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WILL  
MAY  
IN  
1935

# The PILOT

EVERY  
FRIDAY

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No. 125. Vol. 5. Week ending February 19th, 1935.

MIKE,  
SPIKE  
& GRETA  
OUR CRAZY  
DANC-  
ING  
"THE  
VILLAGE  
BLACK-  
SMITH"







By courtesy of Gainsborough pictures.

"ORF with that coat and all your duds!"  
 "My-my clothes?"  
 "And that 'at!"  
 "Suffering snails!" murmured Will Hay. "Do I sleep, do I dream, do I wonder and doubt? Are things what they seem, or are visions about?"

The shades of night were falling fast! Will Hay, master of the Bendover Fourth, was walking back to the school from Duddlebury, taking the short cut through Didham Wood. He was hurrying! He had heard a rumour, at Duddlebury, that an escaped convict from Dartwood had been seen in the neighbourhood. Will did not want to meet that convict, especially at dusk. From what he had heard, Convict No. 88 was not a nice man to meet in lonely spots.

So Will was putting his best foot foremost, as he came along the shadowy footpath. But he stopped, in sheer astonishment, as he heard that surprising conversation under the trees.

He knew one of the voices—that of Mr. Choot, Fifth Form master at Bendover. The other was strange to his ears—rough, unpleasant, lacking in H's; altogether, far from pleasant or cultivated. Will gave his nose-snippers a shove, to set them straight, and blinked into the shadows.

He made out two dim and shadowy forms. One was the portly figure of Mr. Choot. The other was small, wiry, and clad in a garb that leaped to the eye, even in the deep dusk of the wood. It was adorned by broad arrows. Will felt his heart wobble, as he blinked at it. He knew that he was looking at Convict No. 88 of Dartwood. He was, as yet, unobserved, and he felt a strong inclination to back into the wood, and perform the vanishing trick. But he stood where he was—he was not going to leave old Choot to this!

"My coat—my hat—yes—but my trousers—never!" gasped Mr. Choot.



Mr. Choot's voice went into a gurgle, as the convict grasped him. The Fifth Form master of Bendover went over with a bump, crumpling in those desperate hands. A broad-shouldered knee was planted on his portly waistcoat, a face like that of a bulldog glared down at him, and a fist like a leg-of-mutton was lifted for a smite. Another moment, and Mr. Choot would have been stunned, and his personal belongings would have been at the mercy of the ruffian who was badly in need of a change of clothes. But at that moment Will Hay woke to action.

"This way!" shouted Will at the top of his voice. "Here he is! Surround him! Come on, all together! Don't let him get away! Your handcuffs, officer, quick! Surround him before he can dodge! Quick, all of you."

Will, as he shouted, rushed on, and brandished his umbrella. That umbrella cracked on a broad-shouldered cap, and Convict No. 88, with a yell, bounded up.

"Quick!" yelled Will. "Come on! He's running! After him! Quick!"

Convict No. 88 made one frantic bound into the thickets and disappeared. A rustle floated back as he tore away through the wood, running like a deer.

"Oh, what luck!" gasped Will Hay. Never had Will been so glad to hear the sound of running feet!

Mr. Choot sat up, gurgling for breath. He blinked dizzily at Will, who grasped him by the arm, to help him to his feet.

"Quick!" breathed Will. "This is where we seek the open spaces."

"Gurrrgh! I am—am—short of—bib-bib-breath—gurrrgh! Wurrrrgh!" gurgled Mr. Choot. "Yurrrrrgh!"

"I hate to interrupt your saxophone effects, Choot, but really, we must hop it!" urged Will. "If that convict comes back—"

"But—all those men with you—have they not seized him?—is he not captured?—pursued?" gasped Mr. Choot.



