

MIKE, SPIKE & GRETA—OUR COVER STARS—IN ANOTHER SPOT OF FUN!

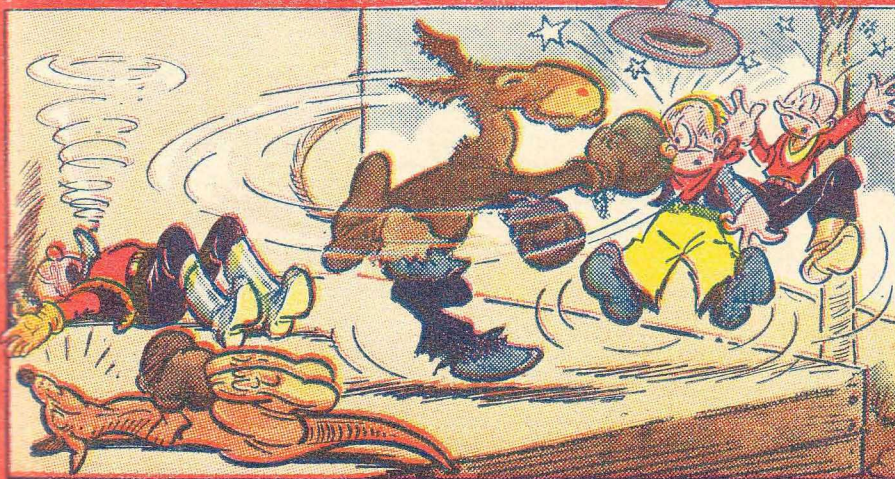
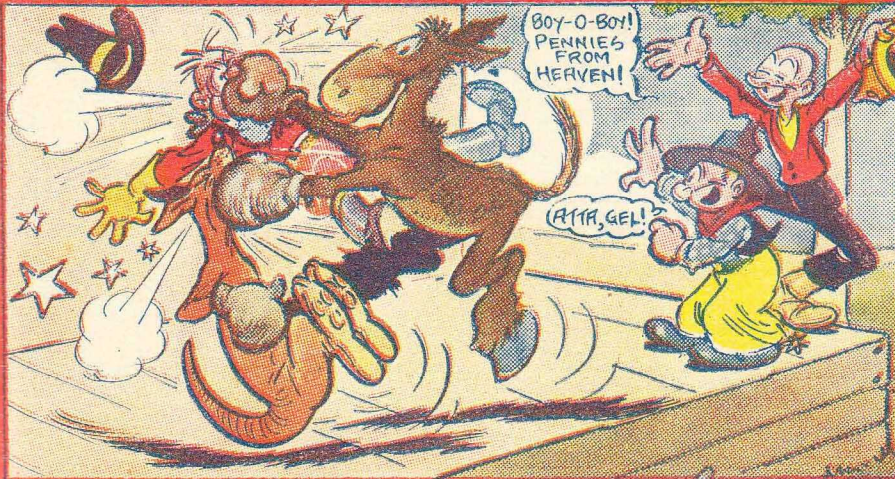
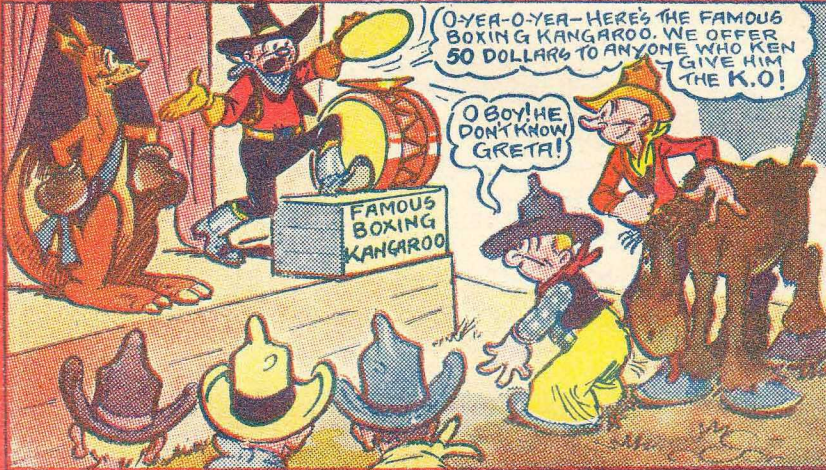


