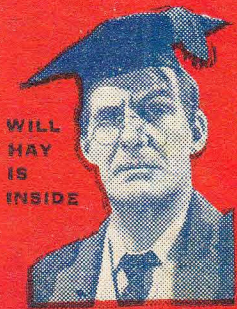


OUR TEAM OF STARS: WILL HAY | "BLUEY" WILKINSON | TARZAN, GUY FAWKES | HOUDINI, "STAINLESS" | LEONARD HENRY, etc. **INSIDE!**



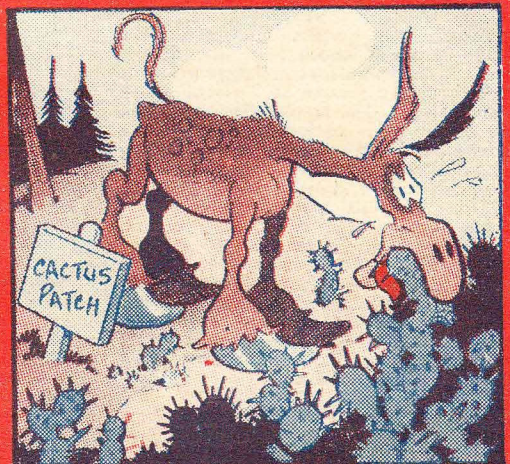
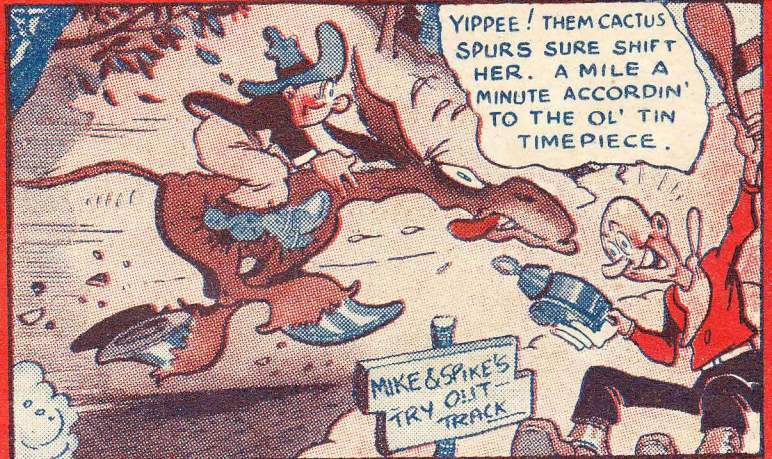
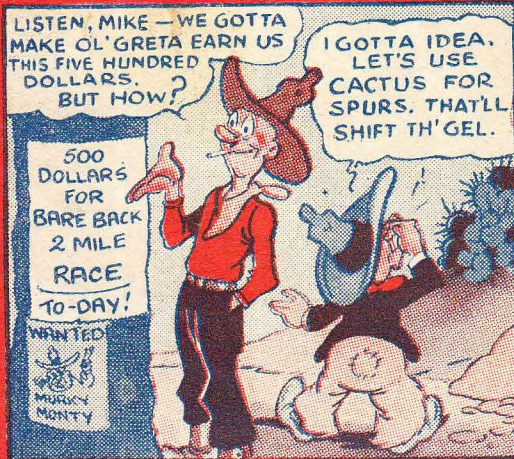
WILL HAY IS INSIDE

