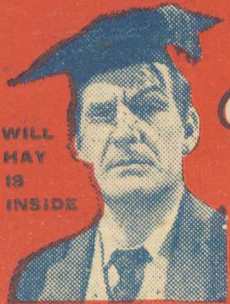


GRAND FOOTBALL-
MYSTERY YARN:

—“STEELE OF STOKE!”—INSIDE!



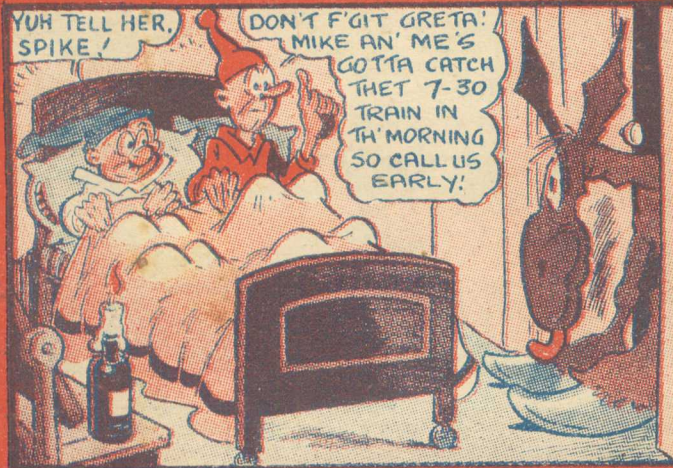
WILL
MAY
IS
INSIDE

The PILOT

EVERY
FRIDAY

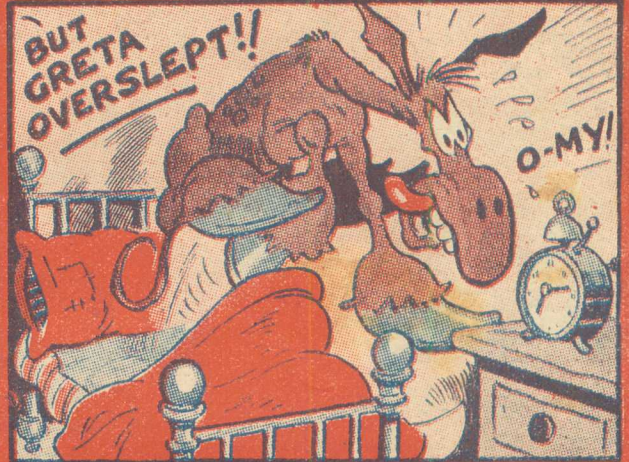
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No. 128. Vol. 5. Week ending March 12th, 1938.



YUH TELL HER,
SPIKE!

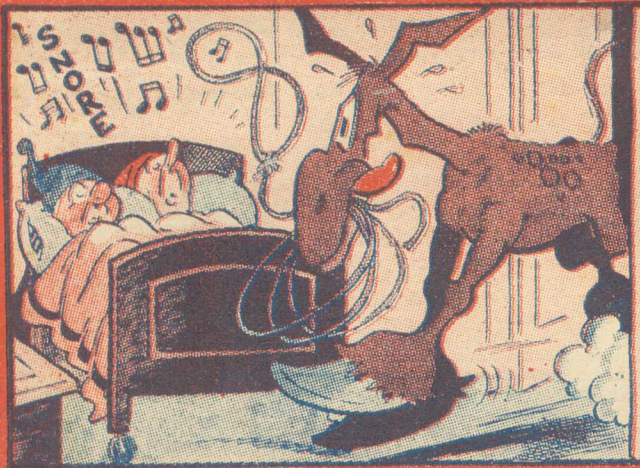
DON'T F'GIT GRETA!
MIKE AN' ME'S
GOTTA CATCH
THAT 7-30
TRAIN IN
TH' MORNING
SO CALL US
EARLY!



BUT
GRETA
OVERSLEPT!!

O-MY!

MIKE,
SPIKE
&
GRETA
—OUR
KRAZY
CANC—
in:
WELL
'TRAINED'!



SNORE!



O-MY!
O-MY!



By courtesy of Gainsborough pictures.

WILL HAY fell, so did Mr. Choot—but they fell in different ways.