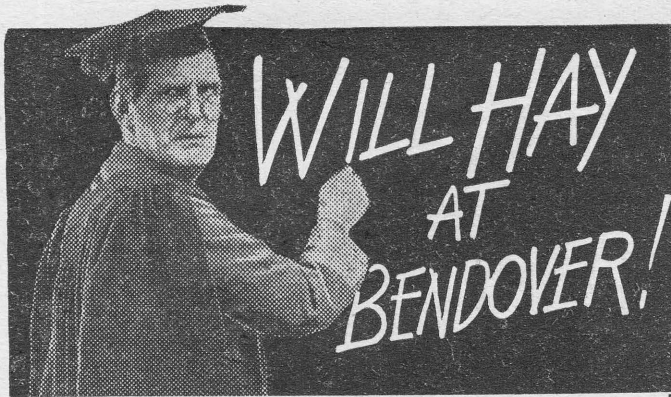
WILL HAY is inside

The PILOT 2^D

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EVERY FRIDAY





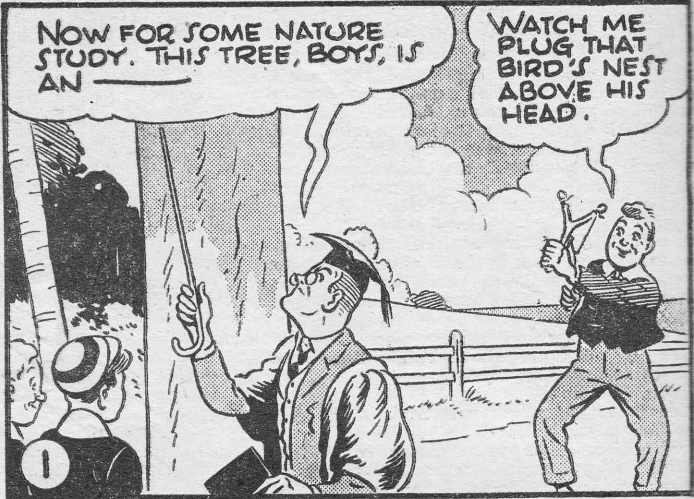
WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!

SPECIAL TO "The PILOT."... Grand double fun-feature—complete picture-strip and story—of the latest laughable exploits of WILL HAY, the world's merriest Form-master.

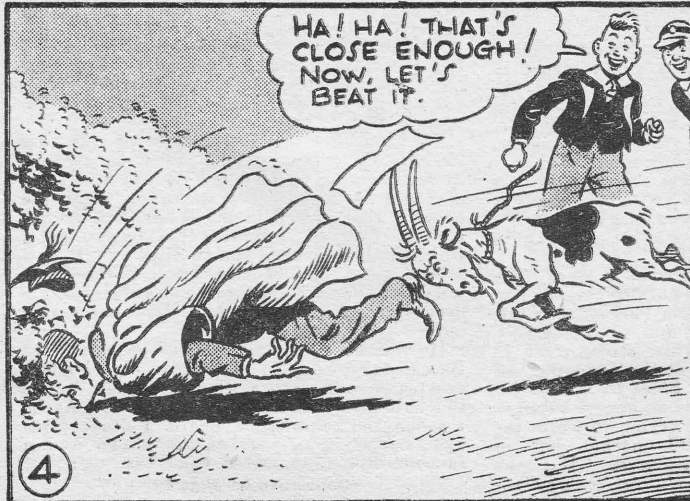
"WHAT is the lesson?" boomed Colonel Chatterton.
 "General knowledge," answered Will Hay hastily.
 The Bendover Fourth grinned. First lesson in the Fourth was invariably Latin, but Will Hay, master of the Fourth, preferred to have his Form to himself when he handled them on this subject.
 The chairman of the governors had looked in that morning, as he too often did. Will was used to facing an audience. But he did not like an audience in the Latin lesson. Latin was not Will's long suit, and even his regular verbs were sometimes a little irregular.
 But Will, if he hadn't deep stores of classical knowledge, had presence of mind. He changed that lesson on the spot to general knowledge! He felt safer in general knowledge.
 "Hum!" said the colonel. "Well, let us see! Proceed, Mr. Hay!"
 Mr. Hay proceeded.
 The old colonel stood like a ramrod, with a keen ear and a watchful eye. He had his doubts about this new master on Dr. Shrub's staff. Every fellow in the Fourth was grinning, except Reggie Pyke. They all knew why Will had washed out Latin so suddenly, and nearly every man in the Fourth was ready to back him up. Nobody could help liking Will Hay—except Reggie, who liked nobody.
 "Now—er—er—" began Will Hay.
 "Now, my boys, you see—er—er—"
 "I don't see her, sir," said Dicky Bird innocently.
 "Eh? What?" Will Hay grinned sheepishly.
 "You are smart, my boy."
 "Oh, no, sir! I'm Bird! Smart's sitting next to me."

