THIS WEEK'S BIG BANG—The Life Story of GUY FAWKES—INSIDE!

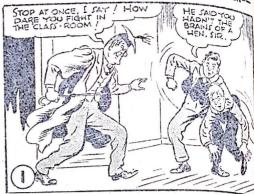




VOLUD like to have a Will Hay at school, but though that's not likely to "come off," here's the next best thing: Read and enjoy this latest "Will Hay Mirthquake"!

Gainsborough Pictures.)

(By Courtesy of



OO!" said Dr. Shrubb, the venerable Head of Bendover.
Will Hay, the master of the

Fourth, started.
So did Dicky Bird, of that Form.
Both of them were surprised.
Will was in the headmaster's study.
Dr. Shrubb had sent for him specially—he did not yet know why. Dicky Bird was outside the study, under the open window, among the laurels. Bird of the Fourth had been parked there some time, waiting for a chance to nip in at the window and use the Head's telephone—which, of course, he could not do till Dr. Shrubb left the study.

Dr. Shrubb had a letter in his hand, and a thoughtful expression on his brow. He blinked at the letter as he addressed Will Hay. Will blinked at the Head. "Excuse me, sir!" gasped Will. "Did you

"Excuse me, sir!" gasped Will. "Did you say coo?"
"Yes," said Dr. Shrubb, with another glance at the letter in his hand. "Exactly, my dear Hay! Koo!"
"You don't mean coo!"
"You don't mean coo!"
"You don't mean coo!"
"Eh! Certainly I do!" said Dr. Shrubb.
"My only hat and umbrella!" murnaured Will Hay. Really, he wondered whether he was dreaming, or whether the Head was. "I—I'll try, sir! My nature, I believe, is dove-like, but I have never cooed before! But anything to oblige! Here goes!"
Will cooed. No dove, probably, would have recognised the sound as a coo. But Will could only do his best. Dieky Bird, under the window, heard a sound that reminded him of the last gurgle of a soda-siphon. Dr. Shrubb

the last gurgle of a soda-siphon. Dr. Shrubb gave a violent start, and gazed at the master

gave a Molent of the Fourth. "My dear Hay, what is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Are you ill? Are you choking? My dear fellow, what ails you?"

"Nothing, sir!" gasped Will. "You asked

me to coo-"
"I asked you to coo!" stuttered Dr. Shrubb. "What the dickens— Oh, I see! A little misunderstanding! Ha, ha!" The Head laughed heartily. "You did not catch my haughed heartily. "You did not a Hay I did not say coo. I said

"That's frightfully lucid, sir!" said Will, blinking over his nose-nippers. "What I like about you, sir, is that you make things so clear to members of your staff. May I venture to inquire what is the difference between coo and coo?"

"Koo with a K," explained Dr. Shrubb.
"Ah! I think I get you!" said Will. "Y

"For goodness' sake, Mr. Hay, try to understand me!" exclaimed Dr. Shrubb. "What I said was Koo-K-O-O-Koo! Now do you understand?"

Will Hay rubbed his forchead, in an effort

to set the interior works in motion.
"I'm trying, sir," he said, "I'm trying hard! I dare say I'll get your meaning in the long run—that is, of course, if you have Have you?"

"I mean what I say, Mr. Hay!" rapped the

Head. "Koo is the name—"
"The—the name?"
"The full name," said Dr. Shrubb, referring
to the letter again, "is Koo-kalinga-laluloululo-la-

"And then some?" gasped Will.

"No, that is all," said Dr. Shrubb. "For practical purposes, while the boy is at Bendover, I think he may be addressed as simply Koo. There would be some difficulty, possibly, I might waste time in class."

"It might waste time in class."

"It might!" stuttered Will. "Am I to understand, sir, that a new boy is coming to Bendover, named—what did you say?"

"Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la!" Shrubb, with his eye on the letter, "I va about to tell you the boy's name, Mr. Hay, about to tell you use soys name, ar. In, when you interrupted me by misundernamen as a baurdly. The boy is not Englished me so absurdly. The boy is not Englished at the "I guessed that one!" grinned Will toothing. A the

"This boy," continued Dr. Shrubb, b. ferring to the letter again, "is the son of a very great thief-

"No, chief—the word is chief, but this legal gentleman's writing is so very indisting, said Dr. Shrubb. "He is the son of a very said Dr. Shrubo. The is the son of a very great chief, in the island of of of Ulab, is the South Seas—I believe you are equained with the South Seas. Mr. Hay."