The PILOT

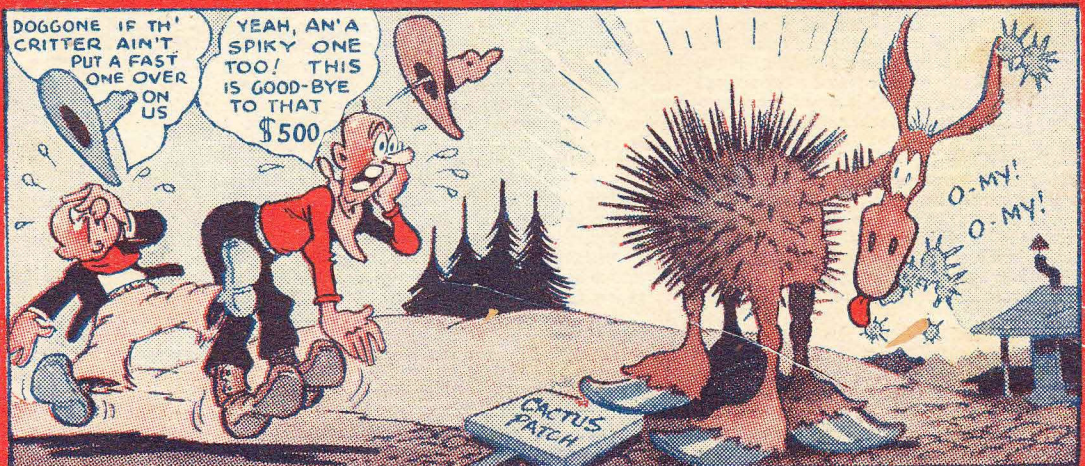
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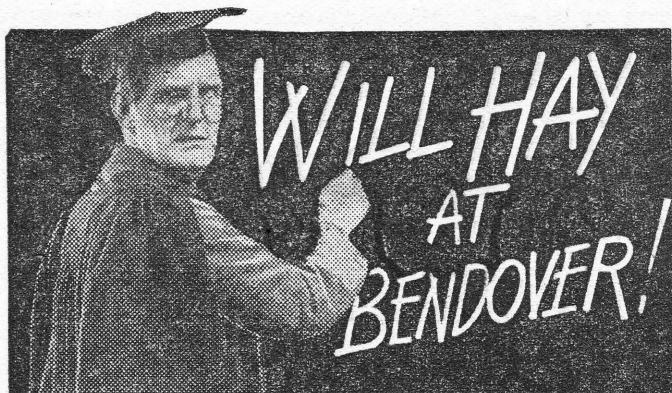
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No. 112. Vol. 5. Week ending November 20th, 1937



MIKE, SPIKE & GRETA
OUR KRAZY GANG
in
"GRETA WINS ON POINTS"





ROLL UP! ROLL UP for another rollicking yarn starring the one-and-only **WILL HAY**. You have heard him on the radio; you have seen him on the stage and screen. Now is your chance to read of the merry adventures of the world's funniest Form-master.

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



"STOP that!" roared Will Hay. "Yessar!" said Koo-kalinga-lalulo-lulo-la. And he went on!

They were rather enjoying life in the Fourth Form Room at Bendover School, when Will Hay, master of the Fourth, breezed in. Often and often there was a noise in that Form-room when the Form-master was absent—sometimes, indeed, when he was present. But this was the first time in Will's experience that a junior had brought a musical instrument into class and played it there. Will, really, could hardly believe his ears, when he arrived, and heard the merry strains of a ukelele.

Dr. Shrub had told Will that he would find Koo, the new junior from the South Sea Islands, a little unusual. The venerable Head of Bendover had under-stated the case. Will Hay found Koo fearfully unusual. A fellow who used his toes as other fellows used their fingers, and carried things in his hair instead of his pockets, was more than a little unusual, in Will's opinion. But this really was the limit, and Will Hay glared in great wrath.

Koo, sitting on his desk, twanged the ukelele, singing a South Sea song, in a language unknown at Bendover—an endless song on three notes. Round him the juniors were gathered, yelling with laughter. Koo's brown, tattooed face wore a cheery grin. That grin was Koo's most conspicuous feature.

Twang, twang, twang! went the ukelele, regardless of Will Hay.

"My only summer sunshade!" exclaimed Will. "Do you hear me, Koo-kalangle-kootle-koo?"

"Me hear, sar; ear belong me," said Koo cheerily, ceasing his interminable song to answer his Form-master, but still twanging his ukelele.

"I said stop!" hooted Will.

"Me savvy, sar!" said the cheery Koo. "This

feller Kanaka talkee English all samee white man. Me savvy too much."

And he went on twanging.

