

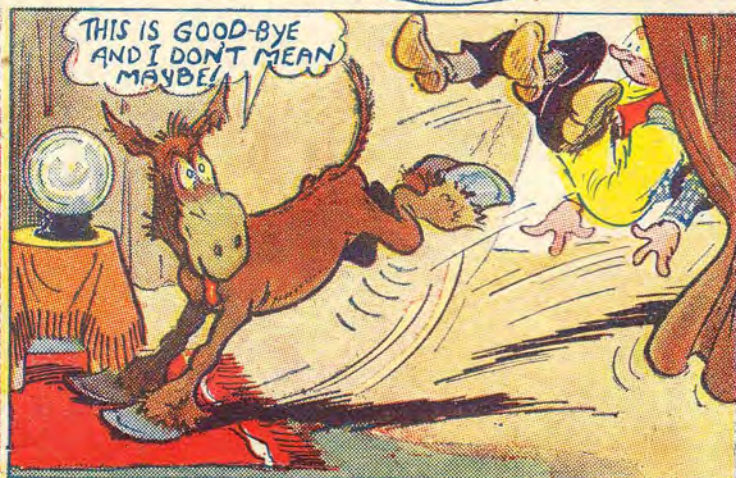
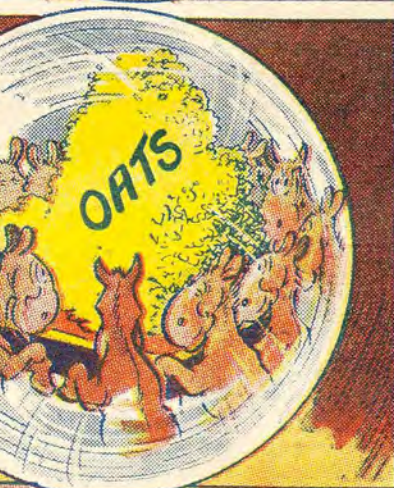
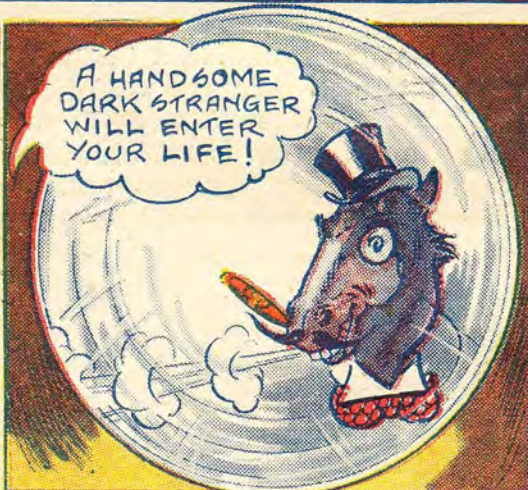
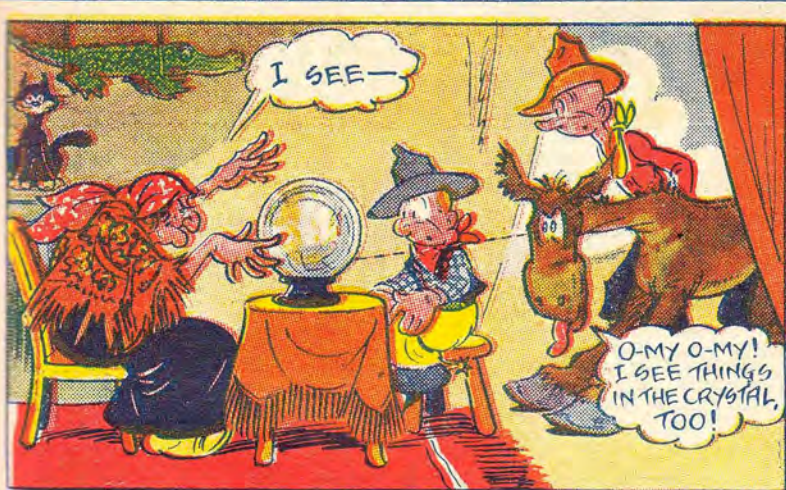
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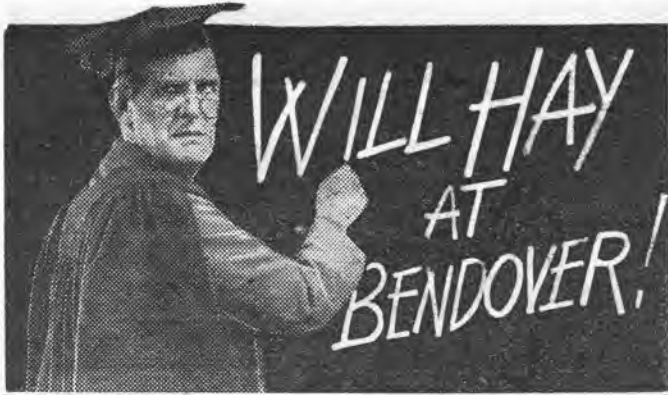
The PILOT

