear the Head's conversation with his Form-master. And Reggie had been giving that matter a lot of thought. He wriggled as he stood waiting at the telephone. It was likely to be some time before Reggie quite got over that whopping. But—if all went well—Reggie fancied that Dr. Shrubbs was going through precisely the same experience! His eyes gleamed like a cat's with happy anticipation as he thought of it.

"Hotel Squitz!" A voice came through at last. Reggie had got his number.

"Please call Mr. Pottifer to the telephone—very urgent!" squeaked Reggie.

"Very good, sir—hold on!" Reggie held on, grinning. If only Will Hay did not come back to his study and interrupt him—

"Say, what's wanted?" came a voice from the Hotel Squitz in London. Pottifer, once

of the Bendover Sixth, had apparently picked up the native language, during his ten years in America. "Spill it!"

"Is that Mr. Pottifer?" gasped Reggie.

"I'll mention that it's that very guy! Un-cork it."

"Speaking from Bendover School!" breathed Reggie Pyke.

"Say, that surely ain't old Shrubbs!" came Pottifer's voice, with surprise in it.

"No! I say, I'm a Bendover man—and I heard the Head say that you were coming on Wednesday to whop him with his own birch."

"You said it! I guess I told the old guy that I would, and I'm a man of my word! He surely is for it Wednesday."

"I say, he's going out on Wednesday, and staying out the whole day, to keep clear of you!"

"Say, is that on the level?"

"Honest Injun!" gasped Reggie. "I say, I'd jolly well like you to whop the old blighter—he's whopped me to-day. I say, you won't get him on Wednesday, unless you stop on and lose your steamer. Make it Tuesday, and you get him all right! If you can blow in to-morrow—"

"I'll say I'm obliged to you for putting me wise, whoever you are," came the nasal voice from London. "Gee! I guess I long-distanced him to give him suthin' to think about till Wednesday—but I'll tell all Noo Yark that I never figured on him beatin' it to give a guy a miss! Nope! I'll remark that I sure can't miss that steamer—dog-gone the old gink! Me for Bendover on Toosday!"

"You'll get him on Tuesday all right. Oh crickey! Somebody's coming!"

"I guess—"

Reggie did not wait to hear what the Old Boy of Bendover guessed! He shut off, and spun round from the telephone in alarm.



Footsteps were coming up the passage. Pyke of the Fourth had just time to dive under the study table, when the door opened.

The light switched on, and Will Hay breezed in. Under the table, Reggie crouched in terror. It was worth the risk, Reggie had considered, to get that Old Boy to Bendover while the Head was present. But now that the risk had materialised, Reggie wriggled with apprehension.

Quite unaware of Reggie's presence, Will Hay shut the study door and sat down at the table. Reggie barely repressed a squeak as a boot clumped on his chin.

"Bother that waste-paper basket," grunted Will Hay; and Reggie rubbed his chin, and almost gasped with relief. Evidently the master of the Fourth supposed that he had knocked his foot against the waste-paper basket.

Reggie hardly breathed. He heard his Form-master sorting out books and papers on the table. It looked as if he had come to stay. Reggie could have groaned—but he was very careful not to! Will Hay seemed to be settling down to work!

Work was not listed in Will's catalogue of the enjoyments of life. After a few minutes, Reggie heard him yawn—and then he stretched out his legs under the table. Reggie almost tumbled over as a foot banged on his knee.

"What the dickens—" grunted Will Hay. "Oh! That dashed waste-paper basket! Bother it!"

He drew back his right leg. That was a relief to Reggie, as it gave him more space. He was not aware, at the moment, that Will had drawn that leg back to kick the supposed waste-paper basket out of his way!

He knew the next moment, however! Will Hay's foot shot forward—and landed, not on a waste-paper basket, but on the features of Reginald Pyke!

"Yurrrrrrooop!" roared Reggie, rolling over, and rolling out from under the table.

"Moulting mackerels!" exclaimed Will Hay, jumping up in astonishment. "What—who—which—Pyke! What were you doing under my study table, you little toad?"

"Oh! Ow! Oh! Ow! Wow!" yelled

Reggie, clapping his nose with both hands, in fearful anguish. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Crimson trickled through his fingers as he clasped his nose. The impact of Will's boot had done damage! Reggie's nose felt as if it had been booted right through his head.

Will Hay gazed at him—and grinned. He picked up a cane—but he put it down again! Reggie sat and roared. His nose streamed red. Will threw the study door open.

"You may go, Pyke!" he said genially. "Travel! Kindly refrain from streaming your gore over my carpet—carpets cost money! Hop it!"

