

TAR-GUY ZAN, WILL FAWKES, LEONARD HAY, WILLIAM HENRY, "STAIN-LESS," ETC., INSIDE!

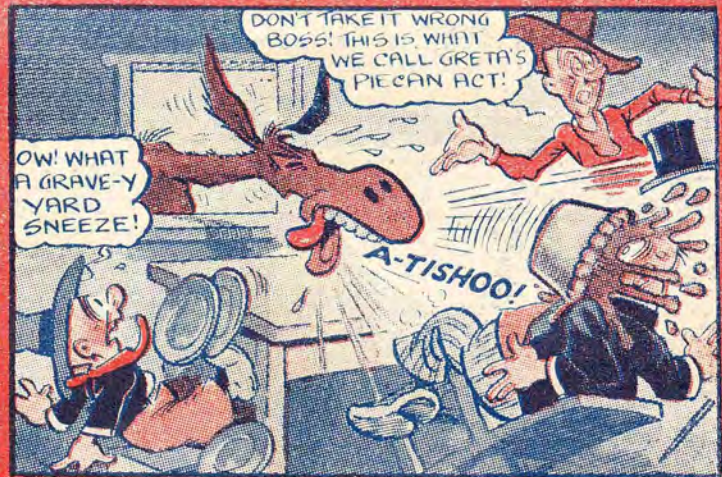
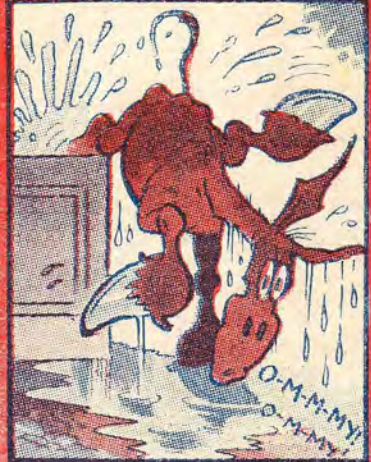
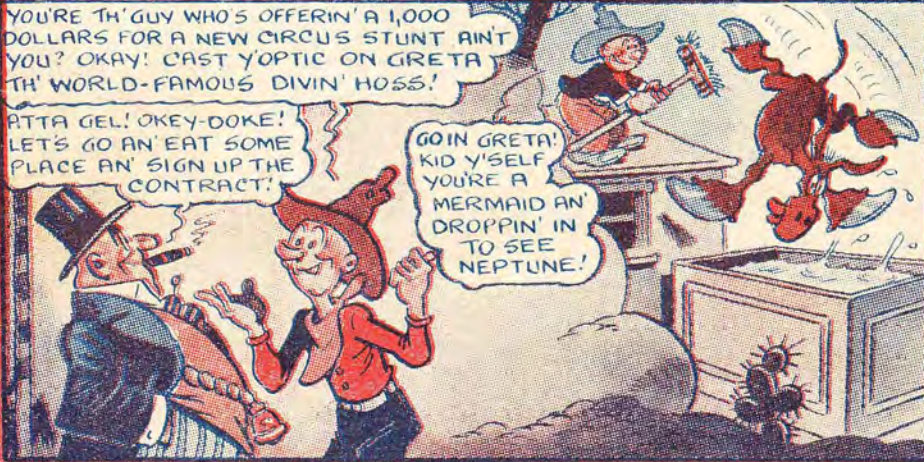


# The PILOT

EVERY FRIDAY

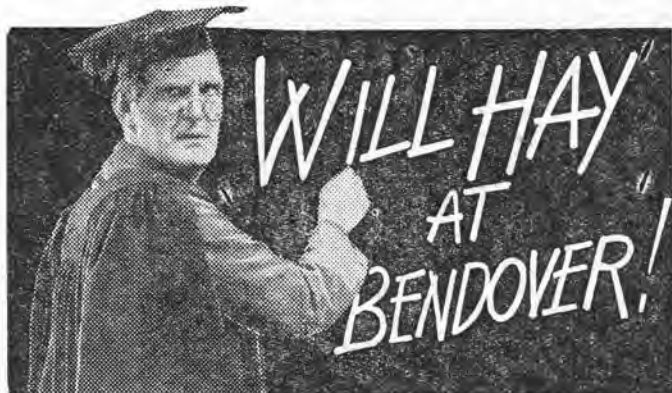
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No. 113. Vol. 5. Week ending November 27th, 1937.