Will grabbed the cane from his desk and flourished it in the air. Koo, regarding him with a wide grin, went on twanging, and the Bendover Fourth chuckled. They were an unruly Form, and rather prided themselves on that fact; but even Dicky Bird or Jimmy Carboy would hardly have ventured to carry on like this. Koo carried on happily.

"Now," roared Will, "I've told you to stop twanging that ukelele in the Form-room, Koo-kaloodle-wingle-wangle!"

"Yessar! Me stop, all samee ole Hay say. Stop plenty too much."

Twang, twang twang! went the ukelele.

Whack!

Will Hay was a good-tempered Form-master, but this really was too much. It was time for the cane to be featured in this scene. Will handed out a good one, and there was a terrific yell from Koo. He ceased to twang the ukelele, and bounded from the desk, yelling.

"Ooooooh!" yelled Koo, his black eyes flashing with wrath. "You plenty too much bad man altogether. What name you kill this feller Koo along cane?"

Koo did not seem to have expected that whack. Why, the other fellows did not know. Really he might have expected it. But it was clear that he hadn't, and he was angry and indignant.

"You tattooed tick!" hooted Will. "You're not on your cannibal island now. You have to obey orders at Bendover! When I say stop, I mean stop! You understand?"

"Me stop, all samee you say!" roared Koo indignantly. "Me tinkee you plenty too much velly big fool. What name you say stop, s'pose you wantee me no stop?"

"Eh?" gasped Will.

He rubbed his nose and blinked at the South Sea Islander. It dawned on him that there was a misunderstanding somewhere.

Koo had a lot to learn of the English language; but at Bendover they had still more to learn of the Kanaka variety of English. To the simple Kanaka mind, an English word had only one meaning out of many. "Stop," to a Kanaka, had only one of its meanings, which was to stay, or continue. Will Hay was happily unaware that a Kanaka who was told to "stop," understood it to mean that he was to carry on.

"Blow me tight—I mean, bless my soul!" ejaculated Will. "I told you to stop that ukelele. S-T-O-P, stop! See?"

"Me stop!" roared Koo. "Now me no stop!"

"Oh erikrey—I mean, oh dear!" gasped Will. "I begin to get you. When you're at home at Booley-wooly—I mean, Hooley-booley—you stop when you go on! I—I see! It wants a bit of seeing. And when you leave off, you no stop. Oh, my only chapeau! Well, you've got to be a non-stopper. Now stop yelling—I mean, no-stop yelling!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop that cackling, you young ticks!" roared Will, as the Fourth Form howled.

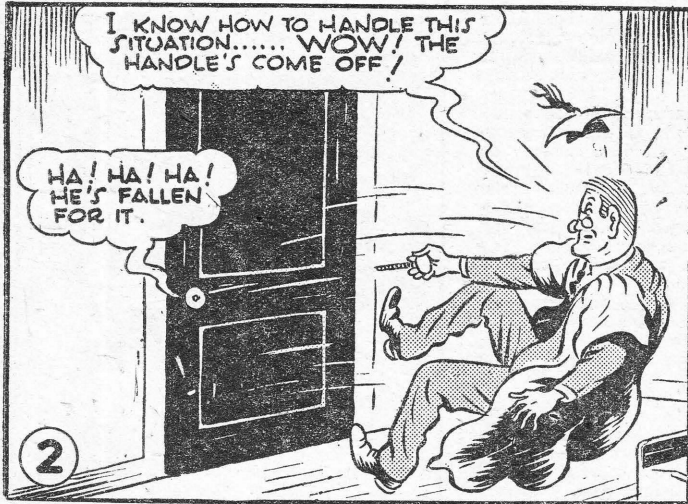
"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the juniors, apparently, like Koo, taking "stop" to mean "carry on." Anyhow, they carried on, yelling with laughter.

"Silence!" hooted Will. "Take your places! Koo, sit down! You're to stop playing that ukelele—I mean, you're not to stop playing it. We're here to work!"

"This feller no likee work!" said Koo.

Will Hay grinned. "Same here," he said genially. "We shall hit it off in one respect, at least. Now, stop talking!"