Will Hay, master of the Bendover Fourth, fell to the temptation; Mr. Choot, master of the Fifth, fell to the earth.

Will was in cheery spirits that fine spring morning; he was, perhaps, a little exuberant. Will had a happy nature. At Bendover he was a good deal like a boy among boys. On this occasion, it was not to be denied, Will acted as if he had been a schoolboy still.

Billowing along in the bright and breezy quad, full of beans under the invigorating influence of spring, Will spotted Mr. Choot under the beeches. Choot, apparently, had dropped something. He was bending over and scanning the path. He was bent almost double, his portly waistcoat nearly touching his massive knees. He looked exactly like a fellow tucking in his tuppenny to play leapfrog.

Will's eyes glimmered. He grinned. He broke into a run. Nobody was about the spot, so far as Will noticed. He did not at the moment observe the brown face of Koo, the Kanaka junior, at a little distance. Unnoticed by Will, Koo stared as he saw his Form-master taking that run at Choot. Koo could scarcely believe his startled eyes as he saw Will's intention.

The temptation was irresistible to Will. Choot, his back to him, saw nothing. A moment's reflection, no doubt, would have stopped Will in his career; but, unluckily, he did not stop a moment to reflect; he flew. With his gown billowing, his mortar-board slanting, his nose-nippers sliding down his nose, Will careered at Mr. Choot, clapped his hands on the portly bending back, and leapfrogged.

He was only a moment in the air, but that moment was full of incident. From Mr.



Choot, as he felt a sudden jamming on his bending back, came a startled, amazed gasp. At the same moment Will saw Koo. He saw the boy from the South Seas grinning from ear to ear; he saw something—he could not see what—in Koo's brown hand; and he heard—

Snap!

In that awful moment it rushed into Will's mind that he was being snapped—photographed! Koo, who was Dicky Bird's study-mate in Study No. 3, sometimes borrowed Dicky's camera to practise with. What could that sudden snap mean, except that Koo had the camera in hand and was taking a snapshot of his Form-master in the very act of leapfrogging over another beak's back?

Then Will was over! So was Mr. Choot! He crashed. His waistcoat banged on the hard, cold, unsympathetic earth.

"Gerrrrrooooggh!" came from Choot.

Will did not linger. The realisation of what he had done rushed on his mind.

What would Choot think of this? What would Dr. Shrubbs say if he heard of it? Will had a few moments to escape undetected while Choot's face was buried in gravel. He made the most of them. He flew! He raced! A ghost at cock-crow had nothing on Will Hay in the rapid performance of the vanishing trick. Will was gone before Mr. Choot lifted a dazed, dizzy, gravely face from the earth and blinked about him like a man in a dream.

"Bub-bub-bub-bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Choot. "Who—who—What—what—"

He jabbed gravel from his optics and blinked round him dizzily. Somebody had caught him bending and jumped over his back. He knew that. But who? No one was in sight. Will had vanished in one direction; Koo in another.

"Oooooogh!" said Mr. Choot. "Impertinent young rascal! Insolent young knave!"

He was red with wrath. Such an episode was utterly outrageous! It called for the severest punishment. Choot wished that he had spotted that reckless leapfrogger. But he was going to spot him if he could! He tottered into the quad.

"Hay! My dear Hay!" bleated Mr. Choot, as he sighted the master of the Fourth, strolling peacefully in the quad, and not looking in the least as if he had been doing 40 m.p.h. a minute ago.

Will glanced round. "Good-morning, Choot! Nice morning—what? Dear me! Have you had a fall, Choot?"

"Hay," gasped Mr. Choot, "can you believe it? I was stooping on the path under the beeches to look for a coin I had dropped, and some impertinent scoundrel—"

"Eh?" "Some insolent knave had the amazing impudence to jump over my back—"

"Impossible!" ejaculated Will Hay. "It happened—amazing, unprecedented as it is, it happened!" gasped Mr. Choot.

