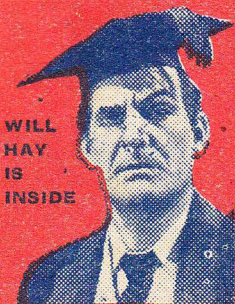


TWO EXTRA-SPECIALS — "TARZAN" "STEELE OF STOKE!" — INSIDE!

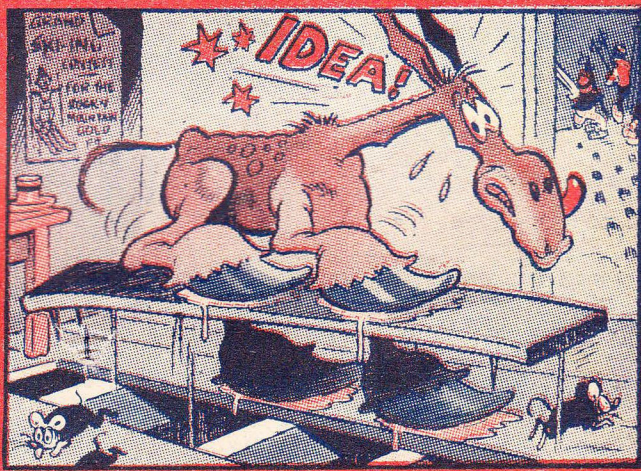
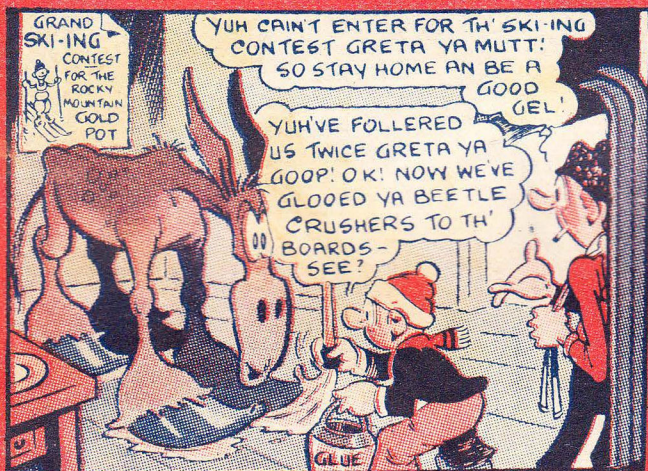