Will Hay chuckled.  
 "A ruse, Choot—there's nobody with me! Pulling his leg, Choot! Nobody but me—little me—and if he tumbles to it, and comes back, he will have those togs of yours, Choot, so—"

"Oh! Ah! Let us go!" gasped Mr. Choot. "We—we had better hurry, I—I think! The scoundrel! He requires a change of clothes to escape the police, Hay, and—he dared—Which way did he go, Hay? We had better take another direction. I prefer to take a quite different direction."

"HEARD?" grinned Dicky Bird, of the Fourth.

They had all heard, in the junior day-room. There was quite a spot of excitement at Bendover School. It was rather thrilling to hear that an escaped convict was lurking within a mile of Bendover. Dozens of fellows had seen the masters of the Fourth and Fifth come in, breathless.

"I say, suppose that convict came after them!" gasped Tubby Green.

"Just what he's going to do!" said Dicky.

"Rot!" said Jimmy Carboy. "As if he would come here!"

"Well, he was after a change of clothes, it seems!" said Dicky Bird. "Old Hay's would be a better fit than Choot's! There's room for three or four convicts in Choot's waistcoat! So—"

"What the dickens do you mean?" asked Jerry Smart.

"I mean that Hay's gone over to the Head's house to tell Dr. Shirubb all about it, and that he's going to find the convict in his study when he comes back here!" answered Dicky Bird. "In fact, he's going to find two—you and me, Jimmy—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And with a pistol to his head—"

"A pip-pip-pistol!" gasped Tubby. "Have you got a pip-pip-pistol?"







"I've got a ruler, which is just as good in the dark! Come on, Jimmy."

"But—" ejaculated Carboy.

"Come on, I tell you—I've got to get packed in his study before he comes back from the head."

"Oh, all right!"

Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy hurried away, leaving the junior room in a roar. They cut down Masters' passage to Will Hay's study.

In that study, Dicky Bird shut the door, and then he looked the electric lamp out of its socket. After which, it was useless for anyone who wanted to turn on the switch. Except for a faint glow from the fireplace, the room was dimly dark.

"Big him as he comes in!" breathed Dicky. "Keep behind the door, see? I clap the end of the ruler to his head, and then we bag a lot of his clothes from the other room, and get out by the window! Of course, he'll think it was the convict! To-morrow morning he'll find his lobster in his desk in the Form-room!" Jimmy Carboy chuckled explosively.

"Quiet!" hissed Dicky. "I believe he's coming already—I can hear somebody's feet!"

There was a sound of footsteps coming up the passage. Silent, almost breathless, the two juniors waited and listened.

The footsteps stopped at the door. The door-handle turned. Dicky Bird nudged his comrade. Both were ready. The door opened—and there was a click of a switch! But no light came on. The next instant, the dim figure in the doorway was grasped by two pairs of hands, and dragged headlong into the study.

Bump! There was a spluttering gasp as it sprawled. The hard, round end of a ruler jammed against a head.

"Silence, on your life!" hissed Dicky Bird. "One cry, and I blow your brains out!"



Convict No. 88 will never be taken alive! Silence!"

There was a shuddering gasp from the prisoner, and silence! Jimmy Carboy swiftly shut the door, and got busy with the cord. The jape was working like a charm!

**A**LBERT EDWARD GUNTER, of the Fifth Form, laid down his pen, grunted, and stared across his study at Parker, his studymate and pal. Gunter had been writing lines. He had written a hundred, and he had yet a hundred to write.

"Look here, Parky, I've got an idea!" said Gunter. "I've been thinking it over ever since those two old goats blew in, spluttering about that escaped convict, and I've got an idea."

"You have?" asked Parker, in surprise.

"Yes, I have!" snorted Gunter. "And I'm jolly well going to make old Choot sit up for giving me all these lines—see? He was scared out of his wits by that convict he saw—or fancied he saw—in Didham Wood this evening. Suppose he saw him here—ran into him, taking his trot in the quad! What? Broad arrows and all, you know."

"How the dooce—" gasped Parker. "You've heard about that old ass Hay having been on the stage and on the screen, and all that," said Gunter. "Everybody knows he's got a big box of stage props in his rooms. One of them was a convict outfit."

