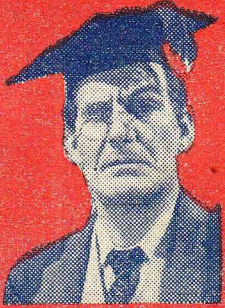


"YOUNG GUY FAWKES" & 6 OTHER FINE STORIES INSIDE!

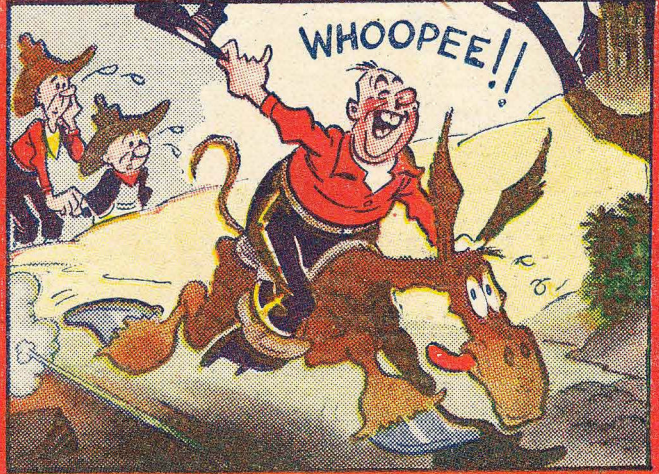
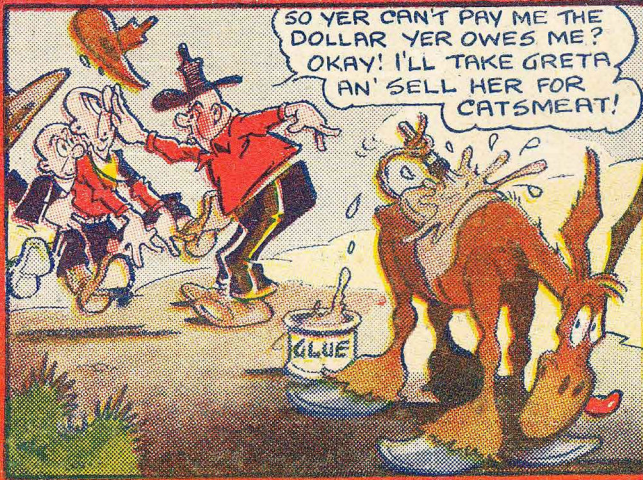