"Yessar! What you wantee me to say? Me talkee, spouse you wantee."
 "Oh crumbs! I mean, don't stop talking."
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "I mean shut up!" roared Will. "Got that? Shut up at once!"
 "Me savvy, sar. You mean go finish close-up," said Koo.
 "Oh, my only pink pyjamas! Is that how they speak English at Wooley-Woo?" gasped Will. "Sit down and say nothing."
 "Nothing, sar!" said Koo, as he sat down.
 "What? What do you mean, you young ass?"
 "You tellee me say nothing, sar. Me say nothing. Me no savvy what name you tellee me say nothing, but me say nothing all samee you say, sar."
 Will Hay did not answer. He fanned his face with his mortar-board. He had a feeling that the tattooed junior from Ululo was going to be rather too much for him!

opinion was that he had seldom, or never, met a fellow quite so bright as Albert Edward Gunter! Now he was going to exercise that brightness, at the expense of the innocent-looking new kid from the Pacific Islands.
 Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la came up to the two Fifth Formers. There was no doubt that he looked innocent enough—as if butter would not have melted in his mouth, in fact! In the Fourth, they had already learned that Koo was not quite so innocent as he looked. Gunter had that yet to learn!
 "I've been looking for you, kid!" said Gunter genially. "I was going to give you a tip, as a new kid here."
 "You velly good, Guntee," said Koo gratefully. "Me likee tip plenty too much." He held out a brown hand, and Gunter stared at it.
 "What are you sticking out your paw for, you young ass?" asked Gunter.
 "You say you givee this feller tip! Me likee money plenty too much."
 "Oh crickey!" gasped Gunter. "Jevver see such a born idiot, Parky? I don't mean that sort of tip, Koo! I mean, a word of advice. See?"
 "Guntee velly good along this feller Koo."
 "You can climb?" said Gunter. "I've seen you at it! Well, every new fellow at Bendover is expected to climb to the top of that tree—Gunter pointed to the Baron's beech, the biggest tree at Bendover—and hang his Sunday trousers on the highest branch, just—just to show that he can do it. See?"
 "Oh crumbs!" gasped Parker. He turned away his face, to hide his emotions, as Gunter imparted that extraordinary information to the new junior. If Koo fell for that, there was no doubt that he was as simple as he looked—and more so!
 "Think you could do it?" asked Gunter.
 "Easy—easy!" said Koo confidently. "Me

tankee you velly muchee, along you tellee tellee me this thing; you good feller, Guntee."
 "Cut in and fetch a pair of Sunday bags, and do it, then!" said Gunter.
 "Me goey too quick," said Koo. And he obediently cut off to the House, leaving Parker gurgling, and Gunter doubled up with mirth.
 "Didn't I tell you he was a born idiot!" gasped Gunter. "I say—ha, ha!—he's going to hang his Sunday bags at the top of the tree—ha, ha!—and he'll never get them down again—ha, ha! He won't be allowed to climb the tree a second time, what? Ha, ha!"
 Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la came out of the House in a few minutes with a pair of trousers folded over one arm. Dozens of fellows stared at him, as he cut across and rejoined the two Fifth Formers under the beeches. Why a fellow came out into the quad with a pair of trousers folded over his arm, was an interesting mystery to the Bendoverians.
 "What on earth are you going to do with those pants?" exclaimed Dicky Bird.
 "Puttee along top feller tree, likee Guntee say all new feller must do!" answered Koo, innocently.
 "Oh, my Sunday socks!" gasped Dicky.
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Shut up, young Bird!" exclaimed Gunter, fearful of his victim being put wise. "You ought to have told the kid this—being in his Form! All new fellows are expected to climb the Baron's beech, Koo, and hang their best trousers on top, to prove that they've done it—you fags shut up."
 The juniors suppressed their merriment. They had not been able to pull Koo's leg in the Fourth, but if the Fifth had better luck, Dicky Bird & Co. were prepared to enjoy the joke.
 Certainly it looked as if the simple Kanaka had fallen for it. He tied the trousers round his neck, for safety while he climbed, and