"Oh, quite!" said Will. "At least, I but had holidays at Southend—"

It has been arranged for the boy to be placed at Bendover School, and he will enter your Form, Mr. Hay. He arrives to-day. Ile will be under your special care while he is a Bendover. His education, I am given is understand, has been cared for, to some exten-in his native island, and he speaks Englisin its native island, and he speaks Englished, I gather, correct English, but you we correct if in the course of time. You will be correct any native, or savage, habits he have retained. I believe that Uhio is cannibal island—"

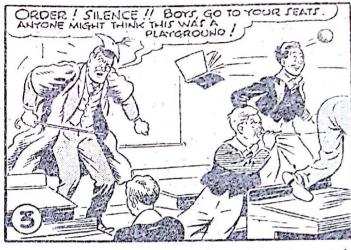
"Suffering sardines!" gasped Will. "Ag-thing of that kind, sir, must be put down her with a gentle but firm hand. I am sure [6] will agree with me that anything in the nation of cannibalism must be sternly probles. The parents of the other boys would char strongly."

"He arrives," said Dr. Shrubb, "br live o'clock train at Didlam. As it is half-holiday to-day, and you will be free your duties in the Fourth Form Rose, is









doubt you would like to meet him at the doubt you would like to meet him at the setion. Mr. Hay, and conduct him to Bend-over. No doubt you will recognise him easily crough by his colour—"

over. No doubt you will recognise min early over. No doubt you will recognise min early enough by his colour—"
"Quite!" agreed Will. "If I find a boy at "Quite!" agreed Will. or blue, or green, or pink—any old colour, in fact—I will rope in in and bring him here. Let me see, what him in and bring him here. Let me see, what did you say his name was? Koo—canoodle—"
"Yo! No! Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la!"
"Yo! No! koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la!"

Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la!"

did you say that it?"

rabcancanister—was that it?"

No! No! Koe-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la!"

recited Dr. Shrubb, with his eye on the letter.

"You will remember it when, you get used to it, Mr. Hay."

"It wants some getting used to, sir! But I think I've got it now. Koo—calendar—hullaballoo! No, that doesn't sound right! Koo—collar-bone—cackle—cannomile! That's it! My dear sir, the boy will feel quite at home when I walk up to him and address him by his name, like the old folks at home—let's see—Koo—camel—tootle-tootle-too! Yes, I shall remember it all right!"

Dr. Shrubb and Will Hay quitted the study together. A minute after the door had closed

together. A minute after the door had closed on them, Dicky Bird's grinning face rose at the study window. Another second, and

on them, Dicky Bird's grinning face rose at the study window. Another second, and Richard Bird had whipped into the study and was stepping across to the Head's telephone. Just as he reached it, the bell buzzed. Dicky Bird snatched off the receiver in a harry. He did not want the telephone bell to sunmon Dr. Shrubb back to the study while was there. he was there.

"Dr. Shrubb!" came a voice over the wires.
"Dr. Shrubb!" came a voice over the wires.
"Mr. Hookem speaking! Mr. Hookem, of Lincoln's Inn Fields! Referring to the boy Kookalumpo-kick-kack-nó, I mean Kookeroedle-kong-that is to say, Koo! You kerodle—kong—that is to say, Koo! You know whom I mean, at all events, Dr. Shrubb—the Kanaka boy. Owing to a delay in the delivery of his outfit, he will not be able to travel denote the same of the travel down to Bendover to-day, as arranged;

he will arrive at the school to-morrow. You understand me, Dr. Shrubb—the Kanaka boy will arrive at Bendover on Thursday, instead

will arrive at Bendover on Thursday, instead of Wednesday, as previously arranged. Goodbye, Dr. Shrubb'!"

Dicky Bird had no time to utter a word, if he had wanted to, before the legal gentleman in Lincoln's Inn Fields rang off.