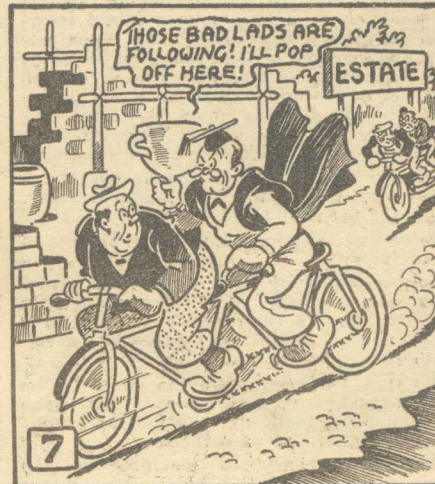
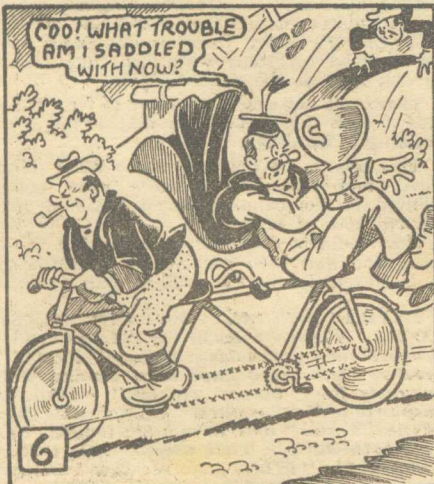
"Who was it, Choot? If it was a boy in my Form, you may rely upon it that not a speck of dust will be left in his pants—"

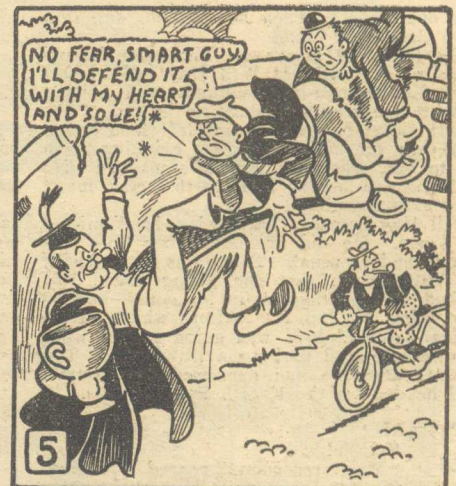
"I did not see him, Hay. The iniquitous rascal escaped before I could see him—"

"How very unfortunate, Choot!" said Will Hay sympathetically. "What a pity—that a very great pity—that you did not spot him!"

"It is indeed, Hay! I intend to report this outrage to the headmaster, and I should be glad to give the rascal's name; but I shall demand the most rigid inquiry. You saw nothing of him, Hay?"

"I have not seen any boy playing leapfrog, Choot. But perhaps no harm was intended," suggested Will. "Exuberance of spirits in the happy spring-tide, Choot. In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to





thoughts of larks, as the poet very nearly said. I hardly think I should mention the matter to Dr. Shrubb."

"What? I shall certainly do so without a moment's delay!" snorted Mr. Choot, and he rolled off to the House, still snorting.

Will Hay breathed so hard through his nose that his nippers fell off; he clutched them in time.

"My only pink pyjamas!" murmured Will. "If Choot ever guesses— If old Shrubb ever knows— Oh, suffering sardines! All serene if that little coffee-coloured wart hadn't been on the spot with a camera. If that snapshot should ever be seen— Oh, sorrowful centipedes! I've got to get hold of that cannibal before he develops that negative—I've got to get hold of that snap! Buck up, William!"

Until the bell rang for morning lessons, Will Hay hunted for Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la, but he did not find him. Koo seemed to be understudying the shy violet. Will Hay had not the slightest doubt that in some hidden corner the young rascal was developing that snap—printing it out, perhaps, in the spring sunshine. It was an awful thought! Will could imagine the howls of laughter that would go up from the Bendover Fourth if they saw a picture of their Form-master leapfrogging over a beak's back! But that was not the worst! It would get to Choot's ears—and to the Head's! There would be a terrific row!

Will shuddered at the thought. High and low he hunted Koo. Up and down and round about he sought him. But he found him not. Not till the Bendover Fourth gathered in their Form-room did Will see Koo—and then he saw him displaying every gleaming tooth in his head in an expansive grin that extended from one brown ear to the other.

And that grin seemed to have a special significance to Will. He suspected the reason, so as Koo grinned, Will groaned!