MIKE,  
SPIKE  
&  
GRETA  
—OUR KRAZY GANG—  
in  
ANOTHER  
SPOT OF  
BOTHER!





A South Sea Islander at Bendover—and Will Hay as his Form-master. High jinks—and thrills—are guaranteed.

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

"OOOOH!" gasped Will Hay. The master of the Fourth Form at Bendover was surprised. Any Form-master, at any school, might have been surprised by what was happening to Will Hay! It was more than enough to surprise Will, when a sudden grip fell on the back of his neck, in a dark lane, and something round and hard was pressed under his right ear!

Will knew what that something was without being told. It was the hard, round rim of a pistol-muzzle. It was horribly unpleasant. Will took an instant dislike to it.

"Ooooooh!" repeated Will faintly. A moment before, Will Hay had been thinking chiefly of supper. He was walking back to the school from Didham. At the Didham Stores he had expended a portion of his salary as master of the Fourth, on the purchase of a steak-and-kidney pie. It was a large pie—a scrumptious pie—with plenty of kidney, and lots of gravy—so much gravy, in fact, that Will had to carry it carefully, lest it should spring a leak.

Will's thoughts were dwelling, with pleasurable anticipation, on the disposal of that pie, in his study at Bendover—when, all of a sudden, that iron grip fastened on the back of his neck, and that hard muzzle ground on his cheek-bone. He almost dropped the pie in his surprise, though, fortunately, not quite.

"Pack it up, bo!" said a voice behind Will, from the unseen man who had grasped him. Having gasped twice, Will was about to let out a yell for help—but on second thoughts, proverbially the best, he restrained that yell. "You spill jest one squeak, and I'm jest mentioning that it will be your last squeak this side of the better land. You get me, big boy?"

"My dear sir," gasped Will, "I get your meaning perfectly! There are times when silence is golden."

"Sure!" said the voice. "Don't look round, hombre! This here gun might go off, if you do."

Will Hay did not look round. He would have liked this unpleasant stranger to go off at once, but he disliked the idea of the stranger's gun going off. He stood quite still—holding the pie.

"May I point out," said Will, without turning his head, "that you are not in Chicago now, my unknown friend; and that this sort of thing is, in this country, strictly confined to film studios? The authorities here are very particular about that!"

"Can it!" said the voice. "Say! You're a master in the school yonder?"

"Master of the Fourth," said Will amiably. "My best friends call me the World's Funniest Form-master. At the present moment, however, I feel far from funny. I cannot help thinking that, if that gun goes off, it will be a grave matter."

"It's you for chewing the rag, ain't it?" said the voice.

"My long suit!" admitted Will.

"Wal, pack it up. Spill what I ask you, and make it snappy. You got a noo boy in your Form at Bendover! Brown-faced kid from the South Seas, name of Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la?"

"May I congratulate you on your memory?" asked Will. "I never can remember all that kid's name myself!"

"Yep or nope?" hissed the voice, and the automatic muzzle ground harder under Will's ear.

"Yep!" gasped Will.

"I want that kid!"

"You are more than welcome to him!" gasped Will Hay. "I assure you that I don't want him. The little tick is as full of tricks as a monkey. He is more trouble than any other

young sweep in my Form—which is spilling a whole heap, and then some, if I may express myself in your native language, my friend. If you want him, all I can say is, that there is no accounting for tastes."

"You got to hand that kid over."

"Gladly! Pray walk into the school with me, and I will make the transfer with real pleasure."

"Aw, can it!" growled the voice. "I guess if you keep on being funny, you'll get yours sudden! I'll say I've shot up guys in the South Sea Islands for less'n that."