EVERY
FRIDAY

2^D

No. 95. Vol. 4. Week ending July 24th, 1937.





Rebellions mean riots ... but the great Bendover rebellion is just one riot of laughter. Join in the fun with WILL HAY, master of the Fourth and master of mirth, in this merry yarn of the master who leads a barring-out.

"THE ancient Romans—" said Will Hay.
 "Oh, chuck it!" exclaimed Tubby Green indignantly.
 "What's that?" roared Will.
 "I said 'chuck it!'"
 "Who—me?"
 "Yes, you!"
 "Oh! But I was about to observe—"
 "Well, don't, then!" said Tubby warmly.
 "This is a barring-out! We can't have lessons, too! 'Tain't playing the game, Mr. Hay—'tain't, really!"

Tubby was the prize ass of Bendover School. But for once, he seemed to have support in the Fourth Form. Dicky Bird nodded; Jimmy Carboy murmured approval; Jerry Smart said: "Hear, hear!"

Will Hay, master of the Bendover Fourth, grabbed his slanting nose-nippers, set them straight for the umpteenth time, and glared at his Form.

"The ancient Romans—" he hooted.
 "Can it, sir!" said three or four voices.

The Bendover Fourth were crowded on the study landing. Will Hay stood leaning on the barricade that barred the staircase below that landing. Other Forms at Bendover were at class. Other Form-masters were busy. But the Fourth Form were barring-out the new headmaster, Mr. Dunkley Pyke. And Will Hay, though sacked by Mr. Pyke, was not gone yet—and was not going! Will had been popular in his Form ever since he had struck Bendover, but never had he been so

popular as now that he was leader of the barring-out.

But popularity—even Will Hay's—seemed to have a limit: The Bendover Fourth were prepared to back up Will through thick and thin, against all comers. But they were not prepared to carry on with lessons while a barring-out was in progress. The mere mention of ancient Romans drew an indignant murmur from the rebels of Bendover.

"Silence!" roared Will Hay. "I was going to say—"

"Don't!" suggested Dicky Bird.

"Bottle it up, sir!" said Jimmy Carboy. "The ancient Romans will keep till the barring-out's over."

"Hear, hear!"

"We don't want a lecture now, sir, really," urged Jerry Smart. "What about leap-frog?"

"The ancient Romans," shrieked Will Hay, "when at war with Carthage—"

"Boo!"

"Who said 'Boo'?"

"I did!" spoke up Dicky Bird.

"An absurd remark, my lad. Besides, it is very rude to address your Form-master thus."

"Boo!" came a chorus.