However, he rang off, and that was what Richard Bird wanted. Dicky proceeded to put through his own call to the Didham Stores on the subject of tuck; and then, as he on the subject of tuck; and then, as he replaced the receiver, he heard a heavy tread outside the study door. He knew that tread! Possibly the Head had caught a sound of the telephone-bell from a distance Anyhow, he was coming back to the study for something.

Dicky Bird shot across to the window like an arrow from a bow. He made a flying leap out of that window, a split second before the deer energy.

door opened.

Crash! Bump! Someone was walking on

the path under the window!
"Suffering cats!" yelled Will Hay, as be "Suffering cats!" What the dickens—what the thump—is the school falling down? What-

thump—is the school failing down? What—who—which——"
"Oh crikey!" gasped Dicky Bird breath-lessly. He sprawled over Will Hay, and sat up dizzily, on something that wriggled and squirmed. He did not notice, for the moment, that it was Will Hay's face. Will noticed it at

once.
"Gurrrggh!" came from under Dicky Bird.
"Wurrggh! Gerroff! Yuurrggh!"
"Oh crumbs!" gasped Dicky.
He jumped up in quite a hurry. Will, staggering to his feet, grasped him. With the other hand he picked up his mortar-board, and set his posenippers straight. He glaited at set his nose-nippers straight. He glared at Bird over slanting glasses.

"You!" he gasped. "You little tick! You

think it funny to jump on your Form-master's

head-what? Come with me to my study. Bird! I am going to demonstrate to you that these episodes are not so funny as you suppose!"

gasped Dicky. "I-I say, sir—" gasped Dicky.
"You need say nothing, Bird! Don't waste your breath—you will need it all shortly."
Dicky Bird found that he did. Six of the best

brought the dust from Dicky's trousers, and fearful yells from Dicky Bird He wriggled away from Will's study like an cel-leaving Will rubbing his head tenderly.

HAT larks!" breathed Jerry Smart. "He, he, he!" chortled Tubby Green.
"No end of a jape!" grinned

Jimmy Carboy.

Dicky Bird wriggled—but he grinned while he wriggled. Great ideas were working in the active brain of Richard Bird. Dicky had sat painfully at dinner—wriggling—and he was still wriggling—but he grinned from car to car. "We've got him on teast!" he said. "The blithering old ass gave me six and every one blithering old ass gave me six, and every one

a swipe---"
"Well, you jumped on his head!" grinned

"Well, you jumped on his head?" grinned Jimmy.
"Bother his silly head! Nothing in it to damage, that I know of! Wow!"
Will Hay, walking in the quad after lunch, had an eye on that group of members of his Form. He saw their grins—and he caught their chuckles. Will had not the slightest doubt that they were plotting mischief, and that some jape was planned for that half-holiday. The Bendover Fourth liked Will Hay—but not so much as they liked japing him. him.

"You see, the old ass doesn't know I know anything about it," breathed Dicky. "But I heard the lot under the Beak's window. And I got the telephone call from the johnny in





THE PILOT No. 110-6/11/37.

"The PILOT"

London. See? They think that nigger's coming to Bendover this afternoon; the three o'clock train at Didham. I jolly well know that he ain't coming till to-morrow. Old Hay's going off to the station to meet him. Well, he will meet a nigger all right."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Richard's allies, in

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Richard's allies, in great glee.
"He goes to Didham, expecting to meet a nigger there," went on Dicky. "The real nigger won't be there—as I happen to know, and old Hay doesn't. But there'll be a nigger all right, waiting for him—and I fancy he won't know the nigger's name is Richard Bird. What? I've made up as a nigger for private theatricals—and I can do it again."
"Where are you going to get the make-up

"Where are you going to get the make-up things, though?" asked Tubby Green. "That's all right. Old Hay's going to lend

them to me."
"Old Hay is?" gasped Jerry Smart

"Old Hay is?" gasped Jerry Small. Without knowing it, of course. He's got tons of stuff in his study—you know, he's a screen star when he isn't a schoolmaster, and the study—baseful of theatrical gadgets. I'm

ic's got bagsful of theatrical gadgets. Im going to borrow what I want."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dicky Bird's contrades.
The idea of borrowing Will Hay's own theatrical gadgets, to make up, for the purpose of pulling his leg, made the jumiors howl.