"There are certain advantages attached to residence in a North Sea Island, evidently!" remarked Will. "We do not score in the matter of sunshine, but—"

"Park it!" hissed the voice behind Will's ear. "I'm doing the talking! I guess if that kid got a note from his Form-master, he would step into the car like he was told. You're going to write that billy-doo! Get me?"

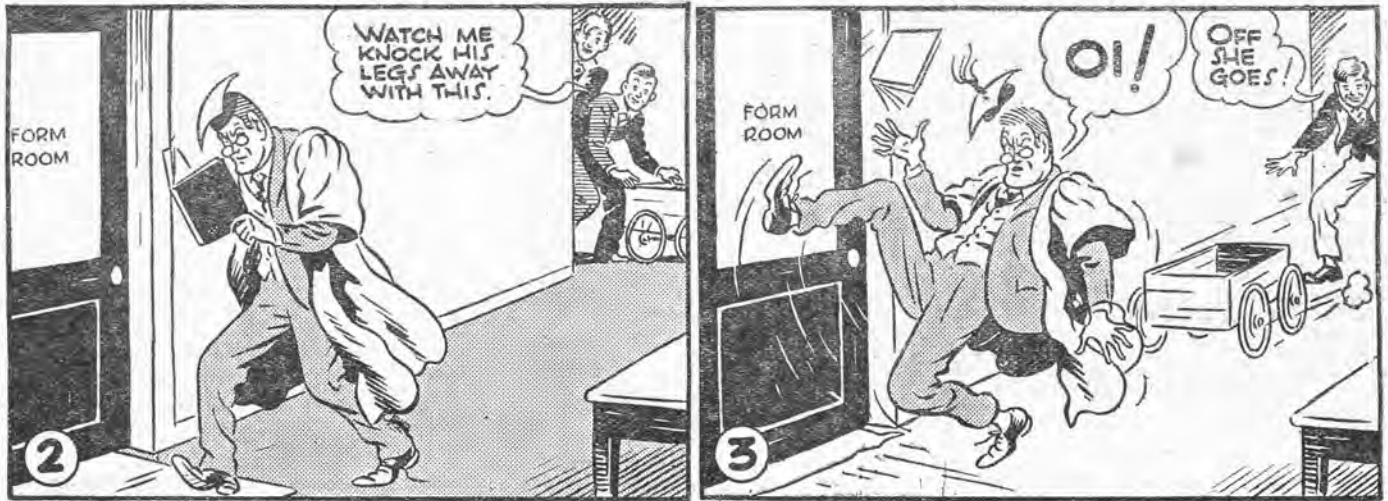
"Oh, my only summer sunshade!" gasped Will. "Is this kidnapping? Am I in the grip of a bold, bad gangster?"

Will was keeping cool. He realised that he needed to keep cool. All the guns in the United States would not have persuaded Will Hay to make himself useful in the kidnapping of a member of his Form. But the grip on the back of his collar was like iron—and the gun was grinding under his ear. Will had to use his wits—such as they were!

"You'll step along to the car and write that chit!" said the voice. "I guess I'll leave you tied up while I fetch the kid. But you try to take jest one squint at my front-piece, and I'll sure leave you safer'n that! I'll mention that I ain't looking for publicity. Chew on that, and step lively."

The iron grip forced Will onward. Apparently the kidnapper had parked his car





somewhere off the road, while he lay in wait for the master of the Bendover Fourth. Will walked on—he had to! He was relieved when the pistol-muzzle was withdrawn from his ear. But the gun was still in the unseen man's grip, and ready for use—he knew that. Holding the pie carefully in both hands, Will marched on up the dark lane—and, unseen in the darkness, he removed the wrappings from the pie, and jerked off the top crust, and dropped it. The dish, crammed with steak and kidney and gravy remained in his hands.

The gangster's left hand gripped Will's collar—his right hung at his side, with the gun in it. It would take him, Will calculated, about half a split second to lift that gun. Will had to weigh in with the pie in less than half a split second. That was all there was to it.

Will's hands shot up suddenly. The contents of the piedish shot out, right into the face over his shoulder. It did not take half a split second! Really, it took hardly any time at all. Steak and kidney and gravy splashed into a face, and there was a muffled roar, and the grip on Will's collar relaxed—and as it relaxed, Will shot away!

