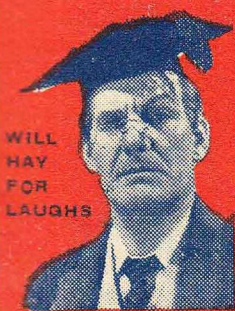


ALL-STAR PROGRAMME : WILL HAY : "BLUEY" WILKINSON : HOU-DINI : STAINLESS STEPHEN : TAR-ZAN : LEONARD HENRY : SEXTON BLAKE, Etc.



WILL HAY FOR LAUGHS

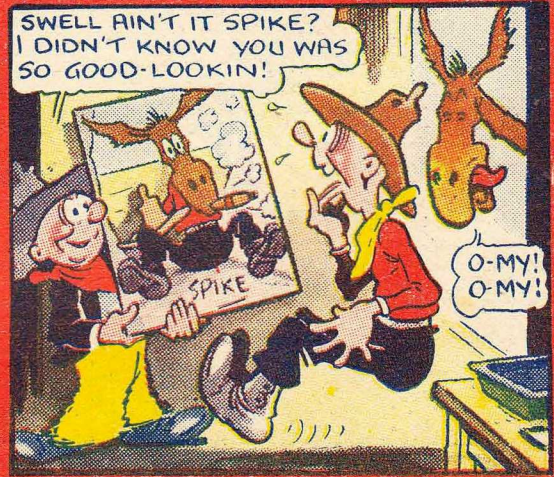
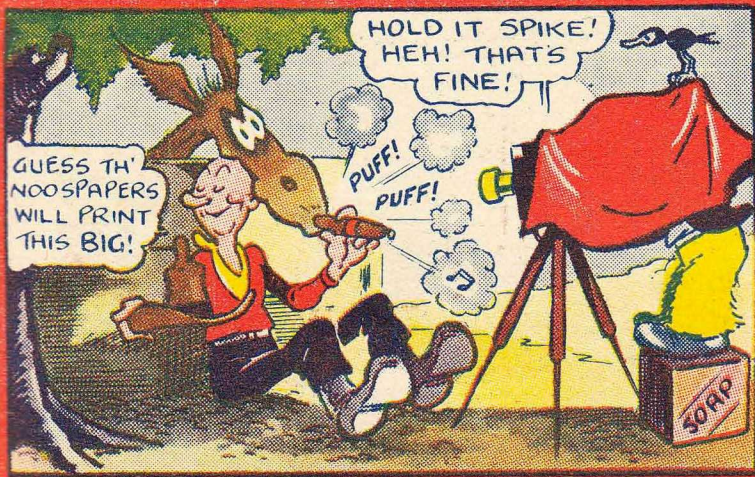
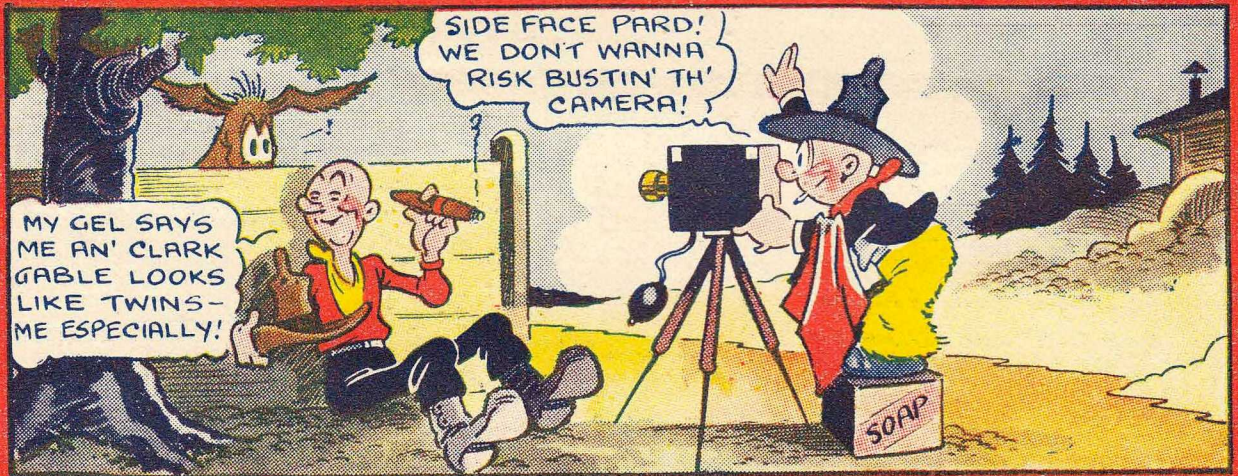
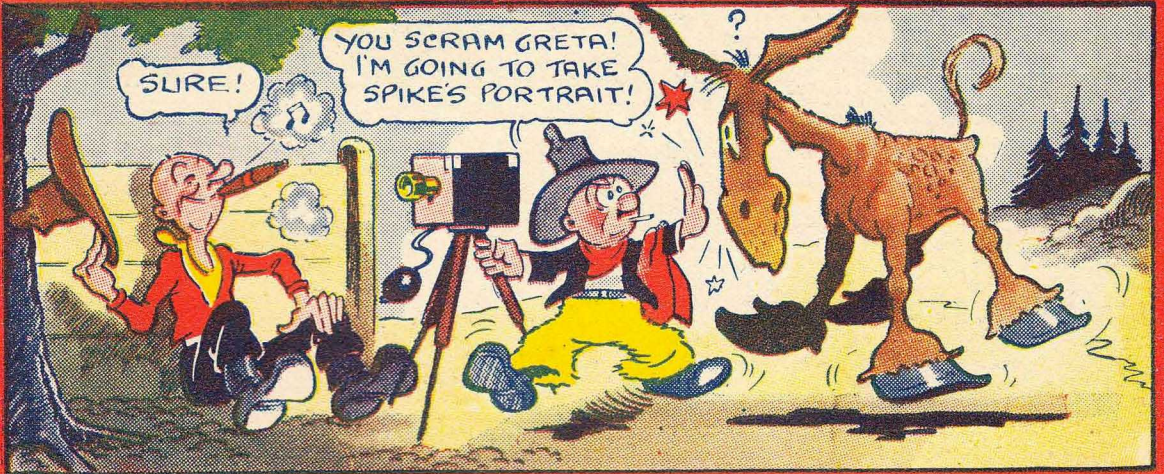
The PILOT