Will Hay, passing the group at a distance, turned back, and strolled past again. That yell of merriment made him more suspicious than ever. Will would have given a good deal. than ever. Will would have given a good deal to know what the young rascals were discussing. Anyhow, he was going to keep a watchful

"You fellows have got to keep him off the grass, while I burgle his study," went on Dicky Bird. "It wouldn't do for him to eatch me there. He night guess who the nigger was, if he caught me at his make-up box."
"We'll lead him up the garden all right;" grinned Jimmy Carboy. "Leave that to us."

Dicky Bird nodded, and left his friends. He went into the changing-room, thus artfully giving his Form-master the impression that it was football he had in mind for that afternoon. Carboy, Smart, and Tubby Green continued to whisper and chuckle—with an eye on the hovering Form-master in the quad. But after a few minutes they walked away, passing Will Hay without appearing to observe him. And as they passed, Carboy's whisper reached Will's

alert cars. "Kelly's woodshed will do. Nobody will disturb us there." "First rate!" agreed Jerry Smart.

They walked on, and disappeared round the nildings. Will Hay gazed after them, and buildings.

buildings. Will Hay gazed after them, and grinned, with all his teeth.

"So the jolly old porter's shed is the head-quarters, is it?" murnaured Will. "I fancy, my young friends, that you will not be so undisturbed as you suppose—I have a sort of the heads of the state of the heads of the he impression that your Form master will be look-

ing in, to spot what is going on in Kelly's woodshed. Just a few." And the master of the Fourth breezed away in the direction taken by Carboy & Co. Kelly's woodshed was behind the school buildings, and woodshed was behind the school buildings, and Will, as he followed on the track of the Japers, was far from his study, and out of sight of the study windows. Unaware that Richard Bird shad left the changing-room by the interior door, and was heading for Masters' studies, Will breezed happily on the track of Carboy & Co. The coast was clear for Dicky Bird.

Will Hay arrived at the woodshed. The door win tray arrived at the woodshed. The door stood half-open. Carboy, Smart, and Green were not on view. Evidently, they had gone into the woodshed. What the game was Will could not begin to guess. But he was going to know. Grinning, he hurled the door wide copen and billowed in

open, and billowed in.
"Ana! Caught, I fancy!" bleated triumphantly. "What's the lark? What's triumphantly. "What's the lark? Very the merry jest? Confide it to your master, what? I.— Great Scott!"

Will stood thunderstruck. He gazed. Confide it to your Form-

blinked.

Carboy, Smart, and Tubby Green were seated in a row on a bench in the woodshed. Each of them had a Latin grammar open on his knees. Each of them was deeply, seriously

his knees. Each of them was deeply seriously and solemnly studying Latin.
"The ablative absolute—" said Jimmy Carboy. "Oh. sir! Is that you?" Get up, you chaps—it's Mr. Hay!"

The three juniors rose respectfully to their

feet. Will gazed at them. He gazed at them

feet. Will gazed at them. He gazed at the Latin grammars.

"What—what what are you doing begs." Swothing Latin, sir!" said Jimay begs. "Swothing Latin, sir!" said Jimay begs. extra study—don't you think, for a big to be said to interrupt a feel of a win to be said to the said to be said to the said to be said to the said terry Smart blandly.

"We're a bit tied up, sir, about the above, absolute!" said Jerry Smart blandly. A said terry Smart blandly was vou're here, sir, perhaps you'd centar was

absolute!" said derry Smart bland, """, you're here, sir, perhaps you'd explain. "Oh! No! Yes! Quite! Trie-lie live absolute is just where I in-lie live absolute is just where I in-lie live will, wondering what the ablating along was. "I've forgotten more about its absolute him to remember about its live in the light in the ligh masters know about the ablative about the chief thing to remember about the ablatic absolute is that it is—is the ablative ablatic that it is absolute! Never force that I was tell you more another time—just now I was to get my hat and coat and walk to Didar. Will Hay faded out of the picture. A chuckle followed him. Will walked away reliable to the picture of the picture of the picture of the picture of the picture. A super bis nose, and wondering what this new him will walk this new him whis nose, and wondering what this new the picture of the picture of the picture of the picture.