"KOO!" thundered Will Hay.

"Yessar!"

"Stand out before the Form!"

Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la stood out before the Form. Will Hay picked up the cane from his desk. Koo was still grinning. Will was not! Will was frowning.

"Now, Koo-kaloodle-wangle," said Will sternly, "you took a photograph this morning, under the beeches. Don't deny it, you little coffee-coloured wart—I saw you! Got that?"

"Me savvy you see this feller Koo, sar, eye belong you!" admitted the Kanaka junior. "Me tinkee you hear, sar, ear belong you, along me makee snap!"

"Yes, I heard you snap!" said Will. "Now you're going to hear me snap! Hand over that photograph at once! This instant."

"Feller photograph no stop along pockee belong me, sar!" answered Koo meekly.

"Where is it?" roared Will.

"Me no savvy, sar!"

"Suffering snakes! Do you expect me to believe that?" hooted Will. "You snapped a snapshot under the beeches—where is it?" He swished the cane.

"This feller no savvy, sar!" persisted Koo. Will glared at the junior from the South Sea Islands as if he could have bitten him! Having no doubt that Koo had already developed and printed that snapshot, he was not likely to believe that the Kanaka did not know where it was! Obviously, to Will, the young rascal was going to show it all over the school, to set all Bendover chortling. Not, however, if Will could stop him!

"This is where I dust your pants!" explained Will. "I'm going to keep on dusting them, till that snap is handed over! Catch on?"

"No can do, sar."

"Then bend over!" roared Will, flourishing the cane.

"You likee ole feller Choot see snap, sar, eye belong him?" asked Koo.

Will paused. He looked at Koo. Koo looked at him! The pause was long. Twice, thrice, Will lifted the cane. Twice and thrice he lowered it again! It dawned on Will's powerful intellect that the young rascal had him in a cleft stick. He could whop Koo! He could give him the whopping of his life, but that would not prevent Koo from letting Mr. Choot see that photograph!

"You iniquitous little tick!" said Will Hay, at last, breathing hard. "If I let you off a whopping, will you—hem—will you promise not to let anyone at Bendover see that snap?"

"Yessar!" said Koo cheerfully. "Me makee strong-feller plomise, sar, no eye belong Bendover see snap, sar."

"Go back to your place, Koo!"

Koo went back to his place—winking at Dicky Bird as he went. Will Hay laid down the cane. Never had he wanted so much to handle it! But it was clear that he could not handle the cane on Koo, so long as that snapshot was in existence. Somehow or other, he had to get hold of the negative and the photograph, and make an end of them—after which, he would be at liberty to give Koo that for which he was asking!

Lessons commenced in the Fourth Form Room. Will made the Bendover Fourth work that morning! He was worried, and he passed on some of it to his Form! But there was one member of the Bendover Fourth who did not join in the general effort. Koo, like all Kanakas, did not like work. He never worked if he could help it! Now he could help it!

Koo leaned back on the desk behind him, put his feet on his own desk, and took it easy! Will's eye glittered at him.

"Koo!" he thundered. "Sit up!"

"No likee sit up, sar!" answered Koo.

"We are here to work!" thundered Will.

"No likee work, sar."

Will grabbed his cane, and made a stride towards the cheerful Kanaka. But he made



only one stride! Then he stopped, and laid down the cane.

Koo loafed at his ease! The other fellows stared at him, and at Will Hay. How, and why, Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la was getting by with this, was a mystery to the rest of the Fourth. But he got by with it! Koo had a very easy morning! He was grinning from ear to ear, when the Fourth went out. No doubt he was looking forward to a good many more easy mornings!

Will Hay breathed hard, when he dismissed his Form. He did not billow out into the sunny quad as usual. There was little doubt, in Will's mind, that the young rascal had parked that photograph in his study—and he was going to find it! After which, Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la was going to get what he deserved—and perhaps a little over! Ten minutes after he had dismissed the Fourth, Will headed for the Fourth Form studies.

CRASH!

Splash!
"Yurrrroooooop!" roared Will Hay. He was taken quite by surprise. He had breezed up the stairs to the Fourth Form passage, and arrived at Study No. 3. All the fellows were out of the House, enjoying the spring sunshine. It was an excellent opportunity for searching Koo's study for that snap. It did not occur to Will that Koo had paid a visit to the study before going out. That occurred to him when he pushed the study door open!