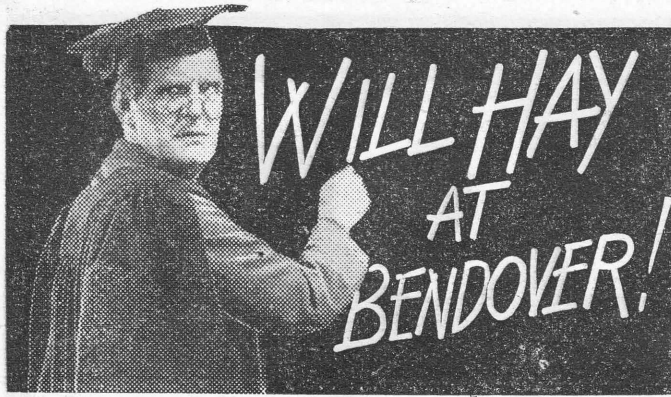
EVERY FRIDAY

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No. 102. Vol. 4. Week ending September 11th, 1937.

MIKE, SPIKE & GRETA
—Our Crazy Gang—
IN
Camera Exposure





LAUGH AND GROW FAT. . . If that's a true saying, then you should all put on weight after you have read this yarn. There's a laugh in every line of this, the latest exploit of WILL HAY, the only "beak" to lead a barring-out.

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



MR. DUNKLEY PYKE, the new headmaster of Bendover School, stood at his study window, and smiled. And his hopeful son, Reginald, who was in the study, stared, wondering what was the cause of the paternal smile.

There was nothing, so far as Reggie could see, at which to smile. Smiles, indeed, had long been absent from the bony face of Mr. Pyke. Ever since the barring-out had started, at Bendover, Mr. Pyke had seemed to be understudying that ancient king who never smiled again!

Now, however, he smiled, looking from the study window, at the Head's house across the quad. Most of the windows in that building were broken—and all of them were barricaded with stacks of furniture. How to get at the rebel Fourth, and their remarkable form-master, Will Hay, was a problem that had beaten Mr. Pyke—beaten him hollow up till now! Generally, when his eyes turned on his own private residence at Bendover, of which the rebel Form had taken possession, he scowled. Now he smiled!