The PILOT

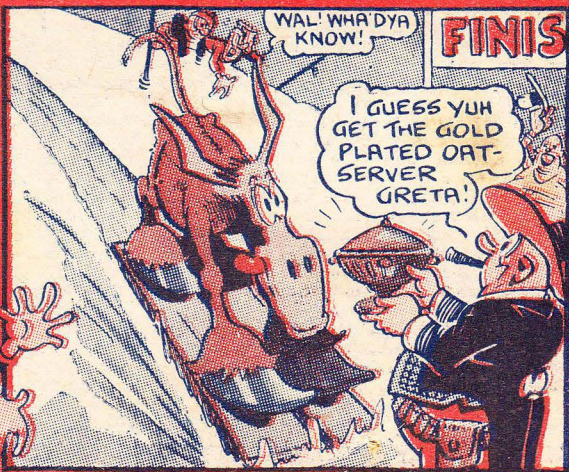
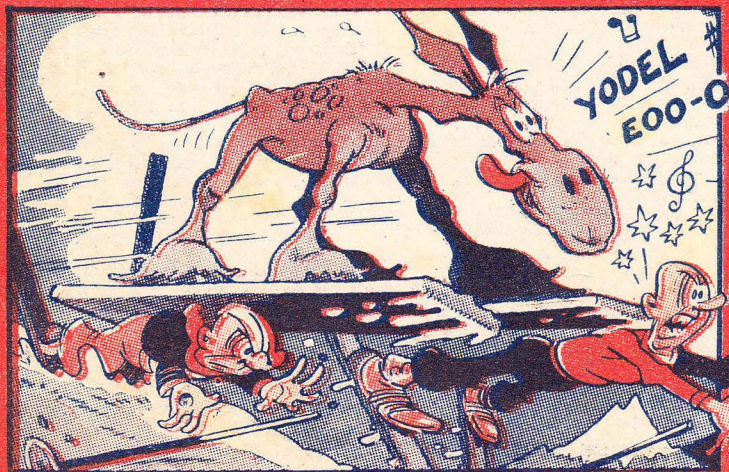
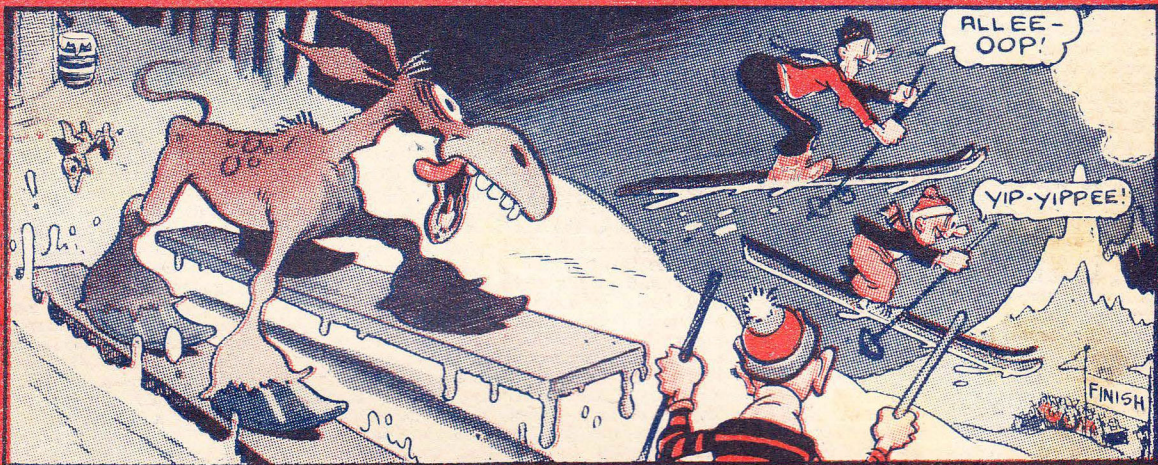
EVERY FRIDAY

2^D

No. 123. Vol. 5. Week ending February 5th, 1938.



MIKE,
SPIKE
& GRETA
—OUR KRAZY
GANG—IN—
"FOR
SKIS
A JOLLY
GOOD
FELLA!"



CHEER, BOYS, CHEER! HERE'S WILL HAY, THE WORLD'S CHEERIEST FORM-MASTER . . .



By courtesy of Gainsborough pictures.

"OH!" ejaculated Stuckey of the Sixth, and suddenly stopped.

From the junior day-room at Bend-over School came a low ripple of laughter. There were a crowd of the Fourth in that room, and they all seemed amused.

Generally, it was far from amusing, when Stuckey of the Sixth came along with his cane under his arm. Stuckey, as a prefect, had "whopping privs"—and those privileges he was accustomed to exercise not wisely, but too well. Stuckey did not know that it was Koo, the Kanaka junior, who had put treacle in his hat, because Koo had left no clue behind him, except the treacle. But he suspected it, and he was going to give Koo "six" as a tip that a prefect's hat was no proper receptacle for treacle.

But he stopped at the doorway, and jumped back. Just inside the doorway, blocking entrance, was a fearsome figure—a powerful-looking bulldog, with fixed, staring eyes, and a jaw that looked as if it could have taken Stuckey's leg off at one bite. Stuckey would have walked right into it, had he not stopped in time. But he did stop in good time, as he saw that dangerous-looking animal, and his backward jump covered feet.

"You young sweeps!" gasped Stuckey. "Take that dog away! Do you hear me? Bird, call that dog away!"

"'Tain't my dog, Stuckey!" called back Dicky Bird. "He won't move, if I call him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a chorus from the juniors in the room.

Dicky Bird's statement that the bulldog would not move, if called, did not seem funny to Stuckey; but evidently it seemed so to the Bendover Fourth, for they yelled!

"Carboy, call that dog off!"



"'Tain't my dog, Stuckey!" chortled Jimmy Carboy. "He wouldn't move an inch for me."

"You're not allowed to have dogs in the House!" roared Stuckey. "I'll report this to Mr. Hay. Koo, come out of that room—I want you!"

"Me flaid passee dog," answered the Kanaka junior. "You makee that feller dog go 'way, me comey."

"Drive him away, Stuckey, will you?" asked Dicky Bird. "We're all afraid of that bulldog."

