

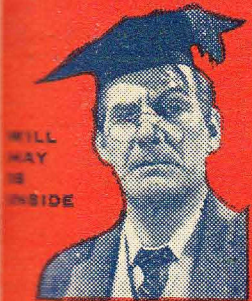
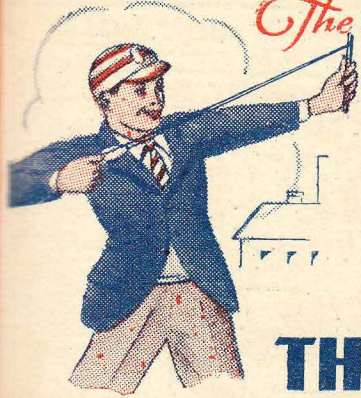
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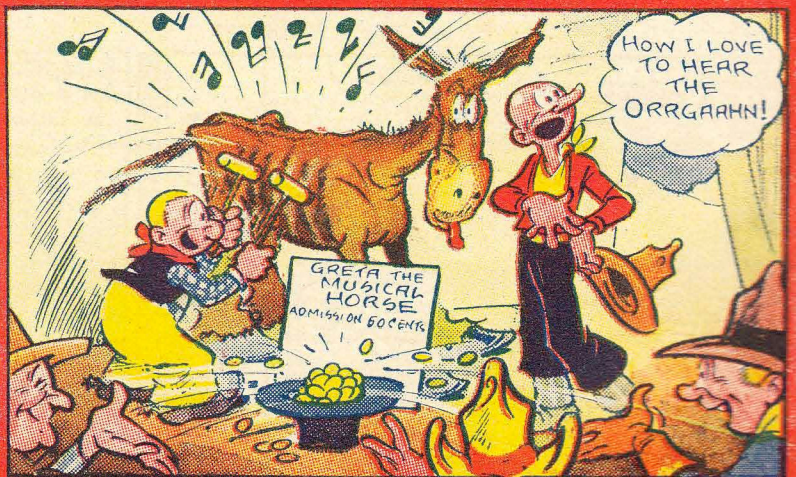
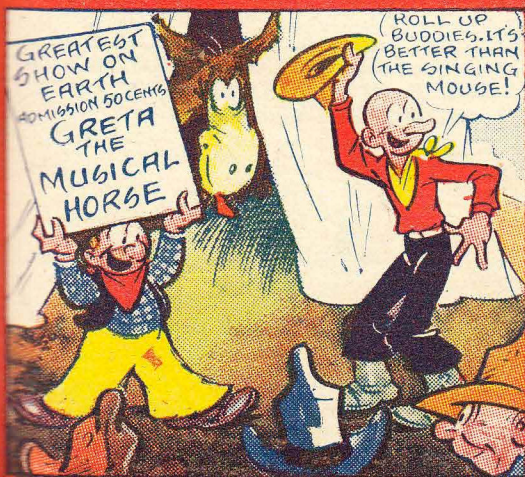
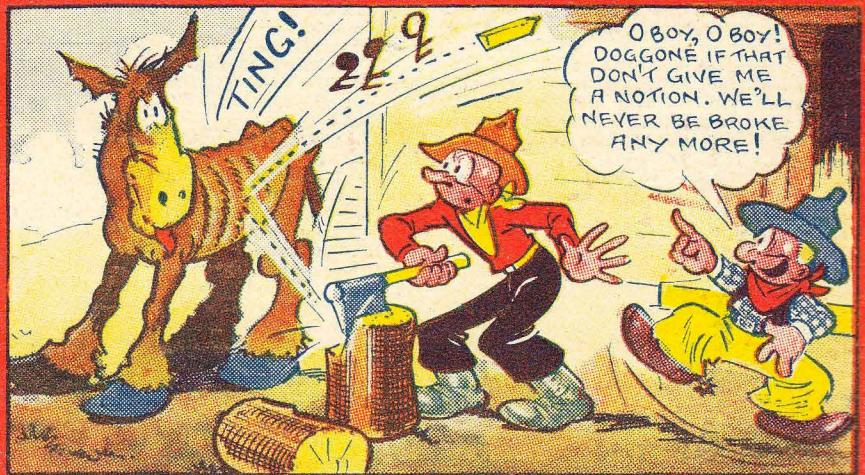


