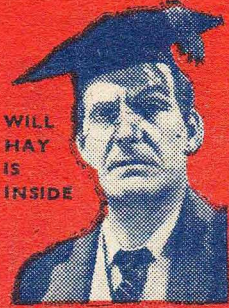


STARTING
TO-DAY!

THE RETURN OF TARZAN!

VIVID NEW PICTURE-
STRIP AND STORY!



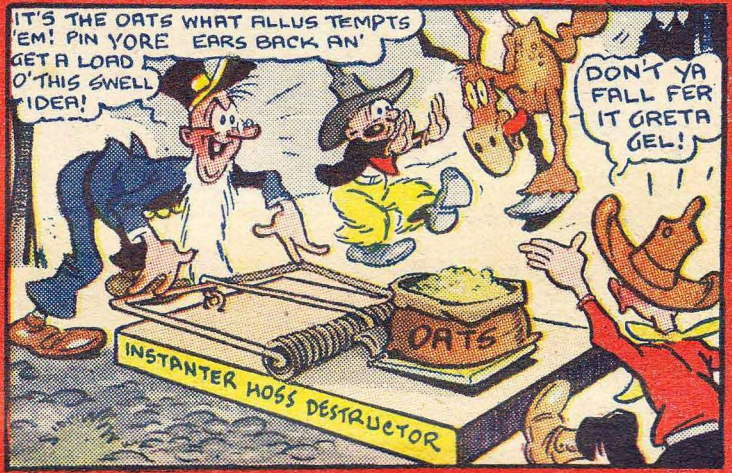
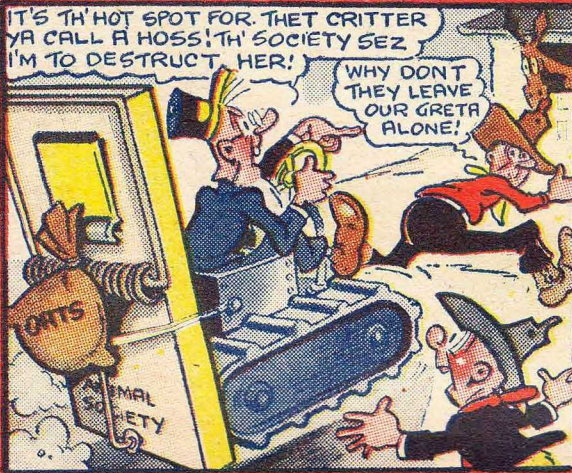
WILL
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The PILOT

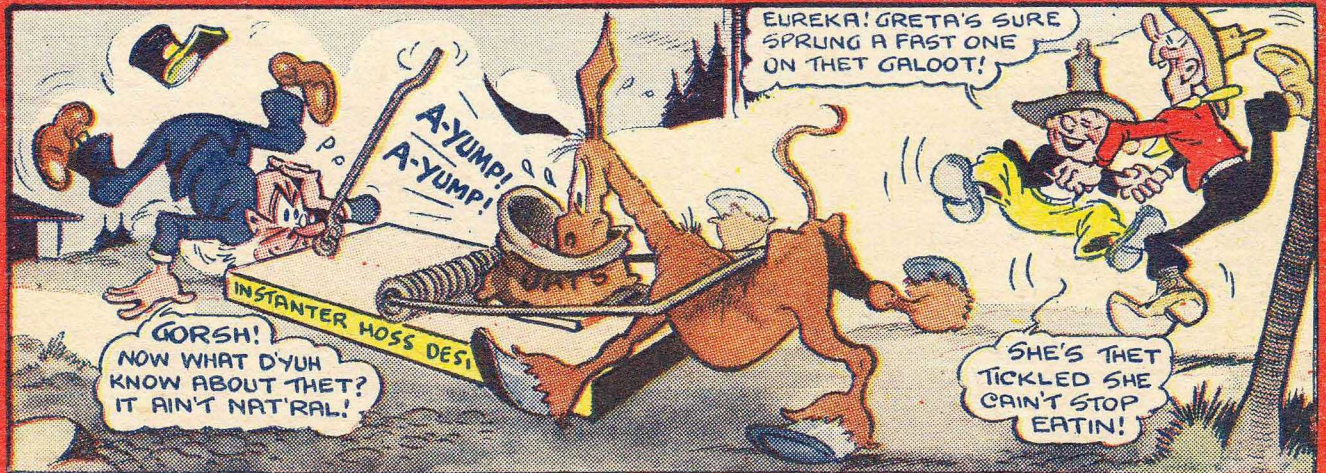
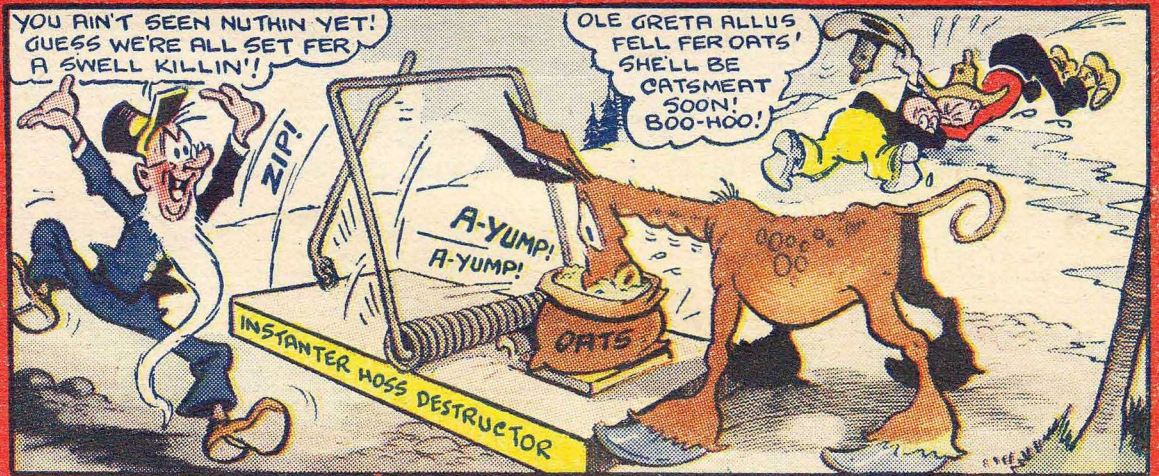
EVERY
FRIDAY