Stuckey breathed hard. He was not, as a rule, afraid of dogs, but that bulldog looked an awful beast. His jaws were really terrifying. And there was something sinister in his stillness. He did not stir; he did not even wink an eye; he squatted with his eyes fixed steadily and unwinkingly on Stuckey of the Sixth. Still, Stuckey did not want Bend-over juniors to fancy that he was afraid of a dog. He made a cautious step or two forward, and waved a soothing hand.

"Now, then, old man! Good dog—good dog!" said Stuckey, in his most honeyed tones. "Nice old doggie! Good dog!"

But that savage-looking bulldog paid no heed to the voice of the charmer. He remained crouching—not even an eyelid stirred. And the steady stare of his eyes unnerved Stuckey. He backed away again hurriedly.

"You young rascals!" howled Stuckey. "For the last time, take that dog away! Otherwise, I shall call your Form-master here!"

Only a chortle from the room answered him. Stuckey hesitated a moment, staring at the bulldog; but the fixed eyes, the heavy jaw, the sinister, silent crouch were too much for him. He turned and strode away to Will Hay's study.

Will Hay, master of that Form, was in his bed-room, which adjoined the study, washing



inky hands in a basin of water. Will had discovered ink in his slippers, about the time that Stuckey had discovered treacle in his hat. But the communicating doorway was open, and Stuckey called to him across the study.

"Mr. Hay, sir, will you come? The juniors have taken a dog into the day-room, and refuse to turn it out at my request. Perhaps they will for you."

"Suffering sardines!" exclaimed Will Hay, towelling his hands, and staring through the doorway at the prefect. "Can't you turn a dog out of the day-room without first-aid from me, Stuckey?"

"I'd rather you dealt with it, sir," said Stuckey. "It's an absolutely savage beast. It growled at me horribly. A bulldog, sir, with an awful jaw on him. And the way he growled—"

"Oh, I will come!" said Will. "The young rascals! What will they be up to next? I'll come, if you're afraid of a dog, Stuckey. Pah!"

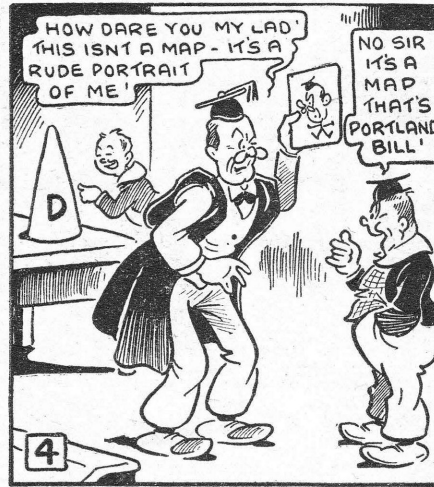
And Will Hay billowed across the study, and followed Stuckey back to the day-room, from which came a succession of chuckles and chortles. Will strode up to the door, and stopped, as suddenly as Stuckey had done. He blinked at the crouching bulldog over his nose-nippers.

Stuckey grinned; rather maliciously. Will had come sailing cheerily along to deal with this little matter; but now that he had arrived, he did not seem in a pressing hurry to deal with it.

"Will you take him away, sir?" asked Stuckey.

"Oh! Ah! Yes! Certainly!" answered Will, eying the brute dubiously. "However, a dog generally prefers his master's voice. Boys, answer me at once! Who has brought a day into the dog-room—I mean a dog into the day-room? Whose is that canine?"





"Feller dog b'long me, sar!" said Koo. "Then call him off at once!" commanded Will.

"He no move, sar, s'pose me call! That feller dog stop along door, sar, no move any more altogether."

"How dare you bring a dog you cannot control into the school, Koo?" thundered Will Hay. "That dog must go away at once! Here! Good dog—good dog!"

Will Hay wasted his blandishments on that dog, just as Stuckey had done. The brute did not stir, or wink an eyelid. Like a graven image it squatted there, watching Will with a steady, unmoved stare.

"Bother the brute!" exclaimed Will Hay. "Is it deaf, or blind, or what? Has the beast gone to sleep?"

"Its eyes are open, sir!" said Stuckey. "If you take it by the collar, sir—"

"Perhaps you had better take it by the collar, Stuckey!" said Will thoughtfully. "I will endeavour to assist it to move with my foot, from behind, when—when you have hold of its collar."