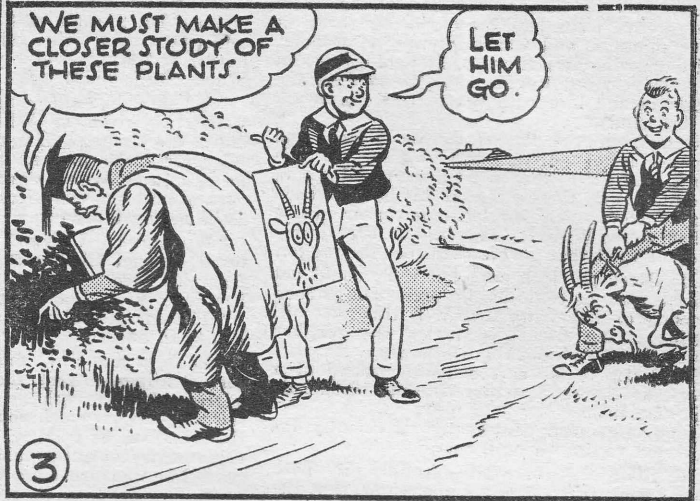
Jerry Smart chortled.
 "Silence in the class!" rapped Will Hay.
 "It is no time for merriment, when a governor of the school is present—far from it! Now, what can you boys tell me about the Navy? You, Carboy—name a type of battleship!"
 "A cruiser," answered Carboy.
 "Very good! What drives it?"
 "A screw, sir!"
 "Ha! And who runs it?"
 "A crew, sir."
 "What? Are you trying to be funny, Carboy? You're a very bright lad! Where do you come from?"
 "Crewe, sir!"
 Will Hay rubbed his nose, grabbed his nose-nippers as they slipped off, and jammed them back again. The Fourth Form grinned cheerily. Colonel Chatterton gave a snort.
 "Come, come! I will ask the boys a few questions!" he grunted. "Now, my boys, what can you tell me about the Air Force?"
 "Plenty, sir," said Dicky Bird at once.
 "Go on, then."
 "The Air Force, sir, is becoming as famous for its fights as the Army for its retreats," said Dicky, brightly.
 "Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Bendover Fourth, quite entertained by the expression that came over the colonel's face at that reply.
 "What—what?" boomed Colonel Chatterton.
 "What? You impertinent young rascal! Mr. Hay, you will give that boy a hundred lines."
 "A thousand, if you like, sir," said Will, closing one eye at Richard Bird. "Bird, come to my study after class and I will give you what you deserve for making such an answer to the colonel."
 "Yes, sir," said Dicky, meekly.