Will Hay breathed hard through his nose—so hard that his nose-nippers slanted again; but they slanted unheeded. Will glared round for his cane, and grabbed it. No doubt it was a peculiar position for a Form-master to be leading a school rebellion. But



(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

Will was not having any insubordination in the rebel ranks. Whether as master of the Fourth, or as rebel chief, Will was going to be boss of the show. Most rebels are down on rebellion against themselves, and Will was no exception to that rule.

"Now, you cheeky little ticks," said Will. "I will postpone my remarks on the ancient Romans for a few minutes while we get the clear. Take that, Green!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Tubby, jumping out of the landing as he took it.

"Take that, Bird!"

"Yoo-hoop!" roared Dicky Bird.

"I think you said 'Boo', Smart. One to you!"

"Wow!"

"In fact, one each all round," said Will brandishing the cane. "Stand steady—all of you—and we shall get through all the quicker!"

The Bendover Fourth did not stand steady. The crowd on the landing broke up, and there was a race up the Fourth Form passage. After the scattering juniors rushed Will Hay his gown billowing behind him, his cane swiping.

Swipe, swipe, swipe!
 The yells and howls from the Fourth Form passage were heard all over Bendover School.

Swipe, swipe, swipe! Will Hay, warning to the work, laid it on hard and fast. Young juniors dodged into the studies. He rooted them out. They scampered up to dormitory stairs. Will scampered after them. They scampered down again. Will scampered down in pursuit, caught his foot in his billowing gown, and did the staircase in one. Bump!



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"Oh, my only hat and sunshade!" gasped Will, as he landed.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a breathless yell from the Bendover rebels.

Will Hay sat up dizzily. He grabbed his nose-nippers, fielded his mortar-board, collected his cane, and got going again. Swi-pe, swi-pe swi-pe!

"Ow! Stoppit!"

"You win, sir! Chuck it!"

Will Hay grinned, with all his teeth, as he shepherd the Fourth back to the landing. Discipline had been maintained. The Fourth Farmers gasped for breath, and rubbed the places where the cane had fallen, and wiggled as they eyed their Form-master.

"Had enough?" asked Will genially. "Lots more if you really want it. Don't mind me. This exercise is doing me good. I can keep this up as long as you fellows like it—longer, in fact."

"Ow! Wow, wow!" mumbled Tubby Green.

"Anybody going to say 'Boo!'?" grinned Will.

Nobody said "Boo!" Except for gasps and mumbles, there was silence in the rebel ranks.

"Now I think we understand one another," beamed Will. "I will now continue my remarks on the subject of the ancient Romans. I may point out that you slightly mis-comprehended my meaning. I was not going to give you a classical lecture. To tell the truth, a thing I seldom do, I'm as glad to get out of lessons as you fellows are. Now listen to me! The ancient Romans—"

Will paused, but there was no interruption at this time. He grinned, and went on:

"The ancient Romans, when at war with Carthage, decided to carry the war into Africa. That's what we're going to do."

"That's silly!" squeaked Tubby Green, in

astonishment. "We can't go to Africa, sir! It's a jolly long way off!"

"Shut up, Tubby, you ass!"

"But we can't, really—"

"Silence!" roared Will Hay. "I am speaking metaphysically—I mean, metaphorically. Carrying the war into Africa, means getting at the enemy where he lives. You follow me? We've beaten off the Sixth Form prefects; we've mopped up Colonel Chatterton and his keepers; we've held the fort, and Mr. Pyke is giving us a rest. Now the time has come for us to attack. Like the ancient Romans, we're going to carry the war to the gates of Carthage—I mean to say, we're going to raid Mr. Pyke, and get him in his own quarters."

"Oh!" gasped the Bendover Fourth.

They realised that there had been a misunderstanding. It was not to be a lesson on the ancient Romans, after all. Will Hay had no idea of carrying on with lessons. They had misjudged their Form-master.

"You understand me?" grinned Will Hay.

"Yes, rather, sir!"

"Good old Hay!"

The master of the Bendover Fourth had jumped back into popularity at a bound.

