

THESE STARS ARE INSIDE—“BLUEY” WILKINSON, WILL TAYLOR, LEONARD STAINLESS, SEXTON HAY, ZAN, HENRY, STEPHEN, BLAKE.



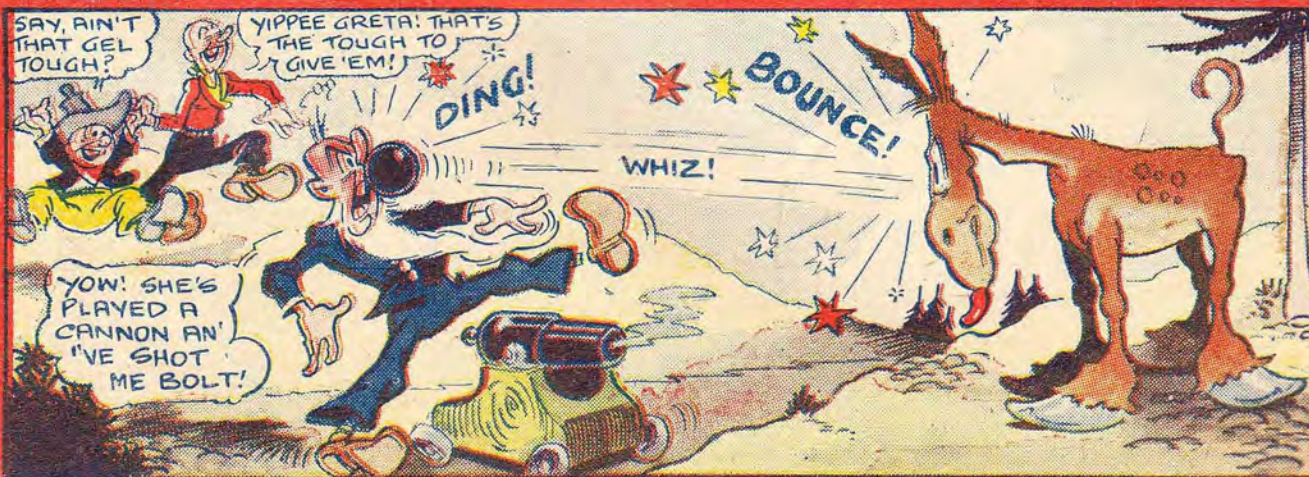
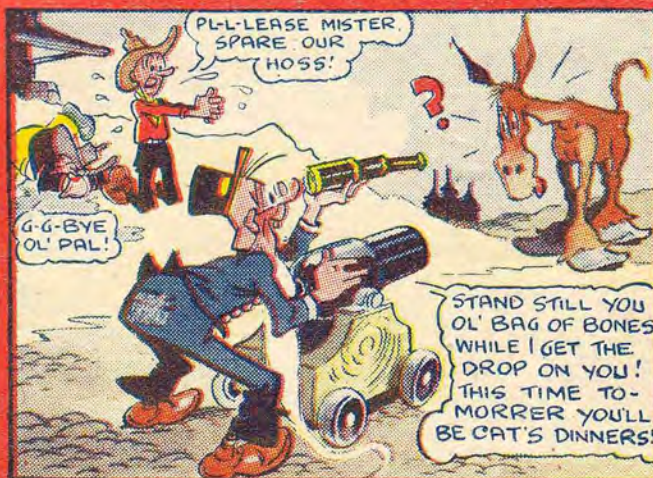
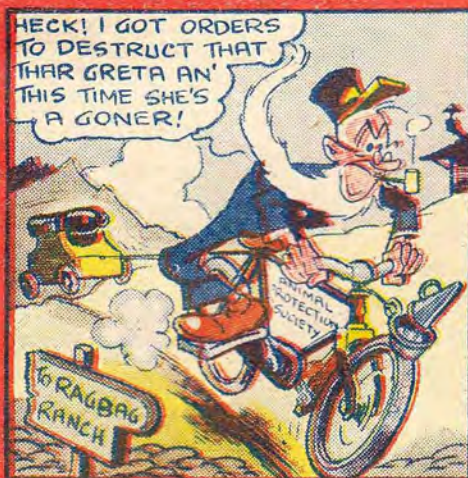
The PILOT