chuckle followed him. Will walked away, the bing his nose, and wondering what this near the was still wondering when Richard Rew walked out of Bendover with a well-pade,

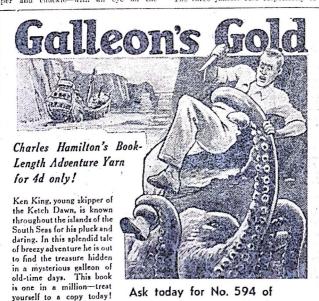
7 ILL_HAY nearly fell down. Prompt to time, he walked on a platform at Didham Station. The three o'clock train was rolling in That that train stopped at Doddlebury like it had been stopped at Doddlebury that the last stopped at Doddlebury the last stopped at Do Didham, Will knew. That it had picked a member of his Form at Doddlebury, at had very carefully selected an empty carriage Will did not know. He was not thinking about Richard Bird of the Bendover Forth He was thinking of the new boy for his Form and wondering what Koo-kalinga-laluloule la might be like, and whether he would ere remember half his name. He looked along the train windows for a coloured face-and ur one. Whether the new fellow was black or Will did not yet know-a Kanaka might be either, according to whether he re-Polynesian or Melanesian. Anyhow, he ra-coloured—and a coloured face looked out a Will as the train stopped.

Will gazed at it. It was black at the ace of spades-as blad indeed as the blackest charcoal in Will's make up box. But that was merely a detail, a vast mop of fuzzy hair surmounted it, is which were perched a cluster of bright with the control of Scarlet lips seemed to extend the feathers. mouth almost from one car to the old Round the sooty neck were a number of coloured glass necklaces—green and blue, its red and yellow. That amazing vision besuddenly on Will, and almost knocked in over. Passengers getting out of the trastard at it—porters blinked at it—a nextly described in the property of t starting back in amazed alarm, dropped be newspapers, staggered, and sat down in 191 of "Daily Telegraphs," gasping.

of Dany Lelegraphs, gasping,
"My only hat and sunshade!" meaned W.
Hay, "Is it—can it be—do my opics deca,
me? Great pip! Do I sleep, do I decan, bl
wonder and doubt—are things what by
seem, or is visions about? Fan me, gas
body!"

The carriage door opened, and the color youth jumped actively out. Then the result him burst on Will Hay. He was dressed in

"You-you-you're Koo!" moaned to "Oh crumbs and crusts! This will be



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surprise for Dr. Shrubh! They ought to have set your rhotograph. But I suppose they set your take it. It would have cracked the suldn't take it. It would have cracked the suldn't take it. You - you - you're sure you're

Come along school i" grinned the coloured Come along Bendover. You take me—

105. Me no like your ugly face !"

105. Me no like your ugly face !"

106. Wha a at !" gasped Will. "What about your own dial—you twopence-coloured tick?

106. Your only Let me get you out of sight, he way in the fore you're run in for escaping from the color of this way!"

106. This way!"

Will Hay hurried his charge off the plat-Will Hay nurried his charge off the plat-form leaving porters and passengers staring. Outside the station, he howled to a taxi. His outside was to get that awful vision out of the militie view. the public view.
"Get in!" he gasped. "Quick!"

"Ugly ole schoolmaster get in first!" said Koo, stepping back.

will stopped into the taxi. As he did so, will stopped into the taxi. As he did so, will stopped him with a shove from the spiked stick. The spikes were sharp! the spiked stick a fearful roar, and nose-will find the taxi.

dired into the taxi. check trousers—yow-ow! You've punctured me, you mad cannibal! Yow-ow! I'll jolly well— "Owl" roared Will.

He squirmed to his feet. The coloured boy followed him in, grinning.

"You wait till I get you to Bendover!"

gasped Will. "If I don't give you six, and
six more, and then some, my name isn't Will
Hay! Priver, get off—drive as hard as you

have the ground—never mind speed car-cover the ground-never mind speed limits-hit Bendover, and hit it quick!"

The taxi buzzed away down Didham High Street But if Will Hay hoped to keep his charge out of sight, he was disappointed. The new boy leaned from the window, waved his new boy leaned from the window, waved his spiked stick, nodded his fuzzy feathered head, and howled what was, perhaps, a South Seas war-cry at the top of his voice. Crowds stared at the taxi—all Didham lined up to watch will Hay pass, as if it were a royal procession will have swittled after the taxi. -small boys scuttled after the taxi.