"Q U I E T!" hissed Will Hay.

It was night. The boys of Bendover, excepting the rebel Form, had gone to their dormitories. But lights gleamed from masters' windows, and from some of the Sixth. Caution was necessary. The raiding-party, led by Will Hay, realised that. They were very keen on it. Every fellow in the Fourth was keen on the rebellion, excepting only Reggie Pyke, who had deserted to the enemy. The new head-master, who had taken Dr. Shrubbs' place, had been defeated; but there was little doubt

that he was planning some new move. Will Hay was going to anticipate that move, whatever it was, by carrying the war into Africa, as he expressed it—bagging old Pyke, as the juniors put it. But they had to be careful. Force was on Mr. Dunkley Pyke's side, and it would go hard with them if caught outside their stronghold.

To get down the Fourth Form staircase they had to clamber down over the barricade in the dark. Dicky Bird, Jimmy Carboy, Jerry Smart, and Sammy Straw followed Will Hay. The rest of the garrison remained on guard above. Will Hay impressed on his followers that not a sound was to be made. If they roused out the Sixth Form prefects the game was up. It would be rather a dismal outcome of the raid if the rebel chief was captured instead of the Bendover tyrant. So Will was naturally annoyed when there was a bumping sound in the darkness.

"Quiet!" he hissed. "Who banged that chair over? Do you want to wake all Bendover? Do you want to see Mr. Pyke with Crocker and Stuckey and the whole bagful of prefects? Will you be quiet? Will you—"

"It was you, sir!" breathed Dicky Bird.

"Wha-at?"

"Your gown caught in a chair-leg, and—"

"Don't argue with your Form-master, Bird!" said Will Hay hastily. "Come on, and keep quiet."

They crept and clambered on. It was difficult going, in the dark, with chair-legs and table-legs sticking up from the barricade on the stairs.

"Oooough" gasped Jimmy Carboy suddenly.

"What is that?" breathed Will Hay. "What young idiot—"

"Ow! I banged my nose on a table-leg, sir! Ow!"

"Blow your nose! I mean, never mind your



nose! Are you going to give the alarm to the enemy because you're so particular about your silly nose?" hissed Will. "Can't you bang your idiotic nose without yelping like a dog run over by a lorry? If you must bang your nose, bang it quietly, Carboy! Do you think that I should scream like a sloppy soprano if I banged my nose? I should not say a word! I should not say— Yaroooooh! Yoop! Yoop-hoop! Oh crumbs! Oh, my only hat and umbrella! Whoooooop!"

"What's the matter, sir?" gasped Dicky Bird.

"Ow! I've banged my nose—yow-ow-ow-ow! Yoo-hoop! Oh, gum! My nose! Suffering tom-cats! Yaroop!" spluttered Will Hay.

There was a giggle in the dark.

"Who's yelping now?" chuckled Jimmy. "I say, quiet, sir! Hadn't you better bang your nose quietly?"

"I'm sorry to have to smack your head, Carboy, but—take that!" breathed Will Hay. Smack! That smack landed on something harder than a head!

"Yarooooop!" yelled Will. "You silly young ass, did you move your head? How dare you move your head when your Form-master is going to smack it? I've banged my hand on a desk—wow! I've fractured my fingers—wow! I've disintegrated my digits—yow-ow!"

"Song and dance by Will Hay!" murmured Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Four chuckling juniors clambered on, and dropped lightly on the lower landing. Breathing hard, Will clambered after them. The raiders were over the barricade at last—not so quietly as they had intended. But there was no sound of alarm from below. Whatever Mr. Dunkley Pyke was thinking of, he was probably not thinking of a raid by the rebels. His problem was to get at the rebels of Bendover, and it was not likely to occur to his mind that they were planning to get at him.

"Follow your leader!" whispered Will, reassured by the silence. And he stepped down the lower staircase, with the four juniors at his heels.