"No fear!" said Stuckey. "I mean, I'll leave it all to you, sir!"

"It doesn't seem to be growling now," said Will anxiously. "You are sure it growled at you, Stuckey?"

"Yes, sir, in a most savage way!" "Ha, ha, ha!" came a regular howl from the day-room. The Bendover Fourth seemed to be thrown into an extraordinary state of hilarity by Stuckey's statement.

"Silence!" thundered Will Hay. "This is no laughing matter!"

"Isn't it?" gasped Dicky Bird. "I say, you men, he growled at Stuckey— Stuckey heard him growl—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fourth.

"Silence! Koo, I shall cane you for bringing this savage brute into the school! Now, then, doggie—good doggie—shift, you beast!"

The bulldog did not stir. Will's eyes gleamed over his nose-nippers. He made a step nearer the brute—and another step—and another! Still the bulldog only crouched and watched, and did not stir. Will drew his right foot back! He was fed-up with that bulldog! Blandishments having failed, he was going to try the effects of a good hefty kick.

Will Hay put plenty of force into that kick. He took a good aim, and kicked—hard! It was a big kick! It was a tremendous kick! It would have landed a football from one goal to the other. It ought to have landed that bulldog across the day-room.

But it didn't! That tremendous kick landed on the sullen, silent brute—and not till the moment of contact did Will Hay even suspect that it was not a live bulldog, but a stone image of one! But as his toes crashed, with a terrific impact, on solid stone, Will knew!

The bulldog did not stir! He did not even feel that kick! Being made of solid stone, it was a matter of complete indifference to him whether he was kicked or not. But it was quite a different matter with Will Hay! As his toes stubbed on the stone, Will gave a frantic yell that awakened all the echoes of Bendover School.

"Yaroooooooop!" roared the master of the Fourth. He hopped on his left leg, clapping his right foot with both hands. "Oh! Ow! Wow! Yaroop! Help! Fire! Suffering cats! Humming haddocks! Yow-ow-ow!"

"HA, ha, ha!" roared Stuckey.

In the day-room, the Bendover Fourth were shrieking. In the doorway, Will Hay was dancing and yelling. In the passage, Stuckey roared. He was glad that he had not been so venturesome as Will Hay, and kicked that dog.

The bulldog remained unmoved. Obviously—now—it was simply an ornamental stone dog, though its lifelike aspect was really remark-

able. Obviously, too, that young Koo had bought it, in the shop at Didham, with the intention of leg-pulling. He had succeeded beyond his anticipations.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" chuckled Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la, his brown face convulsed with merriment. "Ole feller Hay dance plenty too much! Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Whho-hoop!" roared Will Hay.

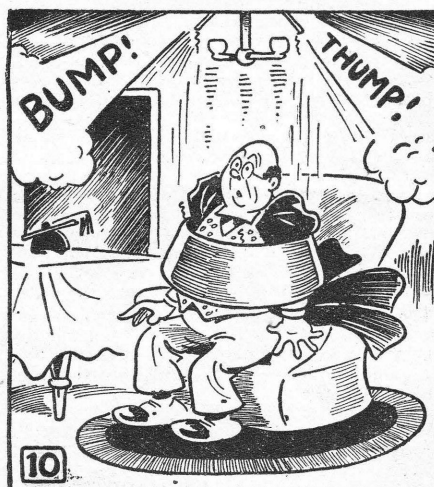
"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Stuckey. It was not respectful for a Sixth Form prefect to howl with laughter, like the juniors: but really, Stuckey could not help it! The sight of Will, dancing on one leg, was too much for him. Will Hay was not a commonplace Form-master, and many of his manners and customs were new to Bendover: but he had never been seen before prancing on one leg like a demented stork.

"Ow! Ah! Ow! Ooooh!" roared Will. "My toes! Wow! Stuckey, you dummy—wow! How dare you, Stuckey? Yow—ow!"

Will set his damaged foot tenderly on the floor, and glared at Stuckey of the Sixth, as if he could have bitten him. Stuckey had done this! Stuckey had pulled his leg, and landed him with a game foot. Will had no doubts of it! How could he have? Stuckey had told him distinctly that the bulldog had growled at him! A stone bulldog could not growl, that was evident! Will was rather excited at the moment, which was natural in the circumstances. He did not reflect that Stuckey had exaggerated a little, as an excuse for not tackling the bulldog! It seemed clear, to Will, that Stuckey had done this on purpose—pulling his leg!