He turned from the window. "I think," smiled Mr. Pyke, "that I have at last found a way, Reginald! It is only a question of obtaining an entrance to the building which that iniquitous villain Hay has seized with the young rascals of his Form."

"Only!" murmured Reggie. "Once admitted, the Sixth Form prefects will deal with them easily enough, Reginald! I have thought of a way and you are going to help?"

"Am I?" murmured Reggie. He seemed to doubt it! Reggie was keen enough to down Will Hay & Co. so far as that went. But he was not keen on joining in an attack on the rebels' stronghold.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Pyke. "That—that—that clown Hay is determined to hold me at defiance until Dr. Shrubbs comes back! He is banking on the old Head seeing him through! No doubt he will be glad to hear that Dr. Shrubbs is returning."

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Reggie. "Is he? I thought he was still on his beam-ends in the nursing-home at Didham?"

"Quite!" said Mr. Pyke. "But in these very peculiar circumstances, Reginald, a little strategy is justifiable."

He sat down to the telephone, and rang up the Head's house. Reggie blinked at him. Standing close to the telephone, he heard a familiar voice come through. It was the voice of Will Hay, master of the Fourth, answering the call.

"Dr. Shrubbs speaking from Didham Nursing Home!" said Mr. Pyke, in a husky voice, as if suffering from a cold. Reggie stared blankly.

There was quite a chirrup over the wires. Evidently, the master of the Bendover Fourth was glad to hear from his old chief!

"My dear sir! That's fine! That's topping! Up again, what? It makes me feel seventy years younger to hear you, sir! Sorry you still seem to have a cold! But you're up! You're coming back! You're coming along to boot out that blighter Pyke?"

Reggie grinned. His pater did not! Mr. Pyke looked as if he could bite the telephone! But he restrained his wrath, and went on in carefully husky tones:

"I am much better, Hay! I hope to return to Bendover this evening. My trunk has already been despatched, and will be delivered to-day. Kindly see to it, when it arrives, as I do not care to—er—communicate with Mr.—er—Pyke! We are not—er—on speaking

terms! The trunk will be delivered at my house—"

"I will take it in, sir! In point of fact, I am now occupying your house at the school, Mr. Pyke having, for—er—certain reasons, taken up his quarters in the School House. But I'll look after your trunk—"

"Thank you, Mr. Hay. Good-bye!" Dunkley Pyke replaced the receiver. He turned from the telephone, and the astonished Reggie simply goggled at him.

"What the thump—" gasped Reggie. Dunkley Pyke smiled—grimly.

"This afternoon," he said, "a trunk—a large trunk—will be delivered at the house, by the Didham carrier. It will be taken in by that villain Hay, and placed in the dressing-room. That trunk, Reginald, will not contain articles belonging to Dr. Shrubbs, as Hay will suppose. It will contain—"

"What?" gasped Reggie.

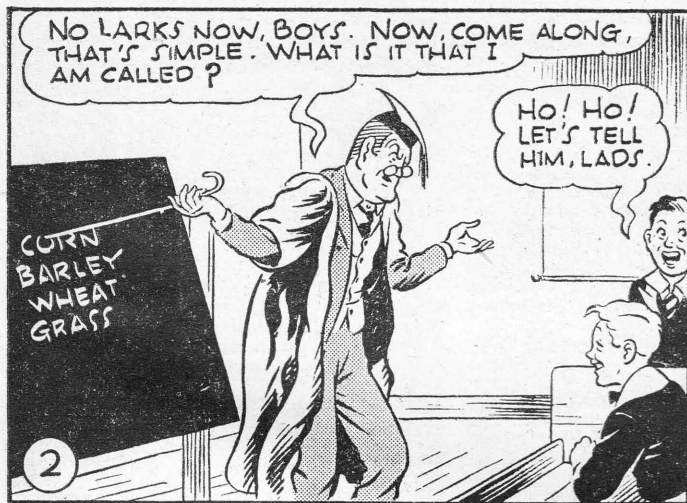
"You!" said Mr. Pyke. Reggie jumped clear of the study floor.