# The PILOT

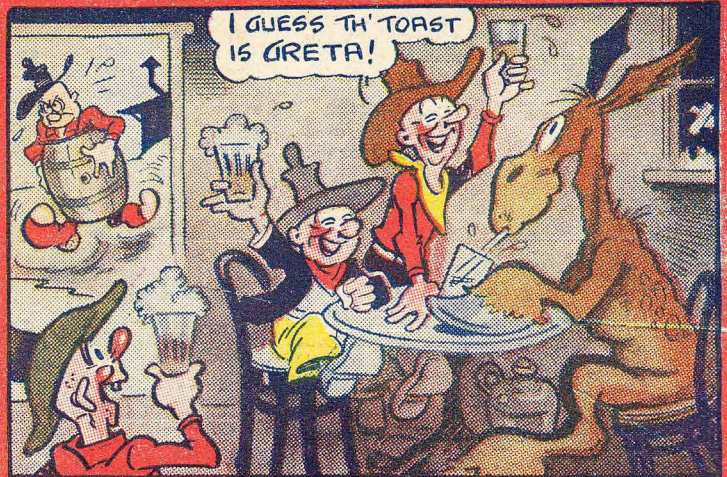
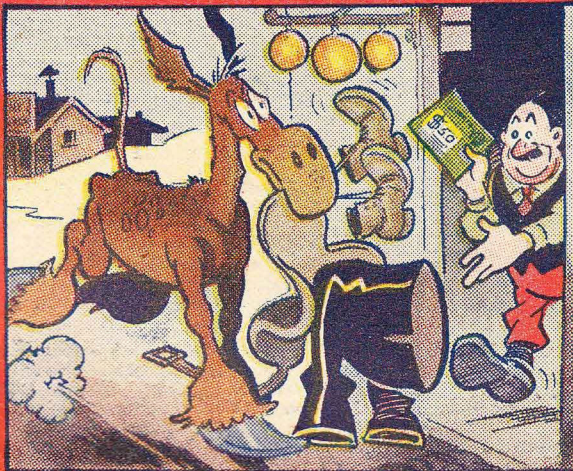
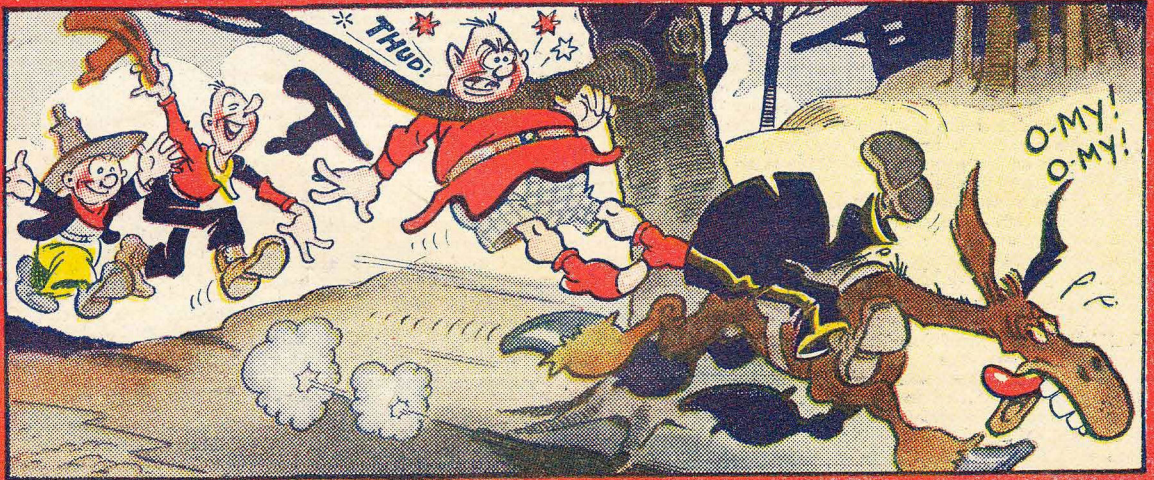
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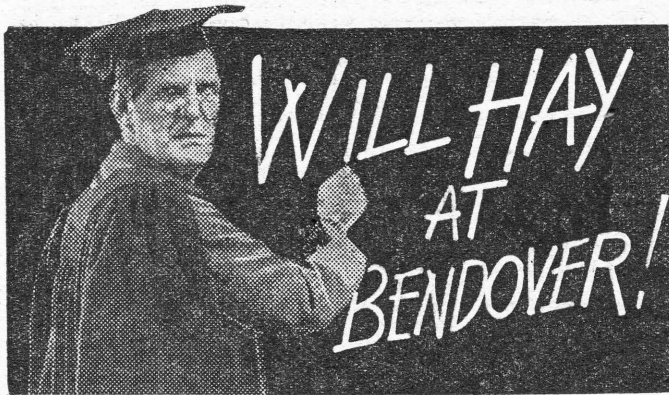
No. 111. Vol. 5. Week ending November 13th, 1937.



MIKE,  
SPIKE  
&  
GRETA  
—OUR KRAZY  
GANG—  
in  
"EMPTY  
SADDLE"







A NEW BOY AT BENDOVER—and, oh boy! that means new japes and new laughs with your old favourite WILL HAY. There's a laugh a line in this latest yarn of the master you all like.

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



“HERE he is—the new kid!”  
 “What’s your name, young ’un?”  
 “Name belong me, Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la!”  
 “Oh crikey!” gasped Dicky Bird. “Sing it over again!”

There was quite a spot of excitement in the Bendover Fourth that afternoon.

New kids, as a rule, attracted little attention. But the new kid who had come that day was something rather new in the way of new kids. All sorts of fellows came to Bendover School, but this was the first time that they had seen the son of a Kanaka chief from the South Sea Islands. Dozens of fellows had watched him arrive when Will Hay, the master of the Fourth, fetched him from Didham Station. They had been rather disappointed to see him dressed like any other Bendover fellow, having rather expected him to be got up in a loincloth and coral necklaces. Still, he was rather remarkable to the view, with his brown face, and blue tattoo-marks on his cheeks, and a magnificent set of teeth that flashed when he grinned—which was nearly all the time. When he came out into the quadrangle, after interviewing Dr. Shrubbs, the whole Form surrounded him.

“I say, old Hay said he spoke English!” squeaked Tubby Green.  
 “Speakee English velly fine and large!” said the boy.