"Urrrrrggh!" came spluttering from the gunman, as Will hit the open spaces, running as his warlike ancestors had run on the field of battle. "Gurrrgh! I guess—ooogh! Oooch! Carry me home to die! Groooogh!"

Blinded by steak-and-kidney pie, the gunman staggered and tottered and spluttered. Gravy was in his eyes and nose, steak and kidney plastered him—he lived, and moved, and had his being, in a world of steak and kidney. Gasps and gurgles and wild splutters were wafted down the wind.

But Will Hay did not stay to listen. He was not interested. Leaving his supper with the man from the South Seas, Will hit the horizon, and hit it quick. Never had he been so glad to

find himself on the inner side of the gates of Bendover School.

**D**R. SHRUBB made soothing gestures. "Yes, yes! Quite! Oh, yes! Quite! I quite, quite understand, my dear Hay! Quite! But had you not better go and lie down a little?"

The venerable Head of Bendover School was quite concerned. Will Hay stood before him, in his study—breathless, gasping, a little wild-eyed! His boots were muddy—his coat splashed with mire—his hair ruffled—and his startling tale came out in a series of pants and gasps. Dr. Shrubb liked Will Hay. He respected him. He bore patiently with his little faults. But he really wished that Will had not stepped into the Red Cow as he passed through Didham. He had no doubt that Will had done so. On no other theory could he account for this remarkable gangster story he had just heard.

"But," burbled Will, "the man is a koo-napper after Kid—I mean, a kidnapper after Koo. He napped a gun to my clapper—I mean to say, he clapped a gun to my napper. I was only saved by presence of mind and a steak-and-kidney pie! He—"

"Yes, yes, yes!" soothed Dr. Shrubb. "No doubt—no doubt! Calm yourself, my dear fellow, and go and lie down a little; you will feel better afterwards. On another occasion, Mr. Hay, pass the Red Cow without entering; it is much more advisable—much! The Didham ale is strong—very strong! Leave it alone, Mr. Hay—leave it alone!"

Will blinked at his chief. He was a little excited; he was a trifle incoherent; he was muddy; he was breathless. Perhaps the Head's suspicion was not surprising. Gangsters, whether from Chicago or from the South Seas, were rare in the neighbourhood of Bend-

over. Will realised that his chief did not believe in that gangster.

"But—but—but I assure you, sir—" gasped Will. "I will swear—"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Dr. Shrubb. "I beg of you, Mr. Hay—no language! Remember you are a Form-master of Bendover!"

"I mean, I will swear—"

"You will do nothing of the kind, Mr. Hay! I forbid you to swear in my presence, or, indeed, at all! Control yourself! Go and lie down for a time. This will pass off; you will forget all about it shortly. Come, come—I mean, go!"

Dr. Shrubb opened his study door, and gently but firmly pushed Will Hay into the passage. The door closed, and Will stood blinking at it.

Will's idea had been that instant precautions should be taken to protect Koo-kalinga-lalulo-lulo-la from the desperado. Clearly, his chief did not agree. As he stood blinking in dismay at the Head's door, Will was startled by a chuckle behind him. He spun round, glaring over his nose-nippers.

Three faces were looking at him round a corner—the faces of Dicky Bird, Jimmy Carboy, and Koo-kalinga-lalulo-lulo-la—and all three wore the widest of grins. Will realised that, in his haste and excitement, he had left the Head's door half-open when he rushed in to report the startling happening to his chief. Those grinning faces revealed that his startling story had reached other ears as well as Dr. Shrubb's.

"You cheeky little ticks!" roared Will.

The three faces vanished as if by magic. There was a patter of retreating feet, and a chortle floated back:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Will Hay breezed away to his rooms. He passed the doorway of the junior day-room, and a sound of voices and laughter floated out.