"Me!" he gurgled. "It is unlikely," continued Mr. Pyke, "that the dressing-room—a small room attached to the bed-room, Reginald—will be occupied by those young rascals. It has a window that is not overlooked by the other windows. No doubt it has been secured—but you will choose your moment, Reginald, for emerging from the trunk, and you will open that window. Kelly, the porter, will be waiting, with his ladder, for a signal from you. The prefects will be ready! Five minutes should suffice for them to enter the house by the dressing-room window—once you have opened the way. Once they are inside, everything is in our hands. Do you understand now, Reginald?"

"Oh, crikey!" repeated Reggie. "I shall go down to Didham now, and



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arrange about the trunk," said Mr. Pyke. "I shall see the locksmith, and arrange for the lock to be altered, to open from the inside."
 "But—but I say—" gasped Reggie.
 "There is very little risk, Reginald! And, as a sensible boy, I am sure you will prefer the risk of a caning from your Form-master, to the absolute certainty of a caning from your headmaster!" said Mr. Pyke. He picked up his cane. "What do you think, Reginald?"
 "Oh!" gasped Reggie. "All—all right! I'm on!"
 "Quite!" said Mr. Pyke. He laid down the cane again. "I was sure that I could count upon your support, Reginald, as the only boy in the Fourth Form who has refused to back up Hay in his nefarious proceedings."

view of Mr. Pyke, passing out of the school gates for the last time, was a very cheering prospect. So faces were merry and bright, as the carrier's cart rolled in—with a large trunk visible among other things stacked in it.
 "Gather round, my infants!" bleated Will. "Get your bats and be ready to stir your stumps! The enemy may be just round the corner, ready to make a rush when the door's opened. Watch out, and if you see a bed, hang it."

"Wha-a-t?" gasped Dicky Bird.
 "I mean, if you see a head, bang it! Here comes the carrier."

Will Hay billowed away to the door. The Didham carrier had lifted down the trunk, with considerable exertion. It was a large trunk, and seemed heavy. However, he bore it to the door—and Will opened the door on the chain. Behind him, the hall was crowded with Fourth Formers, cricket bats and stumps in hand. They were ready for the fray, if the enemy attempted a rush.

But no enemy was in sight. All Bendover, except the Fourth, was in class; and nobody was to be seen but Kelly, the porter, leaning on his lodge, at a distance. Kelly, from that distance, was watching the carrier, with a grin on his face, as if he saw something amusing in the delivery of Dr. Shrubbs' trunk; but he made no movement to approach. Reassured, Will Hay unhooked the chain, and opened the door. The carrier had dumped the trunk down on the top step, and stood breathing hard.

"Quick, my good man—shove it in!" said Will. The coast seemed clear; but Will wanted that door shut again.

"That trunk's 'eavy, sir!" said the Didham carrier. "That there trunk's the 'eaviest I've ever 'anded! Blow me if it ain't! Nor it ain't packed proper, neither—things in it shifting about, when a bloke 'andles it! Well, 'ere goes." The man from Didham heaved the

heavy trunk in at the doorway. "'Ard work, sir! Makes a man thirsty this 'ot weather."

"I've no doubt it does!" said Will, sympathetically. "Perhaps you would like a drink, carrier?"

"I would that, sir!" said the man from Didham feelingly.

"Help yourself!" said Will, pointing to the fountain in the quad. "The supply is unlimited. Good-afternoon, carrier!"

He closed the door, and locks, bolts, and chain were fastened again. The Didham carrier stood staring at the door, for a long moment; then he went back to his cart, and drove away—without stopping at the fountain.

Will Hay stood looking at the big trunk in the hall. It was labelled:

DR. SHRUBB,
 Headmaster's House,
 Bendover School.

"Now, this trunk has to be carried up to Dr. Shrubbs' dressing-room," he said, "It seems rather heavy—but many hands make light work. Bird, Carboy, Smart, Straw, lean hold of it! I will assist you by—er—giving directions! Get going."

Dicky Bird, Jimmy Carboy, Jerry Smart, and Sammy Straw, were all sturdy fellows. But they had to exert themselves to handle that big trunk.

"By gum, it's heavy!" gasped Dicky Bird. "Lend a hand, Green! Lend a hand, Podger!" bleated Will. "Now, then, put your beef into it! Don't slack, my boys—never slack! Go it! All together! Up she goes!"

Six juniors heaved the big trunk up from stair to stair, till they reached the curve of the staircase. There, panting and perspiring, they stopped. Will came billowing up the staircase after them. He waved his cane encouragingly. "Now, then, one more effort! Get to it,



Green! Pile in, Bird! Heave away, Carboy! Go it, Smart!"