"Oh!" said Parker.

"Well, I know where to find the box, and I'm going to get hold of that convict outfit of his, dress up in it, and scare old Choot out of his seven senses!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Parker. "Better not let old Hay catch you rooting after his props!"

"That's all right. He's gone over to the Head's house. I saw him go. I can nip into his rooms, and nip out again." Gunter rose from the table. "You wait here, Parky; you



can help me dress-up later. I'll cut off and get the clobber while old Hay's chin-wagging with old Shrub."

"Good egg!" grinned Parker.

Gunter of the Fifth left his study. He had been giving a lot of thought to this wheeze, and the more he thought it over the better he liked it. Choot, taking his evening walk under the Beulover beeches, would certainly be scared out of his seven senses when a convict suddenly rushed on him; and it was easy for Gunter to drop from his study window, and get back the same way—safe as houses! It was high time that Mr. Choot was made to sit up for his sins, giving a fellow two hundred lines!

He arrived at Will Hay's study, glanced up and down the passage to make sure that he was unobserved, and opened the door quickly and stepped in. He switched on—in vain. No light came. What happened next seemed to Gunter of the Fifth something in the nature of a horrid, harrowing nightmare.

He had not, of course, expected anyone to be in the study. Somebody, however, was there. Gunter's brain fairly whirled, as he was grasped suddenly and up-ended on Will Hay's carpet.

That two juniors were parked behind the door, waiting for Will Hay, Gunter naturally did not know. Neither, of course, did Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy know that Gunter was coming to that study, where a Fifth Form man had no business.

Dicky and Jimmy had no doubt that it was Will who sprawled and wriggled under them, with the hard, round end of the ruler pressed to his head. Gunter, with the hissing, threatening voice growling in his ear, had no doubt that he was in the desperate grip of Convict No. 88. The dim glow from the fireplace revealed nothing but a wriggling heap on the floor.

Dicky Bird kept the end of the ruler jammed against the side of a dimly glimpsed head.





Jimmy Carboy whipped a couple of wrists together, leaped a cord round them, and drew it tight. Then he grasped wriggling legs, to knot a cord round them also. From the wriggling figure came a heave. Dicky Bird jangled the ruler harder.

"Keep quiet! Just own 'owl and you get it through the lead!" he hissed. "I'll swing for yer! You fear me!"

That remark, in a deep, hissing voice in the dark, sounded much more like a convict than a Fourth Former of Bendov's. Gunter shuddered, and kept quiet.

Jimmy Carboy knotted the cord round his legs. Gunter realized that there were two of the villains. He had heard of only one escaped convict, but undoubtedly there were two handling him—one with a gun, the other tying him up! It was awful—for Gunter! He was getting the scare he had intended for Mr. Choot, and getting it badly!

A hand groped over his face, and his own

handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth. From the dark came the hissing voice:

"Just a sound from you, and I'll riddle yer with this—this gun! They'll want a new Form-master 'ere if you give any trouble, Mister Blooming 'Ay!"

Gunter gurgled behind the gag. They were taking him for Mr. Hay—the owner of that study! He understood that now. Ho lay study! He understood the movements of the quaking, and listened to a low chuckle. They convicts. He heard a low chuckle. They seemed amused by their success. He heard them open the communicating door into Will Hay's bed-room, and pass into that apartment. Hay's bed-room, and pass into that apartment. No doubt they were after old Hay's clothes, and any other plunder that came to hand. Gunter wriggled wildly in his bonds. If only he could get loose, and give the alarm before the villains got clear!

But he couldn't. He could only wriggle, and gurgle faintly behind the gag. He heard the two villains rummaging in the next room, and

again a sound of low chuckling. If only some ass Hay got back from the Head's house!

Then, to his relief, the door from the passage opened. A hand groped over the switch knob. Then a voice:

"Suffering sardines! What's wrong with that dashed light? Have you got a match, Choot?"