GUNTER of the Fifth grinned.
 "That's the kid!" he said.
 Gunter and his pal Parker were in the quad, after morning classes, and they spotted Koo. The Kanaka junior was strolling along by the ancient Bendover beeches, looking up at the high branches. Koo was fond of climbing, and he could climb in a way that made the most venturesome fellow in the Fourth open his eyes wide.
 "Watch me pull his leg!" grinned Gunter.
 "Just watch!"
 "I've heard that they've tried that on in his Form, and found him too wide for them!"
 "He won't be too wide for me!" said Gunter, with a disdainful snort. "I know a born fool when I see one."
 Gunter of the Fifth was considered, in his own Form, rather an ass. This opinion was not shared by Gunter himself. His own



started up the Baron's beech. Koo's method of climbing was rather different from that of the Bendover fellows. He kicked off his shoes, and "walked" up the trunk, using feet and hands. It was easy work to the nimble Kanaka, accustomed to clambering up sixty-foot palms in his native island. Up he went, watched by a grinning crowd from below. He threaded a nimble way through great branches, higher and higher, till he was at the summit of the mighty beech—higher than the boldest climber at Bendover had ever climbed before.

The watched him breathlessly. Holding on with his active legs at a dizzy height, Koo unwound the trousers from his dusky neck, and hooked them on the very highest point of the tree, on a thick, jutting twig. The legs of the trousers blew out in the wind as he left them.

"Hallo! Here comes old Hay!" grinned Dicky Bird.

Will Hay came billowing on the scene. He blinked at the grinning crowd, over his slanting nose-nippers; and then, peering up into the great beech, he jumped.

"Koo!" he gasped. "Come down, you young rascal! Bendover boys are not allowed to climb the beeches! Come down at once!"

Gunter winked at the crowd. "I think somebody's been pulling his leg, sir!" he remarked. "That young ass has got it into his head that new fellows here are expected to climb that beech, and hang their Sunday trousers at the top."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bendover crowd. "The blithering little ass!" gasped Will Hay. "Koo! Come down!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Me comey, sar!" called out Koo cheerily. Active as a monkey, he slithered down the tree, and dropped at his Form-master's feet. "Allee light, sar! Me stickee Sunday bags along top belong tree, allee samee nicee feller tellee me, sar."

"You little ass!" roared Will. "You'll have to leave those trousers there now! See? You're not to climb that tree again. Understand?"

"Me savvy sar! No wantee climb tree any more." "Oh crumbs! Don't you want those trousers back?" exclaimed Jimmy Carboy.

"No wantee!" said Koo cheerily. "What name me wantee those feller trousers?" "Well, trousers cost money!" said Dicky Bird.

"No costee this feller money." "Eh? Did you get those trousers for nothing, or did you win them in a raffle?" ejaculated Jerry Smart.

"Trousers no belong this feller Koo." "Wha-a-at?" "Oh crikey!" gasped Gunter of the Fifth. "Mean to say you've hung another fellow's bags at the top of that tree? Whose?"

"Feller trousers belong you, Guntee."

"What!" roared Gunter. "Trousers belong you! Me takee those feller trousers along box belong you, along House," said Koo. "You tellee me stickee feller trousers along top belong tree—me stickee trousers belong you."

Up to that moment, Gunter of the Fifth had been grinning and chuckling with great enjoyment of the joke! Now, all of a sudden, he seemed to cease enjoying the joke!

"Mum-mum—my Sunday trousers!" he gasped. "Mum-mum—my best kecks. Mum-mum—my three-guinea trucks! My—my—my blinking bags! You—you—you bagged my Sunday trousers to stick at the top of that tree?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Bendover crowd. They fairly howled! Gunter's face, at that moment, was more than a guinea a box!

"Allee light!" said Koo innocently. "You tellee me stickee Sunday trousers along top belong tree—me stickee!"

"Why, I—I—I'll—" gasped Gunter. "You—you—you blithering little black cannibal, I meant your Sunday trousers—"

"Me no meanee!" said Koo cheerfully. "Me meanee Sunday trousers belong you, Guntee."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Go up and get those bags back!" yelled Gunter.