They heaved together at the heavy trunk. Up it went, and bumped on the next stair. There was a fearful yell from Tubby Green.

"Ow! Wow! My foot's squashed! Wow! Ow!"

Tubby let go the trunk, yelling with anguish. "Look out!" shrieked Jimmy Carboy.

"It's going!" yelled Dicky Bird.

It was going! It was gone! Bump, bump, bump! went that large and heavy trunk, down the way it had come—going down much faster than it had gone up. Will Hay did a bound that would have done credit to the most active kangaroo in Australia, and got out of the way just in time. Past him rolled the trunk—bump, bump, bump!

"Oh, my only hat and sunshade!" gasped Will, "Look out down there—stand from under!"

The juniors crowded at the foot of the staircase did not need that warning. They scuttled out of the way like rabbits.

Bump, bump, bump! Bump! With a final

terrific bump, the trunk arrived at the foot of the staircase; and from somewhere—nobody, for the moment, knew where—came a fearful yelling as it landed, upside down!

"Ow! Help! Stop it! I'm killed! Help! Let me out! Oh, let me out! I'm all smashed up! Yaroooooh!"

"My only check trousers!" gasped Will Hay.

"Am I dreaming, or is that the voice of—!"

"Pyke!" yelled Jimmy Carboy.

"Yaroooh! Help! I'm broken to pieces! Let me out!" came the yell, and the Bendover rebels stared, almost in stupefaction, at the trunk addressed to Dr. Shrubbs, Headmaster's House, Bendover School. It was from the interior of that trunk that the yelling came!

"SUFFERING sardines!" gasped Will Hay.

The trunk was righted—lid uppermost! There was a sound of scuffling, scrambling, panting, and howling, within. The goods packed in that trunk had evidently been disturbed, by rolling down the stairs! Howl on howl came from within, as Reggie fumbled

and scrambled to get the key in the lock. The lid shot up—and twenty pairs of eyes popped at Reggie Pyke, as he popped up like a jack-in-the-box!

"Ow! Oh, crikey! Help me out!" howled Reggie. "Wow! I'm all smashed to pieces—ow! Wow! I believe my neck's broken, at least my back—yaroooh! Ow! I'm hurt all over! Wow! Ow! Yow-ow!"

"Your lungs do not appear to have suffered, Reginald!" remarked Will Hay. "Hook that winkle out of its shell, my boys. Hold him—you take one ear, Bird—you the other, Carboy! It dawns upon me that we have been spoofed! Dr. Shrubbs can scarcely have sent this kind of baggage from the nursing-home! What does this mean exactly, Reginald?"

Reggie gasped and spluttered. He had collected more bumps and bruises than he could have counted; but he made the satisfactory discovery that he was still in one piece.

"Oh, crikey!" groaned Reggie, "I never wanted to—ow!—come. It was the pater idea—ow! Wow! I was going to get out at the trunk in the dressing-room, and—wow! Wow! Wow!"

"There is no objection," said Will, "to your wow-wow-wowing, my good Pyke! But what else were you going to do?"

"N-nothing! Yaroooh! Keep that case away!" yelled Reggie. "I was going to open the dressing-room window—ow!—and wave my hanky to Kelly—yow-ow!—and he was going to— Yow-wow-yow!"

"Neither is there any objection to Kelly yow-yow-wowing, if he so desires," beamed Will. "But what else was he going to do?"

"Oh, crikey! Stick his ladder up to the window for the prefects to come up!" groaned Reggie. "Oh, crumbs!"

"And I take it," grinned Will, "that that phone call this morning came, not from Dr. Shrubbs, but from our friend the enemy?"

"Ow! Yes! Wow! It was the pater phoned—Ow, ow!" moaned Reggie, rubbing his damages. "Ow! Wow-wow!"

"By gum!" gasped Dicky Bird. "If that trunk hadn't rolled downstairs, they'd have had us—"

Will Hay rubbed his nose. He realised that the garrison had had a narrow escape! Not a fellow had had a suspicion of that trunk till Reggie's terrified voice was heard howling within! Mr. Dunkley Pyke had laid his scheme well! But, as the poet has remarked, the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley! A miss was as good as a mile!