It seemed to Will, for the moment, like a Japanese air-raid at the wrong address. Crash, splash, smash, came something on his head; and Will roared, and staggered, and distributed himself over the study floor! He rolled there, tangled in his gown, roaring.

"Who-hoop! What the suffering serpents—oooogh! Oh, my napper! Ow!"

He sat up dizzily! A large tin pan had clanged down at his side. That, evidently, had been lodged on top of the door—all ready for the door to be pushed open. It had been full of water—mixed with a liberal allowance of ink! Inky water streamed over Will's mortar-board, streamed down his face in inky lines, and gave him a surprising resemblance to a zebra.

"Urrggh!" gasped Will. Some of the shower had gone into his mouth. It did not taste nice! It tasted nasty! He gurgled. "Groogh! That—that—that iniquitous little cannibal! Oooogh!"

Will staggered to his feet. Only too clearly, the artful Koo had foreseen that visit to his study! He had made preparations for it, in the form of a booby-trap! Will stood dripping in a pool of inky water, with inky water streaming down him. He spluttered with wrath.

He did not linger in Study No. 3! He gripped his cane and rushed away! Hunting for the snap could wait—Koo couldn't! He wanted to see Koo, and he wanted to see him at once! He careered down the stairs, dripping ink.

"Hay! My dear Hay!" Dr. Shrubb met

him in the lower passage, and stared at him in horror. "What—what has happened? Is—is—that ink?"

"I think so, sir!" answered Will. "It tastes like it, at all events!"

"But what—what—" gasped Dr. Shrubb. "For what extraordinary reason have you smothered yourself with ink, Mr. Hay?"

"I am looking for the reason now, sir! It's named Koo!" hooted Will, and he careered on.

He billowed into the quad. Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la was there, with a crowd of the Fourth. Will rushed towards him, gripping his cane. He forgot for the moment that the young rascal had the whip-hand! He forgot everything but his keen desire to establish contact between Koo and the cane.

"Look out, Koo!" yelled Dicky Bird.

But Koo was looking out! He dodged round one of the ancient Bendover beeches, as Will rushed down on him. Will cut after him. Koo sped round the massive trunk—after him sped Will! Three or four times they circled the big beech.

"Stop him, Crocker!" roared Will Hay.

Koo shot away from the beech. The prefect's grasp missed him by a foot. After him shot Will Hay, brandishing the cane. His gown billowed wildly behind him in the wind, his inky mortar-board slid down the back of his head, his nose-nippers slanted at an alarming angle—but he was gaining! Koo was heading for the House—for an open study window, from which the startled face of Mr. Choot, the master of the Fifth, was staring at the scene.

Hardly a length ahead of his Form-master, Koo reached that window, and, with an active bound, landed on the broad stone sill, under the startled nose of Mr. Choot.

"Now—" spluttered Will.

"You likee see feller snap, Mistee Choot, sar?" yelled Koo.

"Goodness gracious!" ejaculated Mr. Choot. "What—what does this mean? You are smothered with ink, my dear Hay! What does this boy mean about a snap?"

"Oh, nothing!" gasped Will. "Nothing at all! I—I—I mean the—the—the fact is—ahem!—in short, nothing! Koo, get off Mr. Choot's window-sill at once! Go away!"

Koo, grinning, got, and Will Hay went into the House to wash off ink!

TURN out your pockets!"

"No likee turn out pockee belong me, sir!"

Will Hay grinned savagely! The Fourth had had French that afternoon, with Mossou Hong. During the French class, Will had rooted in Study No. 3, rewarded by the interesting discovery that no photograph was there. So he concluded that Koo had it, after all, in his pockets. For which reason Will had grabbed Koo in the passage, by his collar, and marched him into his study—squealing! Now, standing, cane in hand, between Koo and the door, he ordered him to turn out his pockets. The Kanaka seemed unwilling!

"You no likee—what?" grinned Will.

"Perhaps you likee this cane whop you till you do. What? Better get on with it, I think!"