2^D

No. 106. Vol. 5. Week ending October 9th, 1937.



MIKE,
SPIKE &
GRETA
OUR KRAZY GANG
in
A HORSE
AND
"TRAP"



TARZAN, SON AND HEIR OF AN ENGLISH LORD, BUT BROUGHT UP FROM CHILDHOOD BY BEASTS OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE RETURNS TO THE CIVILISATION TO WHICH HE RIGHTLY BELONGS!



thought of Clayton. Here was a man of position, culture, and wealth. She knew she was the sort of love a civilised woman could crave. Clayton sought her in the garden. "Won't you say 'Yes,' Jane?" he asked. "I will devote my life to making you happy." What could she say?

That evening Tarzan caught Jane alone. For the first time, she realised the depths of his love. "You do not love me, then?" Tarzan asked quietly. She was miserably silent. . . . "You will be happier without me," came her faint reply. "Civilisation will bore you. Soon you will long for freedom."

"I'd rather see you happy than be happy myself. I know now, you couldn't be happy with—an Ape." Bitterness tinged his voice. "Don't say that!" she cried. "You don't understand. . . . Forgive me, for I may never see you again." Tarzan heard his name called. Unmindful, he felt something pressed into his hand.



to with a start. He looked at the man who had Tarzan's eyes. He was going to marry Clayton loved. One word from him would take them all from him. . . . Tarzan made his decision, made of self-renunciation.

Then he answered Jane. "It means I must return to Africa." He heard her half-choked sob. . . . "We owe you our lives," said Clayton humbly. "How'd you get into that bally jungle, anyway?" "I was born there," said Tarzan quietly. "My mother was an ape. I never knew who my father was!"

THE END.

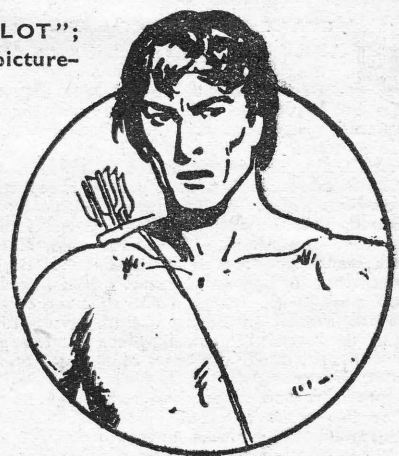
STARTING NEXT WEEK—

"THE RETURN OF TARZAN!"

Exclusive to "The PILOT"; another colourful picture-story of jungle peril, intrigue and full-blooded adventure starring

TARZAN

Tell your pals . . . tell all Tarzan fans . . . but order your own copy of "The PILOT" now!



THERE WILL BE A RUN ON IT!

a target. If old Shrubbs liked to think that all this had been endured solely to save his collection of gold coins, let him think so. There was no harm done.

"How can I thank you, my dear Hay? Consider that little tiff we had the other day a thing forgotten, I beg of you! Such bravery—such resource—such courage! Why, sir, Bendover is proud of you!"

Dr. Shrubbs would have continued in this vein for a couple of hours or so, as he dearly liked the sound of his own voice. Fortunately, however, the arrival of the police saved Will Hay from further embarrassment; and soon Bendover went back to its slumbers.

Will Hay could not sleep, however, which was not surprising. Thus when he heard the soft footfall of a person moving along the corridor he nipped out of bed, this time armed with one of the fully loaded guns he had taken from the burglars. Who could the prowler be this time?

Click! went the thumb switch of the electric light in the passage.

"Stick 'em up!" hissed the master of the Fourth; then he blinked. For striding along the passage, his pyjamas over his outdoor clothes, came the wily Fruity Snell.

Alarmed as he was at the sudden order, alarmed as he was at sight of Will Hay in nightshirt, an automatic in his hand, Fruity kept his nerve. Arms outstretched before him, eyes wide open, he began his slow perambulation of the passage-way, prior to mounting the stairs to the dorm.