The PILOT

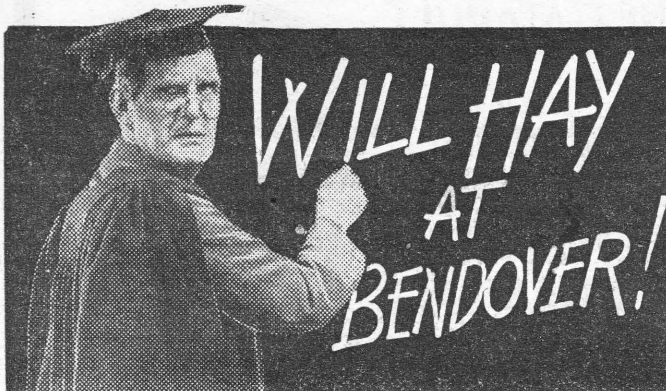
EVERY
FRIDAY

2^D

No. 92. Vol. 4. Week ending July 3rd, 1937.



OUR KRAZY GANG: MIKE, SPIKE & GRETA "STRIKE THE RIGHT NOTE"



SPECIAL TO "The PILOT" This grand fun feature, a sparkling picture-strip and a mirth-quaking story. Starring **WILL HAY**, the funniest Form-master in the world.

READ THE PICTURE-STORY FIRST.

BANG! The door of Will Hay's study, at Bendover School, was hurled open so suddenly that Will Hay jumped. Then he roared!

The master of the Bendover Fourth was packing a suitcase, because Will was going that morning! He was sacked! Mr. Dunkley Pyke, the new headmaster, had lost no time about that, and Will's face, generally as cheery as a sunny morning, was as long as a fiddle.

He had paused in his packing, with a big volume in his hand, to cast a mournful blink from the study window, over his nose-nippers, at the old quad, when that terrific bang came at his study door, causing him to drop the volume on his foot.

"Oh! Ow! Oh! I've squashed my toe! Wow!" he howled, hopping about on one foot like a stork.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from a crowd of juniors in the doorway.

The passage was crowded with the Bendover Fourth. Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy were in the lead, behind them, Jerry Smart and Sammy Straw, Tubby Green and Nutty Clark, and then the rest of the Fourth. They were all looking excited when they arrived at their Form-master's study. But the sight of Will doing his stork act seemed to strike them as funny, and they roared.

Will Hay glared at them over the nose-nippers that slanted down his nose. A minute ago he had been feeling quite sad at leaving the Bendover Fourth. Now he was feeling like whopping them before he went.

"Oh! Funny, is it?" snorted Will. Tenderly he placed his damaged foot on the floor, and stood on both legs again. "What does this mean, you little toads? A last rag before I leave Bendover—what? Wait till I get hold of my cane!"

Will jumped at the table and grasped a cane. Then he jumped at Dicky Bird, and grasped Dicky.

"Hold on, sir!" gasped Bird of the Fourth. "I say, hold on—"

"I'm doing so!" Will pointed out, as he settled his grasp on Dicky's collar, and jerked him into the study. "I'm not letting go till I've dusted your pants!"

Whack! "Ow! Stoppit!" yelled Dicky. "I say, it ain't a rag! Whooop!"

"We've all come to speak to you, sir!" exclaimed Jimmy Carboy. "Tain't a rag, sir! We wouldn't rag you for anything, now you're bunked, sir!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Will. He realised that there was a misunderstanding. He released Dicky Bird's collar, and Dicky jumped away, wriggling. Will blinked at the crowd in the doorway. Ever since he had been a master at Bendover, the Fourth had ragged him, and he had supposed that this was their last effort in that line before the gates of Bendover closed behind him. But it seemed that it was a friendly call!

"Oh!" said Will. "Sorry! Consider your pants undusted, Bird! I withdraw that whop! Forget it!"

"Wow!" mumbled Dicky. "You old ass—I—I mean— Wow!"



(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

"You've come to say good-bye?" asked Will Hay. "My boys, I take that kindly! You will not see me again! But you will hear me! When you turn on the radio, and hear something specially good, you will realise that you are listening once more to your old Form-master—"

"We haven't come to say good-bye!" howled Carboy.

"No fear!" said Jerry Smart. Will Hay rubbed his nose, puzzled. "Then to what," he inquired, "do I owe the unexpected call?"

"We don't want you to go, sir!" explained Sammy Straw.