“Oh crumbs! Do you call that English?” gasped Jimmy Carboy.

“But is your name really Koo-kalumpo-koodle-koo?” exclaimed Dicky Bird.

“That isn’t it,” said Jimmy Carboy. “He said Koo-kalange-clinky-kaloo, didn’t you, kid?”

“What’s in a name?” grinned Jerry Smart.  
 “Most of the alphabet, in this case!” chortled Sammy Straw.

“Ha, ha, ha!”  
 Will Hay came billowing out of the House.  
 “Bird,” he rapped, “this is the new boy. His name is Koo-canoodle-woodle-woo—I mean, Koo-kamangle-wangle-wops—no, that isn’t it! Never mind his name; he’s the new boy, anyhow. Take him round and show him over the school—and, mind, no larks!”

“Larks, sir!” said Dicky, with an injured expression. “As if I’d lark with a new kid!”

“Mind you don’t!” said Will sternly. “Koo-woodle-wang, you will go with Bird.”

“No see bird, eye belong me!” said Koo, staring round. “Feller bird no stop along this place.”

“Oh, my hat! I mean, bless my soul! This boy’s name is Bird!” explained the master of the Bendover Fourth.

The Kanaka boy grinned.  
 “Name belong this feller Bird? Hoo, hoo! Velly funny name Bird!” He chuckled explosively. “That feller name plenty too much funny altogether.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” yelled the juniors, while Richard Bird stared, or, rather, glared at Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la. The Kanaka boy’s name had struck him as remarkably funny, but he had not expected his own to produce the same effect on Koo.

“Oh, come on!” granted Dicky. “If I’m going to show you round, come on, and stop sniggering! We’ll do the Form-room first. This way!”

Koo, still chuckling, followed Dicky Bird into the House and into the Fourth Form Room. Dicky led him to the master’s desk. At the same time he drew a whipcord from his pocket. Bird of the Fourth was a very good-natured fellow; but he saw no reason why he should not have a little fun with a new kid—especially a new kid who thought that Bird

was a funny name! He made a noose at the end of the cord.

“Now, look here, Koodle-kinky-kangle,” said Dicky, with a serious face that would have warned any fellow in the Fourth that he was japing, “I’m going to show you something, as you’re a new kid. Put your hands together.”

Koo blinked at him in surprise. However, he did as Dicky told him. The next moment the loop was whipped over his brown wrists and drawn taut. Dicky Bird, grinning, whipped the cord round a leg of Will Hay’s desk, and pulled.

The astonished Kanaka’s hands jammed against the leg of the desk. Then, perhaps guessing that Dicky was pulling his leg, he wrenched at them. But it was too late. Dicky Bird, chortling, knotted the cord round the leg of the desk. Koo, with his brown hands fast in the tightened noose, wrenched and wriggled in vain.

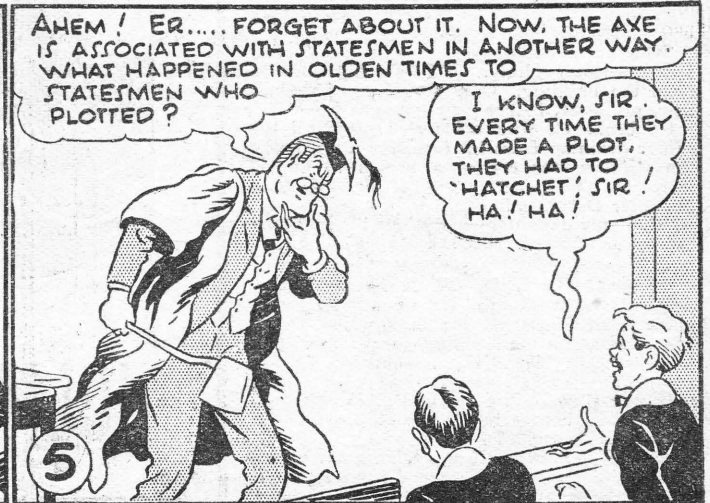
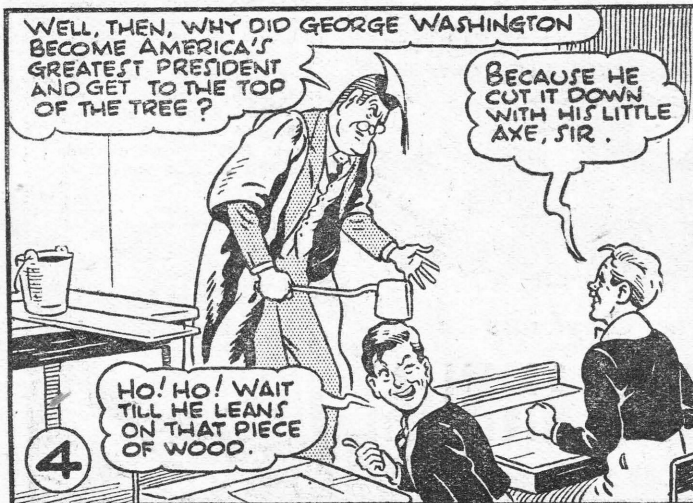
“Ha, ha, ha!” roared Dicky Bird, stepping back and viewing him with great entertainment.