A few minutes later they stood in the masters' study—passage, at the end of which was the Head's study—occupied by Mr. Pyke, now that Dr. Shirubb was away in a nursing-home at Didham. A light burned in that passage, and Will Hay promptly switched it off. From the end of the passage, a light gleamed under the Head's door. Evidently Mr. Pyke was there!

"We've got him!" breathed Will. "Now—"

There was the sound of an opening door, close at hand. It was the French master's door, and the portly figure of Monsieur le Bon appeared in the lighted doorway.

"I zink zat I hear somezing!" murmured Mossou Bong. "J'ecoute quelquechose, je crois! Vat—Mon Dieu! Ciel! Urrrrrgh!"

It was no time to stand on ceremony. Just as Mossou Bong spotted the lurking figures in the passage, there was a rush. Monsieur le Bon went backwards into his study, with Will Hay billowing over him.

The back of his head tapped on the floor with a terrific tap, and Mossou Bong's mouth opened wide for a fearful yell. Will clapped his hand over it just in time, as he sat on the portly chest.

"Sorry, Mossou!" breathed Will. "No time to spare for conversation now, much as I should otherwise enjoy the pleasure—"

"Wurrrrrgh!"

"Get busy, you little toads!" rapped Will. "Are you going to stand there and watch the performance? Think this is a circus, or what?"

Dicky Bird & Co., grinning, got busy. Mossou Bong's eyes almost started from his head, as strips from the window-curtain were knotted round his arms and legs, and another chunk jammed into his mouth. Then Will got off his chest, and smiled down at him genially. Mossou Bong was in no state to give the alarm now!

"Come on!" murmured Will.

Leaving Mossou Bong wriggling, and shutting the door on him, Will Hay breezed up the passage to the Head's study, with Dicky Bird & Co. at his heels. All was clear now, and it only remained to bag Dunkley Pyke!

Will Hay grinned happily, as he softly turned the door-handle and pushed open the door.

"DUNKLEY PYKE, speaking from Bendover School!"

A sound like a rasp on a saw greeted the ears of the rebel raiders, as Will Hay opened the door of the Head's study. Will made his followers a sign to be silent. They looked in—grinning breathlessly. The new headmaster of Bendover was seated at the telephone. His back was to the door—and he was unaware that it had opened. Unconscious of five pairs of eyes on him from the doorway, Dunkley Pyke carried on:

"Inspector Shoop? Dunkley Pyke speaking! I have decided, Mr. Shoop. I am unwilling, naturally, to face so much publicity; but there is no alternative. I require official aid to deal with the situation here!"

relieve Bendover of his presence! You will warn him to keep clear! Quite! Thank you, Mr. Shoop!"

Dunkley Pyke rang off.

He turned from the telephone, with a new smile of satisfaction on his bony face! That was going to be the finish! Having, at last, made up his mind to call in the police, that settled it. Will Hay was going, in the morning, if necessary with an official hand on his shoulder. And—Dunkley Pyke jumped, as turning from the telephone, he found himself face to face with the Form-master whom he supposed to be barricaded in the Fourth Form quarters.

"Hay!" he stuttered.

His eyes bulged, as he stared. The glow of Will Hay could hardly have startled him more.

"Quite!" smiled Will, as he hooked Mr. Pyke off the chair, and the tyrant of Bendover bumped on the study carpet. "Sit on the floor, Bird! You may stand on his legs, Carboy. He seems to be keen on doing some vocal exercises, but we can have no disturbance at this time of night! A duster—thank you, Smart! Excuse me, Mr. Pyke—but remain where you are, at the moment, superfluous. Another time, my dear fellow, another time."

Dunkley Pyke gurgled horribly, as the duster was crammed into his mouth. He wriggled wildly, but with Dicky Bird sitting on his neck, Carboy standing on his legs, and Sam Straw and Jerry Smart holding his arms, he could do nothing but wriggle. Will Hay smiled at him as he adjusted the duster and secured it in place with a length of twine.