Koo seemed to think so, too, for he got on with it. He turned out pocket after pocket, pulling out the lining to show that it was empty. Only one pocket—in his jacket—remained, and that Koo did not touch.

Will, grinning with satisfaction, thrust his hand into the jacket pocket, nothing doubting that the snap was there, and that he was going to jerk it out. The next moment he ceased to grin with satisfaction. Dissatisfaction was strongly marked in his speaking countenance. He uttered a fearful howl as his grab closed on something in that pocket! It was something sharp!

"Yaroooh!" howled Will, as he drew out a handful of tacks. "Ow! My fingers! Wow! Ow! What—which—how—oh, crumbs! Yoo-hoooh!"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" chortled Koo. "You likee, sar?"

"Wow! Ow!" Will Hay hurled the tacks far and wide, and sucked his painful fingers. "Oh, crikey! Ow! I—I—I—I—I!"

Koo jumped back. Will jumped after him. Too late, he realised that the Kanaka had foreseen that search of his pockets. His right hand, punctured by a dozen sharp tacks, was suffering too severely to grasp a cane! Will gripped it with his left.

Koo shot to the door. He shot out of the study. Will Hay bounded up and shot into the passage, after him. A grinning brown face met his view in the passage. Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la was standing with his brown fingers on the door-handle of Mr. Choot's study.

"You comey along this feller, sar?" asked Koo. "We go see Mistee Choot, sar, eye belong us feller! You likee?"

Will Hay halted. He sucked his damaged fingers and glared at the grinning Kanaka with a glare that might have excited the envy of the fabled Gorgon! But glares had no effect on Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la! He grinned cheerfully at his Form-master.

"You—you—you—" gasped Will Hay. "You—you—you— No! I—I—I don't want to see Choot! No!"

Will backed into his study. Koo winked at Mr. Choot's door, and walked away, grinning.

WILL HAY leaned on the wall under the window of the junior day-room, and wrinkled his brows in unhappy thought. The window was open, and he heard, without heeding, a hum of cheery boyish voices within. That hum fell on deaf ears. Will was thinking, hard; but the more he thought over this peculiar problem the more worried he was. Really, there seemed no way out. That thoughtless prank of the early morning was going to be his undoing. It couldn't go on, of course! But how was it going to be stopped? Will had given up hope of ever finding that telltale snap. And unless he found it, that iniquitous little wart would keep the whip-hand! Will

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wrinkled his classic brow over that problem, and wrinkled it in vain. And his eyes gleamed over his nose-nippers as a well-known chuckle from within the day-room fell on his ears and drew his attention.

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!"
Will glared round at the window. The still was just above his head. Gladly he would have stepped into the junior-room and administered something that would have changed Koo's merry chuckle into sounds of woe! But there was nothing doing! Koo had him in a cleft stick!

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" came the chuckle again. "That old feller Hay plenty too much funnee! Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Blessed if I make it out!" came Dicky Bird's voice. "What is old Hay letting you rip like this for, Koo?"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo! Him plenty too much big feller fool!" chortled Koo. "Him tinkee me take photograph along he jump over back belong ole feller Choot! Hoo, hoo, hoo! Me see um, eye belong me, along morning. Hoo, hoo, hoo! Me makee snap, and him tinkee me takee snapshot along camera belong Dicky Bird. Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

"Oh, crumbs! You snapped old Hay playing the goat!" exclaimed Jimmy Carboy.

"No snappee!" chortled Koo. "Makee ole Hay tinkee snappee! Camera no stop along me! Makee old Hay tinkee stop along hand belong me, but camera he no stop! Hoo, hoo, hoo! Me makee snap along me breakee feller pencil—makee sound all samee camera snap!"

"What?" yelled Dicky Bird. "You—you made old Hay think you were snapping him with a camera, and you only snapped a pencil in two—"

"Him tinkee snap stop along study; he puttee head belong him in booby-trap!" chortled Koo. "Him tinkee snap stop along pockee belong me; he puttee hand belong him along feller tack! Him tinkee me show that feller snap along ole Choot! No can do, along feller snap no stop! Hoo, hoo, hoo! Brain belong that old feller Hay no good altogether too much!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Bendover Fourth. Will Hay stood gazing at the day-room window! He smiled!