"That old ass Hay—"  
 "Telling the tale to the Head—"  
 "Gangsters—"  
 "Guns—"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Kidnappers after Koo! Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "That ole Hay plenty too much funny!  
 Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

Will paused, with crimson cheeks. Evidently, the Bendover Fourth shared the Head's opinion—that that wild encounter in Didham Lane had occurred only in his excited imagination! Will put his head into the junior room. He glared at his chortling Form.

"You little warts!" roared Will. "Take a hundred lines each—I mean, a thousand! If I hear another giggle, I'll make it ten thousand!"  
 "Oh crikey!"

Will breezed on his way, leaving the Bendover Fourth reduced to sudden gravity. He reached his study, where he paced to and fro with agitated steps. Nobody, it was clear, was going to believe in that gangster; and in a short time the story would be all over Bendover, and all Bendover would be laughing. But that gangster was real Will knew that he was real, if nobody else did. He was as real as the steak-and-kidney pie with which Will had plastered him.

There was a tap at Will's door. It opened, and Monsieur le Bon, the French master, looked in. Mossoo Bong looked deeply concerned. Evidently he had heard.

"Mon cher 'Ay!" he exclaimed. "Vous etes un peu malade, isn't it—you are a little eel—"

"Who's a little eel?" hooted Will. "What the thump do you mean by coming here and calling me a little eel?"

"Non, non!" gasped Mossoo. "I call you not one eel—vat is say is, I hear one verree strange tale, and I zink you must be a little eel in ze head—"

"Oh! Ill!" gasped Will Hay.

"If zere is anyzing zat I can do, now zat you are, as you say in ze English language, one little bit off ze top—" said Mossoo anxiously. "Mon Dieu! Vat is it zat you go to do viz zat cushion, mon cher 'Ay?"

Monsieur le Bon knew the next second what Will was going to do with the cushion, as Will did it. He jumped back from the doorway as it flew. Will was excited, and he was wrathful. Mossoo jumped quickly, but not quickly enough. The cushion and the French master mixed on the floor of the passage, and Will slammed his study door. Mossoo Bong did not open it again. He had no more sympathy to waste on the master of the Fourth.

"My only summer socks!" breathed Will. "This is going to be gorgeous! The Head thinks I'm squiffy, the boys think I'm seeing things, and that frog-chewing freak thinks I'm balny! If anybody else barges in here—"

Tap! Will Hay spun round to the door, with a goaded look. It opened, to reveal Mr. Choot, the master of the Fifth. Mr. Choot had an expression of friendly concern on his face and a soda siphon under his arm. Will Hay had no use for either. He glared.

"My dear fellow," exclaimed Mr. Choot, stepping in, "I have heard it all, and I cannot think for one moment that Dr. Shrubb was right in attributing it to ale—"

"Oh! You don't?"  
 "No, no! Ale, however potent, would not



"Did you put them tadpoles in there?"

account for it," said Mr. Choot. "Obviously, whisky—"

"What?" roared Will.

"So I have brought you some soda-water," said Mr. Choot soothingly; "the best thing in the circumstances, my dear Hay. I have been there myself. We have all been through these things. Pray take the siphon, and—"

Will's eyes glittered.

"Hand it over!" he said. "The best thing in the circumstances—exactly! Stand steady!"

Squissssss!

"Gerrroooooooh!" yelled Mr. Choot, as Will, squirted soda-water into the middle of his portly features. "Yooooo-oooooh! What the— Grooooooh! My dear— Gerrooooooh! Ooooooh! Wooooooh! Gurrrrrrrh!"

Mr. Choot made a kangaroo-like bound into the passage. Will rushed after him, still squirting soda-water. Choot got it all before he escaped. There was a last dying squeak from the siphon, and Will turned back into his study and slammed it on the table.

"The next sympathiser," hissed Will, "gets the siphon!"

But there were no more sympathetic callers at Will Hay's study that evening. If the other members of the staff sympathised—as doubtless they did—they warily did their sympathising at a safe distance.

WILL HAY was not enjoying life at Bendover the next day. Bendover, on the other hand, seemed to be enjoying life to an unusual extent. Smiles greeted Will wherever he moved. Ripples of laughter followed him. In one way and another, Will had added considerably to the gaiety of existence at Bendover School since he had become a Form-master there, but never had he caused such universal and unanimous merriment as now. This time he had fairly brought down the house. His gangster story was retailed, up and down Bendover,

with howls of laughter. From the Sixth Form to the Second, they chuckled and chortled over it.