"The little tick!" breathed Will Hay. "He pulled that one on me last night, but he doesn't get away with it again!"

He moved behind the slowly moving Fruity and swung back his right foot.

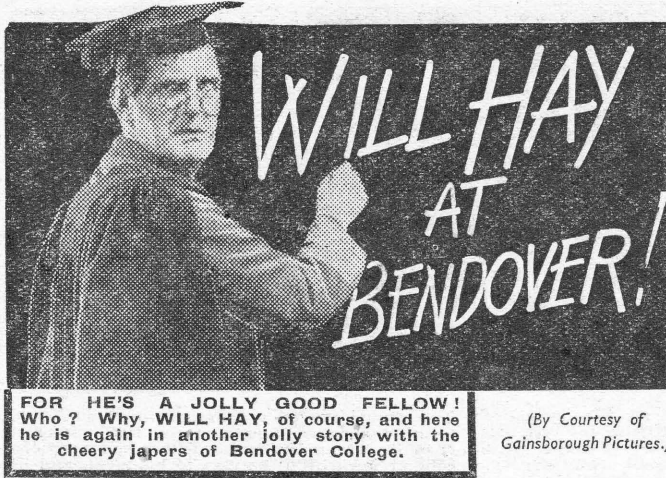
Wham! No penalty kick ever carried more power behind it than Will Hay's drive at Fruity Snell's pants.

"Yarooooooh!" yelled Fruity, completely forgetting his role of sleepwalker; and he pitched forward a dozen yards on hands and knees. Then he scrambled to his feet and rushed to the dorm stairs, taking them three at a time.

Will Hay arched his eyebrows, squinted over the top of his nose-nippers, and chuckled.

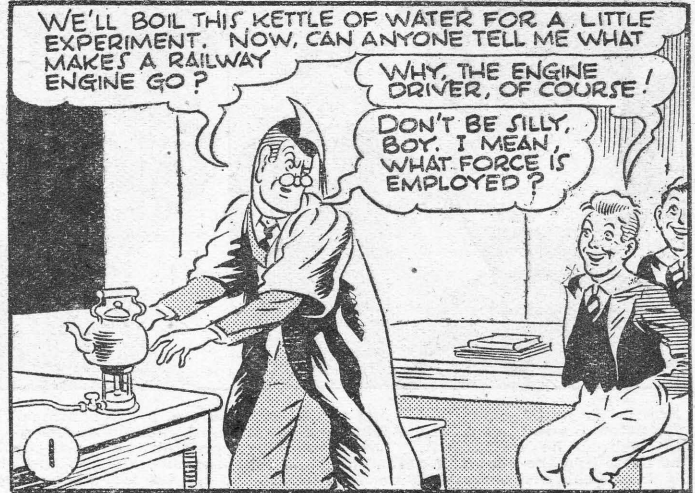
"Often fatal to give a sleepwalker a sudden shock—eh?" he murmured. "Well, that's the second long shot that's come off to-night." He yawned. "I guess, Mister William Hay, you've deserved your sleep to-night. Yes, sir!"

Another breezy story of the inimitable Will Hay and the merry wags of Bendover in next week's fine number of "PILOT." Tell you pals about Form-master Will Hay, also remind them that only in "PILOT" can they read the picture strip and the story of "The Return of Tarzan."



FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW! Who? Why, WILL HAY, of course, and here he is again in another jolly story with the cheery jaspers of Bendover College.

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



"HEY, you!" Morning classes at Bendover were about to begin, and Will Hay was hurrying across the quad to the Fourth Form Room when he was arrested by that disrespectful call. He glanced round to see a boy he had never seen before coming towards him from the direction of the Head's House. Will arched his eyebrow until it was like a bow.

"Were you, by any chance, addressing me?" he demanded.

"Yes. Why not?" answered the boy. "What do you mean—why not?" asked Will severely. "Do you know who I am?"

"I can't be bothered with asking who you are," said the boy impatiently. "I'm looking for a schoolmaster named Will Hay, and I thought you might be able to tell me—"

"Wait a minute!" interrupted Will, jamming his nose-nippers more firmly on his nose. "What do you think I look like—the dust-man? Can't you see I'm a schoolmaster? I'm Will Hay!"

"That's fine. You're the very man I've been looking for," continued the boy cheerfully. "I'm a new chap, and I'm coming into your Form."

"If by 'new' you mean 'fresh,' I can believe you," said Will Hay, gazing at the youth over the top of his precariously perched nose-nippers. "The next time you want to call my attention, don't shout 'hey, you!' I don't like it." He glanced at the clock, and started. "In any case, I can't stop here messing about with silly new kids. It's Doctor Shrubbs you should see."

"I've just seen Dr. Shrubbs, sir, and he told me to find you and report. I was going to ask you about my pets—"

"Your what?" "My pets, sir. I keep pets."

"Oh, you keep pets, do you?" said Will, in a less severe tone. "Well, that's something in your favour. Boys who keep pets are generally kind-hearted. What about your pets, anyway?"