Will was glad when the taxi got out of Didham. He wiped the perspiration from his Didnain. He wiped the perspiration from his brow as it buzzed along the country road to Bendover School. When it stopped at Bendover, Kelly stepped out to open the door—and staggered at the sight of. Will's fellow-

passenger.
"Who - who - what-what-" stuttered Kelly, like a man in a dream. "Ere, stop that keep that blooming stick away—yaroocooh!" Kelly jumped back from a lunge of the spiked with many back from a lunge of the spiked with many back from a lunge of the spiked with many back from a lunge of the spiked with many back from a lunge of the spiked with many back from a lunge of the spiked with many back from a lunge of the spiked with many back from a lunge of the spiked with many back from a lunge of the spiked with the of the spiked stick not quite in time. It caught him where he had lately parked his dinner, and he folded up over it like a pocketknife and sat down.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from a crowd of Eendover fellows. There was a rush of the Fourth to meet the taxi. Foremost came Jimmy Carboy, Tubby Green, and Jerry Smet. "Is that a new kid? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who on earth's that, Mr. Hay?" exclaimed Crocker of the Sixth, coming up in amazement. "Who the deuce—what the dickens—here, young shaver, keep that stick away—

whater you at-grooooooogh !"

Crecker jumped away, yelling.

Crecker jumped away, yelling.

Koo!" gasped Will Hay. "Stoppit!

Behave yourself! Do you think you're on a cambal island now? Quiet! Follow me!

Carboy, take his bag. Koo, come with your

Form master. Oh, my hat! Oh, my silk

socks! Follow me, Koo!"

"Me follow ugly ole schoolmaster!"

Me follow ugly ole schoolmaster!"
kee followed Will Hay towards the House. Ha did not walk. He danced, waving the piked stick, his feathery headdress fluttering the breeze. All Bendover gathered to gaze bin. Dr. Shrubh was out that afternoon dun. Dr. Shrubb was out that afternoon.

It all the rest of Bendover stood at gaze.

Masters rushed to their study windows—

tellows of all Forms gathered from all

quaters—roars of laughter accompanied Will

Hay and the new boy carees the quad.

Hay and the new boy across the quad. the new boy into his study. "This is a prize-





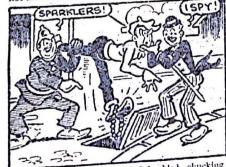
1. Hallo, Pilot pals, Stainless calling, and tother day when beetling down a boolevard I spetted a notice. Coming to a full-stop I saw that Lady Posh had lost a neckful of pearls and was offering a hundred quidlets for their recovery.



3. I ambled over in time to see Percy, the petty pilferer, doing a bolt from the bluebottle's Black Maria. "Sorry, cop!" bleated the bad lad, using the rozzer's napper for a door-mat. "But using the rozzer's papper for a door-mat. I've gotta date with Fred, the Fence."



5. The first item was to hook my cane on the grating and yank it up. Thus Percy parked himself on nothingness and would have done the disappearing trick into the wide open spaces had not his boke put on the brakes.



7. "Keep your chin up," I burbled, chucking Percy under the chin and chucking him up into the air at the same time, plus as stance from the rozzer. Then suddenly I dodged the glint in the bad lad's optics as I caught another glint.



2. The odds looked a hundred to one, but I determined to be the one to get that hundred. But although I looked under everywhere, the pearls stayed put. Just then there came a terrific banging from a coppers' charabanc.



4. When the copper was seeing semi-cometa and such, Percy spotted me, and with a snarl that made his teeth curl told me to buzz, scoot, or scran, But was your Stainless pal downhearted? Nossirs, I meant to stop that bird and stop his little larks.



6. Gurgling through his dental plate Percy tried to rise and the copper, now all smiles, lent a hand by grabbing the bad lad's foot. But he nearly finished Percy (semi-final), for over he went again and repeated his nose-smacking biz on the grating.