“What name you tie this feller along desk?” gasped Koo, his big black eyes rolling at Dicky. “You no makee this feller stop along desk?”

“Sort of!” chortled Dicky. “You can hang on there, old brown bean, and think what a funny name Bird is—see?”

Dicky Bird turned to depart. The next moment he gave a yell of astonishment. Something gripped him by the ankle and dragged him back, so suddenly that Dicky lost his balance and came down, bumping, on his hands and knees. His nose tapped on the floor of the Form-room as he sprawled.

“Why—what—who—how—” spluttered Dicky. “What the thump—how the deuce—what—how—which—”





It seemed like magic to Dicky! Koo's hands were tied to the leg of the desk—yet something had gripped Dicky's ankle in a grip of steel. It still gripped as he sprawled. In dazed amazement Bird of the Fourth twisted his head round to stare at Koo. Then he gasped. The Kanaka junior had kicked off a shoe, and it was his toes that gripped Dicky's ankle—gripping like a hand, and a very sinewy hand.

Dicky fairly gurgled. He did not know much about Kanakas, and he was unaware that Kanakas use their feet and toes as white men use their hands and fingers. A Kanaka who drops his hat is as likely to pick it up with his foot as his hand. Koo's flexible toes were fastened on Dicky with a grip that could not be shaken off.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Dicky. "Oh crikey! Oh lor! You—you—you blinking octopus, leggo!"

His roar rang far beyond the Form-room. There was a rustle in the passage, and Will Hay blinked in at the door over his slanting nose-nippers.

"What—what—what—" spluttered Will, staring at the extraordinary scene. "Oh, my only hat and umbrella! My only check trousers! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Leggo!" shrieked Dicky.

"Bird, you have been larking with the new boy!" bleated Will. "You seem to have taught a carter—I mean, caught a Tartar! Ha, ha! Keep like that a few moments! You are nicely placed, Bird, to receive what is due to you for larking with the new boy!"

Will grabbed the cane from the desk. It came down on Dicky Bird's trousers with a ringing whop. Dicky's yell rang over most of Bendover School. Up went the cane again for another.

But at that moment Koo released the grip of his toes, and Dicky Bird squirmed away like

an eel. The cane banged on the floor, and Will Hay nearly toppled over it. Dicky Bird was on his feet in a split second and bolting out of the Form-room.

"Stop!" thundered Will. "Stop! I have not finished yet!"

But Dicky had—if Will Hay hadn't. He vanished.

"H E'S coming! Keep quiet!"

Tubby Green and Dicky Bird grinned in silent glee.

They were in Study No. 3 in the Fourth. That study belonged to Bird, who had had it to himself since Reggie Pyke had left. Now he was going to have another study-mate—the new boy from the South Sea Islands. Will Hay had told him so, and Dicky was expecting Koo to blow in. He had made a few preparations for him.

Dicky was not the fellow to nurse a grudge, but he liked to get his own back. Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la had scored in the episode in the Form-room; Dicky was going to score in the next act! He had placed the study door a little ajar, and on top of it had stacked a tin pail, filled to the brim with whitewash borrowed from the gardener's shed.

Bird and Green had tea in the study while they waited for Koo to blow in. Now there was a sound of approaching footsteps.

Word had been passed along the Fourth, to make sure that the wrong party would not barge into that booby-trap. Dicky Bird and Tubby Green listened blissfully as the footsteps approached the study door and stopped. Then they jumped as a well-known voice was heard:

"Here we are!" came the familiar bleat. "This is your study, Koo-kalinga-and-then-some!"