"Sorry, and all that!" beamed Will. "Keep calm, Mr. Pyke—keep calm! No occasion for excitement, I assure you. You must allow me to put your jawbone out of action for the moment—stern necessity, my dear sir! That's all right! Now tie his fins! Good! Put his hands on his feet!"

Gurgling, Mr. Pyke was heaved to his feet. He made a frantic effort to struggle, but with his hands tied behind him, and four juniors holding him, he had no chance. Will Hay beamed on him over his slanting nose-nipper. Mr. Pyke chewed furiously at the gag. The yell would have brought help to the spot, but Will turned the tables on the rebel raiders. Mr. Pyke could not utter a yell, with the duster crammed in his mouth. He could utter a whisper. He could emit nothing but a faint gurgle.

"Come along, my dear sir!" beamed Will. "We are going to offer you the hospitality of our quarters. Sort of hostage, if you know what I mean. Tread softly. I should hate to disturb the prefects or the staff at this hour. May I beg you to understudy your ancient gag, and walk delicately? If you make a sound with those extensive beetle-crushers of yours, I shall pull your nose like that! You get my meaning?"

Dunkley Pyke got his meaning! One look at his nose was sufficient to make it clear. Choking with fury, he trod out of the study on tiptoe. The grinning rebels marched down the passage.

A wriggling sound was heard as they passed the French master's door. That was all. There was no alarm.

In a few minutes they were mounting the stairs. There Dunkley Pyke made an effort to struggle back; but as a hand groped for his nose, he changed his mind quite quickly and started. Up the stairs they went to the middle landing.

They halted at the barricade on the Fourth Form staircase. Will Hay turned on a search lamp. From above, a score of faces looked eagerly down.

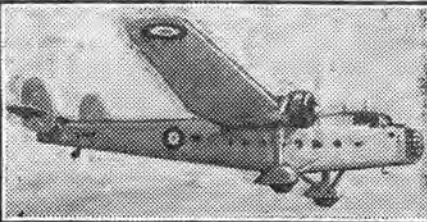
"They've got him!" chortled Tubby Green.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quiet, my merry infants!" trilled Will Hay. "We are not quite out of the wood yet. Tread down that rope, Podger! Mr. Pyke, this is where you do climbing stunts. We will give you all the assistance we can."

A rope slithered down from the Fourth Form landing. Will knotted the end round Mr. Pyke's bony form, under the armpits. He smiled genially at the headmaster's frantic glare.

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"THE PILOT"

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Will Hay suppressed a whistle! Dunkley Pyke was speaking to the police station at Didham! That was his next move! Calling in the aid of the police was rather a desperate resource for a headmaster. But Mr. Pyke felt himself driven to it! Will closed one eye at Dicky Bird & Co. Then he stepped softly into the study, behind the unobserving Mr. Pyke. "Actually, the situation is that a master, dismissed by me, refuses to leave the school!" rasped on Mr. Pyke. "A number of boys are in rebellion, supporting him—but with them I can deal—that is not your province! I require you to remove this Mr. Hay—I shall expect you in the morning!"

The answer from Didham was not audible to anyone but Mr. Pyke. But he was heard to give a grunt of satisfaction.

"Thank you, inspector! I will expect you at ten o'clock—you will bring two constables—good! Probably the mere sight of your uniforms will be sufficient. In any case, you will see this man Hay off the premises! You will

WILL HAY AT BENDOVER

(Continued from page 388.)

"Help him, my boys!" he said cheerily. "Pull on that rope, up there! All hands on deck! Bird, Smart—help Mr. Pyke! Take an ear each! Now, then, a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Urrrigh!" gurgled Mr. Pyke.
He rolled wildly over the barricade. The crowd of juniors above pulled on the rope, dragging him up. Will Hay shoved from behind, and Dicky Bird & Co. all grabbed and dragged. It was rather painful progress for Mr. Pyke, and, little as he wanted to arrive at the rebel stronghold, he was glad when it was over.