8. Yessirs, you're right. They were Lady Posh's missing rearls, and in two and a half tieks we had Percy parked again in the wagon with the prospect of quids for the copper and me. So that's that, and so long, lads, until next time.

packet to land on a harmless and necessary Form-master! Bit down, Koo! Put that stick away! I'm sorry the Head's gone out— frightfully sorry—I'll hand you over to him frightfully sorry-I'll

frightfully sorry—I'll hand you over to him with pleasure. Now—"
"You talkee too much! Me wantee tea!"
Will rang the bell for Toots. The House page exed the new boy very uneasily as he brought in tea. He was glad to get away again. Will Hay sat down to tea with his new pupil. He had to keep charge of him till the Head came in. He hoped that tea would keep him quiet. He was disappointed. It didn't!
"No likee!" announced Koo, glancing over the tea-table, and, taking the tray by one end, he up ended it. "No likee! Me wantee longing!"

pig!"
"What!" yelled Will Hay. He was aware that long-pig was the fancy name given by South Sea cannibals to their feasts when they disposed of unnecessary relatives by way of the cooking-pot. "Wha-a-a-t?"
"Likee long-pig!"

"Likee long-pig I"
"You—you—you awful little cannibal!"
stuttered Will. "Do you think you can
cannibalise here? It's strictly prohibited!
The school diet is plain but healthy—see
prospectus!"
"Oh school protect many poly, but he realise

"Ole schoolmaster very ugly, but he makee nice long-pig! Me killy and cookee!"

"What! Which! Help! Rescue!" Will Hay, as the new boy grabbed the bread-knife from the table and brandished it in the air. "Keep off! Sit down! Blow away! My only hat and sunshade! Think you can eat your Form-master! Help! I'm a Bendover master-I'm not going to be an Eton master! I object-it's absolutely against all the rulest Oh, crikey!" Will Hay bounded round the table. After

Will Hay bounded round the table. After him bounded Koo, his feathers dancing, his necklaces rattling, and the bread-knife flourished in his sooty hand.

"Wow! Help!" yelled Will, as he circled the table. "Here we go round the mulberry-bush! Keep off! Help! Call in the police! Call out the military! Bring along the Air Force! Yarooooop!"

He darted for the door, tore it open, and flew out of the study. He did the passage at about seventy miles an hour. As he burst into the quad, with his gown billowing behind him, his mortar-board on one side of his head, and his mortar-board on one side of his head, and his nose-nippers slipping down his nose, there was a yell from all Bendover: "Ha, ha, ha!"

ICKY BIRD chuckled explosively. In Study No. 5, in the Fourth, he leaned over a basin of hot water on the study table, washing off the dark complexion of the new boy at Bendover. Jerry Smart, Jimmy Carboy, and Tubby Green stood round him, chortling. A fuzzy wig, with feathers in it, lay on the table.

"Have I pulled old Hay's leg?" chortled Dicky, "What? Not a suspish, my beloved 'carers—he took me for Koo all right; he won't know till the chap comes to norrow that he never came to day. Poor old Hay! You health the property his for whealth of should have seen his face when I got hold of the bread-knife!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" shricked the three.

"Was it funny?" gasped Dicky. "I to "Was it funny?" gasped Dicky. "I woul?"

"Frightfully funny, my good Bird!"
Study No. 3. grinning with his whole had teeth. "And, as you justly remark, and the never had a suspish—and misark, and the had one if he hadn't come up here looking to that black fellow, who has mysteriously appeared from downstairs!"

"Oh!" gasped Dicky. He turned a true, "Oh!" gasped Dicky. He turned a true, ing face, with half its complexion to wards his Form-master. "Oh, seisword with the property of the property of the graped Tubby Green.

"May I trouble you?" he grinned. "You first, Bird—thank you—over that chair! Complexion."

"May I trouble your ne grinned, "You first, Bird—thank you—over that chair! Coar six! You next, Smart! I shan't keep, waiting long, Carboy—be patient, my by All in good time! There, I think that has for you. Smart—now you. Carbox—the All in good time: there, I think that the do for you, Smart-now you, Carboy-thank Just a minute, Green, Now Green, bend over that chair—thank you, Green, place of the control of the cont

bend over that chair—thank you, Green's They were still yelling in Study No. 5-2 not, now, with laughter! Will Hay tucked is cane under his arm, and billowed to the do. He was heard to chuckle as he breezed are. In Study No. 3 they did not chuckle. Wal after all, had the last laugh!