"Oh crumbs!" breathed Dicky, while Tubby's eyes popped in alarm.

Will Hay was bringing the new junior to his study, and the japer of the Fourth had not foreseen that.

Catching the master of the Fourth with a pail of whitewash would, of course, have been a tremendous joke, but not with the japer on the spot. The result would have been too painful. But the next bleat from the passage was reassuring.

"That is your study, Koo-keroodle-etcetera! Open the door, my boy!"

Dicky Bird breathed again. Whoever opened that door was booked for the whitewash!

Five or six Fourth Form fellows in the passage grinned at Koo as he approached the door. Koo was carrying a bag in one hand, and had a pile of school books under the other arm. The juniors naturally expected him to set down the bag to open the door.

Instead of which, the Kanaka lifted a leg for that purpose. Had the door been latched, no doubt he would have shaken off his shoe and unlatched it with his toes. But as it was not latched, he stood on one leg and pushed it open with the other foot. Will Hay grinned at that proceeding. But the next moment he gave a yell of surprise.

Swoosh! Splash! Crash! Clang!

"What the suffering haddocks—" yelled Will Hay, jumping almost clear of the passage floor.

Had Koo opened that door in the usual way, that pail of whitewash would have landed on his head. As it was, it crashed on the floor in front of him, sending a few splashes over his uplifted trouser-leg. In the doorway of Study No. 3 was a sea of whitewash. The pail rolled in the middle of it. Dicky Bird and Tubby Green stared at it—blankly. Across that sea of whitewash, from the passage, Koo's brown face grinned at them, and Will Hay's glared.





"Aha!" ejaculated Will. "A booby-trap! A little surprise for Koo-kolongo-hullabaloo—what?" Will jumped actively over the whitewash and landed in the study. "Bird! Green! I am aware of no rule at Bendover allowing whitewash to be spilled in junior studies! That whitewash must be cleaned up immediately—by you! I will assist you!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Dicky Bird. "I—I—"

"I—I say—" spluttered Tubby Green. Will Hay grasped each of them by the collar. He grinned genially as he whirled them towards the doorway. There, two horrified faces were bent down to the sea of whitewash. "I say, leggo!" squealed Tubby. "I say—Grooogh!"

"Look here," roared Dicky Bird, "you—Oooooooogh!"

Two faces dabbed in streaming whitewash. With an iron grip on the backs of their necks, there was no help for Dicky Bird and Tubby Green. Their horrified countenances splashed in.

"My dear fellows," bleated Will Hay, "have you never heard of the wise old Mikado who passed a law to make the punishment fit the crime? Now, that's my idea! A good idea, Bird—what?"

"Urrrghh!"

"I do not get your meaning! However, no doubt you get mine! My object all sublime, I shall achieve in time, to make the punishment fit the crime, the punishment fit the crime! Got that?"

"Wurrrrruuugh!"

"Repeat that remark, Green! You do not speak distinctly!"

"Yurrrrghh!"

"Are you speaking to Koo in his native language—or is that Dutch or Esperanto?"

"Oooooooogh!"

"I advise you not to wriggle," said Will, as he shifted the two faces to and fro in the whitewash. "You will get it over your clothes and down your necks! There, I warned you! After this, my young friends, do you think that you will be tempted to play tricks with whitewash in your study? I pause for a reply!"

"Oooooooch!"

"Gerrroooooch!"

"Groooooogh!" gurgled Tubby.

"There, I think that will do!" said Will. He released the two collars, and the hapless japers tottered to their feet, streaming whitewash. "You must clean up the rest unaided! I have no time to give you any more assistance! Koo, I think you had better come downstairs to tea; your friends here will be very busy for some time cleaning up the study! Bird, Green, if there is a speck of whitewash to be seen when I come up here again, you may expect six of the best—the very best!"

Will Hay breezed away to the stairs, followed by the grinning Koo. Dicky Bird and Tubby Green clawed at the whitewash and spluttered for breath. The doorway was packed with grinning faces. Dicky Bird had intended that whitewash jape to raise a laugh in the Fourth. It did! The Bendover Fourth roared.

"BED-TIME, old chap!" said Jimmy Carboy affably.