Gunter heard a startled gasp from the bed-room, and the inner door shut. The convict had heard Will Hay's voice. The convicts! He did not know that Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy, in dizzy amazement, were wondering who on earth it was that they had collared and tied up in Will Hay's study!

WILL HAY struck a match and stepped into his study. The ceiling light would not come on, but there was a reading-lamp on the table, and he groped to it, match in hand, to switch it on. He caught his feet in something on the floor and stumbled, with a startled howl. The match went out.

"I've fallen over something. Great jumping slugs! It's a body!" yelled Will Hay. Groping over the object over which he had stumbled, Will, in horror, felt the outlines of a human form. "It's a bib-bib-bab-body!"

"A body?" gasped Mr. Choot. Will grabbed at the reading-lamp and switched it on. Both masters fixed their eyes on the sprawling figure on the floor.

"Who?" gasped Will. "What?" "Gunter!" gurgled Mr. Choot. "Gunter—of my Form! Bless my soul, he is tied—tied with a—a—cord! Gunter, how dare you tie yourself up in this ridiculous manner in Mr. Hay's study?"

"Ooooooooh!" came faintly and feebly from Gunter.

"Gunter has, at the moment, an impediment in his speech, my dear Choot!" remarked Will Hay, and he stooped and jerked the crumpled handkerchief out of the Fifth Former's mouth.

"Now—" "Groooh!" gasped Gunter. "Look out, sir! Get hold of the poker or something!"

"The which?" ejaculated Will Hay. "In the next room, sir—they collared me in the dark and tied me up like this—they thought I was you in the dark, sir—there's two of them—desperate scoundrels—one of them held a pistol to my head!"

"Humming haddocks! But—" Will Hay stared round towards the bed-room door. There was a sound of movement in the adjoining room. Somebody, evidently, was there! Will Hay promptly grabbed the poker from the grate. "Choot, stand at the door on the passage, and stop them if they bolt! I'll tackle them this way! You're sure they're convicts, Gunter?"

"Oh, yes, sir; a pair of big, hulking, desperate ruffians—"

Will Hay rushed to the bed-room door, and hurled it open. He flashed on the electric light in the bed-room. Brandishing the poker, he flashed his eyes round the room. No one was to be seen!

"There's nobody here!" exclaimed Will. "They're there, sir!" yelled Gunter, from the study. "Perhaps they're hiding under the bed, sir!"

"Come in, Choot!" exclaimed Will Hay. "Stand on one side of the bed—I will take the other! Now, then—!"

Will stooped, and thrust the poker under the bed! He had no doubt that, if anyone was hiding there, that would cause him to reveal his presence. He was right! It did! The end of the poker jabbed under Dicky Bird's ear, and the yell that Dicky gave woke most of the echoes of Bendover School.

"Yarooooh!" "Someone is there!" gasped Mr. Choot. "You heard that, Hay—" "We'll soon have him out!" Another poke—"He drove the poker under the bed again, catching Jimmy Carboy in the back of the neck. "Wow! Oh, crickey! Yoo hoop!" came a frantic yell from Jimmy. "Ow! Chuck at! We'll come out!" "Bless my soul! That sounds much more

# Leonard Henry at the "Mike"



**HALLO, WHAT-HO AND CHEERIO!**—This effusive greeting is from Yours Truly, L. Henry, who is now in Big Business, selling soap to savages. It's guaranteed to cleanse black stains and turn 'em white. It does this by taking off their skin. A bit draughty in winter, but nice and cool in summer. The profits should be e-NOR-mous. Let soap so!

Joo know, I once went exploring in the South Sea Islands. I'd read books by other explorers, telling of their breathless escapes and hair-raising hours in the cooking-pot, but none of them were ever killed, because they said so in their books. So as the barber said my hair needed raising, I took a cheap excursion to the S.S.I. to get inside information about the cannibals. I wanted to see what they lived on, besides me. One man's meat is another man's person, as they say. Ha, ha! Eh?