"Ha, ha—" Stuckey was going on, when Will hopped at him, and, resting on the damaged foot, grabbed him, slewed him round and shot out the other. That foot landed on Stuckey's trousers with a terrific crash.

Stuckey did not finish that laugh! He yelled, but not with laughter, as he tottered over, and bumped down on his hands and knees.



Will regretted that he had not brought his cane with him. Stuckey, for the moment, was well placed for a caning! Still, if he had no cane, he had a heavy hand that rose and fell, landing with a crack like a rifle-shot!

Smack! Smack! Smack!
Three hefty smacks landed on Stuckey's trousers, with all the force that Will could put into them.

"You old ass!" roared Stuckey, leaping to his feet. "Wharrer you fancy you're at? Think I'm a fag in your Form, you old goat?" Will hopped after him.

"Come here!" he hooted. "I'm not finished yet! Do you think that three smacks are enough, you young rascal, when you've made me tub my stows on a done stog—I mean stub my toes on a stone dog! I'll—"

"Gerroff!" howled Stuckey. "I never—"
He turned to flee as the master of the Fourth hopped at him. Will's foot shot after him, and he yelled frantically as it speeded his flight. Will Hay yelled, too—inadvertently, he had used his damaged right foot!

Stuckey vanished. Will, yelping, hopped back to the day-room. He glared at the hilarious juniors within. The affair, no doubt, had its

funny side; but Will did not see it at the moment.

"You young sweeps!" gasped Will. "Take a hundred lines each—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Take two hundred lines each!" roared Will. The laughter died away. Matters were getting serious. The Bendover Fourth suppressed their merriment.

"Now," hooted Will, "that stone dog is confiscated! Koo, pick it up and carry it to my study."

"Feller dog b'long this feller Koo, sar—"
said the Kanaka in dismay. Koo had been looking forward to more larks with that stone dog!

Will Hay grinned with all his teeth.
"B'long me now!" he said. "Take it to my study, you coffee-coloured cannibal. It will come in useful to scare off burglars. Sharp's the word!"

Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la sorrowfully picked up the stone dog. He had to take both arms to it—it was solid and very heavy. Staggering under the weight, Koo headed for his Form-master's study, Will Hay limping after him,

with a series of squeaks as his painful toes twinged.

The stone bulldog was carried into Will's study. Will pointed to the inner doorway, and Koo carried it into the adjoining bed-room. There it was set down in a corner. Will gave a nod of approval. There had been burglars at Bendover on one occasion, and if burglars happened again, there was no doubt that that savage-looking brute would scare them out of Will's quarters, at least.

"Thank you, Koo-kalangle-woodle-doo!" said Will, picking up a cane from his table and standing in the doorway. "You may now go."

Koo eyed him, with his big black eyes, warily. To go, he had to pass through the doorway, where Will stood, cane in hand. He hardly needed telling what was going to happen as he passed! He paused—a long pause! Then he made a sudden rush to escape. Will grinned, and swiped! One swipe caught Koo as he passed through the doorway—another as he bolted across the study—a third as he shot out of the study into the passage. Loud yells floated back as the boy from the South Sea Islands vanished.

Will laid down the cane—feeling a little better! Koo reached the day-room, yelling, feeling a good deal worse!



Leonard Henry at the "Mike"

Hold your sides tight, lads, for here he is again. Tune-in for more rib-ticklers from one of radio's brightest stars.

HOWDY, HOMBRES?—Leonard Henry calling all cads! Line up for your weekly dose of whoopee! I've joined the outside-broadcasting staff. They kicked me out! Bonk! I was down to broadcast ten minutes' best-quality mirth in Arabic on the Near East programme. Well, of course, I can't speak Arabic, but I thought if I made a noise like a camel calling for its supper, it would be good enough. But my camel noises gave them the hump, so they hoofed me out.

Mindjoo, if you can't talk Arabic, the best thing to do is to take your teeth out and talk gum-arabic. Or is that the stuff they put in hair-oil? Well, nemmind! If they won't let me air my Arabic, I can always Arabic my 'air.

Joo know, I'm pretty good at outside-broadcasting. Before I joined the B.B.C., I was officially appointed outside-broadcaster to the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Red Lion, and other well-known taverns. I also attended the theatres and entertained the queues with my well-known impersonation of a man singing for money.