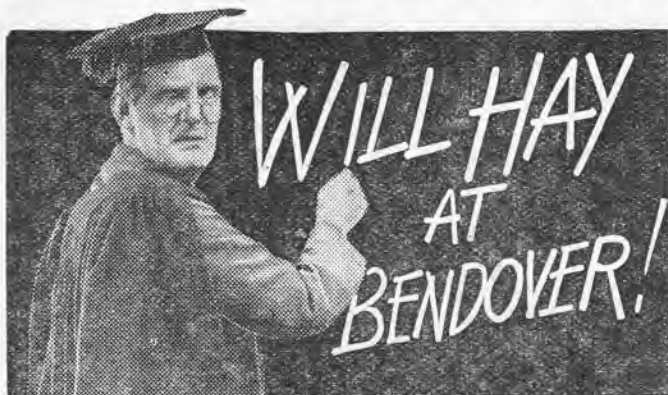
EVERY FRIDAY

2^D

No. 104. Vol. 4. Week ending September 25th, 1937.

MIKE,
SPIKE
& GRETA
OUR KRAZY
GANG
in
“AIN'T
SHE
TOUGH”





BYE-BYE, BLUES! . . . That's what you'll say when you read the latest rib-tickling exploits of the one-and-only **WILL HAY**. There's a laugh in every line, so say ta-ta to your troubles and join in the fun with the jolly jaspers of Bendover.

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



GOOD-MORNING, sir!" "Good-morning, boys!" Will Hay, master of the Bendover Fourth, beamed over his nose-nippers at his assembled Form. To say he beamed was the word, for Will was absolutely at peace with the world, and he beamed and he glowed at the boys seated before him. There had been stirring times at Bendover. Dr. Shrubbs, the headmaster, had been taken to a nursing-home, and Dunkley Pyke had taken his place, and one of his first jobs had been to hand the order of the boot to Will. But Will had refused to be sacked, and, backed up by the Fourth, he had led a rebellion, which caused the said Mr. Pyke an awful lot of worry until Dr. Shrubbs returned. The result was that Pyke had got the boot, with his son Reggie, and that was the reason why Will was doing his best to imitate hail, smiling morn.

Still, fun was fun, but the job had to be done, and so Will rapped on his desk, and prepared to call the roll. Then, just as he was about to start upon the A's, it slowly dawned upon him that an unusual stillness prevailed in his class-room. Not so much as a whisper, nor the rustle of a paper bag disturbed the uncanny stillness of the place.

"What's the little game?" Will asked himself, suspicious at once.

Screwing up one eye, he lifted his head and squinted round over the top of his nose-nippers, and what he saw made him grin with all his teeth.

Each one of his scholars had a pair of nose-nippers perched rakishly upon the end of his nose. The class as a whole was squinting at him in exactly the same manner as he was squinting at the class.

Will continued to smile as he gazed round

the class-room, and finally he fixed a suspicious orb upon the freckled face of Jerry Smart. Jerry, captain of the Form, was japer-in-chief, and it didn't take Will long to put two and two together.

"Smart!" Jerry must have heard the call; but he gave no indication of the fact. He just sat and squinted over his nose-nippers.

"Smart!" shouted Will, louder this time. Fruity Snell, and bosom pal of the late Reggie Pyke, who was sitting next to Jerry, gave his neighbour a sharp nudge.

"Our kind Form-master is talking to you!" yelled Snell.

"Oh, ah!" nodded Jerry; and from behind his back he produced a large ear-trumpet, which he proceeded to place in position. "I'm a bit 'ard of 'earing, sir," he told Will, in the quavering voice of an old man. "If you will kindly speak up—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" This was too much for Will's scholars, and a roar of laughter echoed through the class-room.