Well, I landed on the beach at midnight, and really it was orful. Not a tram in sight, not even a taxi. I had to take a camel-cab to the hotel, and the driver wanted my skull for the fare. I gave him a piece of my mind, instead. Yes.

I couldn't repress a shudder as I stood in the lonely grill-room and saw savages dining on "cotelette d'explorer" and "ragout de missionary" with crocodile sauce. When the savage waiter came up, dressed in grass and goose-pimples, I said:

"Don'tehoo think it's rotten to be an uncivilised savage?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," he replied sadly. "The refinements of civilisation are so little known in this country that even the super-cinema next door is showing films a month old."

I shivered with horror as I saw the cruel oyster-fork in the man's hand. Yes, I did. I clutched my self-filling machine-gun and prepared to sell my life dearly. I wouldn't let it go under one-and-six. The waiter curled his eyes and rolled his lips. He would have turned up his nose if he'd had one.

"What will you take to drink, sir?" he hissed. "Champagne, lemon-squash, or sulphuric-acid?"

"Yes," I replied mechanically, in grinding tones.

He bowed, and went away. I wiped my brow as I realised my narrow escape. Yes, life in the cannibal islands is breathless. So is death, in those parts.

Ah, who would live in a savage land—but why worry what Ah Hoo would do? This was no time to talk about Chinamen. My life was in jeopardy, wherever that is. I must act at once, if not immediately. Without waiting to pay my bill, I trekked

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upstairs to bed. Strange noises echoed through the shadows; the low, throaty gurgle of the wild hot-water pipe, the chattering tick of a savage clock, the shrill scream of a mouse as the fierce tabby pounced upon it from its lair.

I decided to build fires around my bed to protect me from prowling beasts, but a fierce native sprang into my room and put them out.

"If you are cold, sir," he said, in snarling tones, "this button will turn on the electric radiator."

He was the big Chief Man-A-Ger, hated and feared through ten floors and five hundred rooms. I gave myself up for lost. He was sure to take off my skull with a paper-knife, and I wished I'd been fitted with zip-fasteners when I was a boy. But he covered before my eye and crept away. I jumped into bed without taking my boots off, but as I was fast asleep when I remembered it, I didn't trouble to get out.

I awoke to the distant beating of tom-toms, calling the tribes to breakfast. My blood ran cold and I went hot all over. Suppose the breakfast were me? In that case, I determined I'd jolly well get my plateful with the rest. I was paying as much as they were.

After eating a curious native dish of ham-neggs, I went deep into the jungle to a native village. There wasn't another house for miles round, and I don't know what Miles Round did for a lodging. I trembled so much that I nearly upset the charabanc.

I met the native chief. Goodness, how his eyes gleamed through his spectacles as he tried to sell me a picture-postcard of the place. In a harsh voice, he demanded threepence. It was too much—in fact, two too much. I turned and fled to the nearest railway station. Never again, I resolved, would I set foot in the cannibal islands.

Well, there you are—that's what a modern story of peril and adventure in the cannibal islands is like. The place is almost as savage as some parts of Bermondsey. You said it!

LEONARD HENRY

P.S.—All rights of this thumping lie are reserved, and billstickers will be prosecuted.



like a Bendover boy, than a convict!" exclaimed Mr. Choot. "Much more!" grinned Will Hay. "I fancy I know the voice!" Two jokers wriggled out from under the bed—rested out of their last refuge. Mr. Choot stared at them blankly. Will Hay grinned, with all his teeth. "Bird! Carboy!" he exclaimed. "Are you two bulking, desperate ruffians who colored Gunter in my study?" "Oh, yes, sir," gasped Dicky Bird. "Only a-a-joke, sir," agreed Will. "Follow me into my study, please!" Gunter, I am much obliged to you for dropping in and getting away! I fear, these two dutiful members of my team intended for me. Where is my cane? Where here we are! Bird, will you have the kindness to bend over that chair?" Six whistles rang through the study like six pistol shots! "Carboy, will you be good enough to follow Bird's example!" "Now you may go!" chirruped Will. "When I passed the junior day-room a few minutes ago, I heard sounds of revelry by right! Some sort of a joke on, I fancy! You may go and join in the merriment, my boys! Go and add your merry trill to the happy sound of laughter!" "Oh!" gasped Dicky Bird. "Wow!" "Ooooooooooh!" moaned Jimmy Carboy.