"Oh! Oh! Wow! Ow!" moaned Reggie as he went. He tottered down the passage, holding his suffering nose with both hands and yelping. Will Hay chortled.

"DISMISS!" said Will Hay. Second lesson was over, the following morning. The Fourth Form streamed out for break. Will Hay billowed out into the sunny quad, and grinned as he caught the crimson glow of Reggie Pyke's nose in the summer sunshine. But the next moment the grin vanished from Will's face, as if wiped off by a duster. His eyes fixed on a stranger speaking to Kelly at the porter's lodge.

Will gazed at him. He had never seen the man before, but a dreadful misgiving smote him, as he looked at him. The man was about six feet three in height, and broad in proportion. He had a large square jaw, and features that seemed to be modelled on those of a bulldog. He towered over Kelly, as he talked to him, the porter looking up at him very curiously, and grinning. As Will gazed, in gathering horror and apprehension, the big stranger turned from Kelly and came striding into the quad.

"My only check trousers!" gasped Will. "Is it—can it be— Oh, merry mackerels and playful pilchards! It's Pottifer! The early bird catches the worm—and the early Pottifer snaffles the Shrubbs! Oh, scissors!"

Dozens of fellows in the quad stared at the herculean stranger. Will Hay hastened to intercept him.

"One moment, sir!" said Will, bowing gracefully. "May I ask the name of the distinguished stranger who is honouring these classic precincts with a visit?"

The bulldog face was turned on Will. It was a grin on that face—but it was a grim grin.

"Noo here?" asked the big man. "Yep! I guess you're noo, if you don't know my name, buddy! I guess I'm an old boy, come here to call on my headmaster!"

"Not, by any chance, Pottifer?" faltered Will.

"You said it!"

"Oh, my only aunt's umbrella!" growled Will. "But aren't you a day before the time, Mr. Pottifer? Is this according to programme?"

Pottifer, once of the Sixth, grinned.

"Sure!" he agreed. "I guess I was put down to it that the old galoot was going to hit the horizon Wednesday, and leave me guessing. So I'll mention that I've advanced the date—I sure don't want to lose the pleasure of seeing Erasmus Shrubbs while I'm on this side of the pond! I'll tell a man, I'm going to put that old guy through a course of spruce. I'm going to lam him a few, and then scold and a heap over! Where's the old guy?"

"My dear fellow," said Will soothingly, "we are always delighted to see old boys back at Bendover! Please come with me."

He led the distinguished visitor into the House. There was a buzz of excitement in the quad, where two or three dozen fellows had heard the Old Boy's words. Pottifer tramped after Will with a heavy tramp that made the old oak floors ring again. Will led him to his own study. His idea was to lock the door on him there, while he conveyed a warning to Dr. Shrubbs, who was in his own study. Will opened his door and stood aside for the guest to tramp in.

Pottifer tramped in. Swiftly, behind his back as he went, Will whipped out the key and whipped it into the outside of the lock.

"Say—" roared Pottifer, staring round the study.

Slam! Click! Will Hay billowed down the passage in hot haste to get to the Head. There was a roar of wrath in the study behind him.

"Say, you guy with the nose-nipper," roared Pottifer. "You double-crossing galoot! You honing for a front seat in a funeral! I guess I want Dr. Shrubbs, and I'll tell a man I'm going to get that rink!"

Bang! Crash! Bang! Smash! A club, wielded in powerful hands, beat on the study door. It flew to pieces. Then, as the Old Boy of Bendover put a hefty shoulder to the door, the lock went. The door crashed, and Pottifer strode out into the passage, crimson with wrath.

"Say, where's that old guy Shrubbs!" roared.

Will Hay shot into the Head's study. Dr. Shrubbs leaped from his chair in alarm. The roar from the passage reached him.

"What—who—" he gasped.

"Pottifer, sir!" gasped Will Hay. "I recommend speed! This is no time for the leisurely habits of a scholar! The window, sir—quick! Hook it! Beat it! Jump for it. The open spaces, sir—the health-giving open spaces—"

Tramp, tramp, tramp! came up the passage. A gigantic figure loomed in the study doorway, almost filling it. A bulldog face glared in. Dr. Shrubbs stared at it in horror.

"Say, you Shrubbs!" roared Pottifer. "You know me, a few I guess! Pottifer of the Sixth, old-timer, that you expelled, and then promised to come back and wallop you with your own birch! Say, where's that birch?"