But my best work is running commentaries. Some people like running guns, some like running a business, some like running the coppers; but if there's one thing I like to run, it's a commentary. The last time I tried, I ran so fast that I met myself coming back.

I've done running commentaries on practically everything—from the local bus service to the laundry bill. You ought to see me at the pictures with my little nephew, aged five and fourteen months without the option. It's luvverly!

"Now, look at this, Egbert. See the naughty villain threading a dagger through the hero's windpipe. Tut-tut, eh? Now he's going to bust the hero a sizzler on the snoot! Look, there's the heroine! See her weeping, poor wench! She's clasping her hands now. That's because she's got a sliced onion in 'em. Helps her to cry. Now the villain's grinding his teeth to powder. Isn't it sweet, Egbert?"

"Sh-sh!"—from five hundred other people.

"What did they say, uncle?"

"They said 'Sh-sh!' I think they're going to play puff-puffs. Now the villain's dropped a king cobra down the hero's neck. Looks to me as if he's got a grudge against him. See the hero wriggling? Isn't it fun? Now the villain's strapping him to a buzz-saw. You'll like this, Egbert. Watch the gentleman sawn open, and keep your face away from my elbow. Ah, here come the attendants to throw us out! Put your hat on straight, Egbert. Isn't it nice, rushing through the air? We're just going to land on the pavement now. Square 6. Bonk! Dear me, I've landed on the lad and squashed him as flat as a fag-paper! Well, it's a good job this commentary is for the private use of licence holders only, and must not be communicated to the public by loudspeaker, or other means."

One of the best running commentaries I did for the B.B.C. was on our village football match between Mudwash and Hoopbury. We had several microphones round the field to catch the remarks of the crowd, and when we'd caught 'em, we let 'em go again. They were just the kind of words a dictionary forgets.

At my suggestion we fixed a mike on the ball to pick up the sound of thudding kicks; but it was no good, because the mikes should have been fixed to the opponents' ankles. As a matter of fact, they didn't use the ball much. As soon as the match was properly started, they forgot about it, and someone took it home as a souvenir.

We didn't get a very good view of the game, because we'd fixed our broadcasting stand on the roof of the local ambulance, and every five minutes we were jerked along to the hospital, two miles away, with a passenger inside. However, we did get a fine effect to finish with. We rushed a microphone to the village duck-pond, just before the ref was taken there, and he made a lovely splash as he went in.

The final score didn't matter, because someone had pinched the cup while the game was on. While we were packing up our stuff after the game, a farmer let his bull into the field, and our names were mentioned sadly in the news bull-let-in, that night. Tut-tut!

Well, we are now going back to the stew-dio before we find ourselves in the soup. Chip-clip!

LEONARD HENRY

"M E savvy!" said Koo.

There was wrath in the studies of the Bendover Fourth. After class that day there was to have been—and should have been—Soccer! Instead of which, all Will Hay's Form had to grind at lines. No doubt the jape with the stone dog was worth it—but the Bendover Fourth groused emphatically.

Koo was wrathiest of all. He had lines like the rest, he had had swipes over and above, and, worst of all, he had lost that stone dog, with which he had planned a whole series of japes.

"Stone dog stop along bed-loom," he said. "We goey 'long, takee 'way stone dog—"

"Ass!" said Jimmy Carboy. "Old Hay would miss it, and—"

"No miss!" grinned Koo. "Leavee leal bulldog in place!"

"Wha-a-t?" stuttered Dicky and Jimmy together.

"Goey 'long Didham, buy leal bulldog, stickee in bed-loom b'long ole Hay, him tinkee stone dog! That ole feller Hay gettee plenty too much fright, 'long dog he tinkee stone, jumpee and bitee."

Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy gazed at Koo blankly for a second. Then, as they caught on to the idea, they yelled.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dicky Bird, wiping his eyes. "Oh, my only summer straw! Fancy old Hay, finding a real bulldog in his room, and thinking it's a stone one till it goes for him—"

"It's the idea of the century!" chuckled Jimmy Carboy. "Old Hay's gone over to Duddlebury; he won't be back till after dark. He will go to his own room to take off his coat and put on his gown, and then—"

Jimmy jumped up from the study table.