"No fear!" chortled Will Hay. "No jolly fear—I mean, most assuredly not! Bendover boys are not allowed to climb the beeches, Gunter, as you are aware. Koo, I forbid you to climb that beech again! Ha, ha!"

"This feller Koo do likee nicee ole Hay tellee," said Koo. "Me no climbee tree any more altogether."

"I've got to have those bags!" roared Gunter. He glared up at the trousers, fluttering high in the wind! No fellow at Bendover—excepting Koo—would ever have ventured near that dizzy height. Gunter's Sunday trousers were gone beyond recall—doomed to flutter in the breeze! "I say, those bags cost three guineas—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Apparently," gurgled Will Hay, "it costs a lot to pull the leg of this member of my Form, Gunter! An expensive amusement, my dear fellow."

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Bendover crowd yelled, and Gunter of the Fifth fairly raved, as Will Hay walked away chuckling—Koo following him. Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la preferred, just then, to keep near his Form-master. Gunter of the Fifth was looking positively dangerous!

THERE was a heavy tread outside Study No. 3 in the Fourth. Koo shared that study with Dicky Bird; but he was alone there after tea, when he heard that heavy tread. And, as he heard it, the brown boy from the Pacific backed swiftly behind the door, so that it would hide him when it opened. The next moment it flew open, and Gunter of the Fifth stared in, with Parker looking over his shoulder.

"Not here!" growled Gunter. "Snell said he was in his study."

"He's dodging me, of course," said Gunter. "He's been dodging me all day. I'll get him all right, though. I'll get him all right after lights out—see?"

"He doesn't seem easy to catch, old man," grinned Parker. "I'll catch him in his dormitory all right," said Gunter. "He can't dodge me there. I know his bed—the one Pyke had before he left—and after lights out—"

"I say, old Hay will comb your hair, if you kick up a shindy in the Fourth Form dorm after lights out—"

"He won't know, fathead. Think I'm going to switch on the light, and wait for old Hay to come up and spot me?" jeered Gunter. "It won't take me a minute. I shall borrow a cane from old Choot's desk, and trot in; give him the thrashing of his life—and cut—in the dark. I shan't be there more than a minute—long enough to make that blinking young cannibal wish he had stayed at home in the Cannibal Islands."

Gunter slammed the door of Study No. 3, and departed with his pal, Koo, with a grin



"Hi, you mutt, let go of the arrow!"

that displayed a magnificent set of teeth, was revealed by the shutting of the door—only Gunter was on the other side of the door.

The Kanaka junior chuckled softly. All Bendover, that day, had been chuckling at the sight of Gunter's Sunday trousers fluttering in the breeze from the summit of the Baron's beech—all except Gunter. Gunter had been getting wrathier and wrathier, and he had hunted Koo high and low since class. And Koo had put in a lot of dodging. Now he had had a narrow escape, as Fruity Snell, the cad of the Fourth, had told Gunter where to find him. But a miss was as good as a mile.

After prep that evening, Koo was careful not to wander outside the junior day-room, where there was safety in numbers, Gunter was putting off vengeance till after lights out; but he was not likely to lose any opportunity that came his way, and Koo did not give him one. Not till Will Hay marched his Form off to their dormitory did Koo emerge.

Gunter of the Fifth was standing by the staircase, and his eye turned on Koo, with a gleam in it, as he went up with the Fourth, Fruity Snell sniggered.

"I say, Gunter's got it in for you, Koo!" he remarked. "You'll get toco to-morrow!" Fruity seemed amused by the prospect.

"Me no tinkee along to-morrow," said Koo cheerfully.

Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la was not bothering about the morrow; he was thinking about what was booked to happen that night in the Fourth Form dormitory after lights out. Koo had been giving that quite a lot of thought.

"Good-night, boys!" said Will Hay, as he turned out the light after the Form had turned in.

"Good-night, sir!" Will left his Form to darkness and slumber; but ten minutes after he was gone, there was a sound of somebody getting up. A match scratched, a candle-end was lighted, and the illumination revealed Koo, out of bed. Nobody was asleep yet, and all the Bendover Fourth looked at him inquiringly. Koo picked up the jug of water from his washstand.