Dr. Shrubbs made one bound for the open window. Gallantly Will Hay jumped in the path of the Big Boy of Bendover as he tramped in. The next moment Will wondered whether it was an earthquake or an air-tramp or a mixture of both.

He hurtled across the study, landed on the Head's desk and sent it crashing, and crashed over it. He sat up among the ruins, blinking over his nose-nippers and gurgling for breath. Over him towered Pottifer, once of the Sixth, glaring, and brandishing a

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looked like an outsize in legs of mutton. "You want some more?" roared

gaspd Will Hay. "No! Thanks very much, but no more—no more! I was greedy—I always knew when I'd had enough! At the moment, I am more satisfied—much more!"

Pottifer snorted and tramped to the study. Outside, a swarm of Bendover boys were staring and roaring with laughter. The sight of Dr. Shrubbs nose-diving out of that window seemed to have taken Bendover by storm. Out of the window, after swinging Pottifer.

"My hat!" yelled Dicky Bird. "What ha, ha!"

"Say, you young guys, which way did that gaboot beat it?" roared Pottifer.

"He's cut round the beeches!" squeaked Reggie Pyke. "That's the way—after him, Pottifer!"

Pottifer rushed in pursuit. After Pottifer came a Bendover crowd. Yells of laughter and the echoes of the quadrangle. Mr. Pottifer and Monsieur le Bon interposed. They rushed Pottifer back.

"What—?" began Mr. Choot. "Stop—what—stop—"

"Mais pourquoi!" exclaimed Mossoo Bong.

They got no further. Pottifer grasped one in either hand, and hurled them right and left. They sprawled and roared. Pottifer rushed on.

"Oh goodness gracious!" gasped Mr.

"Mais, c'est affreux—urrgh— Nom

Gurrgh!" spluttered Monsieur

"Je crois— Gurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Pottifer!" yelled Reggie.

From the window of the Head's study, Will

stared out dizzily, over slanting nose-

glasses. All Bendover was in a roar. The

Head was for it—there was no doubt about

Will gasped for breath. That truculent

Old Boy had come back to birch his old

master—and how was he going to be

scolded! Suddenly Will's eyes flashed. He

rushed out of the Head's study, and rushed

to Great Hall.

CINCHED, by hokey!" roared

Pottifer.

"Help!" raved Dr. Shrubbs.

"I'll say I've got you by the short

Shrubbs!" roared the Old Boy of Bend-

"Say, you know me? You wise to it

Pottifer's come back? You ready to

your pants dusted, like I promised

ten years ago when you gave me the

Say!"

"Bub-bub—" stuttered the hapless

of Bendover. "Bub-bub-bless my

Release me! I—I will tut-tut-tele-

for the pip-pip-police— I will—

Shrubbs!"

Dr. Shrubbs swung in the mighty

of the Old Boy of Bendover. Portly as

towered the Old Boy of Bendover. It seemed like an awful dream to Dr. Shrubbs. Reggie Pyke came cutting back with the birch. Pottifer grasped it and made it whistle in the air.

"Now, you Shrubbs—" he roared.

"Ooooo!" gasped Dr. Shrubbs. "Ruffian—ooogh—rascal—woogh— Help!"

"I guess there ain't a heap of help around, Shrubbs!" grinned the Old Boy of Bendover. "I'll say you're for it! Bend over and touch your toes!"

"N-n-never!" gasped the Head.

"I'll sure help you a few!" grinned Pottifer.

His mighty grasp twisted Dr. Shrubbs over helplessly. In his left he held him bent; in his right he swished the birch! Two hundred pairs of eyes gazed on breathlessly. In another moment the swishing would have started. At that moment there came a strange, startling sound from the direction of the House.

Clank, clank, clank, clank!
From the House a startling figure emerged.

Prof. Barnacle Offers Prizes!



Would you like a 576-page book of adventure stories? I am giving one away every week to "The PILOT" reader who sends me the best joke of the week. All you have to do is write your joke on a postcard addressed to: Professor Barnacle, "The PILOT," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

Here is this week's prizewinner:

THE BEST JOKE OF THE WEEK:

Pat joined the Army and was told to mount a mule, but the beast started kicking and bucking so much that it got one of its hoofs entangled in the stirrup. Seeing this, Pat remarked: "Begorra, if you're getting on, I'm getting off!"

This week's prize—a 576-page book of adventure stories—goes to: F. Coleman, 2, Ferguson Street, Johnstone, Renfrewshire.

* * *

NOTE.—Professor Barnacle is offering special prizes for jokes from OVERSEAS readers. So send 'em in, and the best of luck!