"And you jolly well ain't going!" declared Dicky Bird.

"We want Will Hay!" came a roar from the crowd of juniors swarming in the passage.

"Oh!" said Will. "I get you! But you had better trickle along to the Head's study, and mention that to Mr. Pyke! He is boss of the show while Dr. Shrubbs is away! He is monarch of all he surveys, his right there is none to dispute, and he doesn't care much for Will Hay, and has given your master the boot! As the poet puts it—"

"Blow old Pyke!" hooted Jimmy Carboy. "You're not going, Mr. Hay! All the Fourth have come to tell you so, except Reggie Pyke, and he doesn't count. We're not letting you go! You shan't go! See?"

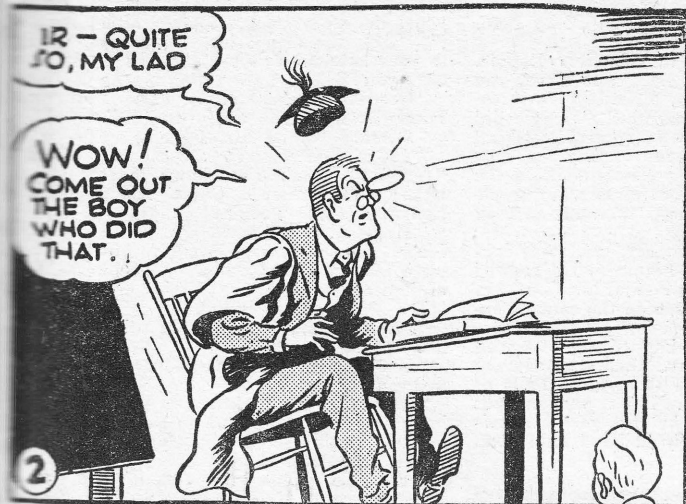
Will Hay grinned. Considering the way the Bendover Fourth ragged him, and revelled in the process, it was rather surprising that they were so unwilling to lose him. But they were—that was clear!

"My dear fellows," said Will, "this devotion to your beak is touching indeed. I am touched—"

"Yes, we know you're a bit touched, sir!"



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and Tubby Green. "But we don't care—we want you all the same!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shut up, Tubby, you ass!"

"We want you to promise not to go, before we go into class, sir!" said Dicky Bird. "The pilot will be going in a minute. Give us your word!"

Will Hay rubbed his nose again. Gladly he would have remained with the Bendover Fourth. They gave him a high old time at Bendover; but he liked every cheery young fellow in the form. But he was sacked! The board of governors had appointed Mr. Dunkley Pyke to carry on while Dr. Shrubbs was away. There was no appeal from his sentence!

Sadly, Will shook his head.

"You won't?" demanded Dicky Bird. "You can't stay on?"

"Can't be done!" said Will regretfully.

"You see—"

"Then we'll jolly well make you! Collar him, you fellows!" roared Dicky.

There was a rush into the study.

"Why—what—how—which—w h o—w h e n—"

"Yaroooooooh!" roared Will Hay, as he went over, bumping, in the grasp of a couple of dozen hands. "You young—yoooop!—scals!"

Will Hay wriggled like an eel. But he wriggled in vain! The Bendover Fourth meant business. They were not losing Will Hay, if they could help it; and that was that! And they had come prepared! Jimmy Carboy produced a coil of cord that had been hidden under his jacket. Two or three other fellows did the same. Will, wriggling breathlessly under the weight of Tubby Green, felt his wrists pulled together and tied.

Then his feet were tied to the legs of the study table. After that, he was released, and Tubby Green shifted his weight, much to

Will's relief. Extended on his study carpet, Will Hay glared dizzily at the grinning Fourth.

"You—you—you—" he gurgled. "Wharrer you up to? Ooooh! Think you can get by with this game? Woooooooh!"

"Sort of!" chuckled Dicky Bird. "You ain't going! We'll find you all right when we come out of Form!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my only hat and sunshade!" gasped Will Hay. "Look here, you young villains—I mean, my dear boys—"

"That's all right!" grinned Carboy. "Come on, you men—there goes the bell!"

The bell for class rang out over Bendover School. The grinning juniors crowded out of Will Hay's study. Dicky Bird put the key on the outside of the door, and slammed the door.