"Silence!" ordered Will, rapping with his cane. "You might be like it yourselves one of these days. Come, my poor fellow!" he went on, beckoning to Jerry with a crooked finger. "Stand by my desk, so you won't miss a word of my talk upon football. And, remember this, you little wart!" Will went on darkly. "If you take that trumpet away from your ear, I'll dust your pants until they give off sparks!"

Looking a shade uncomfortable, Jerry Smart left his seat and stood facing the class.

"Can you hear me now?" yelled Will, in a voice which must have been heard all over the school.

"It's a bit better," said Jerry. "I will

endeavour to catch the drift of your remarks."

"Thanks!" beamed Will, looking grateful. "Very nice of you, I'm sure. You're liable to catch more than a drift at any moment now. Pay attention, boys. As you know, the game of football is played with a football, or leathern sphere. A most important part of the game is called attack—"

"Is that where the leaden spear comes in, sir?" asked Jerry.

"Who said anything about a leaden spear?" demanded Will, squinting in suspicious fashion. "I said 'leathern sphere,' which means a globular object, or spherical orb. D'you understand?"

"No, sir!"

"Never mind. Shut up, and don't make an ass of yourself! Attention—every one! The general idea of the game is to kick the ball around until you score a goal. The side that scores the greater number of goals is declared the winner of the match. That should be clear to you; but just in case you don't grasp my meaning, I am going to take you down to the playing fields and demonstrate the finer points of the game. Stick close to me, Smart, and keep that trumpet glued to your ear."

Will and his scholars were passing down the steps of School House when Dr. Shrubbs came walking sedately round the drive. As usual, he was gazing dreamily into space, and would, in the ordinary way, have passed on without a word, or any sign of recognition; but the sight of a junior with a large instrument protruding from his ear struck him as unusual, to say the least of it.

"Er—Mr. Hay," he murmured, "what is the matter with this youth?"

"You mean Smart, sir?" asked Will brightly, as though surprised by the question.





"The poor chap's suddenly become hard of hearing, sir!"

Jerry's freckled face had taken on a deep red tinge by this time, and there was a wild glint in his blue eyes. He had been long enough at Bendover to know that the Head did not take kindly to practical jokes, but he knew he must go through with it at all costs.

"Do you notice a strange look about the boy, Mr. Hay?" asked Dr. Shrubbs, speaking in an ordinary tone of voice, which came to the ears of everybody, including Jerry Smart.

"He's always had a slate loose in the upper story," said Will. "I mean, he isn't all there."

Jerry Smart was purple in the face by this time, for Snell and the others were grinning broadly and enjoying the joke at his expense.

"How long have you been like this?" shouted the Head into the mammoth ear-trumpet; and the volume of sound almost deafened Jerry.

"Since this morning, sir," he answered. "After I'd washed. I may have left some soap in my ears—"

"You certainly did not," the Head assured him, with a sour smile. "I have just inspected one ear, and find that you did not run that risk. You had better see the matron at once, and get her to syringe your ears."

Glad to escape, the japer-in-chief went trotting away towards the school infirmary, and he was just about to pass round the bend in the drive when the Head's voice broke the silence of the grounds.

"Smart!"

But Jerry did not look round; he was too cute a bird to be caught so easily as that!

"Well, we'll be getting down to the playing field, sir!" beamed Will. "Follow me, boys!"

"THE idea," Will was saying, as he led the Fourth Formers on to the playing field, "is to pick up a couple of scratch sides and have a bit of a match. I'll play centre-forward for one side, and if you want to learn a thing or two about Soccer you'd better keep your eyes on me. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," chanted his scholars, nudging each other.

"And no rough play, mind!" warned Will, blinking round over the top of his nose-nippers. "I draw the line at rough play!"

The scratch sides having lined up, the game started in most gentlemanly fashion, the players apologising in loud voices whenever they found it necessary to charge an opponent off the ball. It was Will himself who suddenly knocked Dicky Bird flying, pounced on the leather, and went off up the pitch.