"If you please, sir," piped Reggie Pyke, "we have Latin in this lesson, as a rule, sir."
 The Fourth Formers glared at Reggie. Nobody wanted Latin, and nobody wanted to let Will Hay down.
 Will looked at Reggie as if he could have bitten him. But, to his great relief, Pyke of the Fourth got no encouragement from the colonel. As a matter of fact, Colonel Chatterton had not been a bright pupil in his far-off schooldays, and of the little he had learned he had forgotten most.
 "Oh! Ah! Um! That is the rule, is it?" grunted the colonel. "But there are exceptions to every rule."
 Immediately, Dicky Bird's hand went up.
 "Did you say there was an exception to every rule, sir?" inquired Dicky Bird, with a cheerful expression in which angelic innocence was mingled with a dutiful thirst for knowledge.
 "What? Yes, certainly I did!" yapped the colonel.
 "Then if it is a rule, sir, that there is an exception to every rule," said Dicky, "there must be an exception to it—"
 "Eh?"
 "And if there's an exception to the rule that there's an exception to every rule, that exception can only be a rule to which there is no exception, sir—"
 "Wha-a-t?"
 "So if there's an exception to every rule, sir, there must be at least one rule to which there is no exception," pursued Dicky. "And so it works out like this, sir—that if there's an exception to every rule, there isn't an exception to every rule—"
 "Oh!" gasped the colonel.
 "Because if there was, there would be an exception to the rule that there's an exception



(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures)





to every rule, and that exception would be a rule which has no exception, and so—

"Good gad!" Colonel Chatterton wiped a perspiring brow as he tried to follow it. "So if there is, there isn't, according to what you say, sir," said the cheerful Dicky. "Because an exception to the rule that there's an exception to every rule would be a rule without an exception, so if it is, it isn't, and if it has it hasn't, and—"

"Mr. Hay, please take your class!" gasped Colonel Chatterton. "I—I—I think I will look in on the Fifth Form. My—my time this morning is rather limited. Good-morning, Mr. Hay!"

"Good-morning, sir!" gurgled Will. Colonel Chatterton beat a hasty retreat from the Fourth-Form room. Clearly, he had had enough of testing that bright Form in general knowledge. Will Hay beamed on his class.

"I am very pleased with you this morning, my boys," bleated Will. "Bird, don't forget to come to my study after class, to take what you deserve. We will now resume our classical studies."

When the Fourth Form were dismissed, Dicky Bird presented himself at Will Hay's study in rather a doubtful frame of mind as to what he was to receive there. Two articles lay on the study table—one was a cane, the other a tin of toffees. It was the latter that Will Hay picked up and presented to Bird of the Fourth, with an expansive grin!

WILL HAY walked out into the sunny quad, after lunch, with a deckchair under his arm. He planted it under his study window, in the shade, and sank down in it to take a rest before the bell went for afternoon school. He opened a large volume to read. Anyone passing Will could see the title on the cover of that large volume, "Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon." What

anyone passing could not see was the current number of "Detective Weekly," which was open inside the volume, and which Will was reading.

Colonel Chatterton, pacing in the quad with Dr. Shrub, glanced several times towards Will. The colonel had stayed for lunch with the Head, and was not going yet. It was chiefly for the colonel's benefit that Will had his "Detective Weekly" parked inside Liddell and Scott.

Reggie Pyke glanced out of the doorway and grinned as he stood for a few minutes watching his Form-master, then Reggie backed into the House and bestowed a wink on his pal Fruity Snell.

"Spotted old Hay?" he murmured. "Squatting under his study window; looks like a fixture till the bell goes."

"What about it?" asked Fruity.

"Leggett left a pail of whitewash in the box-room when he knocked off for dinner," murmured Reggie. "He hasn't got back yet."

Fruity grinned. Leggett, the House porter, had been whitewashing in the box-room. Fruity caught on at once.

"Let's!" he breathed. "I say, though, old Chatterbox is out there with the beak—a governor of the school, you know. He'll see it—"

"All the better!" chuckled Reggie. "He doesn't believe that old Hay can handle the Bendover Fourth, and if he sees him get the whitewash he will be sure of it. You cut off and get the pail, and I'll tip it out over old Hay's napper; he's right under the window."

"O.K.!" grinned Fruity, and was back in a few minutes, carrying a tin pail more than half-full of whitewash. He handed it over to Pyke of the Fourth.