"I don't know where to put 'em, sir, and I've got to come in to classes," interrupted the new boy. "Do you mind if I leave them in your study for a bit? They're quite harmless. After lessons I can find a more permanent place."

"Yes, certainly," said Will Hay thoughtlessly, anxious to get to his waiting Form. "You can leave the little things in my study, if you like. But mind you don't make a mess."

"O.K., sonny boy!"

He was gone before Will Hay could call him back, and the master of the Bendover Fourth, with a shrug, hurried on to the Form-room. In the corridor he encountered Fruity Snell, and there was such a look of geniality on the cad of the Fourth's face, that Will Hay stopped as though he had walked into a lamp-post.

"Are you ill, Snell?" he asked anxiously. "Ill, sir? I'm happy."

"My mistake! By the look of your face, I thought you were sickening for something," said Will Hay. "Not that it isn't a sickening face at any old time. What's that bottle you've got in your hand?" he added suspiciously, sniffing the air with disgust. "And what's this foul niff?"

Fruity Snell rolled his eyes ecstatically. "It's a marvellous new perfume, sir," he explained. "One sniff, and all sadness leaves you; two sniffs, and you're so happy that you feel like floating on air. Try it, sir."

Will Hay had no intention of trying, but Fruity held out the bottle to Will's nose. Then, somehow, his fingers slipped, and a great

splash of rose-pink liquid descended down Will's waistcoat and over his gown. It sent up an overpowering reek of heavy musk.

"Pah! Foooooh!" howled Will, backing away as though he had been gassed. "Look what you've done now!"

"Sorry, sir," gasped Fruity. "Oh, my hat! All my lovely Happiness Perfume wasted on you!"

"Happiness Perfume, my foot!" roared Will. "Stinking rotten fertiliser, you mean! What do you think I am—a tomato plant? Get into the Form-room, you young jackass!"

Fruity Snell, his cunning little eyes glittering with evil glee, dodged into the Form-room. Will Hay and a surrounding aura of musk followed him. There was a wild scamper as boys dashed to their places, and after a moment or two a few of them began to sniff the air inquiringly.

"If there's going to be any sniffing in this room, I'm doing it all!" said Will Hay, rapping the desk. "Make that disgusting noise again, young Smart, and I'll give you something to sniff about! Can I help it if I smell like something the cat has left on the doormat? This young chump of a Snell has just swamped me with something that would knock over a skunk at a hundred yards' range." He glared darkly over the top of his nose-nippers. "And if you think it's funny, young Snell, try writing five hundred lines, and see if you can get your natural expression back again."

Fruity's natural expression came back like magic.

"But it was an accident, sir—" "Shut up!" roared Will in exasperation. "Do you think I was born yesterday? Let's get down to work."

But there was no work just yet. The door opened to admit the new boy; and Will Hay,





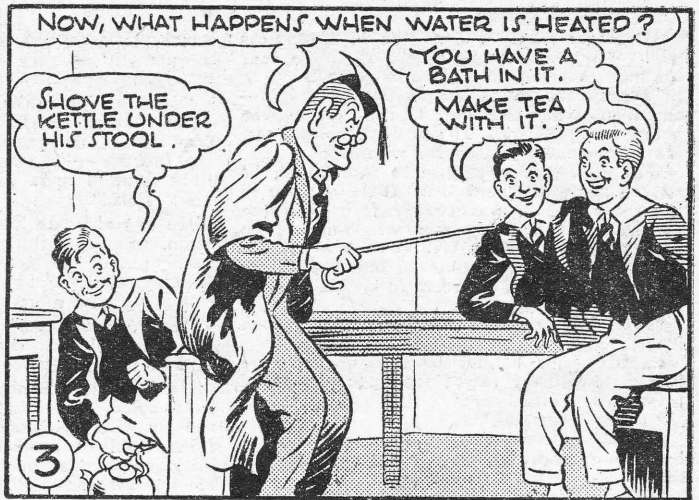
THE POLICE FORCE. THEY MEET ALL THE BIG TRAINS.
 YOU FOOL! THE FORCE EMPLOYED IS STEAM! NOW WHAT IS STEAM?
 THAT'S EASY. THE SMOKE THAT COMES OFF WATER.

who had just sat down at his desk, arched an eyebrow and frowned.
 "Oh, it's 'hey, you'!" he said sourly.
 "Now, don't you start sniffing!" he added, as the new boy's nose twitched. "Go to your place. Wait a minute! You haven't told me your name." He frowned darkly. "And while we're on the subject of names, just remember that mine is not 'sonny boy.'"
 "I know that," said the new boy. "It's Will Hay. Mine's Heere."

"What do you mean—here? asked Will testily. "Of course it's here! You can't come into the room and leave your name outside, can you?"
 "Yes, that's right—it's Heere."
 Will Hay rose slowly to his feet as titters began to ripple through the Form.
 "We won't argue about your name being here, there, or anywhere else!" he said ominously. "Just for the sake of argument, we'll say that it's here, and let it go at that. I want to know what it is!"
 "It's Heere, sir," said the new boy, in surprise. "I've just told you twice."