"Hallo! What's that game?" exclaimed Jimmy Carboy.

"Chuckee juggee water along that feller Snell," said Koo.

"What?" yelled Fruity. "You tellee Guntee what place findee this feller; he comey along to study belong me," said Koo. "You plenty too much bad feller altogether, you feller Snell."

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"Keep off!" yelled Fruity. "Keep that jug of water away, you mad cannibal! You chuck that water over me, and I'll—Ooooh!"

Fruity dodged frantically as the jug was up-ended over his bed. The water came out with a rush. Fruity dodged most of it, but he got a few splashes. But Fruity's bed could not dodge—Fruity's bed got it all, and fairly swam with water. Snell bounded out of it on the farther side.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dicky Bird. "You fathead, Koo!"

"Makee Snell plenty solly he sneakee along Gunter," grinned Koo. "That feller bed plenty too much wet altogether."

"By gum, I shouldn't care to sleep in that bed!" chuckled Jimmy Carboy. "You'll be sneezing to-morrow, Fruity."

"Serve the beastly little sneak right!" said Jerry Smart.

"Think I'm going to sleep in it?" roared Fruity. "I'm jolly well not! That potty cannibal has soaked it with water, and I'm not getting into it again. I'm going to have his bed."

"You tinkee takee bed belong me?" exclaimed Koo, setting down the empty jug on the washstand, and staring at Fruity Snell with wide-open eyes. "Me no tinkee me lettee you takee feller bed belong this feller Koo."

"Won't you?" hissed Fruity. "We'll jolly well see! Think I'm going to sleep in that soaking bed, you black beast? I'll jolly well show you! I'm going to have your bed, and if you try to stop me, I'll call old Hay up here!"

"No wantee call ole Hay along this place," said Koo. "Ole Hay plenty too much cross along this feller—sposee he savvy this thing."

"You can bet on that!" snarled Fruity. "You'll get six of the best, if I call old Hay up. And I jolly well will, if I don't have your bed!"

"Sposee you takee bed belong me—what place me sleepee?" demanded Koo.

"You can have mine," sneered Fruity. "If you don't like it soaking with water, that's your look-out. I'm having yours—I know that! And you come near me, you black beast, and I'll yell out for old Hay!"

"Me no likee bed along too much water he stop," said Koo. "Me sleepee along blanket, sposee you takee bed belong me, you velly bad feller; Snell!"

"You can sleep on the floor, or hang yourself out of the window, if you like!" retorted Fruity. "I know I'm having your bed!"

And Fruity Snell plunged into the Kanaka junior's bed, and drew the bedclothes over him, glaring defiance at Koo. All the Bend-over Fourth were grinning at Koo's dismayed face as Fruity bagged his bed. Dismayed as the junior from the South Seas looked, there was a peculiar glimmer in his dark eyes. Possibly he was not so dismayed as he looked.

"You'll have to make the best of it, Koo," chuckled Dicky Bird. "Old Hay would go off at the deep end, if he came up and saw Fruity's bed like that."

"Sit on your pyjamas, old brown bean," said Jimmy Carboy. "Better let Fruity rip, and boot him to-morrow."

"Me tinkee you solly, you bad feller, Snell, sposee you takee bed belong me," said Koo. "Me no tinkee you likee that feller bed."

"I'll chance that," grinned Fruity. "I'm having it, blow you!"

"Allee light, sposee you likee," said Koo, apparently making up his mind to it.

And he blew out the candle, rolled himself in a blanket and a rug, and lay down to sleep on the floor—at a good distance from his bed, now occupied by the sneak of the Fourth.

Repose settled down on the Fourth Form dormitory at Bendover. One by one the juniors dropped off to sleep, till all the Form were buried in slumber. It was not till ten o'clock had boomed out from the clock-tower that there was a faint sound from the door, and then there were no waking ears to hear it. The door was pushed softly open, and Gunter of the Fifth stared into the dark interior.