There was considerable noise. That could not be helped. Two or three voices were heard calling, downstairs. Footsteps sounded on the lower staircase, and a light flashed on. But by that time, Dunkley Pyke rolled over the barricade on to the upper landing, and the raiders scrambled after him. Mr. Pyke rolled, surrounded by the whole mob of the Fourth, yelling with laughter. He sat up dizzily. Will Hay turned on the light and smiled at him.

"Happy landing!" he said pleasantly. "Bird, get a chair for Mr. Pyke! My dear sir, your visit is a real pleasure! We shall do our best to make you feel at home. Put him in that chair. Tie his legs to it! Dear me! We seem to be getting an audience! Is that you, Stuckey? Do you happen to want anything?"

Will smiled down over the barricade. On the lower landing appeared Stuckey of the Sixth, with two or three other prefects. They stared up at the master of the Fourth.

"They've got the Head!" gasped Stuckey. "I tell you, they've got Mr. Pyke!"
"Right in one!" beamed Will. "Mr. Pyke has been kind enough to join us. No more visitors are required, however. You may go to bed, Stuckey! Bird, see if you can get our friend Stuckey with that inkpot!"
"Yaroooh!"

Stuckey & Co. disappeared down the stairs again. Whizzing missiles followed them till they disappeared. Will Hay turned to Mr. Pyke and jerked the duster from his mouth. The new headmaster of Bendover gasped and spluttered.

"Wretch! Villain! Dastard!" gurgled Mr. Pyke. "Release me at once! Do you fancy that you can keep me here?"

"Sort of!" smiled Will.
"Villain! The police will be here in the morning. I shall give you into custody—ugh!—as soon as the police arrive from Didham. I will—urrggh!"

"I think," remarked Will, "that that will do, Mr. Pyke! You may bottle up the rest! Cork it, my dear sir—cork it! Or would you prefer me to replace the duster?"
Mr. Pyke decided to cork it!

BENDOVER SCHOOL was buzzing with excitement the following morning. The news had spread like wildfire that the new headmaster was now an inmate of the rebel stronghold. Crowds of fellows came as far as the middle landing to stare, before the bell called them to class. Through the openings of the barricade they had glimpses of Mr. Dunkley Pyke, sitting in an armchair on the landing. So far as could be seen, he was sitting there of his own accord—the fact that his legs were tied to the chair legs not being visible. What it all meant was quite a mystery. Really, it looked as if Mr. Pyke had joined the rebels, which was really extra-

ordinary. But the Bendover fellows were in class later in the morning, when there was a heavy tramp of official feet in the quad that announced the arrival of Inspector Shoop and his men from Didham.

"Here they come, sir!" exclaimed Dicky Bird, staring from the landing window. "It's the bobbies, sir!"

There was a buzz of excitement on the Fourth Form landing. All eyes were turned on Will Hay, many of them anxiously. So far, Will had led the rebels from one success to another, and their confidence in him was unbounded. But how was even the inimitable Will going to deal with the official forces of law and order?

Prof. Barnacle Offers Prizes!



Every week I am giving away a 576-page book of adventure stories to the PILOT reader who sends me the best joke. In addition I am awarding a special prize of half-a-crown to the Overseas reader whose joke takes my fancy. All you have to do is to write your joke on a postcard and address it to: Professor Barnacle, The PILOT, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS ARE:

Customer (entering barber's shop in a hurry): "Cut all three short, please!"
Barber: "What three, sir?"
Customer: "Hair, beard and conversation!"

This week's prize—a 576-page book of adventure stories—goes to: E. O. Evans, Tremle, Oakford, Llanarth, Cwds.

Teacher: "We know little of the mysteries of the Stone Age and the Bronze Age, now can anybody tell another age that we know little about?"