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I know it's here!" almost screamed Will, making a grab for his cane. "I thought we'd finished with that silly lot! I'm here, and my name is Hay!"
 "And I'm here, and my name is Heere!" retorted the new boy wearily. "Can't we play some other game?"
 "Gug-game?" stammered Will Hay, reeling.
 "Which of us is crackers?"
 "Do I have to answer that, sir?"
 "No, you jolly well don't!" roared Will, with a start. "Forget it! And don't let's have any more of this 'here' business! Tell me your full name, and then perhaps we can do some work."

"Heere, sir—Walter Stanley Heere."



NOW, WHAT HAPPENS WHEN WATER IS HEATED?
 SHOVE THE KETTLE UNDER HIS STOOL.
 YOU HAVE A BATH IN IT.
 MAKE TEA WITH IT.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 Will Hay sat down suddenly, jammed his nose-nippers into position on his nose, then rose.
 "So that's the gag, is it?" he snorted. "Why the thump didn't you tell me you had a fatheaded name like that? Do you think I've got nothing better to do than fool about with names? Go and sit in that place over here, There!" He started violently. "I mean, that place over there, Heere!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 Walter Stanley Heere grinned and nodded.
 "O.K., sonny boy!" he said amiably.
 "Hey, come back!" shouted Will, clapping both hands to his head in order to keep the top down. "What the dickens do you mean by calling me 'sonny boy'?"

"Well, you look a cheery sort of chap, sir."
 "What's that got to do with it?"
 "A lot," said Heere promptly. "You're not miserable, and you're not sour, and as far as I can see, you've got a sunny disposition. So 'sonny boy' seems just right."
 "Well, of course, there's that," admitted Will Hay, mollified.
 "Then what are we arguing about?"
 "Arguing!" snapped Will, coming to himself with a start. "You don't think I argue with boys, do you? I tell 'em! Forget my sunny disposition, my lad, and let's have no more of this 'sonny boy' stuff! Understand? That's final!"

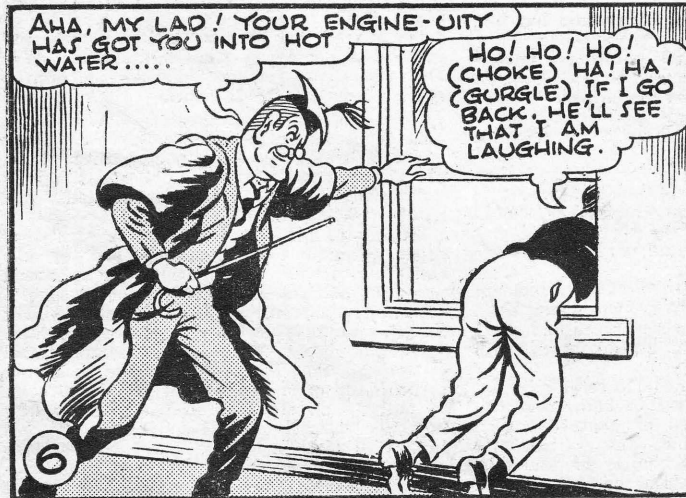
Walter Stanley Heere nodded, strolled to his place, and morning lessons started.

"O!"
 It cannot be truthfully said that the first lesson had made much progress; and now it was interrupted by a strange, wheezy kind of sound from the door, which had mysteriously opened for an

inch or two. Schoolmaster Will Hay, who had set the Form a task which did not require his close attention, was industriously searching for the winner of the three-thirty.
 "Oi!" came the wheezy voice again.
 Will Hay recognised the owner of it; the two inches of face he saw through the crack of the door could belong to nobody but Kelly, the school porter.
 "Just a minute, boys!" said Will, rising to his feet. "I'm only going outside the door, so don't try any funny tricks."
 He went out and closed the door after him.
 "It's not enough that boys should shout 'Hey, you!' after me this morning, but now you've got to come along and gargle 'Oi!' through the door crack!" he said testily, "If you want to speak to me, Smelly—Kelly—why the dickens can't you knock on the door like a sane man—"

"It's them old coves in your study, sir," interrupted Kelly mysteriously.
 "Them old what?" asked Will, puzzled.
 "Old clothes? There are no old clothes in my study, you chump!"
 "Old coves, sir," explained Kelly, with an uneasy light in his eyes. "Them four old men with whiskers."
 "If you mean old men, why don't you say old men?" demanded Will severely. "That's no way to talk—'old coves.' The boys hear quite enough slang—"

He started violently.
 "What do you mean—four old men in my study?" he asked. "With whiskers?"
 "I seen 'em as plain as I'm seeing you, sir!" breathed Kelly, his voice lowered to a mere dramatic whisper. "Lookin' out of your window, all in a row! Four old men with whiskers and glasses!"
 Will Hay bent forward and sniffed.
 "Where do you buy your beer?" he asked interestedly. "I shall have to get some of the



AHA, MY LAD! YOUR ENGINE-UNITY HAS GOT YOU INTO HOT WATER.....
 HO! HO! HO! (CHOKE) HA! HA! (GURGLE) IF I GO BACK, HE'LL SEE THAT I AM LAUGHING.