"Oh, my only check trousers!" gasped Will Hay, as he heard the key turned and withdrawn from the lock. Then he heard the whole crowd go scampering down the passage, chortling as they went.

He wriggled, but in vain. The Bendover Fourth had made sure of their Form-master.

"It looks to me," gasped Will Hay, "as if I shall not catch that train at Didham this morning!"

Will was right!

MR. DUNKLEY PYKE cast a grim glare over the Fourth Form of Bendover. They were all in their places, silent and still. Stuckey of the Sixth stood beside the new headmaster, his cane under his arm. Reggie Pyke eyed his pater rather uneasily. Reggie had expected great things when his pater became headmaster of Bendover. But it was not panning out as he had anticipated, and that relationship had, so far, earned him more kicks than ha'pence, so

to speak. Reggie was not quite sure now that he was glad it had happened.

There had been a fearful row already; Mr. Pyke had been driven out of that Form-room under a shower of school books and inkpots. Canings galore had followed. Mr. Pyke flattered himself that he had that unruly Form in hand now, and certainly they looked very quiet and demure.

"Until a new Form-master is appointed," said Mr. Pyke in his rasping voice, "I shall leave this prefect in charge of the Fourth Form. You will obey Stuckey as you would obey me."

"Quite as much, sir!" said Dicky Bird blandly. That answer satisfied Mr. Pyke, but it caused Stuckey of the Sixth to give Richard a rather suspicious look.

"In a few days," added Mr. Pyke, "a new master will take the place of Mr. Hay, who has now left."

A grin passed from face to face in the Fourth. Mr. Pyke gave the Form another glare. Then he turned to Stuckey.

"I leave you in charge here!" he said. "You may call me from the Sixth Form room, in case of any insubordination."

Mr. Pyke left the Form-room. When the door had closed behind him, Dicky Bird left his place, crossed to the door, and turned the key in the lock. Stuckey of the Sixth stared at that proceeding. Stuckey was a fellow who had great ideas of his powers and privileges as a prefect, and he had a heavy hand with the cane. Cheek from a junior was the very last thing that Stuckey would have thought of tolerating.

"Here, what's that game, young Bird?" he exclaimed. "Unlock that door at once! Do you hear?"

Dicky Bird did not answer in words. He put the thumb of his right hand to his nose and extended the fingers. Then he added the



thumb of his left hand to the little finger of his right, and extended the fingers of the left. Stuckey of the Sixth gazed at him, speechless. From all the Fourth came a loud chortle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "By gum!" gasped Stuckey. "So that's the game, is it? I'll keep you young scoundrels in better order than old Hay did!" He made a stride at Dicky, swishing the cane. "Bend over and touch your toes, Bird!"

"I don't think!" grinned Dicky. He backed away as Stuckey advanced. "Now, look here, Stuckey, we don't want to hurt you—"

"What?" gasped the head of the Sixth.
 "But you've got to behave!" explained Dicky. "Hay's our Form-master, and he's not going, as old Pyke fancies—see? We're not letting him. We're not going to do any lessons for anybody else. Sit down and behave."

William Stuckey's answer to that was a rush. He collared Dicky Bird, and the cane rose and fell with terrific swipes. Dicky yelled: "Rescue!"

Like one man the Bendover Fourth rushed from their places. How many hands were laid on the prefect he could not have counted. Only one fellow remained in his place—and that was Reggie Pyke. Even his pal Fruity Snell joined in the rush.

"Here, I say— Hold on! Let go! Oh, my hat!" roared Stuckey, as he went over. "I'll call the Head—I'll whop you all round—I—I—I— Yooooo-hoop!"

"Hold him!" gasped Dicky Bird. "We'll send him along to the Sixth, to let old Pyke know what we think of him! Where's that cord, Jimmy? Tie up his leg!"

Stuckey of the Sixth struggled frantically. But many hands made light work of him. His left leg was bent up at the knee and tied. His hands were jerked behind him and tied together. He staggered against the Form-master's desk, spluttering.

"Now give him the ink!" said Dicky. "Here, Pyke!"

"I'm not having a hand in this!" gasped Reggie.

"Your mistake, old bean—you are!" grinned Dicky. "Take that bottle of ink and mop it over Stuckey."

"I—I won't!" stuttered Reggie.
 Dicky Bird picked up the prefect's cane. He stepped across to Reggie and swiped.