There was a grin on Gunter's face—a grim grin. In his hand was a cane, borrowed from his Form-master's desk in the Fifth. For several moments Gunter stood in the doorway, listening to the sound of regular breathing from the long row of beds. He had to be cautious; for giving an alarm meant the whole Form turning out, and piling on him, as well as trouble with the master of the Fourth to follow. Gunter did not want either. Softly, silently, he stepped into the dormitory. He could make out the beds in the dim starlight from the high windows, and he knew which was Koo's—the one that had formerly been occupied by Reggie Pyke, who had left. Only the dim outline was visible—but that was enough for Gunter.

Grinning, he reached the bedside, and heard the steady breathing of the sleeper in it. Up went his right hand, with Mr. Choot's cane. He suppressed a chuckle. Ever since Koo had hung his Sunday trousers

at the top of the Baron's beech, the wary Kanaka had dodged him; but he could not dodge now. Gunter had got him at last, and it was safe as houses. Less than a minute was required to give that cheeky young scoundrel the thrashing of his life, and cut before the whole crowd turned out like a nest of hornets. Gunter had laid his plans well. Now he was carrying them out.

Swipe! Fruity Snell came out of slumber with a bound. He had been dreaming that Will Hay was whopping him in the Form-room. The dream suddenly became reality. Swipe, swipe, swipe!

"Yoo-hoop!" yelled Fruity. "Yaroooh! Yoo-hoo-hoo-hoop!"

Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe! Mr. Choot's cane, in Gunter's hefty hand, fairly rang on the hapless junior who had bagged Koo's bed. Gunter, of course, knew nothing about that change of beds. He had come there to thrash Koo—he was thrashing the occupant of Koo's bed—and that was all Gunter wanted. He swiped and swiped. Fruity yelled and squirmed and howled and shrieked.

"Ha, ha!" chortled Gunter, as he laid it on. "Got you at last, have I? Ha, ha! Jolly funny to hang my best bags at the top of a tree—what? Think this is funny, too, you funny little scoundrel—what? Ha, ha! Have a few more, and then a few more, and then some. Ha, ha! Take that, and that, and that! You won't lark with a fellow's best bags again in a hurry, I fancy! Ha, ha!"

Gunter, a little breathless from his exertions, gasped. Startled voices were heard all along the row of beds. Fruity's wild howls woke the echoes. Gunter had landed about thirty—all good ones—in half as many seconds. Chuckling breathlessly, he cut for the door as some fellow struck a match.

"What the thump?" yelled Dicky Bird. "I say, that's Gunter! What the dickens are—"

The door closed on Gunter of the Fifth. He had calculated well. He was gone before the hornets' nest could gather round him. Two or three of the juniors had a glimpse of him, in the glimmer of the match, as the door closed—that was all.

"Gunter!" gasped Jimmy Carboy. "What was—"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" came in a fearful howl from Fruity. "Yow-ow-ow-ow! Oh crickets! Oh crumbs! Oh jiminy! He's skinned me! What did he come here and pitch into me for? Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow! I never touched his Sunday bags! Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow! Yarooop!"

"Tinkee Guntee comey indee this feller Koo!" came a chuckle. "He's no savvy bad feller Snell stop along bed belong me! Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dicky Bird.

"Oh crumbs!" roared Jimmy Carboy. "Did you know Gunter was coming, Koo? Ha, ha!"

"Me tellee bad feller Snell he solly he stop along bed belong me—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Bendover Fourth howled with laughter. Fruity Snell howled, too, though not with laughter. It was quite a long time before the Fourth went to sleep again—longest of all before Fruity went to sleep. Long after the other fellows were asleep, Fruity moaned and mumbled, and almost wondered whether a sneak's life was worth living.

Koo did not get anything from Gunter of the Fifth on the morrow. Gunter thought that he had handed over enough in the dormitory. Fruity Snell thought that he had handed over rather too much.

Kidnappers come after Koo and the Fourth "kid" Will Hay. But Will can't be caught napping all the time and you will get the laugh of your life in next Friday's 'mirth-quake' of WILL HAY, the funniest Form-master in the World.

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