..... AND NOW TO SEE IF I CAN RAISE A LITTLE STEAM !!

stuff; it must be five hundred horse-power—Ahem! Quite so! Kelly, you've been drinking! That's what's the matter with you, my lad! Why the dickens should there be four old men in my study? You're potty!"

"I ain't touched a drop since last night—and then it was only half a pint," replied the porter indignantly. "If you don't believe me, Mr. 'Ay, come and look for yourself!"

Will did. Emerging into the quad, he walked across and looked up at the window of his study, which was twenty feet from the ground. The morning sun was glinting on the glass, and at first Will could see nothing unusual. But when he moved into a different position, he seemed to freeze in his tracks, and his lower jaw sagged.

"My only checked trousers!" he gasped feebly.

Faintly visible behind the window glass were two extraordinary faces; they were long and lean, with white beards.

"Twins!" gurgled Will.

At that moment the two faces were joined by two more, and they looked exactly the same.

"Quadruplets!" howled the startled Will.

"Seems to me, sir, they ain't rightly human!" muttered Kelly. "They can't be standing, neither, because their faces only reached the bottom of the window. You wasn't expecting any visitors to-day, Mr. 'Ay? Uncles or grandfathers and the like?"

But Will Hay was far too worried to give this suggestion the retort it deserved. The very vagueness of the old men behind his study window filled him with alarm. How they could have got in there, and why they were there, had him beaten. He went dashing across the quad, and indoors he took the stairs three at a time.

Breathless, he burst into his study, and then halted with a half-strangled cry. Over by the window stood four scraggy-looking goats!

But they were goats with a difference. Either their beards had been carefully nursed and trained, or they were false. And each goat wore a pair of enormous horn-rimmed

spectacles! As they turned their heads and gazed suspiciously at the cause of the rude interruption, they looked so disconcertingly like a quartette of very old men that Will Hay nearly apologised.

"Here, I say, isn't this a bit thick?" asked Will, moving forward into the centre of the room, and then pausing uncertainly. "Who the dickens—" He broke off as a great light dawned upon him. "That darned new kid! Pets!"

He was about to hustle the goats out of the room, when something made him pause. The four animals were now eyeing him with definite disfavour; their jaws had ceased champing, and their nostrils were twitching.

"Now, look here," said Will Hay hastily, "be reasonable! I'm not blaming you—Hi! Whoa! Eeeeeek!"

He had been reminded of the boys in his Form-room, for those four goats had sniffed the air with businesslike keenness as the first faint whiff of musk wafted across in their direction. Apparently they didn't think much of the Happiness Perfume; for no sooner had it got fairly in amongst them than the battle-light blazed in their eyes. The next moment down went four heads—and the Charge of the Light Brigade was a mere picnic by comparison.

"Hi! Help! Gangway!" howled Will wildly.

He reached the door with a mere inch to spare, and the way he went racing down the corridor was a sight that would have made Sidney Wooderson scream with joy. But fast as Will ran, the goats were beating him to it. If he hadn't paused at the head of the stairs to see how much of a start he had got he might still have made it.

But that pause was fatal. The four goats in a row, charging en masse, caught Will in the rear at the very moment of his pause, and he sailed through the air with the greatest of ease. He reached the bottom of the stairs without having once made contact, and performed a perfect three-point landing—the three points being his left ear, his hip, and his right elbow.

"Stretchers!" he moaned feebly. "Fetch the ambulance, somebody! Ring up the undertaker!"

Will shot a scared glance towards the top of the stairs. The four goats were on the landing, still standing in a row, and looking down at him. All he could see was four bearded faces, including eight war-inflamed eyes.

"Gangway!" howled Will, leaping to his feet.

And he went streaking for the wide open spaces, his dusty and tattered gown billowing in the gale—the gale being entirely of his own making.

THE Fourth was just beginning to get a bit restless, when the door burst open as though a bomb had exploded in the passage, and Will Hay came hurtling through.

"Hey, you!" he gurgled, pointing a quivering finger at the new boy. "Heere, there, or whatever your fatheaded name is! What's the idea of filling my study with goats?"

"Goats!" yelled the Fourth in genuine surprise.

They hadn't been let in on this, and they naturally felt aggrieved. Goats in Will Hay's study, they felt, was something they should have known about from the very beginning.

"But you told me I could, sir!" said Heere in surprise.

"I told you—" Will paused for a moment to unravel his tonsils. "Why, you young tick! You've got the nerve to stand there and say I told you that you could fill my study with goats?"

"My pets, sir," explained Heere calmly.

"How the dickens was I to know that you went about with a herd of goats?" roared Will Hay with justifiable exasperation. "I thought you meant white mice, or squirrels, or something like that. But goats! Do you



Sammy Sykes: "This is the tree all right. But where the dickens is the hole where I planted the swag before they sent me on that ten year sentence?"

know what those dashed animals have just done to me?"

"A bit of no good, sir, by the look of it!" grinned Fruity Snell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As for you, young Bad Smell, I'll deal with you later!" threatened Will. "You and your rotten bottles of niffy musk! I'll bet you knew all about those goats from the very start! You knew they'd butt me as soon as they got the scent!"