There was a fiendish yell from Reggie Pyke as he bounded from his place.

"Keep off!" he yelled, dodging wildly.

He made a frantic rush for the door. Richard Bird was after him like a shot. Swipes from the prefect's cane drove the hapless Reggie round the Form-room, amid yells of laughter from the rest of the Fourth.

"Ow! Wow! Stoppit!" shrieked Reggie. "I—I—I'll ink him if you like! Ow! Leave off, you beast! Whooop!"

Reggie Pyke took the bottle of ink. Stuckey of the Sixth, sprawling helplessly against the desk, eyed him ferociously as he advanced with it.

"If you mop that over me—" hissed Stuckey.

Reggie paused a moment! But only a moment, for in that moment the prefect's cane came across his trousers with a fearful swipe. Reggie yelled, and up-ended the ink bottle over Stuckey's head.

Down came the ink in a stream. It splashed on the prefect's head, ran down his face and his neck, into his mouth and his ears. The head prefect of Bendover gave a horrible gurgle.

"Ooooooh!" spluttered Stuckey. "You young demons— Woogh! Oh, won't I whop you for this—won't I— Urrrrgh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Now send him to the Head!" chortled Jimmy Carboy. "Tell the Head that we want Will Hay, Stuckey, and we won't be happy till we get him."

"Wurr-ruuuuugh!"
 Dicky Bird unlocked the Form-room door and threw it open.

"Turn him out!" he shouted.
 "I—I can't walk like this!" spluttered Stuckey. "How can I walk on—groogh!—one leg? I tell you— Ooogh—"

"Hop it!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I can't! I—I won't! I'll— Urrgh!"

"Boot him out, Pyke!" roared Dicky Bird. "Go it, Reggie!"

"I—I—" stammered the hapless Reggie.

"I— Yaroo! Keep that cane away, you rotter! I'm booting him, ain't I?"

Reggie booted, good and hard. Reggie did not want to boot a prefect; but still less did he want that prefect's cane raising the dust from his trousers. Amid yells of laughter, the headmaster's dutiful son booted Stuckey of the Sixth till he hopped away from the desk in desperation.

Hop, hop, hop went Stuckey, scattering ink-drops on all sides as he hopped. He hopped for the door, with Reggie behind him, booting, and Dicky behind Reggie with the cane, keeping him up to the mark.

Stuckey of the Sixth hopped and tottered into the corridor. Richard Bird slammed the door on him and locked it again. Yells of laughter woke the echoes. It was very evident that the new headmaster had not got the Bendover Fourth so thoroughly in hand as he had fondly believed!

yourself here in such a state! How dare you play this ridiculous trick—hopping on one leg in your headmaster's presence! I repeat, how dare you!"

"Oooooh!" spluttered Stuckey. "How can I help it, when I'm tut-tut-tut—"

"What?" roared Mr. Pyke.

"Tut-tut-tied up!" stammered Stuckey.

"Urrgh! Think I'm doing it for fun, or what? Oh crikey! Catch me taking the Fourth again! Ooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from the Sixth. The Bendover Sixth forgot that they were solemn seniors, and roared like a Form of juniors.

Mr. Pyke glared round.

"Silence!" he hooted. "Is this a laughing matter?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Bendover Sixth seemed to think it was!

"Silence, I say! Stuckey, you should not have allowed the juniors to treat you in this manner!" thundered Mr. Pyke. "However, I will deal with them."

Mr. Pyke grabbed up a cane, and rushed from the Sixth Form room. Stuckey hopped and staggered against the desks; and some of the Sixth, howling with merriment, opened penknives and cut him loose. As soon as he had the use of his limbs, Stuckey started for the nearest bath-room. What the head prefect of Bendover wanted, just then, more than anything else, was hot water and soap, and lots of both!

Mr. Dunkley Pyke did the corridor to the Fourth Form Room at about sixty m.p.h. He thundered down to the Fourth Form door, grabbed the door-handle, and turned it, at the same time barging on in haste.

He expected the door to open when he turned the handle, and to barge in as it opened. But as it was locked inside, it did not open. Instead of barging in at the open doorway, Mr. Pyke barged at the door! His long, sharp nose struck the hard oak, and almost penetrated it like a nail!