"Here comes old Hay!" murmured Tubby Green.

Will billowed into the junior day-room. His look was genial. The juniors were still laughing. Will did not mind.

"Koo," said Will gently, "I fear that you have been rather a bad boy to-day. Booby-traps, and tacks, and loafing in the Form-room will not do, Koo! I regret to say that it is my duty to administer a little correction! Will you oblige me, Koo-kalangle-doodle, by bending over that table?"

Koo eyed him.
"No likee stick belong you, sar!" he answered. "Sposee stick belong you stop along flousers belong me, this feller goey see ole Mistee Choot, sar—tinkee old feller Choot likee savvy snap, sar—"

Will grinned with all his teeth.
"If you desire to call on the Fifth Form-master, Koo, and discuss photography with him, I have not the slightest objection!" he remarked. "I trust that you will both find the subject interesting and entertaining. In the meantime, however, I must request you to bend over that table! I have a good deal of dusting to do, and time presses."

"Brain belong this ole feller Hay no good altogether too much!" he added. "But this old feller Hay savvy snap no stop! What? Got it? Now bend over that table. Thanks!"

Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-ua had had a merry day. He did not have a merry evening! His evening was chiefly spent in wriggling like an eel. He was not heard to chuckle again that evening.

Will Hay did the chuckling!

WILL HAY nearly gets the sack, and the reason for his being "on the carpet," is through a jape played with a panther-skin rug. But Will gets the last laugh and, in next week's story provides enough laughs to last you a long time.

The COMIC CAPERS of STAINLESS STEPHEN

FAMOUS RADIO STAR



1. Hallo, PILOT pals, Stainless doing a broadcast, but although I'm not in the picture at present, I'm being "framed" by Tommy Gunne and Bert Bommern. Two tough eggs who wanted to bump me off because I wasn't "yolk" with them.



2. So, like old Mother Hubbard, Tommy went to the cupboard, but, instead of getting the poor dog a bone, he gave the other dirty dog a bomb. "Broadcast, huh!" sez him amongst other things. "We'll show him. Broadcast his bits with this!"



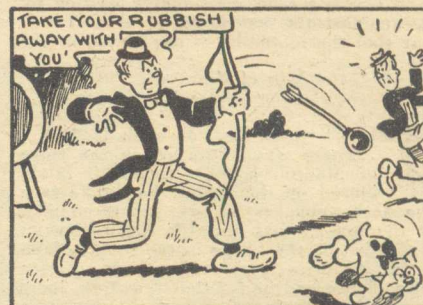
3. Meanwhile, completely unaware—I mean unaware—of these dark doings, I beetled off to do a spot of archery. Did I feel like William Tell? You're telling me, but I wish somebody had told me about Bert Bommern behind.



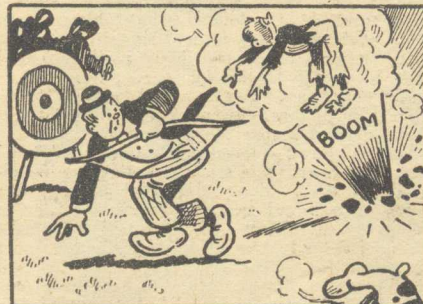
4. Semi-quivering with excitement, I selected an arrow from my quiver (comma) and prepared to draw the long bow. But Bert, having thought I'd drawn the long bow too much in my broadcast, chucked the bomb airily away.



5. Plonk! N-arrowly missing my topknot the bomb parked itself on the point of my arrow, and little did I know that I was on the point of being blown into fractional fragments. But I guessed a lot when I saw Bert beating it.



6. But he couldn't get away with that, and I was certain he wasn't getting away without his bomb. Fitting the arrow, plus doings, into the bow, I returned the same with thanks to Bert, who began shaking like an aspirate.



7. Then—boooooom!—the stratosphere began shaking like nothing on earth, which, of course, it couldn't be, when the bomb burst. And Bert, the big noise, became involved in a bigger noise as he took his first solo flight—and it wasn't so low!



8. But he came back to earth and, blow me, if that "gorilla" didn't score a bull! Slap-bang into the target he went, and Bert won't be able to have a sit-down strike for months. But it strikes me, I'll have to go now. Cherio!