"Take him away!" said Will, with a wave of his cane. "Lock him in the deepest, darkest dungeon—"

"The which?" ejaculated Dicky Bird.

"The coal-cellar!" said Will.

"I—I say—" howled Reggie.

"Don't you worry, my good Pyke!" said Will reassuringly. "The hanky will be waved from the dressing-room window, according to plan! I will see to that! I will wave it myself! Take him away!"

DUNKLEY PYKE grinned. That morning he had smiled when he had thought out his masterly scheme for dishing the rebel chief of Bendover. Now he grinned! He grinned almost from ear to ear with glee.

He had counted on the success of that scheme! He had banked on it! And now he saw it—oh, at all events, he was sure that he did. Parked behind an ancient Bendover beech, Mr. Pyke was watching the window of Dr. Shrubbs's dressing-room in the Head's house. It was hardly an hour since the carrier from Didham had delivered the trunk—and Mr. Pyke was prepared to wait and watch much longer, if necessary. But it was not necessary. Watching like a cat, he discerned a handkerchief fluttering at the window.

It was the planned signal! Evidently to Mr. Pyke—the trunk had been placed in the dressing-room, and left there. Reggie had got out of it, according to plan, cleared the window of its barricade, and opened the same. Now he was signalling! What could be plainer? Mr. Pyke had no doubt on the subject. How could he have?



Leonard Henry at the "Mike"

TUNE-IN FOR ANOTHER LOAD OF RIB-TICKLERS FROM ONE OF BROADCASTING'S BRIGHTEST FUN-MERCHANTS.

HERE we are again, chums! I've been buying a hat. I wanted one with a hole in the crown—to talk through—so I went to a hatshop and confessed my secret to the hat-keeper—a mournful bloke, who looked like an accident looking for somewhere to happen.

"Cheer up!" I said, pressing his hand. "Business will boom when you cut down your overhead expenses!"

It didn't raise a smile. He merely looked at me as if his worst dream had come true, and asked what sort of a hat I wanted.

"I can fit you with any style you like," he groaned. "I have a hundred thousand hats in stock."

"Right-ho!" I said. "I'll try 'em on! I was going to take a couple of weeks' holiday, anyway!"

I went to pat him on the back, and knocked over a top-hat marked "THIS TILE 3s. 11d." He sighed twice, picked it up, and put a card, "2s. 11d." on it.

"Every time you drop a top-hat you knock a shilling off its value," he moaned.

"I say, really?" I asked, giving the topper another shilling nose-dive.

A tear trickled down his nose as he marked it "1s. 11d." and put it back.

"Would you care to buy a boater?" he suggested, giving up hope.

"A boater-car or a boater-bus?" I asked.

He picked up a bowler and admired it with a hopeless eye.

"Do you prefer a dark hat?"

"Not a bowler, thanks awfully! I like the sort of darkness that is felt!"

I watched him anxiously, but there wasn't a crease in his face. He brought out another hat—a cross between a hedgehog and a snuff-pudding.

"A strongly made hat, sir! You'll never wear this one out!"

"You bet I won't!" I gasped. "I don't want to be arrested!"

"What about this one—full of hard wear!"

"Well, take the hardware out, and I'll try it on!"

As I poised it on my napper, the topper

topped down to "11d.," which was rather a shame.

"No," I said, wrenching the hat off. "It makes me look like a horse."

"But you always look like a horse, sir," he complained.

"Well, I don't want to look like a hatted horse, so let's try something else."

"Here's a nice hat, sir—it will make you smart!"

"So will stinging-nettles, but I don't wear 'em! Remove it! I want something that will sit strongly on my head!"

"A heavy-weight wrestler might do that for you, sir!"

I looked hard at the man, but as he seemed to be at his last gasp, I hadn't the courage to hit him. I spent the next hour trying on the first ten thousand hats, and saved myself the price of a haircut by rubbing myself nearly bald with the friction.

"What about this hat?" panted the man dolefully. "It has all the marks of distinction."

"Well, can't you rub the marks out before you sell it?"

"Or there's this one—a model hat!"

"Don't want a model—I wanna real one! Here's one I like!" I cried suddenly, trying it on. "This suits me fine—I'll take this one!"

"That's mine!" he sighed mournfully, hanging it firmly on the hatstand. "Been wearing it for years! What do you think of a cap?"