His shot was a noble effort, even if he did sky the ball about twenty feet over the bar, and from that moment play became much more spirited, as Will was quick to notice. It occurred to him that he was spending far too much time laid out on the turf, and often it was one of his own side who tripped him up.

But the climax came when, having dashed up the field, he lost his balance and crashed to earth. The next moment both sides were piling on top of him, forming a human pyramid, which threatened to press every ounce of breath out of his body.

Will's scholars took it in turns to take a flying leap to the top of the squirming heap, and there is no knowing how long the fun would have gone on had not Will hit on the happy notion of taking a large bite at the fleshy part of someone's anatomy.

"Ow!" screeched the victim from the depths of the mound of heaving bodies. "Gerroff! I'm being chewed up alive! Gerroff!"

Gasping, laughing, the Fourth Formers un-piled themselves and left Will lying prostrate beneath the crossbar; and, stretched out beside Will, a pained expression upon his freckled countenance, was Jerry Smart.

"What's the big idea, you little wart?" demanded Will, sitting up. "What are you doing here, anyway? You were told to go to the matron and have your ears decarbonised and—"

"I was just going into the infirmary when I found I could hear again, sir," explained Jerry, "so I didn't trouble to see the matron, but came down here and joined in the game!"

"Oh!" nodded Will. "And it was you I took a bite at?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just my luck!" sighed Will, scrambling to his feet. "That means indigestion for a week!"

JERRY SMART had a reputation to keep up, and Will guessed that the japer-in-chief would lose no time in making up for the ear-trumpet jape, which had been a bit of a washout. That being so, Will decided to steal a march on Jerry. Knowing the japer and his methods, Will knew that he would sneak into the classroom a few minutes before afternoon school, a margin of time in which to fix a booby-trap.

Will decided that it was his turn to set a booby-trap, and ten minutes before afternoon school found him busy with a china wash-basin and a jar of purple ink. With much patience and ingenuity, he fixed the basin over the door of the Form-room so that the first person to enter was bound to get it.

"How's that, Smart guy?" mused Will, standing back and admiring his handiwork. "That'll give the little wart something to laugh about!"



Now it so happened that at that particular moment Colonel Chatterton, chairman of the governors, was having a furtive chat with Fruity Snell, the cad of the Fourth now that Pyke had gone. Neither the colonel nor Fruity had any love for the new master, and were scheming to get rid of him.

"If we can get rid of Will Hay," Colonel Chatterton was saying, "I shall be happy. He isn't any good at his job, is he, Snell?"

"Him?" There was a contemptuous smirk upon Fruity's face. "He's a complete wash-out, a great big piece of cheese! You should be in our room sometimes—"

"That's a fine idea, Snell!" cut in Colonel Chatterton, a cunning glint in his sharp little

eyes. "It's very clever of you to have thought of it!"

"Thank you, sir!" smirked Fruity. "I often get clever ideas! Why don't you come along now, nip into the Form-room and hide behind the screen in the corner? You'll be able to hear everything that goes on—"

"I'll do it!" chuckled the beak-nosed warrior. "I'll hear what sort of show Hay puts up, and then report him to the governors! We're just in time to get there before afternoon school!"

"Here we are, sir!" said Fruity Snell, as they reached the door of the Fourth Form Room. "You first, sir!" he added, standing politely aside.

The colonel did not falter, but pushed open the door, and the next moment he ripped out a yell of fear and fury which must have been heard all over the grounds. First there came a deluge of purple ink which smothered him from head to foot; a split second later he thought the roof had fallen in. But it was only the china basin which had crashed on to his head and caused him to sit down with a force and suddenness which jarred him from his pet corn to the gold stopping in his back teeth.

He was still sitting in a spreading pool of ink when Will's scholars arrived, and the deafening roar of laughter that went up seemed to bring him back to earth with a jerk.