The yell that came from Mr. Pyke, at that moment, could be heard all over the school. It startled the Fifth, the Shell, the Third and the Second, in their Form-rooms. It reached Kelly, the porter, at his lodge. It made Mrs. Mumble jump in the house-dame's room. It made Toots, the House page, bound in the boot-room. It was a yell that would have done credit to a Redskin on the warpath. It woke all the echoes.

Mr. Pyke dropped his cane and clasped his nose with both hands. Crimson oozed through his fingers. His nose was damaged. Like Marian's in the ballad, it was red and raw—very red, and very raw! For a long minute Mr. Pyke stood clasping that nose, oblivious to all else.

From within the Form-room came sounds of chuckling. Mr. Pyke relinquished his nose at last. He grabbed up his cane and banged on the oak.

"Admit me at once!" he roared. "Boop! Open this door! Reginald! You can hear me, Reginald! I command you to unlock this door, Reginald!"

"Ow! I—I—I can't!" came Reggie's voice, in a wail.

"What?" roared Mr. Pyke. "Why cannot you, Reginald?"

"Ow! Carboy's sitting on my head! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

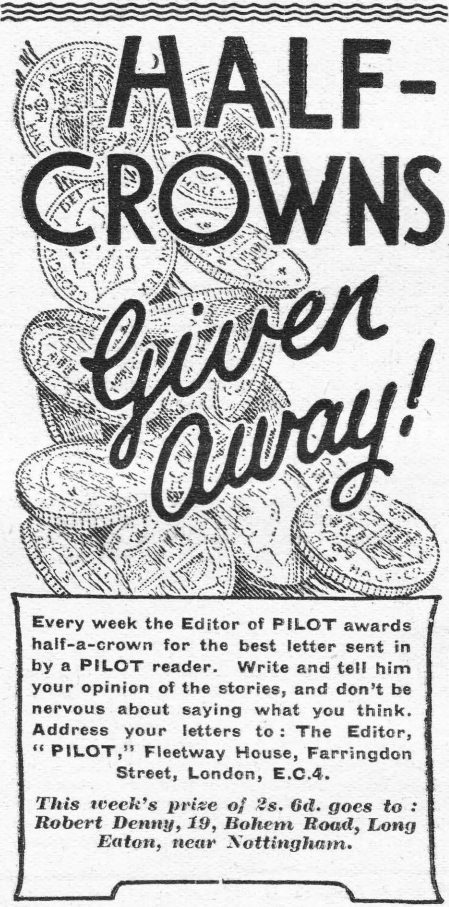
"Carboy! Release my son at once!" raved Mr. Pyke. "How dare you sit on Reginald's head, Carboy?"

"That's all right, sir; I like something soft to sit on!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What? What?" Mr. Pyke breathed fury. "Carboy, Bird, Straw, Smart, open this door at once! You are the ringleaders in the riot, I am assured! I shall expel you from Bendover unless you open this door instantly."

The chortling in the Form-room died down for a moment. It was an awful threat. And there was no doubt that the temporary headmaster had the power to make it good. In silence, Reggie Pyke's squeak was heard: "You hear that, you cads? Lemme germt! You'd better— Ow, ow! If you stamp on my legs again, Bird, you beast, I'll— Yarooooop!"



HALF-CROWNS
Given Away!

Every week the Editor of PILOT awards half-a-crown for the best letter sent in by a PILOT reader. Write and tell him your opinion about the stories, and don't be nervous about saying what you think. Address your letters to: The Editor, "PILOT," Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

This week's prize of 2s. 6d. goes to: Robert Denny, 19, Bohem Road, Long Eaton, near Nottingham.

"WHAT—" gasped Mr. Dunkley Pyke. Mr. Pyke was taking the Bendover Sixth in the place of Dr. Shrubbs. He was interrupted by a heavy bump on the Form-room door. It sounded as if a sack of coke had fallen against the door.

The Sixth stared. Mr. Pyke, compressing his lips, stalked to the door and threw it open. A startling figure lurched in.

It lurched—and it hopped! Streaming with ink, black as the ace of spades, his hands tied behind him, Stuckey of the Sixth lurched and hopped into his Form-room—sorry that he had ever left it to take charge of the Fourth!

"What—who—" Mr. Dunkley Pyke stared at him, dumbfounded. Under the ink he did not, for the moment, recognise his head prefect. "Who—who—who are you?"