"I couldn't possibly tell you—I don't know how to pronounce the words."

"Do you think it's a hat you want—or a pair of boots?" he asked dismally.

I turned to reply—and again the old topper went flying. This time the "11d." label must be replaced by "0d.," so I picked it up, tried it on—and it fitted a treat.

"I'll have this one!" I chortled. "I s'pose I can have it for nothing now. Will you wrap it up for me? Thanks awfully!"

He dropped a tear and wrapped it up, and as I was leaving the shop he called out:

"Here—wait a minute! I owe you a penny!" He gave me the coin. "Good-morning, sir!"

Well, there's nothing like being honest, is there?

LEONARD HENRY.

No wonder Mr. Pyke grinned! It was all clear now! That window was particularly well placed for his purpose. That was why he had selected it. There were no other windows near it, or overlooking it. It was only necessary to raise the ladder to the sill. Raising the barricade at the window would have alarmed the rebels at once, and brought them crowding to the defence. Stepping in at an open window was quite a different proposition. Mr. Pyke grinned so extensively that the top half of his head seemed almost in danger of coming off.

But he did not waste time. He turned and signed to Kelly, sitting on a long ladder further back behind the beeches.

The Bendover porter grinned, rose to his feet, and picked up the ladder, heaving it on his broad shoulder. Mr. Pyke hurried away—returning in hardly more than a minute with the whole body of Bendover prefects at his heels.

Kelly already had the ladder up to the window, resting against the sill, and Mr. Pyke and his prefects gathered round it. Ten hefty men of the Sixth Form were there, each with a thick ashplant under his arm—a force strong enough to knock the rebels of Bendover into a cocked hat, once they got to close quarters.

Mr. Pyke pointed to the open window above. He grinned—he could not help grinning! After all his difficulties and defeats, his worries and his troubles, this was pie—just pie!

"Follow me!" he said. "Reginald has gained admittance to the house and opened the window for us! That villain Hay and his rascally followers are quite unaware of it! They will know nothing until we are within the house. There is no danger—none!"

Coker, the captain of Bendover, winked at Stuckey of the Sixth, who grinned. Really, the prefects did not need telling that there was no danger—after Mr. Pyke had announced his intention of leading the way! Had there been, Mr. Pyke would have followed the example of the celebrated Duke of Plaza-Toro, of whom the poet tells us that, in enterprise of martial kind, when there was any fighting, he led his regiment from behind, he found it less exciting! But when there was no danger, Dunkley Pyke was an absolutely undaunted leader.

"Follow me!" he yapped. Up the ladder went Dunkley Pyke; after him went Crocker, and Stuckey, and Parker, and Smith major, and the rest, and Kelly brought up the rear. That ladder was nearly filled, from top to bottom. Grinning—how could a man help grinning in these happy and successful circumstances?—Dunkley Pyke arrived at the top of the ladder, his followers strung out behind him.

But the grin faded off Dunkley Pyke's face, as if wiped away by a duster, as a head was projected from the window above, and Will Hay smiled down at him.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said Will heartily. "So glad to see you! A somewhat informal way of paying an afternoon call, perhaps—but we know each other so well—what? Dry weather we've been having lately; but I think it's going to be wet—I feel sure that it's going to be wet! Have that foot-bath up, my jolly little pippins! Don't keep your headmaster waiting!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from within.

Many hands heaved the foot-bath, full to the brim, up to the window. Dunkley Pyke gasped. Reggie—so far as he could see—had done his part. Hay, no doubt, had found the window open—by sheer, unfortunate chance! He wondered, for a moment, where Reggie was! No doubt he had dodged back into the trunk for safety, when he heard Hay coming! But Mr. Pyke did not waste more than a fleeting second's thought on Reggie! The sight of the foot-bath, pushing out of the window over his head, concentrated his thoughts upon himself.

"If—if—if you dare—" he gasped. He got no further. Swoooooosh! came a mighty flood, as the foot-bath tilted over the sill. It swamped Mr. Pyke from head to foot! It swamped every fellow on the ladder! They were, in fact, nicely placed to catch it. Hardly a drop was wasted!