"Good egg!" smiled Reggie. "You keep cave in the passage."

"Right-ho!"

Reggie took the whitewash-bucket by the handle and crept along the passage to Will Hay's study. Fruity, grinning, remained at the corner to keep watch.

Meanwhile, Will Hay was enjoying his "Detective Weekly," with the imposing cover of Liddell and Scott meeting the glances of Colonel Chatterton when they turned on him. But he was not left to enjoy that entrancing publication long. Dr. Shrub went into the House, and the colonel, left alone, bore down on the master of the Fourth. Will shut Liddell and Scott with a bang as the ramrod figure loomed over him. He was just in time to conceal the "Detective Weekly."

"A few words with you, Mr. Hay, if you are at leisure," said the colonel. "As a governor of the school, I am not wholly satisfied with the Fourth Form. I should like to discuss the matter with you."

"My dear sir," beamed Will, rising from the deckchair, "nothing could be more delightful. Pray sit down, and oblige me by waiting a moment or two while I return this volume to Mr. Choot, who lent it to me."

"Certainly!" said the colonel.

He sat down.

Will Hay walked into the House and went into Common-room; there he found the master of the Fifth, to whom he returned the Greek lexicon, with grateful thanks for the loan, after which he sat down and resumed the "Detective Weekly" indoors. How long Colonel Chatterton would wait for him to come back, Will did not know, but he was not going to see Will again in a hurry if Will could help it.

The colonel sat in the deckchair under the study window, stretched out his long legs, and waited. He had a lecture all ready for the master of the Fourth on the conduct of his



Form, but that lecture was destined never to be uttered. He had been waiting three or four minutes, and was beginning to wonder, with growing irritation, what had become of Mr. Hay, when Reggie Pyke arrived in the study behind him with the pail of whitewash in his hand.

Reggie entered the study on tiptoe, and tiptoed across to the window; it was wide open, and there were a good many fellows in the quad, and Reggie ducked his head to keep out of view. He wanted a governor of the school to see Will Hay ragged, but he certainly did not want that governor to spot the ragger.

He dared not look out; but if he could not use his eyes, he could use his ears. He listened intently to make sure that Will Hay was still sitting in the deckchair under the window before he heaved out the whitewash.

Distinctly to his ears came the sound of a creak as the man sitting in the deckchair stirred a little.

Reggie grinned ecstatically. Evidently his intended victim was still there.

He lifted the tin pail carefully in both hands, and still keeping out of sight, shot the contents in a swooping flood through the window.

Swoooooosh! Splash!
"Gurrgrgghhh!" came a frantic splutter from outside.

Suppressing his merriment, Reggie rolled the pail under Will's table and shot out of the study. Fruity Snell, in the passage, eyed him eagerly. From the open doorway, at a little distance, came a sound of wildly excited voices in the quad.

"Got him?" gasped Fruity.
"What do you think?" gurgled Reggie.
"Cut!"

They cut into the quad, mingling at once with the crowd of fellows there. Under Will Hay's study window a startling figure was staggering wildly. The Bendover fellows were gathering round in a staring crowd, most of them laughing. Smothered with whitewash, utterly unrecognisable, streaming from head to foot, Colonel Chatterton staggered blindly, clawing at his face. He spluttered and spluttered and puffed and blew in a perfectly frantic manner.

"Oh crumbs! Look!" gasped Reggie.
"Poor old Hay!" giggled Fruity.
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gurrgrggh!" spluttered Colonel Chatterton.
"Wurrgh! Good gad! Yurrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bendover fellows. The colonel looked like a daylight ghost, and the sight seemed to take all Bendover by storm. They roared.

"Goodness gracious! What is this?" exclaimed Dr. Shrubbs, rustling out of the House and gazing at the whitewashed figure in horror. "What—what—who—which—why—Who—who is that?"

"My only hat and sunshade!" exclaimed a well-known voice, as Will Hay came billowing out of the House. "Has anything happened?"