Nobody, of course, dreamed of taking it seriously. That gangster had been a shadow in the dark lane; Will had imagined the rest, with or without the assistance of the Red Cow's potent ale. Not a fellow at Bendover had a doubt of it. Dicky Bird declared that it was the joke of the term, and all Will Hay's Form agreed that it was.

It was not easy for Will to keep order in the Fourth Form Room that morning. Fellows would burst out into chuckles, as if they found something unusually amusing in arithmetic and geography. Will's temper was getting an edge on it, and the cane was featured a good deal that morning. But even the dusting of gaiters could not keep the Bendover Fourth from giggling.

At dinner, in Hall, Will detected lurking smiles on the faces of his colleagues on the staff. After dinner he walked in the quad, his brow corrugated like zinc under his mortar-board. He was the joke of Bendover—and all the while he expected another attempt on the part of the gangster to get hold of Koo. That, if it happened, would justify him, and prove that he had not imagined the gangster. Will could not help hoping that it would happen; he was getting tired of smiles.

"Seen Koo, you fellows?"

Will gave a start as he heard Jimmy Carboy's voice. He looked round. Jimmy was calling to Jerry Smart and Tubby Green.

"Koo?" repeated Jerry. "Yes, he went out into the lane."

"Let's hope he won't meet any gangsters there!" chortled Jimmy Carboy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Jerry and Tubby.

Will Hay glared at the three members of his Form, as they walked away laughing. He was very much inclined to follow them and administer punishment. But he had to think of Koo. The Kanaka junior was not safe outside the gates of Bendover, with a kidnapper hanging about the school. Will walked quickly down to the gates.

And the three chuckled again.

Will hurried out into the lane. At a short distance, Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la was standing by a gap in the hedge. His brown face wore its usual cheerful grin. Will waved his hand and beckoned. But the boy from the South Sea Islands turned and stepped through the gap, and disappeared behind the hedge. Will gave a snort of wrath. Bendover could chortle as much as it liked, but Will Hay had to take care of the safety of that member of his Form. He hurried down the lane to call Koo back.

As he reached the gap in the hedge, he fairly jumped, at the sound of a voice from the other side. It was a nasal voice, and it said:

"Stick 'em up! I guess I got you, you coffee-coloured gink! Yep! I'll say for sure I got you this time! Stick 'em up!"

Will's heart almost missed a beat! He peered through the gap! There was a squeal from Koo.

"Oh clumbs! You no kill this feller Koo, along stick belong you, you too much bad feller altogether."

"My only hat and umbrella!" breathed Will. He stared with popping eyes at the scene behind the hedge.

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Koo, his brown face registering alarm, had his hands above his head—"sticking them up" as commanded. A man was brandishing a thick stick at him. Will blinked. A long buttoned coat covered the gangster from neck to heels. A slouched hat was crammed down low over his face, revealing little more than a thick ragged beard. Brandishing the stick with his right hand, the ruffian grasped Koo with his left.

"I guess I got you!" he snarled. "Don't you spill anything! Pack it up, bo—or you get yours mighty sudden! You get me?"

For the moment, Will stood spellbound, staring through the hedge. The previous night he had seen nothing of the man behind him—but he could hardly doubt that this was the gangster—and Koo was in his grip! Under Will's popping eyes, the man in the slouched hat dragged the Kanaka junior away across the field, still threatening him with the stick.

Will plunged through the gap in the hedge. He was unarmed—and there was little doubt that the gangster had a gun handy, as well as the stick. But Will did not hesitate. Luckily, the ruffian's back was to him, as he dragged the kidnapped schoolboy away—and Will had a chance of tackling him from behind. He made a long leap, and grasped the gangster by the back of the neck, hurling him forward on his face in the grass. The next instant he had wrenched the cudgel from his hand.