"Wurrrrrggh!" spluttered Mr. Pyke. "Villain—urrrgh!—wretch—gurrgh!" Drenched and dripping, half-drowned, Mr. Pyke slid down the ladder—after his sliding prefects. Never had a ladder been descended so swiftly. They slid—they jumped—they rolled—they stumbled—they gurgled and gasped and howled.

Will Hay leaned from the window above, with a water-can in his hand. A steady shower descended on the spluttering crowd below. On either side of Will the window was crammed with Fourth Formers roaring with laughter. Mr. Pyke picked himself up, glared up, and shook a bony and infuriated fist up. Will, with a happy smile, turned the water-can specially on Mr. Pyke. Mr. Pyke had opened his mouth, as he glared up, apparently to tell the master of the Fourth what he thought of him! He gurgled horribly as it filled with water.

"Urrrrrrgggghh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dunkley Pyke, leaving his intended remarks unuttered, scuttled. The prefects scuttled. Kelly scuttled. A drenched and dripping crowd ran desperately to escape—and Will Hay waved the water-can after them in friendly farewell.

"STOP!"

Dunkley Pyke fairly shrieked. It was a couple of hours later. Mr. Pyke, after a much-needed change—was in the quad, his eyes fixed on the Head's house. Plenty of Bendover fellows were looking towards that building, also—most of them grinning. But Mr. Pyke was not grinning now. He had done with grinning!

Hope springs eternal in the human breast! Mr. Pyke still nourished a faint hope that his scheme might, after all, turn out a winner. If Reggie was still safely hidden in that trunk, as Mr. Pyke thought most probable, might he not find an opportunity of trying it on again—getting a door or a window open? He might! Mr. Pyke, at least, hoped so—and he was watching the enemy's stronghold, thinking of it, when he beheld a sight that almost made his blood run cold.

A high window in the front of the house opened. At that window appeared Will Hay, Dicky Bird, Jimmy Carboy, and several more of the Bendover Fourth. They were heaving a large trunk out on to the window-sill! Mr. Pyke knew that trunk! Only too well he knew it! In utter horror he gazed! Then he ran forward, waving his hands wildly, and shrieking:

"Stop!"

Will Hay set his nose-nippers straight, glanced down at him, and waved a warning hand.

"Stand from under!" he called out cheerily. "This trunk is coming! We don't want it here! My dear fellow, I've been on the phone to the Didham Nursing Home! I've had a word with Dr. Shrub! He never sent this trunk here! Some dodge of yours, Mr. Pyke—what? Shove it out, boys! We can't open it without the key—it goes out just as it is! Stand clear, Mr. Pyke!"

"We've got the key, sir!" breathed Tubby Green.

"That does not alter the fact that we cannot open it without the key, Green."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop!" shrieked Dunkley Pyke. "Hay—fool—clown—lunatic—stop, while there is yet time! My son is in that trunk!"

"Tell me another funny story!" suggested Will Hay.

"Reginald is in that trunk!" shrieked Mr. Pyke. "I swear—"

"What! If you swear in the presence of these boys of my Form, Mr. Pyke—"

"I swear that Reginald is in that trunk! Open it! Look into it, before you drop it from that window—"

"Gammon!" said Will Hay. "I don't believe Reginald's in the trunk. Anyhow, we shall soon see—I've no doubt it will burst open when it lands! Out with it, my merry little pippins!"

"Stop!" raved Dunkley Pyke.

But, even as he yelled, the trunk tipped off

the window-sill, and shot down. It crashed on the paved garden path, with a terrific crash, and burst into three or four sections, that flew apart. Dunkley Pyke gave a gasp of horror. Then he gave a gasp of astonishment. Fragments of a disconnected trunk were spread before his eyes—but there were no fragments of a disconnected Reginald! Evidently Will Hay was right—Reggie was not in the trunk!

"What did I tell you, my good sir?" bleated Will. "I was sure that Reginald was not in the trunk! No fellow can be in two places at once—and for the last few hours Reginald has been locked in the coal-cellar!"

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Pyke.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Will Hay waved his hand, and shut the window—leaving Mr. Pyke still gasping.

The end of the Bendover barring-out . . . but there's no end to the laughs in the story about it. WILL HAY is at his best and brightest, so take a tip and make sure of reading this laugh-a-line school story, by ordering next week's "PILOT" now.

"ME SAVE PLENTY PENNIES AND GET VELLY BIG BANG-BANGS ON NOV 5th"

says Sky-hi



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

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