Reggie Pyke jumped clear of the quad as he spun round and stared at Will Hay, his eyes almost popping from his face. Fruity Snell nearly fell down.

"Wurrgh! Urrgh! Gurrgh!" spluttered Colonel Chatterton, clawing whitewash from his face. "Groogh! Dr. Shrubbs, who has done this? Look at me, sir! Grooooch!"

"The kik-kik-colonel!" gasped Reggie and Fruity in horror.

"Look at me, sir!" roared Colonel Chatterton, striding towards the Head and leaving a trail of whitewash as he strode. "Is this the way, sir, in which you allow a governor of the school to be treated, sir, at Bendover? I demand the instant expulsion, sir, of the young scoundrel who has done this! Urrrrgh!"

"G-g-g-goodness gracious!" gasped the Head. "Immediately he is discovered, sir, he shall be expelled from Bendover! Pray come with me, sir! A wash, a change—"

The colonel tottered into the House after the Head, dripping whitewash as he went, and leaving the quad in a roar. Will Hay tapped Reggie Pyke on the shoulder. Reggie gave him a terrified blink.

"Wrong address—what, my merry little man?" grinned Will genially.

"I—I—I never—" groaned Reggie.
"You seemed slightly surprised to see me a moment ago," grinned Will.

"Oh, no! I—"
"Probably you have a clothes-brush in your study, Pyke?"

"Eh? Oh, yes!"
"I suggest making a bee-line for that clothes-brush," said Will, "and brushing off, without undue delay, that spot of whitewash from your sleeve, Pyke."
"Oh!" gasped Reggie.

Will Hay billowed away, grinning, and Reggie Pyke fairly bolted to his study for a clothes-brush. Colonel Chatterton was still busy with soap and hot water—lots of soap, and lots of hot water—when the bell rang, and the Bendover fellows went into Form. On his way to his Form-room, Will Hay met the Head. Dr. Shrubbs smiled, and Will slightly deflected his left eyelid. Neither of them, perhaps, was fearfully keen on catching the fellow who had caught the colonel!

"I AM going—"
"Good!" said Will Hay heartily. "That's the best one I've heard, so far, sir."

"What?" boomed Colonel Chatterton. "I say I am going—"
"You couldn't do better, sir," agreed Will. "I am sure they must miss you at Chatterton Chase—"

"Will you allow me to speak, Mr. Hay?" roared Colonel Chatterton. "Before I go, I am going—"

"I don't quite see how you will work that, sir!" said Will, with a puzzled look. "Are you thinking of starting before yourself, or what?"

"Before I go," boomed the colonel, "I am going to inspect your Form, Mr. Hay, at drill in the quadrangle."

"Ah! Now I follow you!" said Will, with a nod. "The boys will be delighted, sir."

Colonel Chatterton gave the Bendover Fourth a glare. They were not looking delighted at the prospect of being drilled by the colonel. They saw altogether too much of that particular governor at Bendover.

"A slack Form, sir!" boomed the colonel. "I shall put them through their paces a little! I shall pull them together! I shall touch them up with my cane, by Jove, if they do not show something like shape! I am going to tea with the headmaster now, Mr. Hay! At five o'clock have your boys ranked in the quadrangle ready for me."

Colonel Chatterton stalked out of the Form-room. It was clear that the whitewash had not improved his temper. After all his rubbing and scrubbing, and scrubbing and rubbing, there were still traces of it about his hair and his ears. He had had to borrow a suit of clothes from Mr. Choot to change into. And the whitewasher had not been revealed, though he had no doubt that the young rascal was in Will Hay's Form.

"Cheeky old ass!" said Dicky Bird, when the Fourth were dismissed.

"Frightful old tick!" agreed his chum, Jimmy Carboy. "He's going to keep us at it an hour or more, under a broiling sun—I could see it in his eye."

"Is he, though?" murmured Dicky. "Come this way, old bean."

He stepped into the lobby, where there were many hats, among them the glistening silk topper in which the colonel had arrived at Bendover that morning. That hat had been off when the colonel sat in Will Hay's deckchair after lunch, and so it had escaped the whitewash. Dicky Bird picked it up and whipped away with it. Carboy followed him, in astonishment, as Dicky Bird scuttled up the stairs with the colonel's hat. They arrived rather breathless in the Fourth Form passage, and Dicky hurried into Study No. 3.