Spluttering with fury and indignation he scrambled up, pounced upon Fruity Snell, and hustled him across the room. Then, having draped the squirming junior across Will's desk, he seized a cane and proceeded to dust Snell's pants, with plenty of vim and vigour.

"Play tricks on me, will you, you little toad!" he bellowed, the cane making whistling noises as it whizzed through space. "Set a trap, did you, and led me into it! 'You go first, sir!'" he mocked, with a sardonic chuckle. "Take that, and that, and that!"

"Ow! Ouch! Oh!" squealed Fruity, squirming in the colonel's steely grip. "I didn't do it, you old scorpion! I tell you—"

"Anything the matter, corporal?" asked Will, strolling out from behind the screen and joining his scholars. "You're looking a bit blue about something!"

"Blue, you maniac!" thundered Chatterton, giving Fruity a farewell swipe and swinging round upon Will. "I'm purple! This young monkey set a trap for me, and I'm soaked to the skin with ink! And I've got a bump on my head about the size of a football! Keep a special eye on Snell, Hay, and give him a tanning whether he deserves it or not! Now I'll have a bath!"

"And time, too!"

"What did you say, sir?" thundered Colonel Chatterton.

"The time's two!" beamed Will, pointing to the clock on the wall. "Time we got on with our work, y'know! Sit down, boys, sit down!" he ordered briskly, as the colonel went fuming out of the room. "Sit down, Snell! Or perhaps you'd rather stand up! Please yourself! And now," Will went on, "I will answer any question of interest you like to put to me!"

At once Tubby Green leaped to his feet. "Please, sir, what is the unit of electricity?"

Will Hay glanced over his nose-nippers and pondered.

"Did you say that you wanted to know that the unit of—er—er—was what?"

"Yessir, that's it—the watt. Thank you, sir!"

Will Hay drew a deep breath of relief and was prepared to change the subject before he got into deeper waters. But Jimmy Carboy was too smart for him, and he leaped to his feet, his hand upraised.

"Please, sir; who was the first to discover the use of steampower?"

Will grimaced. This was getting a bit too thick. Still he had to put a face on it, and to give him time to gather his wits, he bleated:

"What, Carboy?"

Jimmy stared and then grinned.

"Right again, sir. He was Watt. James Watt! Thank you, sir!"

Will Hay mopped his forehead with a large, brilliantly hued handkerchief. Twice he had been on the spot, and twice he had managed to slither out of what might have been a ticklish situation. He was determined there wasn't to be a third time, and catching sight of Dicky Bird rising to his feet, he exclaimed hastily:

"That will do for that. Any more questions? No! Then we will go on to something else. What about a few parlour games?"

"Hurrah!" cheered his scholars. "Leap-frog, sir!"

"Leap-frog it is," agreed Will. "But no messing about, mind! No rough stuff, or I'll stop the game. I'll bend down, and you will follow your leader over my back. No funny business, mark you! You follow me!"



Leonard Henry at the "Mike"

SWITCH-ON FOR MORE BIG SMILES IN ANOTHER CHEERY
BROADCAST FROM ONE OF RADIO'S BRIGHTEST COMEDIANS.

WHOOPEE! I've just run across a man I thought I knew in Chicago, but he said he'd never been to Chicago. I haven't, either. Must have been two other men! I do think it's funny the way I run across people—specially when I'm driving a car! What a scream.

For instance, the other day an old schoolfellow called and punched me on the nose. Ten years ago I called him a warthog, and he's just seen a picture of one. Another man wanted my autograph. He said he'd rather have my signature than £100. I was so flattered that I signed the bit o' paper he handed me without noticing it was a cheque for £200! Just shows you!

Joe know, it's surprising what a lot of my old school pals have made good. There was young Baggs, who was so keen on music. To-day he's a well-known conductor—on a No. 11 bus, I believe! And Snuffkins, who wanted to be a journalist—he's awfully well known in Fleet Street—his fruit-stall does a roaring trade.