"Come on!" he gasped. "Never mind the lines! They can wait, and this jape can't! We can hire a bulldog at Snape's, in Didham—he's got lots, and we can hire one all right—pick out one that looks just like Koo's stone dog—"

"We can get it in the back way!" gurgled Dicky Bird. "All ready for old Hay when he blows back from Duddlebury."

Three gleeful juniors hurried down from the studies. There was plenty of time to walk down to Didham and back before lock-up.

At Snape's, the dog-fancier's in Didham, they had a wide choice of all sorts and conditions of dogs. They looked over Mr. Snape's varied stock with careful and critical eyes, finally picking out a bulldog that looked twin brother to Koo's stone dog. He did not look, perhaps, quite so bad-tempered—but that had its advantages, as they had to get him to Bendover! They wanted him to "go for" Will Hay, and were prepared to enjoy the sight of him hanging on to Will's gown—but they did not want him to take any sample bites of their own persons.

They spent half an hour making friends with that bulldog. Even then, his friendship seemed a little uncertain. However, they had no more time to lose, so a bargain was struck with Mr. Snape, who agreed to hire out that bulldog; and they led him triumphantly away.

The dusk was falling when they smuggled that bulldog in by a back gate and a back door. The light was on in Masters' Passage; but Dicky Bird scuttled ahead and turned it off. Up the dark passage the bulldog was swiftly led, and into Will Hay's study. Will was still absent at Doddlebury, and the study was dark and untenanted. They led the bulldog across it into the bed-room.

"Grrrruurrggh!" came from the bulldog, as he sighted the stone image of himself squatting in the corner, in the gloom. The lead was jerked from Dicky Bird's hand, and the bulldog shot across the room at the dog in the corner.

Never had a bulldog looked so surprised as that bulldog did, when his teeth slid off stone! He backed off, glaring at the stone dog—then he made another rush and another bite—the stone dog eyeing him with perfect calmness the while! Then, with a snort of disgust, the Snape bulldog retired from the combat. He seemed fed-up with a dog into which he could not get his teeth. He grunted, growled, and lay down, apparently tired by his walk from Didham, and prepared to go to sleep.

"If he goes for old Hay like that—" murmured Jimmy.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Quiet!" murmured Dicky Bird. "Get that stone tripehound away—shove it under old Hay's bed—we musn't be seen with it."

The stone dog disappeared from sight. Looking back, as they went, the three grinned at the Snape bulldog in the corner—to all appearance, as it lay asleep, the stone dog that Will Hay had left there!

"THE cheeky old goat!" hissed Stuckey of the Sixth. "I'll give him booting a prefect! I'll give him smacking a chap on his trousers! Does he think a Sixth Form man's going to stand for it? I'll jolly well show him!"

His pal, Smith major, grinned. Ever since the painful episode at the junior day-room door, Stuckey of the Sixth had been boiling. Now he looked like boiling over!

"You can't get back on a beak, old chap!" "Can't I?" hissed Stuckey. "I've been thinking it out, Smithy, and I can tell you I'm going to give him more than he gave me!"

"The Head would bunk you—" "If he knew, fathhead! Think I'm going to tell him, or old Hay, either? I've got it all cut and dried. Old Hay won't know a thing, except that he's got a whopping. It was the old goat himself gave me the idea, if he only knew it! He's parked that stone dog in his room to scare off burglars. Well, burglars is the wheeze. If the old blighter thinks he might get a burglar, why shouldn't he get one—or two?"

"What the thump—"

"He's over at Doddlebury—I heard him tell Choot he would be back at seven. Well, when he goes to his room, he will find burglars there. At least, he will find a couple of chaps got up, with masks on. One of them—you—

will barge him over, and the other—me—will lay into him with a stick—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"A minute will be enough. I can give him enough in a minute to last him for weeks! The burglars will disappear before the old goat knows what has happened to him. We slam the door on him, take off the masks in his study, and drop out of the study window—"

Smith major whistled.

"Jolly risky!" he said.

"Safe as houses!" said Stuckey. "Where's the risk? You're going to back me up, Smithy? Booting a prefect—smacking him on the bags—"

"I'm game!" said Smithy.

"It's half-past six now—time we got ready," said Stuckey. "We take the masks to his study and put them on there, and sit by his fire till we hear the old ass! Then we nip into his bed-room and wait. See?"