"What's the game?" asked Carboy. "If the old bean misses his hat—"

"He won't miss it," answered Richard Bird cheerily. "He's at tea with the beak, and safe till five. Lots of time."

There were lots of gadgets in Dicky Bird's study. He rooted over a shelf, and selected an insulated wire, a tiny electric bell, a little dry battery, and a tiny bell-push.

His chum watched him in wonder as he groped in the colonel's topper. In the silk lining inside the crown of that topper he made a slit, through which the little dry battery and the bell were pushed out of sight, after being connected up. A twisted wire and a safety-pin secured them in their hiding-place.

Then, with needle and thread, Dicky repaired the slit in the silk, leaving only an insulated wire emerging therefrom.

That wire was connected with the bell-push. It was the smallest of bell-pushes, with the flattest of buttons.

Dicky proceeded to wedge it in under the band of leather lining inside the hat.

It made only the slightest of bulges there. The leather band pressed on the button, but not sufficiently to establish contact and make the bell ring. But when that hat was jammed on a head, there would be sufficient pressure! That hat, when Dicky Bird had finished with it, could not be jammed on any head without causing the electric bell to ring in the high crown.

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The GEM

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Nothing was visible but a short length of dark wire, which had to be looked for to be seen.

Grinning cheerily, Richard Bird cut out of the study and hurried down to the lobby with the topper. Then the two young rascals went out chuckling into the quad.

A quarter of an hour later Will Hay was marshalling his Form in the quad, ready for the colonel's inspection. Dr. Shrubbs and Colonel Chatterton appeared in the big doorway together. The colonel had his hat in his hand—he had not yet put it on.

"Steady the Buffs!" said Will, surveying the ranks over his slanting nose-nippers. "Stand up, Pyke! You are not here to understudy a sack of sawdust! Do me credit, my boys! Collect your feet, Snell—don't spread them all over the quad! Smart, don't loil like a sack of straw! Straw, try to look smart! Bird, take that grin off your face and bury it somewhere. Eyes right—left—but for goodness' sake don't get them mixed! All ready, colonel!"

"Huh!" grunted the colonel. He stared from the doorway at the ranks facing him in the quad, jammed his hat on his head, and strode down the steps to the waiting juniors.

Buzzzzzzzzzzzz!
Colonel Chatterton gave a start at the buzz of an electric bell almost in his ears. He stared round to meet the surprised stare of Dr. Shrubbs.

Buzzzzzzzzzz!
"Mr. Hay, who is ringing that bell?" thundered the colonel. "I did not expect foolish trickery of this kind, sir, when I came out to inspect your boys."

Will Hay blinked round in bewilderment. He could hear the bell, buzzing away with a merry incessant tinkle, but he could not place it. So far as he could judge, it appeared to come from somewhere quite near the colonel!

Buzzzzzz!
"Stop that at once!" roared the colonel, growing purple. "I order the boy who is ringing that bell to stand out of the ranks! I will give him the thrashing of his life, by Jove! Now then!"

Buzzzzzzzzzz!
"Who the dickens is it?" gasped Jerry Smart, staring round.

"I wonder!" murmured Dicky Bird, and Jimmy Carboy gurgled.

Buzzzzzz!
"Will you stop that bell?" roared Colonel Chatterton. "Mr. Hay, do you fancy that I can give your boys drill while this idiotic trickery is going on. Will you spot the young scoundrel, or will you not?"

"No boy here seems to have a bell, sir!" gasped Will Hay.

"Nonsense!" roared the colonel. "Are you deaf, Mr. Hay? Can you hear a bell ringing quite close at hand, or can you not? I insist upon that bell being stopped at once! Some unmitigated dolt, sir, thinks it amusing to rag a governor of the school in this senseless way, sir! Find him at once."