Then there was Dubberson, who aimed to be a detective, cleaning up the East End and sweeping all before him. He's the finest street-sweeper they've had in the East End, and no one can detect a bit of litter quicker than he. Fact!

As for old Tinribs—whenever we asked him what he meant to do, he would smile mysteriously, and say "Wait!" And so he does—he's a waiter at a high-class coffee-shop. And, of course, we all knew Bullup would be a success. He used to say: "I mean to work—and work hard!" I think he went straight from school to the workhouse, and he's there now.

I was telling a man about 'em the other day. "I think it's wonderful," I said, "how they've all realised their ambitions—except me!"

"Ah," said the man, "I suppose your ambition was to be a comedian!"

The hound!

'Smatter of fact, my great idea was to be a G-man. I started as an A-man, slinging 'ay on a 'aystack. Then I became a Bee-man, a Seaman, a Demon, an 'E-man—on the films—and now I'm an F-man (Funny-man). So maybe I'll soon be a G-man, after all.

My first ambition was to be a cowboy. I read all about 'em, and the job seemed just my size. I bought a six-shooter, a lariat, a stetson hat, and made some trousers out of a couple of rolls of lino; then I hired a bronco

from the local milkman. They took the cayuse out of the milkcart and pushed it across to a quiet field. I leaped on the burro, waving my hat, but the critter wouldn't move—I had to get off and push.

Well, I wasn't going to let a buckjumper beat me, and before long I had broken the critter in. I think it was its backbone that was broken in. Anyway, they had to throw it away and buy a horse.

I called on a local farmer and told him I wanted a job as a cowboy. He looked me up and down, and said:

"Well, mebbe I could give you a job. D'y'e mind cows?"

I said:

"Oh, no; not at all!"

"Well, I want some'un who does!" said he. "Good-mornin'!"

It was a awful shock. I never thought cow-boys had anything to do with cows. I thought they rode a horse at rodeo, and roped in rustlers and lynched hombres, and so forth. So I changed my mind and decided to be a G-man. Do G-men have anything to do with gees?

Once I thought I'd like to join a circus as a sword-thrower, or sword-swallower, or sword-walker, but I'm dashed if I know how these johnnies practise their acts. I mean, I couldn't find a single chum who would act as a target to throw jack-knives at. I told him the knives would shave his face and land in the board behind, but he said he preferred a safety razor. I don't see how you can throw swords at people if they won't let you practise on them.

Same with swallowing a sword. I started by swallowing a pin, then a pen, then a penknife, by which time I had pins-and-needles in the solar plexus, and was at the point of passing out.

Walking on swords barefooted was worse still. I started with drawing-pins. I soon finished with 'em. It was the first step towards being a sword-walker—and the first step was enough for me. I resigned.

Now I'm putting wisecracks over the wireless. If your wireless is anything like mine, it's a good job something's put over it. The maker gave me a twelve months' guarantee. I'd like to give him twelve months' hard! Wouldjoo believe it? I got home late the other night, and thought I'd like a little music to cheer me up. I switched on the set, and it immediately said:

"We are now closing down. Good-night!"

What can you do with a set like that?

LEONARD HENRY.

Soon fun was waxing fast and furious. Will and his scholars were having a steeplechase race over forms and desks, when suddenly the door burst open, and a wild-eyed young man in greasy overalls rushed into the room.

"E's after me, mister!" he cried, husky and panting.

"Who's after you?" asked Will, squinting dubiously at the stranger.

"The porter, mister!" gasped the latter. "E's gorn nuts! 'E's got an 'atchet! 'E's on me 'eels right now!"

"On your 'eels, is he?" beamed Will. "Sounds fishy! What's it all about, anyway?"

"I was doing a job in the board-room, sir," explained the other, "when who should come in but the porter—with an 'atchet. Red-eyed 'e was, so I crowned 'im with a chair and 'opped it up the stairs."

The throaty voice of Kelly, the school porter, could be heard in the distance, and Will did some quick thinking.