"Urrgh!" gurgled Stuckey, spitting ink.

"Urrgh! Look at me! Those young demons! Wurrgh! I'm Stuckey! Yoooooh!"

"You—you—you are Stuckey!" stuttered Mr. Pyke. "Stuckey! How dare you present

"You hear me?" thundered Dunkley Pyke. "We could hear you if we were down at the bottom, sir!" answered Dicky Bird cheerfully. "Are you using a megaphone?" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Bird, you are expelled! Carboy, Smart, you are expelled! You leave Bendover to-day! Now open this door!" "Bow-wow!"

"Crash, crash, crash!" went the cane on the Fourth Form door! But it did not open! Mr. Pyke, foaming, went back to the Sixth Form last. For the moment he was defied; but there would be a change when the four expelled juniors were turfed out of Bendover. That would be a lesson to the rest. Will Hay was gone, and his loyal supporters in the Bendover Fourth were going! That was a comfort to Mr. Pyke.

They were going—but they were not gone! Neither, if Mr. Pyke had only known it, was Will Hay!

"A BARRING-OUT—"

"Phew!" Dicky Bird, mounted on the Form-master's desk in the Fourth Form Room, addressed the Bendover Fourth. Classes were proceeding in other Form-rooms. But in the Fourth all was wild excitement and uproar.

"Four of us sacked, and old Hay booted!" roared Dicky. "Old Hay's not going, see? I'm not going, see? You're not going, Jimmy, see? The Fourth have got to stand together and bar out old Pyke till Dr. Shrubbs comes back!"

"Bravo!" "Hear, hear!" "Hands up for a barring-out!" shouted Richard Bird. "Mind, every fellow can please himself! Back up, or not, just as you like! But every fellow who doesn't back up will be scragged! I can't say fairer than that." "Ha, ha, ha!"

Every right hand in the Form-room went up. Reggie Pyke's was one of the first! Dicky's eyes were on him—and Reggie was in haste. Reggie was in this—till he could get out of the Form-room. Then he was going to be out of it—at least, he hoped so.

"Passed unanimously!" said Dicky Bird, jumping down from the desk. "Now let's go and root out old Hay! Hay's in this! We're not letting Bendover lose the one-and-only Will!"

"Never!" "Come on!"

The Form-room door was opened. The mob of excited Fourth Formers headed for Will Hay's study—with one exception! Reggie Pyke made a dash for the Sixth Form Room.

DON'T FORGET..

NEXT WEEK'S

SUPER ISSUE

OF THE

"PILOT"

WILL CONTAIN

8 MORE

FREE-GIFT

AEROPLANE CARDS

His ear was grasped before he had taken two steps. Reggie yelled as Dicky Bird annexed that ear, and walked off with it in a grip like a vice. Reggie's ear had to go with Dicky Bird—and the rest of Reggie accompanied it. The rest of Reggie had no choice in the matter.

Will Hay's door was hurled open. A recumbent figure on the carpet glared up at the crowding juniors. They grinned cheerily down at Will Hay. He had been left till called for, and there he was, quite safe. Mr. Pyke was in the happy belief that Will had caught his train long ago. Will had lost the train. He looked as if he had lost his temper also. He glared.

"You iniquitous little toads!" roared Will Hay. "You teaky little chicks—I mean, you cheeky little ticks—"

"Can it, old bean!" said Dicky Bird. "We're going to bar out old Pyke, Mr. Hay, in the Fourth Form studies! We want you to be our leader!"

"What-a-at?" gasped Will Hay.

"That's the game!" said Jimmy Carboy. "Are you on?"

"On?" gasped Will. "No! Hardly! I'm not on! I'm off!"

"Bring him along!" said Dicky Bird.

Will's feet were released, but not his hands. In the midst of a hilarious crowd, he was marched out of the study. Up the stairs, the rebels of Bendover marched him, gasping, to the Fourth Form landing. That landing was at the top of a separate upper staircase. Once that staircase was blocked, the Fourth Form studies were barred off from the rest of the School House, and it was as good a position for defence as the rebels could have asked for.

The master of the Fourth was dumped on the landing. Reggie Pyke was booted into his study out of the way. Then Dicky Bird rapped out rapid orders. Desks and tables and chairs were dragged out of the studies; bedsteads rattled down from the dormitory above. The Fourth Form staircase was swiftly barricaded from side to side.