"Prove it," said Fruity calmly.

"I won't have it!" roared Will, rubbing his ear, hip, and elbow in quick succession, and giving a good imitation of a tic-tac man. "Get those beastly goats out of my study this minute!"

"You mean now, sir?" asked Heere.

"What else does this minute mean but now?" bawled Will, dancing with rage. "Perhaps you don't know that I'm one large bruise from head to foot? You and your pets! Get 'em out! You hear me, Heere? I mean, you heard me, Heere?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence!" ordered Will, clutching at the desk for support. "Those blighting animals are congesting the corridor outside my study. Get them down, Heere!"

"All right, sir, if you say so," said the new boy.

He placed two hands to his mouth and emitted a peculiarly piercing whistle. Will Hay started as though somebody had run a red-hot needle into his pants.

"Don't do that!" he gasped. "What's the idea of imitating the Scotch Express passing under a bridge? There's been dirty work afoot among you young blisters, and I'm jolly well going to—" He paused and stood rigid. "What's that?"

Faintly to his ears had come a chorus of eager, excited bleats, accompanied by the clattering of hoofs. A moment later the sound was close at hand—right out in the passage. "They're coming in here!" yelled Jerry Smart, making a dash for the nearest window.

He was right! With a final clumping and clattering, the four goats came charging through the open doorway of the Form-room, to pull up all standing in front of the new boy, who was grinning with triumph. By this time Will Hay had reached the comparative safety of his desk-top, on which he was standing, holding his gown about him.

Prof. Barnacle Offers Prizes



FOR GOOD
JOKES

Every week I am giving away a 576-page book of adventure stories to the PILOT reader who sends me the best joke. In addition, I am awarding a special prize of half-a-crown to the Overseas reader whose joke takes my fancy. All you have to do is to write your joke on a postcard and address it to: Professor Barnacle, The PILOT, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS ARE:

Policeman: "You will have to accompany me!"

Street Musician: "Certainly, what are you going to sing?"

S. Birmingham, 79. The Chase, Greenhithe, Kent, wins a 576-page book of adventure stories for this joke.

Sambo bought a watch, but after a few days it stopped, so he opened the case and had a look. Inside was a dead fly, and Sambo turned to a friend and exclaimed:

"No wonder it stopped, the engine-driver am dead!"

This week's special half-crown prize is on its way to Brian Twomey, "Billcrest," Port Alfred, Cape Colony, South Africa.

"Take 'em away!" he hooted. "Who told you to bring the beastly things here?"

"Why, you did, sir!" said the new boy.

"I did?"

"Yes; a few minutes 'go—"

"You're talking pure drip!" gasped Will. "Do you think I didn't have enough of your confounded goats in my own study? I hate the sight of 'em! As for telling you to bring them into this class-room—"

"But you did!" insisted the new boy. "You told me they were fooling about in the corridor outside your study, and you said 'get them down here!'"

"I didn't say 'get them down here,'" panted Will Hay, in despair, "I said 'get them down, Heere!'"

"What's the difference?"

"The difference, my lad, is that your name is driving me potty!" roared Will. "Those goats are driving me potty, too! Take them away!"

Heere grinned.

"Keep your hair on, sonny boy!" he chuckled. "There's no need for you to stand on the top of that desk. My goats are as harmless as kittens."

"I'll take the kittens!" retorted Will.

"They're specially trained, of course," continued Heere. "Perfectly docile until they smell that musk—and then they go for whatever smells of it, baldeheaded. It's the biggest laugh of their circus act."

"Their—what?" gurgled Will Hay, with a dazed look on his face. "Are you telling me that you've been turning Bendover College into a circus? What kind of a new boy are you, anyway?"

"I'm not a new boy at all!"

"You're not— Say that again!"

"My dad trained these goats, and I help him in the act," explained the smiling youngster. "Haven't you ever heard of Heere's Circus? 'Heere's Circus is Here'! That's our big catch line. And we're in Duddlebury this evening—for one night. I worked this stunt as a bit of publicity."

He turned to the Fourth.

"Don't forget, chaps, Heere's Circus is Here to-night—at seven-thirty in the Long Mile Meadow! Roll up!"

He shoed the goats out of the open doorway, and they obeyed him as meekly as rabbits. And Will Hay leaped nimbly down from his safety perch, and bristled with indignation.

"Get out of here—you and your goats, and your name!" he ordered sternly. "Things have got to a fine state, I must say, when people come barging into Bendover and turning the place into a cheap advertisement!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The make-believe new boy had paused for a moment before closing the door. When Will Hay looked in at the door, he saw a large, highly-coloured poster, with a flaming headline:

"HEERE JUNIOR AND HIS GIDDY GOATS!"

When Will turned back to the Form he saw that Fruity Snell and his pal, Gaston, were clutching one another in helpless merriment.

"Very funny!" said Will ominously, as he strode forward with his cane. "In fact, screamingly funny—and I can tell you who's going to do all the screaming!"