"MY dear Choot, if you would care to borrow my cane—" Mr. Choot had released Gunter. Gunter, on his feet, was edging towards the door. But Choot's plump hand waved him back.

"Thank you, Hay!" said Mr. Choot, taking the cane. "Now, Gunter, explain at once what you were doing in Mr. Hay's study!" "I—I—I—" stammered Gunter. "I—I—I was only going to borrow some of Mr. Hay's theatrical props, sir, for—for—for a—a—a joke, sir—" "Nonsense!"

"I—I—I was really, sir! I—I—" "If you do not tell me the truth this instant, Gunter—" "Come, my boy, cough it up!" said Will Hay, encouragingly. "What was the big idea? Gum in the inkpot? Ink in the slippers? Drawing-pins in the armchair? What?"

"Oh! No, sir! Really—I—I—I was going to borrow your convict outfit, sir, just for a—a—a joke!" gasped Gunter. He did not add that that joke had been intended to be at the expense of Mr. Choot! That part, Gunter realised, it was judicious to keep dark!

"Oh!" said Will. "I see! You young man—" "An absurd prank!" hooted Mr. Choot. "You might have caused alarm—indeed consternation—by such a ridiculous prank, Gunter—" "D-d-do you think so, sir?" gasped Gunter. "You will take five hundred lines, Gunter." Mr. Choot laid down the cane. "Go to your study and write them out at once. If you are satisfied, my dear Hay—" "Oh, quite!" said Will. "But chew on this,

Gunter—if ever I catch you got up in my convict outfit, look out for squalls, hurricanes, tornadoes, and earthquakes! And then some! You get me? Good! Now hook it—I mean, you may leave my study, Gunter!"

**W**ILL HAY started. For a moment, Will had been alarmed! But the next, he was amused!

Will was taking a stroll under the Bendover beeches before supper in the Common-room with the other beaks. The sight of a slinking figure in the broad-arrow costume of a convict was startling, at first sight! But Will remembered, at once, that stunt of Gunter's. He came to a halt, peering over his nose-tippers at the slinking figure under the dusky beeches, and grinned with every tooth in his head.

Evidently, five hundred lines had not deterred Gunter of the Fifth from carrying on with his jape! The dim figure in broad arrows, close to an ancient trunk, was peering towards the lighted windows of the House in the distance. Will had a back view of him. But for his knowledge of Gunter's stunt, Will might have supposed that this really was Convict 88, penetrating within the walls of Bendover School, in the hope of snooping the change of clothes he so sorely needed to make his getaway. But, as it was, Will had no doubt that it was Albert Edward Gunter, and no doubt he was watching for Mr. Choot to appear, to take his evening walk! Had Will had his cane with him, he would have walked up behind that skulking figure and landed a good one from the south. But his cane was in his study. So he stood peering, and debating in his mind the best way to deal with a fellow who was fathead enough to dress up as a convict, when there was an escaped convict in the neighbourhood!

He suppressed a chuckle, and stole away on tiptoe to Kelly's shed. In that shed, as Will was aware, was a large sack. There was also a coil of rope! With the big sack over one arm, and the coil looped over the other, Will Hay stole back stealthily under the beeches.

The slinking figure was still there, watching the House. Will trod as lightly as a grasshopper as he crept up behind it. Gunter—if it was Gunter—did not look round. Closer and closer crept Will, the sack in his hands, the open end ready! Hardly three feet behind the broad-arrowed figure, Will made a sudden spring!