Tommy Smart: "Yes, sir—sausage!"

This week's special prize of half-a-crown goes to: G. Johnson, Great South Rd., Papahura, Auckland, N.Z.

Dunkley Pyke had no doubts. He fixed his glittering eyes on Will, and gritted his teeth. His hour of triumph was at hand—at least, Dunkley Pyke had no doubt that it was.

Will Hay gave him a genial smile. He received a ferocious scowl in return.

"Wait a few minutes!" hissed Dunkley Pyke. "Only a few minutes, and the police will be here! You will be thrown from the gates of Bendover, and, if you dare to resist, you will be taken into custody! Do you hear me, Hay?"

"My hearing is quite unimpaired, my dear sir!" assured Will. "Now, sir, you will stand up, and speak to our friends the police across the barricade! May I suggest a few remarks for you to make?"

"I shall direct them to seize you!" hissed Mr. Pyke.

"I trust not," said Will, shaking his head—"I trust not, Mr. Pyke. I want you to tell Inspector Shoop, as soon as he arrives, that you will complain to his superiors if he should ever venture to set foot within the precincts of Bendover again!" beamed Will. "That, I think, will be sufficient to prevent another visit."

"Then you must be insane!" roared Dunkley Pyke. "I shall say nothing of the sort! The moment Inspector Shoop appears on the next landing, I shall say—Yurrrroooooo! Keep that pin away, you villain! Yaroooooh!"

"Sorry, and all that!" smiled Will. "But I really think you had better make the remarks I have suggested, sir, otherwise I shall certainly stick this pin into you!"

Dunkley Pyke's face was a study. He stood at the barricade, with his ankles tied to the chair legs, his hands behind him. The fact that his wrists were tied together was not visible from the front. Will Hay stood by his side, and a sharp—a fearfully sharp—point was gently pressed on Mr. Pyke. He shuddered at the contact.

He heard the heavy tramp of official feet on the lower stairs. Inspector Shoop, of Didham, stepped up. Two helmeted heads rose into view behind him. Mr. Pyke opened his lips—and there was a slight increase of pressure from the sharp point of the pin. He closed them again.

Inspector Shoop stared up across the barricade. His expression was puzzled. The two constables were grinning.

"Mr. Pyke!" exclaimed the Didham inspector. "Oh, there you are, sir! That is Mr. Hay? Is that the man you desire to be removed from these premises?"

Dunkley Pyke opened his lips again. He longed, he yearned, to carry on as planned, but he dared not. The pressure of that sharp point was too much for him. Will Hay was smiling, but it was a grim smile.

"I—I—I—" Dunkley Pyke almost made up his mind to chance it, but not quite. "I—I—I—I have changed my mind! Leave Bendover instantly!"

"What?" gasped the inspector. The pressure of the pin increased a trifle, and Dunkley Pyke gasped.

"Stop it! I—I mean—I—I—Leave Bendover instantly!" shrieked Mr. Pyke, in deadly terror of the lunging pin. "I will—ow!—complain to your superiors if you ever enter the school again! Ow!"

"You will—will—what?" stammered Inspector Shoop. "Why, you old donkey, do you think I wanted to waste my time here? Are you drunk, or what? You won't see me here again in a hurry, I promise you! I've seen some silly old goats since I've been in the Police Force, but of all the silly old goats I've ever struck, you're the silliest! Pah!"

And with that, the indignant inspector turned and tramped down the stairs, followed by the constables. A minute or two later they were visible from the landing window, marching out at the school gates.

Dunkley Pyke was left foaming, and Will Hay grinning. And from all the Bendover Fourth came a merry yell:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Head who became cook to the Fourth! That's next week's bright Bendover yarn and it is a real feast of fun, flavoured with lots of laughs from Will Hay. Do not miss the latest rollicking exploits of WILL HAY, the world's funniest Form-master.

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