But, for some reason, he checked. Fruity Snell did not know it, but at that moment Will Hay's hand came in contact with the bottle of musk perfume in his pocket, and which Will had confiscated from Fruity earlier. It was still more than half-full.

"Yes, I think so," murmured Will Hay softly.

And to the surprise of the Fourth, a happy smile radiated across his face, like a sunbeam across a devastated area. Morning lessons went on in tranquil peace.

EVERYBODY in the junior school who could afford the price of admission—and who could get a special pass—was at the circus that evening. It wasn't a particularly large circus, or a particularly

good one; but few circuses came to Duddlebury, and to the boys of Bendover it was an event.

Will Hay, apparently with the generous idea of letting bygones be bygones, was well on view. As befitted a master, he had lashed out to the extent of buying himself a five-and-ninepenny seat—the most exclusive and expensive under the big top.

Will himself sat near the top, and the front row was occupied by Fruity Snell, Piper, Sansom, and one or two others. Obviously, they had been given free seats. Jerry Smart and all the other Fourth Formers had to be content with the "bobs." Circus proprietors don't give free seats for nothing, and even Will Hay was able to deduce that Fruity Snell & Co. had made the morning's publicity stunt possible. This was their reward.

Performing horses were followed by clowns and bareback riding, and clowns and a trapeze act, and clowns again. It was not until about the middle of the show that young Heere appeared in the ring with his Giddy Goats. The youngster looked very different now, smartly dressed in a crimson uniform, and a peaked cap with gold lace. He put the goats through all sorts of tricks—a preliminary to the real fun.

Will had been making a few discreet inquiries, and he knew just what the fun consisted of. One of the clowns, exceedingly padded, was due to enter the ring with many antics; his clothing was saturated with that musk—which the goats had been taught to hate. Then the fun began. In close formation the goats habitually butted the clown all over the ring, and, finally, out of the ring.

But to-night there was a little variation.

It may have been occasioned by the fact that Will Hay had brought a water-pistol in his pocket, and while the audience was watching the goats performing their tricks, Will accurately squirted the contents of the pistol over the occupants of the seats below him. Fruity Snell & Co. knew nothing of it until they became aware that the atmosphere all about them was saturated with musk.

Goats are silly animals, anyway. They must be, or they would have noticed the difference between a padded clown and a group of schoolboys sitting in the front row of the five-and-ninepenny seats—practically within a yard of the ring.

Right in the middle of a barrel-rolling trick the goats did their stuff. Something seemed to disturb their docility: they sniffed the air and stiffened. Young Heere sniffed the air, too, and there was an alarmed look on his face, for he knew that the padded clown was not due in the ring for another three minutes.

"It won't be long now," murmured Will Hay, beaming with kindly geniality on all about him.

And it wasn't!

Once those goats fairly got the scent, they acted. And how they acted! Ignoring their young trainer completely, they massed themselves into close formation, ran once round the ring, and then—charged! They charged straight at Fruity Snell and his cronies; and those unhappy juniors, having no warning of impending disaster, got it fairly and squarely.

"Hi! Look out!" yelled Fruity, when it was too late. "The dashed goats are coming for us!"

Biff! Crash! Wham!

Compared with the humour of that scene, the clowns were a pain in the neck. The goats weren't satisfied with charging once; they were trained to charge again and again, and they did their job nobly. Having scattered the scheming juniors into an untidy heap on the turf, they raced away, re-formed, and charged again—just as Fruity and his pals were scrambling to their feet and getting into the best of all possible positions.

Thud! Biff! Crash!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The great tent rocked with a gale of laughter, and everybody except the Bendover crowd believed that it was a part of the show. Fruity and his cronies only managed to escape by leaping wildly up the red-carpeted seats of the five-and-ninepenny stand. And here they found themselves confronted by the beaming Will Hay.

"Good-morning, boys!" said Will, from force of habit. "An excellent performance, don't you think? In fact, extremely funny! I'm bursting my sides with laughter. Can't you hear me?"

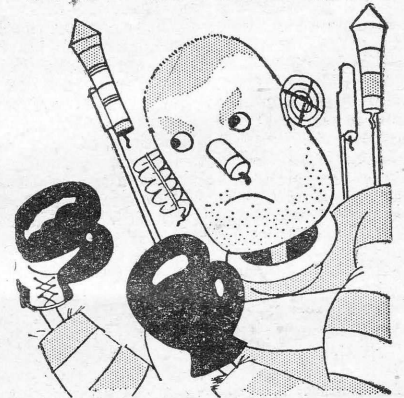
He roared with merriment, and Fruity Snell & Co. crawled away, rubbing their bruises.

"I think we can call it quits, eh?" came Will Hay's gurgling voice. "Didn't some wise bird once say that one good turn deserves another?"

But the practical jokers of the Bendover Fourth had gone, seeking a place to hide their heads and their hurts.

Will Hay decides to have a private feast of a huge pork pie, but the Fourth, spotting it, decide to snaffle it for a dorm-feast. Neither get it and the story of how this happens is a real feast of fun for you, when you read the latest laughable exploits of the one-and-only WILL HAY and the jolly japers of Bendover, next week.

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