There was a general grin in the junior day-room at Bendover. Koo was there with the rest of the Fourth. The fellows had been talking to him; they liked to hear him talk, finding his wonderful variety of the English language entertaining. Dicky Bird had a tired look. So had Tubby Green. Cleaning up the whitewash seemed to have fatigued them a little. Perhaps that was why Dicky was giving the brown boy a rest. But Dicky was not the only japer in the Bendover Fourth. Jimmy Carboy tapped Koo on the shoulder at a quarter past nine, which was a quarter of an hour before the accustomed time to go to roost, and mentioned that it was bed-time. So it was—for Koo, if Jimmy got by with his little joke.

"Goey stop along feller bed?" asked Koo. "Eh? Oh! Yes! Goey stop along feller bed, exactly!" gasped Jimmy. "This way, old son—I've got to show you your quarters."

Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la followed Jimmy Carboy, and a dozen fellows looked out of the doorway to discern whither they went. They did not expect it to be in the direction of the Fourth Form dormitory. Neither was it! It was into Masters' passage that the

cheery Jimmy led the boy from the South Sea Islands. And the rest were left chuckling in the day-room.

Will Hay was in Common-room, with the other beaks. His study was dark and deserted. Jimmy Carboy marched coolly into the study and switched on the light. Koo followed him in, with a glimmer in his big black eyes. His brown face was unsuspecting. But it was possible that Koo was not so unsuspecting as he looked.

"Here you are, old coffee-bean!" said Jimmy, as he threw open the communicating door from the study to the bed-room. "Trot in! Rather decent quarters, what?"

"Velly nicey!" agreed Koo, his dark eyes roving round the room.

The bed-room had a door on the corridor as well as the study. Koo stepped to it, locked it, and took the key out.

"What's that for?" asked Jimmy in surprise.

"Plenty safee lockee door!" said Koo, with an expansive smile, which caused his teeth to flash in the electric light. "This feller bed belong me?"

"Turn in!" said Jimmy Carboy. "I've got to see you safe to bed and turn off the light."

He turned his face away from Koo as he spoke. He could hardly suppress a chortle at the idea of parking the unsuspecting new fellow in that bed. It was likely to make Will Hay jump when he came along and found a dark, tattooed face on the pillow. It was probable that Koo would be made to jump also! Jimmy had no doubt that both would jump! Really, this new kid was too simple for anything! He had already been in Will's Hay's study, so really he might have guessed! But his brown face was absolutely unsuspecting.

With a great effort, Jimmy suppressed a chortle.

"Buck up!" he said. "I can't stay long, you know."

"You waitee tickee!" said Koo.

"I say, where are you going?" exclaimed Jimmy, as the brown boy stepped back into the study.

"You see, eye belong you, plenty too soon!" answered Koo, over his shoulder.

He cut across the study to the door, and whipped out the key. Slam! Click! It was done so swiftly that Jimmy Carboy did not know what was happening till Koo was in the passage, with the study door locked after him.

"Why—what—" gasped Jimmy. He dashed to the door and dragged at the handle.

"I say—here—you let me out—"

There was a chuckle outside.

"You stop along nicey bed belong big feller chief!" came Koo's cooing voice through the keyhole. "This feller no likee!"

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Jimmy Carboy. "Look here, you blinking image, you let me out— Oh, crumbs!"

Jimmy gasped with dismay as Koo's footsteps died away along the passage. Jimmy heard him stop at the next door and shove the bed-room key into the outside of the lock. Then there was another chuckle, and the boy from the South Sea Islands was gone.

"Oh, my only chapeau!" gasped Jimmy. "The little beast was wise to it all the time, that's why he locked the bed-room door! Oh, crumbs! I've got to stop here and wait for old Hay— Oh, jiminy!"

Jimmy Carboy was a prisoner in Will Hay's rooms. Both doors on the corridor were locked; both keys outside. And it was close on dorm time.

"I—I—I'll spifficate him!" gasped Jimmy. "I'll make him wish he'd stopped on his Island of Booley-boo! I—I—I'll—"