Will Hay watched those proceedings with a dizzy eye. Will did not want to leave Bendover. He would have been glad to stand by his Form, but to figure as a rebel leader was rather too startling an idea. It was an idea that wanted getting used to, and Will had not got used to it yet. He just blinked.

While the Fourth Formers stacked up the barricade, Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy attended to their Form-master. They were not going to be sacked. Will Hay was not going to be sacked. Will had to join up, and it was only a question of convincing him.

"You're the leader, sir!" said Dicky. "Say the word, and we'll let you loose, and obey your orders!"

"Nothing I'd like better!" gasped Will. "But it won't do! It won't wash! It can't be doo'ed—I mean, it can't be done! Forget it! Go to sleep and dream again! Wash it out!"

"We shall have to persuade him!" said Dicky. "Hold his ears, Jimmy, and you, Sammy! Pull his napper back! That's right! Get that tin of liquid blacking from my study, Natty! Sure you won't say 'Yes,' sir?"

"Quite!" gasped Will. "Leggo my ears! Wow!"

"Keep his head back! Now open his mouth! You take his nose, Natty, and you his chin, Tubby! Get it wide open! Mind you don't fall in, though!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dicky Bird held up the tin of liquid blacking. He tilted it a little, and a thin stream of black fluid oozed out, dropping gently on Will Hay's nose. He wriggled frantically. But he was held by his grinning pupils, and his mouth kept open to its fullest extent—which was considerable. Dicky shifted the tin a little, and the blacking dripped into the open space.

"Urrrrgh!" gurgled Will Hay.

"Joining up, sir?"

"Wurrrrrrrgh!"

"We're not going to lose you, sir! We like you too much!" grinned Dicky. "We'll keep this up as long as you do! You can have all the blacking, if you like! There's half a pint—"

"Oooooooooooooogh!"

Will Hay wriggled. He wrenched. He



Major Laff: "A brave man is always to be found where the bullets are thickest. Where would you be?"

Spud Murphy: "Please, sir, in the ammunition wagon."

gurgled. He coughed. He spluttered. His eyes rolled wildly. He struggled and kicked. But it was all in vain. Drip, drip, drip! dropped the liquid blacking.

"Say when!" chuckled Dicky Bird.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Urrrrgh! Wooooooh! When!" spluttered Will Hay. "Take it away! Urrrrrrgh! Gurrgh! Leggo! I'll join up! Oooooogh! I'll do anything you—groogh!—like—only—Wooooooh!"

"Hurrah!"

"Good old Hay!"

"Bravo!"

"My only hat and—groogh!—sunshade!" gasped Will Hay, as he was released. "Ooooh! You young rascals! Urrrrgh! I've a jolly good mind to—Gurrgh! If I don't dust your pants for this, I'll—Ooooooh!"

Will Hay spluttered, and dabbed at the blacking. He glared at his happy pupils as if he could have bitten them, but they only cheered him. Will Hay had given his word, and his word was his bond. Will was leader in the Bendover rebellion. Never before, in all probability, had a Form-master been leader in a schoolboys' barring-out. Will Hay was making history at Bendover.

A bony figure appeared on the landing below. A startled and exasperated face stared up at the barricaded staircase.

"What is this?" roared Dunkley Pyke. "What does this mean? Is that you, Hay? Why are you not gone? What—?"

"Is there any more blacking in that tin, Bird?"

"Lots, sir!"

"Hand it to me!"

"Mr. Hay," roared Dunkley Pyke, "I demand to know what this means? Answer me at once! Do you hear me! Give me your answer—"

"Here it is, sir!" answered Will Hay; and he whizzed the tin of blacking over the barricade.

It landed on Mr. Pyke's nose, and splashed its contents over his features. The new head-master of Bendover staggered and sat down. He blinked, and stared up at the rebels with a face suddenly black.

"That, sir," said Will Hay cheerily, "is my answer! This is a barring-out! I'm the leader! Have I made my meaning clear? If not, I will make it clearer! Get me another tin of blacking, Bird!"

There was a scuffling of feet on the lower stairs. Mr. Dunkley Pyke did not wait for a second tin of blacking.

Will Hay and his "merry men" have won the first round of the barring-out, but the new Head isn't taking that lying down. Look out for another load of BIG laughs in next Friday's story of the Bendover rebellion.