"Oh clumbs!" gasped Koo. "Velly blave ole Hay savee this feller Koo!"

"Got you, my pippin!" trilled Will triumphantly. "Keep quiet, you scoundrel—lift a finger and I'll brain you!" His left hand gripped the back of the gangster's collar, his right flourished the cudgel. "My turn now, you kidnapping blighter! Lift a finger, and—"

"I guess you got me, mister!" gasped the gangster. "Say, you let up on a guy, and I'll sure do a fade-out."

"I can see myself doing it!" grinned Will. "I've got you, and I'm keeping you. Get up, and put up your hands—you try to reach for a gun, and I'll knock you on the head! Up with them, you gun-slinging gangster."

He jerked the ruffian to his feet by the back of his collar. The man made no attempt to reach for a gun. He put his hands up obediently over his slouched hat.

"Say, mister, you let a guy beat it!" he pleaded.

"That's enough from you!" snapped Will. "Now, walk in front of me, and keep your hands up; and remember that I'm cracking your nut if you give the least trouble! I'm going to show you, my pippin, that you can't get away with kidnapping at Bendover. Follow me, Koo! What are you grinning at, you little tick? Is this a laughing matter? Follow me at once."

"Yessar!" gasped Koo.

Gripping the gangster firmly by the back of the collar, Will Hay propelled him through the gap in the hedge, into Didham Lane, and marched him along to the school gates. The ruffian made no resistance, and Will marched him in the gateway; and Kelly, the porter, almost fell down at the sight.

Unheeding the dumbfounded porter, Will Hay marched his prisoner into the quad. There was a roar from all Bendover, at the sight of the master of the Fourth marching the gangster in—with his hands held above his slouched hat. Seniors and juniors, masters and boys, crowded round, staring at the amazing scene. Will Hay fairly gloated! All Bendover had doubted the gangster story—all Bendover had chortled—but what were they going to say now? This was the hour of triumph for the master of the Bendover Fourth!

"What—what—who—who is that, Mr. Hay?" stammered Dr. Shrub, pushing his way through the crowd. "Who—who—what—who—"

"This, sir!" bleated Will, "is the gangster! I have caught him in the act of koonapping Kid—I mean, kidnapping Koo! I have made him a prisoner, sir! Will you have the kindness to telephone for the police, while I keep him secure?"

"Bless my soul!" gasped the Head.

"Hay's got the gangster!" yelled Jimmy Carboy.

## Prof. Barnacle Offers Prizes



FOR GOOD  
JOKES

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:

Tramp: "Please, lady, can you give me something to keep body and soul together?"

Lady: "Certainly; here's a safety-pin!"

L. Mison, 42, Recreation Road, Haverhill, Suffolk, wins this week's 576-page book of adventure stories for the above joke.

Coloured Mammy: "Ah wants a ticket for Magnolia."

Ticket Agent (after ten minutes' search in railroad guides): "Where is Magnolia?"

Coloured Mammy: "Where she am over dere, sitting on de bench!"

This joke wins half-a-crown for K. O'Keefe, 82, Warrington Street, St. Albans, Christchurch, S. Island, New Zealand.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" exclaimed Dr. Shrub. "This is not a laughing matter! Upon my word! Hold him securely, Mr. Hay—Crocker, Stuckey, take hold of his arms—no doubt he has firearms about him. Secure him! Upon my word! Remove that hat—let us see the scoundrel's face—"

Gunter of the Fifth jerked off the slouched hat. There was a howl of amazement, as the face was revealed. Except for the big, shaggy beard, it was a smooth, boyish face. Jimmy Carboy gave the beard a jerk. It came off! Then there was a roar.

"Bird!" gasped the Head. "Bird of the Fourth!"

"Wha-a-t?" stammered Will Hay.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

He let go the collar of the gangster's coat! Crocker and Stuckey let go his arms! Will Hay gazed at Richard Bird, like a man in a dream! He had not captured a desperate gangster! He had captured Dicky Bird—got up in a slouched hat and a beard! Dicky winked cheerfully at his dumbfounded Fern-master.

"Wha-a-a-t!" burbled Will.