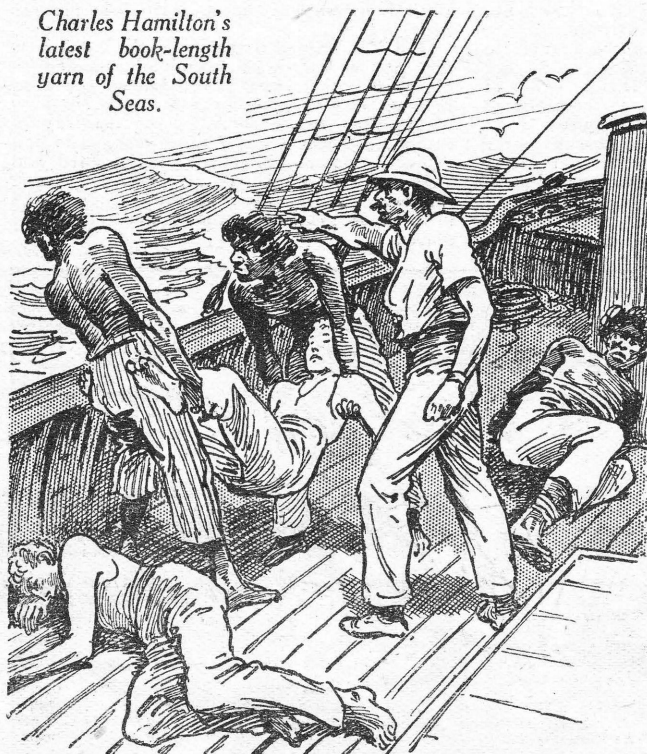
Words failed Jimmy Carboy. Half-past nine chimed from the clock-tower of Bendover—bed-time for the Fourth. Minute followed minute.

The Fourth had gone up to their dormitory—Carboy was missed, by that time, by Stuckey of the Sitxh, the prefect who had to see lights out. But he had to wait. There was a sound of footsteps in the passage—and a voice:

"One of my Form missing, Stuckey? If

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those young ticks have been playing pranks on Koo-kaboodle-kinkle-tinkle—

"Not the new kid, sir," came Stuckey's voice. "Carboy—"

"Carboy?" repeated Will Hay. "Where can he be?"

"I've looked all over the House for him, sir—"

"Extraordinary!" said Will Hay. "Look all over the House again, Stuckey, and then come to my study to report." The door-handle rattled. "Suffering sardines! Who's locked this door?"

Jimmy Carboy switched off the light. He stood ready to dodge, as soon as Will Hay opened the door. Will, surprised to find his study door locked on the outside, unlocked it and threw it open. He uttered a startled exclamation as something brushed past him into the passage and flew.

"Why—what—who—" stuttered Will. Crash! Bump! Jimmy Carboy had dodged past Will in safety. He went down the passage as if it was the cinder-path—in far too great a hurry to notice that Stuckey of the Sixth was still there!

Stuckey was not keen on hunting a missing Fourth Former all over the House. He was about to suggest to Will Hay to undertake the search personally! But that suggestion was never uttered. The missing Fourth Former—turning up suddenly and quite unexpectedly—crashed into Stuckey of the Sixth like a runaway lorry, and Stuckey went spinning along the passage.

"Yarooop!" roared Stuckey, as he crashed. Will Hay blinked round over his nose-nippers. He gazed at the mix-up on the passage floor and grinned with every tooth in his head. Stuckey of the Sixth scrambled up. With one hand he grasped his cane. With the other he grasped Jimmy Carboy. There was a sound like beating carpet in the passage. Whack, whack, whack, whack, whack, whack! Jimmy's yells woke the echoes.

"Excellent exercise for the biceps, Stuckey!" bleated Will Hay. "But none is as good as a feast! I think that will do. Do you think that will do, Carboy? As the person chiefly concerned, I am desirous of hearing your opinion."

"Yaroooooooh!" "Probably that is intended as an answer in the affirmative!" said Will thoughtfully. "Chuck it, Stuckey—I mean, cease the castigating!" He grabbed the prefect's arm. "Cut, Carboy—that is to say, proceed immediately to your dormitory!"

A flash of lightning had nothing on Jimmy Carboy as he proceeded to his dormitory!

**K**OO - KALINGA - LALULO - ULULO-LA grinned in the darkness. He had been asleep; but the Kanaka school-boy slept like a weasel, with a wary ear. The slightest sound was sufficient to awaken him. And there had been more than a slight sound as two members of the Fourth Form crept out of bed long after lights out. But, though he was wide awake, Koo snored. His snore was plainly audible in the silence of the night. It reached two pairs of ears—and reassured them!

"Fast asleep!" breathed Dicky Bird. "Fast asleep and snoring! I fancy he will

## 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:

A visitor to a mental hospital saw a man holding a fishing-rod over a flower-bed. Thinking to humour him, he asked:

"Fishing?"

"Yes."

"Caught many?"

"You're the ninth this afternoon!"