Buzzzzzzzz!
Up and down the ranks of the Fourth billowed Will Hay, looking for the bell. But there was no bell to be spotted. Every fellow there was grinning, but every fellow had his hands in sight, and in no hand was there a bell to be seen. But it was buzzing all the time!

Buzzzzzzzzzz!
"Will you find that boy, Mr. Hay?" roared the colonel.

He was almost foaming by this time, and he took off his hat to wipe his heated brow. The buzzing of the bell ceased instantly.

"It—it—it seems to have stopped, sir!" gasped Will Hay, rubbing his nose, quite bewildered. "But—"

"Pah!" snorted the colonel. "Let there be no more of this trickery! Now, boys! Eyes right! Left! Form fours! Now—!" Colonel Chatterton jammed his hat on again. "Now let— Great gad, there is that bell again! Who is doing this?"

Buzzzzzzzzzz!
"Silence!" roared the colonel. "Stop that bell at once! Dr. Shrubbs, is this how Bendover boys are allowed to behave?"

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Dr. Shrubbs. "Certainly not! But—"

Buzzzzzzzzzz!

"Mr. Hay," yelled the colonel foaming, "take this cane and lay it about the shoulders of the benighted fool who is ringing that bell!"

Will Hay took the cane. But he blinked round in vain for the shoulders to lay it on.

"This is—is extraordinary!" gasped Dr. Shrubbs. "Who—"

Buzzzzzzzzzz!
"Gad!" gasped Colonel Chatterton. "Mr. Hay, follow me! I will go along the ranks and spot the rascal for myself! Immediately he is found, lay that cane across his shoulders—hard!"

The colonel stamped along the grinning ranks of the Fourth. The buzzing of the mysterious bell accompanied him. The Bendover Fourth were almost in hysterics by this time. All the juniors had spotted the fact that the buzzing came from the colonel himself, and it was clear to them—amazing as it was—that the colonel had the bell about him! And as Colonel Chatterton bent to scan the grinning faces in search of the culprit, Reggie Pyke gave a sudden howl:

"It's in his hat!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors.

"What?" roared the colonel. "What do you mean? In whose hat?"

"Yours!" gasped Reggie.
"Mum-mum-mum-mine!" stammered the colonel. "Are you mad, you young rascal? How could there be a bell in my hat?"

"My only hat and sunshade!" gasped Will Hay. "So it is! No mistake about it! Colonel Chatterton, this extraordinary conduct—"

"What?" yelled the colonel.
"You are the unmitigated idiot playing this senseless prank—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Mr. Hay! How dare— What—what—"

Colonel Chatterton clutched off his hat! Instantly the bell ceased. He glared into the hat. He grabbed at a wire. He jerked at it. Silk lining tore out, and a dry battery and an electric bell hung at the end of the wire. Colonel Chatterton gazed at them as if mesmerised by the unexpected sight.

Whack!
The colonel gave a jump and a yell as the cane came across his shoulders with a tremendous whack. Will Hay put his beef into that whack. He had never expected to be pleased to carry out the colonel's orders. Now he was greatly bucked. He fairly swiped!

"Yaroooh!" roared the colonel. "What the dooce— Are you mad, Hay? Yaroooh!"

"Your own orders, sir!" said Will. "You directed me to lay this cane across the shoulders of the rascal who was ringing the bell—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Fourth.
"Pray come into the House, Colonel Chatterton!" gasped the Head. "This is—is most unseemly! Such a prank at your age—and you a governor of the school! Dismiss, boys—dismiss!"

And the ranks broke up, in hysterics. The Bendover Fourth had not expected to enjoy that inspection by the colonel! But they had! They were still yelling with laughter when the colonel stalked out of the school—after vain attempts to explain to an unbelieving headmaster that he didn't know how a bell had got into his hat!

Will Hay gets Dr. Shrubbs "removed" from Bendover and Dunkley Pyke gets the job. You get the laugh of your lives in this "best-of-all" Bendover yarn, next Friday, featuring WILL HAY, the world's funniest Form-master.

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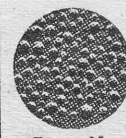
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