"Bird!" thundered the Head. "What does this mean? What—what do you mean by this, Bird? How dare you appear in the quadrangle like that?"

"Only amateur theatricals, sir!" said Dicky meekly. "We're allowed to play amateur theatricals, sir! Mr. Hay insisted upon my coming into the quad, sir—I was playing with Koo in the field, when he collared me—I'm sure I don't know why, sir! Perhaps Mr. Hay will tell you, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled all Bendover.

"Mr. Hay!" gasped the Head. "What—what—upon my word, Mr. Hay, this is too much! Explain yourself at once, sir! What have you to say?"

Will Hay had nothing to say! He was past speech! He glared at the captured gangster, unexpectedly revealed as Richard Bird of the Fourth—he blinked at the swarm of laughing faces—and he rushed into the House and dis-

appeared from view—followed by a roar of laughter that woke all the echoes of Bendover School.

"SUFFERING sardines!" murmured Will Hay dismally.

He stopped at the Head's door, hesitating to enter. It was late in the evening—and Dr. Shrub had directed him to come to his study that evening—whether for a heart-to-heart talk, or for the sack, Will did not quite know.

Will's stock had been low in the market ever since he had told that gangster story, and the episode of Dicky Bird had put the lid on.

As he stood in painful, hesitating doubt, he heard a sound from within the Head's study. It was the unexpected sound of the cracking of a pane of glass. It was followed by a catch snapping back, and the swift lifting of a window-sash. At the same time, there was a sound of a chair moving, and a startled man jumping to his feet, and Dr. Shrub's surprised voice:

"Bless my soul! Who are you? What—"

"Pack it up!" followed a voice that Will Hay had reason to remember. "You let out one yaup, and I guess this here gun will go off mighty sudden! You get me?"

Will Hay, outside the door, stood transfixed. Only for a moment! Then, softly turning the door-handle, he opened the door an inch, and peered in.

Dr. Shrub was standing, goggling with amazement and alarm, at a masked man who stood just within the open window, with a revolver in his hand, levelled at the astounded Head of Bendover. It was the gangster this time—the genuine goods! Evidently he had crept into the school under cover of darkness, and there he was—holding up the headmaster in his own study! Will Hay grinned! He fancied that Dr. Shrub believed in that gangster, now! In these circumstances, there could hardly be any doubt left in the most sceptical mind!

"What!" stammered Dr. Shrub.

"I'm doing the talking, mister. You sit this one out! I guess I want that kid Koo! You're going to send for him to come to this here study, and me standing behind that screen. You get me? Make it yep! Nope means that you get it quick where you do your thinking! Get me?"

"Never!" gasped Dr. Shrub. "Villain! Wretch!"

"Can it! I guess—"

The gangster was interrupted. The study door flew open, and something catapulted in and crashed on him.

It was Will Hay.

The gangster went staggering; the gun, knocked from his hand, clattered on the floor. Will Hay pounced on it.

"Now—" he bleated.

A flash of lightning had nothing on that gangster as he nose-dived through the open window. It was clear that he disliked the front end of a gun!

"Mr. Hay!" gasped the Head. "My dear Hay! Bless my soul! Pip-pip-pray turn that—that dreadful weapon in some other direction. Bless my soul!"

"Do you believe in fairies?" chirruped Will. "I mean, do you believe in gangsters? What?"

"Mr. Hay, how can I thank you? You have shaved my wife—that is to say, saved my life. Please do not turn that—that thing towards me, I beg of you. Be careful, Mr. Hay—pray be careful. It appears, Mr. Hay, that you were not talking nonsense, after all. That is remarkable—very remarkable, indeed; not at all what I should have expected of you. Bless my soul!"

It was not the sack for Will Hay. It was not a jaw! Bendover buzzed with the surprising news that there was, after all, a real gangster after Koo! That was surprising enough. And Will Hay was not such an unspeakable ass as all Bendover had supposed him to be. That was the most surprising of all.

Get set for another riot of fun and laughs in next week's grand story of Will Hay and the Bendover lads, and if it's thrills you like you'll find them included, too!