This rib-tickler wins a 576-page book of adventure stories for S. Silver, 31, Skelton Road, Forest Gate, London, E. 7.

Sergeant: "There was an escape of gas and I sent P.-c. Murphy to investigate. He struck a match, and—"

Inspector: "Struck a match! I thought that would be the last thing he would do!"

Sergeant: "You're right, sir. It was!"

This week's special prize of half-a-crown is on its way to D. J. Wilks, 3, Magrath Road, Bangalore, South India.

wake up when he gets the paint! Cheeky little tick—fancying he can jape Bendover men! I was going to whitewash him this afternoon—perhaps he'll like green paint better!"

"Perhaps!" gurgled Jimmy Carboy. "Anyhow, he's going to get it! He's got to learn that he can't jape us at Bendover!"

"I dare say he'll look just as nice green as brown! Got your can?"

"Yes—about a quart. I've thinned it down with paraffin."

"Mine's nearer a gallon! Go round the other side of the bed—I'll take this side! Then both together!"

There was a suppressed chuckle, and two shadowy figures flitted in the glimmer of starlight from the high windows of the dormitory. Dicky Bird, with a large open paint-can in his hand, grinned as he reached Koo's bedside.

He had had bad luck with the white-wash. He was going to have better luck with the paint—with Koo asleep and snoring!

The Kanaka's dark head rested on his arm on the white pillow. If he was not asleep he looked it. His head did not stir—neither did his arm—so Dicky Bird was taken utterly by surprise when something whipped like an eel out of the bed and grabbed the paint-can from his hand. Before he could remember that the Kanaka could use his foot as a Bendover fellow used his hand, the paint-can was whipped away.

"Oh!" gasped Dicky Bird. "What—Ooooooh!"

Dicky Bird staggered back, under a shower of paint from the can. Face and pyjamas were drenched with it. He spluttered frantically, strewn with paint.

Jimmy Carboy peered at him across the bed. His first impression was that Dicky was stumbling in the gloom and spilling paint.

"You clumsy ass!" he breathed. "You'll wake him! You—why—what—Great pip!"

Jimmy jumped as the paint-can was whipped from his hand. He yelled as he received the contents in a shower.

"Why—what—yoooh— Oh, crikey—Gurrrrrgh!" spluttered Jimmy, staggering and clawing at paint. "Urrghh!"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" came a soft, cooing chuckle from Koo's bed. "This feller no likee paint along face belong him! Paint stop along you feller! Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

Stifled voices were heard along the row of beds. That wild outbreak of howls and gasps and gurgles and splutters had awakened all the Bendover Fourth.

"What's the row?" exclaimed Jerry Smart, sitting up in bed.

He jumped out, ran to the switch, and turnd on the light. Amazed faces stared at the startling scene.

Two figures, drenched with green paint, that ran down from their faces in streams over their pyjamas, tottered on either side of Koo's bed—spluttering and gurgling frantically.

Koo was still lying with his head on his pillow. But from either side of the bed a brown leg projected, and in the brown toes of each was grasped an empty paint-can. Koo, grinning from ear to ear, flourished the paint-can in the air with his toes, scattering the last drops!

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Jerry Smart. "Is that you, Bird?"

"Grooooooh!"

"Is that you, Carboy?"

"Urrrrrrghh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Bendover Fourth sat up in bed and rocked with laughter.

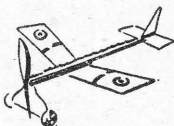
Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la passed the remainder of his first night at Bendover peacefully. By the time the japers of Bendover had finished scraping off paint, they were feeling too tired for japing the boy from the Cannibal Islands.

*Bendover's new boy has certainly started off with a bang and he has still plenty more japes to work off. But WILL HAY has plenty of surprises up his sleeve, so look out for another load of laughs next Friday, when these two get together.*

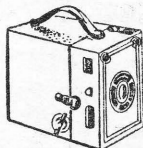
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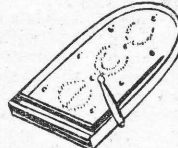
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**CAMERA.** Takes any 3½" by 2½" film. Gives excellent results. Instructions enclosed. 156 Coupons and Free Voucher.



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★ To start your collection send a postcard (postage id.) to Rowntree & Co. Ltd., Dpt. MC33, The Cocoa Works, York, for the Free Gift Booklet, which includes a complete list of boys' and girls' gifts and a Free Voucher worth three coupons.