The two seniors strolled along to Masters' Passage. Stuckey was rather surprised and annoyed to see a crowd of the Fourth gathered at the corner of that passage. He ordered them off; and Dicky Bird & Co. unwillingly retreated to the junior-room. The coast being clear, Stuckey and Smith major slipped quietly into Will Hay's study and shut the door.

They did not turn on the light. There was a glimmer from the fire. By that glimmer they adjusted the two black masks that Stuckey had brought in his pocket. Thus adorned, they grinned at one another. There was not a remote chance that they would be recognised. Stuckey set the study window open, ready for prompt retreat when the time came. At that window he sat down, to wait for Will Hay's return. Smith major sat in the armchair by the fire.

There was a sound of whispering, of footsteps, and suppressed giggling from the passage. Apparently, the Fourth Formers were gathering there again, now that the prefects were gone—why, Stuckey had no idea. But it did not matter if they gathered there now; they did not know that the two avengers were in the study. They were welcome to hear old Hay yelling when Stuckey laid on the cane!

Stuckey watched from the window—and was rewarded, at last, by the sight of the master of the Fourth. Will Hay had come back, and Stuckey watched him pass on to the door of the House. He caught Smith major by the arm.

"Come on!" he breathed. "He'll be here in two or three minutes now!"

He opened the bed-room door and they passed through. Stuckey flashed on a flash-lamp to see his way, and Smith major gave a startled gasp at the sight of the fearsome animal crouching in the corner.

"I—I say—is that—" he exclaimed.

Stuckey flashed the light on the still figure. "Only that stone dog!" he answered. "I told you about it!"

"By gum! It looks awfully lifelike!" muttered Smith major, eyeing the bulldog uneasily.

"Oh, don't be an ass!" said Stuckey impatiently. "I was taken in by the beastly thing this afternoon. Look here"—he stepped towards the bulldog—"I'll show you!"

And he jabbed his cane at the bulldog, to show that it was not alive!

What happened next seemed like a wild dream to Stuckey of the Sixth. That it was the stone bulldog he had, of course, no doubt—not doubt whatever. That made it all the more startling when the bulldog, at that jab, came suddenly to life!

"Gurrrrrrrh!"

There was a horrible, hideous, awful growl, and the bulldog launched itself at Stuckey of the Sixth. His eyes distended with amazement and horror at the unnerving sight of a stone dog coming to life and jumping at him.

"You mad ass, it's alive all right! Oh crickey!" Smith major made a wild bound back into the study, another for the window, and went out head first.

Stuckey was too busy to follow his example. For a second he stared in wild amazement at the bulldog, and in that second Snape's bulldog nearly had him. Stuckey side-stepped just in time and darted round the bed; after him flew Snape's bulldog.

Snap!

"Yarooooooh!"

Stuckey was not thinking of vengeance on Will Hay now. His mask had fallen off; his face was pale with terror, his eyes bulging from his head. He grabbed open the study door and staggered into the passage, accompanied by Snape's bulldog. Having got a good hold, Snape's bulldog hung on!

Will Hay, coming up the passage, glanced rather suspiciously at a crowd of his Form bunched at the corner. All the Bendover Fourth were there, and they were all smiling as if in anticipation of some happy occurrence. Will gave them a look and walked on towards his study door. It opened before he reached it. He jumped

"Suffering centipedes!" gasped Will.

He gazed blankly at Stuckey of the Sixth hurtling from his study with a bulldog hanging on behind him. Why Stuckey was there, how the bulldog had got there, Will did not know; he could hardly believe his eyes at what he saw. He just gazed.

"Ow! Yaroooh! Help, help! Draggimoff!" Stuckey was yelling frantically.

There was a tearing, rending sound, and the bulldog dropped, with a section of trousering in his jaws. Stuckey bolted down the passage, yelling. But Snape's bulldog was not satisfied with a section of trousering. He discarded it contemptuously and shot after Stuckey. Will Hay jumped aside to give him room to pass; so did Dicky Bird & Co. Stuckey, yelling, vanished in the distance; after him vanished Snape's bulldog—both going strong. Will Hay was left blinking over his nose-nippers, and the Bendover Fourth yelling like hyenas.

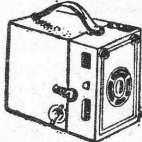
Will Hay never quite understood that mysterious affair. He did not know that Stuckey of the Sixth had been going to make him sit up. But he knew—all Bendover knew—that for days afterwards Stuckey of the Sixth found it very painful to sit down.

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