"Here, slip into this!" he snapped, taking off his gown and putting it about the other's shoulders. "Sit down in my chair and wear this top-piece," he went on, taking his mortar-board off the desk and clapping it on to the stranger's head. "Stay like that, and leave the rest to me."

A moment later the door crashed open, and the school porter stood upon the threshold, his staring eyes glinting in peculiar fashion, a hatchet clamped in a big, beefy fist.

"Seen him, sir?" he asked, darting suspicious glances round the room.

"Seen who?" asked Will.

"The chap I'm looking for."

"No," answered Will. "You'll probably find him upstairs in the cellar."

"Thanks, sir!" said Kelly. "I'll go and 'ave a look."

The mechanic heaved a deep sigh of relief as the door closed behind the porter and his hatchet.

"P'shew! That was a near shave, sir!" he said, taking off Will's mortar-board and nursing it on his knees. "I only 'ope 'e don't cop me as I go out!"

"Why not hide here till dusk?" suggested Will. "There's a big cupboard in the corner where you'd be as snug as a bug in a rug."

"That's a swell idea, mister!" grinned the mechanic, handing over the mortar-board and gown. "But don't forget to let me out at dusk!"

The sound of commotion came from the corridor, and Will was squinting hard over his nose-nippers, when the door opened and the Head walked into the room.

Behind the Head strode Sergeant Snooper, of the local police; bringing up in the rear came Lady Kite, a governor of the school, Colonel Chatterton, pale blue in the face, and Kelly, the school porter.

"Good-afternoon, everybody!" cried Will chattily. "An honour, I'm sure! I'd offer you tea and seedy cake if I'd got any tea and seedy cake!"

"This is no time for levity, Mr. Hay," said Dr. Shrub. "A valuable diamond necklace, the property of Lady Kite, has been stolen from the board-room, and Kelly assures us that he saw the thief come into this room less than fifteen minutes ago."

"A diamond necklace!" cried Will, squinting a glance towards the cupboard in the corner. "Tell me all about it."

"I don't suppose you need telling all about it!" sneered Colonel Chatterton, sinister meaning in his rasping voice. "To my way of thinking—"

"Which way is that, corporal?" asked Will.

"I mean, what d'you think with?"

"I'll tolerate no impertinence from you, fellow!" rasped the chairman of governors. "I've been suspicious of you for a long time, and now I think you've shot your bolt! You told Kelly you hadn't seen the thief—a statement which leads me to believe that you are a confederate of the scoundrel who stole the diamond necklace."

"You are speaking for yourself, of course, Colonel Chatterton," put in the quiet voice of Lady Kite, "and I can only describe your attitude towards Mr. Hay as mean and vindictive! Personally, I think Mr. Hay has a kind, honest, and open face, and I feel convinced that

he had no hand in the theft of my diamond necklace!"

"Lady Kite, I thank you for those few nuts—l'm—words!" cried Will, uncovering his head and bowing low, and from out of his mortar-board there shot something that sparkled and winked in the afternoon sunlight—the missing necklace!

"THERE you are!" shouted Colonel Chatterton, pouncing upon the necklace. "What did I tell you? I knew he was a thieving scoundrel all the time! Look at him!" he cried, pointing a bony finger at the bewildered countenance of Will Hay. "There he is, your ladyship, a picture of guilt!"

"Shall I do my duty, ma'am?" asked Sergeant Snooper, touching his helmet.

"If you please!" answered Lady Kite coldly. "Kindly find the man who stole my necklace!" She gave Will a friendly, understanding glance. "I still think that Mr. Hay has got a nice, kind, open face!"

"But we found the stuff on him!" protested the lanky officer. "It's an open-and-shut case, as us sleuths call it!"

"Call yourself a sleuth!" scoffed Will, with a short, amused laugh. "You couldn't spot a nigger in a snowstorm! A real detective works on a scientific basis! He's got to be inspired! He must have brains, so what chance do you stand? And he always gets his man!"