It was the armoured figure of Sir Brian de Bendover! It was five hundred years since the last Baron of Bendover had marched abroad in that heavy armour. Now he was marching again—and the eyes of the Bendover fellows fairly popped at the amazing sight.

Clank, clank, clank! came the armoured knight, striding across the quad, to the spot where Dr. Shrubbs crumpled in Pottifer's grip; and the startled crowd made way for him. Pottifer gazed at him blankly.

"Say, what's this game?" he gasped. "I guess this has got me beat! What sort of ballyhoo is this? Who's that gink?"

Who was in the armour it was impossible to say. Sheathed in steel from top to toe, his face completely hidden by the pointed, closed visor, only the glimmer of his eyes was to be seen.

"Avaunt, base knave!" came a muffled voice, from the interior of the visor. "Caitiff, avaunt!"

"Carry me home to die!" ejaculated Pottifer.

"It's Hay!" yelled Dicky Bird. "It's old Hay! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled all Bendover, as the armoured figure marched straight at Pottifer, and an iron gauntlet swept through the air. Pottifer jumped back just in time. He had to release the Head, as he jumped; and Dr. Shrubbs sat on the quad, gasping for breath.

Will Hay advanced, his hands—iron hands!—up! Pottifer backed another step, glaring at him. Clank, clank, clank! Will followed him up.

"Say, you geck, you beat it!" roared Pottifer. "I guess I'll sure mash you up, and your tinware along with you! You hear me yaup?"

"Come on!" trilled Will Hay. "Waiting to be mashed, old bean! I've got an idea that it's you that's going to understudy a potato!"

Bang! Will Hay hit out. In the Head's study, one swipe from Pottifer had seemed like an earthquake to Will. Now the tables were turned. One swipe from Will Hay seemed like a double dose of earthquake to Pottifer. The iron gauntlet hit him like a sledge-hammer. He staggered, a gasp escaping him like air from a punctured tyre. Will's left followed up his right. Bang! Over went Pottifer, landing on his back in the quad, with a bump that almost shook Bendover School to its foundations.

Pottifer staggered to his feet. He was not beaten yet. He rushed at the armoured Form-master, hitting out. They closed in strife. But leg-of-mutton fists were no use against Sir Brian's iron gauntlets. Pottifer landed punches, which did not hurt the occupant of the armour, but which hurt the leg-of-mutton fists. Then a gauntlet banged on Pottifer's nose, and he went down again, his nose spurting red.

"Have some more!" roared Will Hay, prancing round him. Clank, clank, clank! "A few more, what? Another bump on the loko? Another poke on the proboscis?"

Pottifer leaped up. But he did not leap forward! He leaped back! After him clanked Will Hay. Pottifer dodged wildly.

"Say, you let up on a guy!" he roared. "I guess I've had enough—and then some! I'll tell a man! I'll say—yaroooooooh! I'll say—whoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bang! Bump! Pottifer was down again. Gauntleted hands grasped him, and rolled him over, face down. A steel-clad foot was planted on the back of his neck, pinning him down. Will glanced round at Dr. Shrubbs.

"My dear sir," he bleated, "it appears to me that when this Old Boy was a Young Boy, you did not flog him enough. I suggest taking up that birch, and making up for lost time! What?"

"An excellent idea, my dear Hay—superb!" gasped Dr. Shrubbs. He grasped the birch! Pinned down, kicking up his legs wildly, his features digging into the quad, Pottifer wriggled and roared, as the Head laid on the birch. He laid it on hard and fast. The dust rose from Pottifer's trousers. Fearful yells rose from Pottifer. Not till he was out of breath, did the Head cease. Pottifer had had floggings when he was a Bendover boy—but he had never had one like this!

"And now," said Will Hay gently, "I will see you off the premises, Mr. Pottifer." A gauntleted hand jerked the Old Boy to his feet.

The Old Boy of Bendover did not wait for further assistance. He dashed out of the quad at top speed.

"My dear Hay!" gasped Dr. Shrubbs.

"I think," grinned Will Hay, "that I will go in and change. It is rather warm weather for being canned! I have an impression, sir, that the Old Boy will not visit Bendover again! I get the idea that he has not enjoyed his visit to his old school! What do you think, sir?"

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Dr. Shrubbs.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared all Bendover, as Will Hay clanked back to the House. All but Reggie Pyke! Reggie was thinking that this was not, after all, worth a sore nose!

Reggie Pyke pretends to be deaf to get Will Hay the sack, but Will isn't so "dumb" as all that. Read how he cures Reggie in another side-splitting story, next Friday.