In a split second the open end of the sack was over the broad-arrowed cap, and Will dragged it down, enveloping the figure as far as the knees!

There was a wild, startled gurgle from inside the sack, and the figure began to struggle violently, frantically.

But he had simply no chance! The sack was all round him, and Will tipped him over with a push! As he sprawled, Will whipped the end of the sack tight round his knees, whipped the rope round, and knotted it.

He chuckled. Only a pair of feet emerged from the sack, and the unfortunate prisoner within was quite helpless. The sack rolled, and wriggled, and heaved, and from the interior came a muffled gasping, and gurgling, and spluttering.

"Go it, my boy!" said Will cheerily. "I warned you to look out for squalls and things

if I caught you made up as a convict. This is where you get the squalls and things!"

And Will Hay resumed his stroll under the beeches, leaving the prisoner in the sack to wriggle and gurgle, which he continued to do in an absolutely frantic manner. By the time he got out of that sack, Will thought, Gunter of the Fifth would be tired of playing convict!

It was about a quarter of an hour later that Will heard a loud ring at the gate. Then he glimpsed a figure in uniform striding to the House, and recognised Inspector Plummy, of Didham. Another uniformed figure followed—a Didham police-constable. Quite forgetting Gunter, Will billowed away to the House.

Dr. Shrub stood in the big, open doorway, looking quite agitated. A crowd of Bendover fellows had gathered round.

"Here?" Dr. Shrub was saying. "Are you sure, inspector?"

"We are certain that he came in this direction, sir!" answered Inspector Plummy. "He was seen close by the school wall. That was half an hour ago. He may have eluded us by entering the school—"

"Search must be made at once!" exclaimed Dr. Shrub. "An escaped convict, within the precincts of Bendover! Good gracious! Is that you, Hay? You have been in the quadrangle. Have you seen anything—"

Will Hay did not answer. His eyes were fixed, as if mesmerised, on a face among the crowd of Bendover fellows! It was the face of Gunter of the Fifth!

"Howling haddocks!" gasped Will. "Then who—"

Inspector Plummy glanced round at him.

"Mr. Hay! You have been walking in the quadrangle. Have you seen anything of the escaped convict? We are practically certain that he dodged us over the school wall—that he is in the grounds—"

"Oh! Ah! Yes. Quite!" gasped Will. He recovered himself. "Kindly come with me, inspector, and I will hand the man over!"

"You—you have seen him?"

"And caught him!" said Will calmly. "A desperate character, inspector—a very desperate man; but I fancy I have got him quite safe."

The inspector, the constable, Dr. Shrub, Mr. Choot, and a whole army of Bendover fellows followed Will Hay as he breezed away. A dozen flashlamps revealed the well-filled sack that wriggled and squirmed under beeches with two feet wildly kicking from the end of it. Will waved an airy hand.

"Your prisoner, Mr. Plummy!" he said.

Many hands grasped the prisoner as the sack was peeled off and the handcuffs clicked on. Dr. Shrub stared blankly at the convict as he was led away between the inspector and the constable.

"My dear Hay!" he gasped. "You—you captured that desperate man—alone—single-handed!"

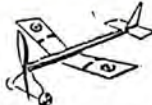
"Alone I did it!" beamed Will. "A trifle, sir! I can do these things on the back of my neck!"

*Koo, the Kanaka schoolboy, "loses his memory" and makes Will Hay lose his rag. YOU will lose all your waistcoat buttons with laughter when you read next Friday's special fun story starring WILL HAY, the world's merriest master.*

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Rowntree's Cocoa, made by a special predigestive process, actually helps children to digest other food and get more nourishment from their meals.

\* To start your collection send a postcard (postage id.) to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., Dpt. MC88, The Cocoa Works, York, for

the Free Gift Booklet, which includes a complete list of boys' and girls' gifts and a Free Voucher worth three coupons.