"Oh, he does, does he?" sneered Snooper, giving Will another dirty look. "What do you know about it?"

"Everything!" answered Will. "I've invented a scientific method of crime detection of my own."

"You don't say?" giped Snooper.

"Call the fellow's bluff!" rasped Colonel Chatterton. "Why doesn't he use this new-fangled method to clear his own name?"

"As you say, corporal," beamed Will, "that's fair enough, and I accept your challenge! I will now demonstrate Will Hay's Method of Crime Detection. The secret of the method is a highly developed sense of smell. Madam," he smiled, turning to Lady Kite, "would you allow me to have a sniff at the necklace?"

"Certainly, Mr. Hay!" came the gracious assent.

"Absolute silence, please!" ordered Will, cupping the diamonds in his hands and sniffing delicately. At the same time a dreamy expression dawned in his eyes, and his voice was low and toneless when at length he spoke. "The thief," he began, "is a dark young man with a pale face and a wart on the back of his neck. The wart he uses as a collar-stud, for he's a bit mean in little things. At the time of the theft he was wearing greasy overalls; a rubber heel was missing from his right boot. He's a Cockney, and speaks through his nose to save the wear and tear of his mouth!"

Will gave a violent start, like a man coming out of a trance, and he looked a bit dazed as he gazed round at the company.

"Did I say anything?" he asked eagerly.

"You said a basinful, sir!" grinned Kelly. "You've got the thief taped proper, you 'ave."

Will shrugged, and gave a modest smile. "My method never fails!" he declared, squinting a taunting glance at Sergeant Snooper. "Now to find the crook himself by Will Hay's Bloodhound Method!"

Again he sniffed delicately at the string of diamonds, and this time he slowly lifted his head and bayed like a bloodhound, creating a racket which made the windows rattle in their frames. His tongue lolling, he dropped to all fours, and began to tack up and down the room, sniffing loudly all the time.

It was not until he had crawled up and down half a dozen times that Will paused in front of the cupboard in the corner, when he lifted his head, and barked and bayed, scratching at the door with his fingers.

Then, as in the previous test, he suddenly became normal, and it was with a beaming smile that he scrambled up and squinted across at Sergeant Snooper.

"You'll find your man in there, officer," he said, in a confident, offhand manner. "Will Hay's system has never been known to fail. The key's in the lock!"

There was a sceptical glint in the sergeant's suspicious eyes as he turned the key and swung open the door of the cupboard; but any doubts he may have had about Will Hay's system were put at rest when the young man in overalls leapt at him like a panther, and sent him reeling with a terrific wallop between the eyes.

Snarling fiercely, the thief next made a murderous rush at Will—and Will was waiting for him.

"Steady, you wart!" he warned; but the other man only cursed and came on. "Then, take it, greedy!" beamed Will; and, snatching up a revolving globe of the world, he swung it high into the air and brought it crashing down upon the head of the crook, knocking him stone cold. "That's for doing the dirty on me!" he said, squinting down at the huddled form at his feet. "D'you, understand?"

Fruity Snell pretends to sleep-walk to break bounds, but it takes more than that to catch Will Hay napping. He is as wide-awake as usual and you'll laugh at every line of neat weel's side splitting exploits of the one-and-only WILL HAY.

"BAI JOVE, FELLAHS, WE MUST SAVE UP FOR GUY FAWKES NIGHT-LET'S JOIN BROCK'S CLUB!"

says Gussy



POP in the first shop you see displaying **BROCK'S FIREWORK CLUB** Notice in the window. Ask for a Club card. Give the shopman a penny. More if you can spare it. Now you're off—saving up for the most glorious, most thrilling "Fifth" you ever had. And as you swell your savings with pennies and twopences each week, you'll get no end of a "kick" in planning the wonderful selection of Brock's Fireworks you'll be able to buy on the "Fifth." Rockets, Catherine Wheels, Crackers, Roman Candles—what fun you'll have!

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