The new boy arrives at Bendover and The new voy urrives at between the though he has a lot to learn, there is nothing though he has a too to warn, there is nothing about juping he doesn't know. That men that the fun is faster than ever, so meet him next week, in another mirthquake starting WILL HAY, the world's champion laughter



ISTEN, fellers! Professor Barnacle using the ink this week. Those jokes you've been sending me are making me wear out my whiskers by laughing. That's better than wearing out my brain thinking out jokes off my own bat, so send 'em in, lads, and save the Barnacle brain from There are plenty of topdoing overtime. hole adventure story books to be won, and also good half-crowns for overseas readers.

What do you think of our star attractions? Good, aren't they? I don't mind telling you that I do practically all the work of fixing up "The Piloi's" programme, so the credit "The Pitor's" programme, so the credit belongs to me. Of course, the rest of the staff make out that I never do anything but sleep, and think out ways of getting money out of cm, but that's only jealousy. I never sleep more than six hours a day, and as for getting money—I hate the sight of it!

By the way, I hope you fellers won't talk about your schooldays when you grow old. Forget 'em—that's my advice. The subject's a rotten swindle, and I ought to know.

The other day I went in to see the Ed. and

found him staring at an old photo.

"Our school footer eleven," he told me. "That's me-third from the right. This was just after we'd won the Shield—when J. J. Taylor scored the winning goal. That's J. J. Taylor—third from the left."

Now, as it happened, I'd looked in with the forlorn hope of touching the Ed. for a quid, so I let him burble on about his schooldays, thinking it would put him into a good humour. I even peored at the photo, and said I though the Ed. a nice-looking young

"That's J. J. Taylor you're pointing at," frowned the Ed. "I'm third from the right, not left. I wonder what happened to J. J. Taylor," he went on absently. "I've not seen him since we left school. I bet I shouldn't recognise him now. My word, I'd give pounds

to run across him again. There's nobody I'd like to meet so much."
"Quite so-quite so," I coughed. "Talking about giving pounds, I suppose you couldn't manage to lend me—."

The Ed. sat up like a startled rabbit.
"You're quite right, I couldn't," he said stily. "Good-bye, I'm busy!" hastily. It's only for a week-

"It's only for a week—"
"Shut the door as you go out," said the Ed.
And that was after I'd listened to his school
burblings! Talk about gratitude! As
Shakespeare truly says. "How sharper than
the serpent's child it is to have a thankless
tooth."

At lunch-time I ran across a friend of mine, named Albert, who sweeps a very neat crossing in the City. Like me, Albert was short of money. He went so far as to offer to strangle

his own grandmother for a quid,
"I'm sorry to hear you talk about strangling people, Albert," I said severely. "Now, if I was in your place, and I wanted some money, I'd call to see our Editor, tell him my name was J. J. Taylor, say I was down on my luck, and touch him for five quid. And then, Albert," I said, "I should split it half-and-half with the person who suggested the idea."

Albert said it was money for jam. course, I had only made the suggestion in joke, and I was therefore very surprised who Joke, and I was therefore very surprised whe Albert called at our office that afternoon.
"I want to see the Ed.," he announced to the Ed.," I want to see the Ed.," Lead of his J. J. Taylor."

I was surprised and pained to see Albert truth and honour myself, any kind of faul makes me feel sad, and I almost decided tell the Ed. that the visitor was relly a crossing-sweeper named Albert. But that felt that the best punishment I could gas Albert would be to make him hand over tall the state of the same and the the money he got from the Ed .- just to text

I saw Albert go into the Ed.'s sanctum, and

"Great Scott! Are you J. J. Taylor!"
"That's me, old sport!" said Albert-und
the Ed. shut the door.
"May goodness!" snifted Tilly. "Whatend
school did the Editah go to, if that may
one of his schoolmates?"
"Borstal, I should think," grintel
Lightning.

Lightning. 'Nothing of the kind," I said severely. poor man happens to be down on his least that's all. I know the Editor's keen to shint, because he told me this morning here hoping for years to run across J. Taylor one day."

"Sounds like it," chortled Mr. Keet-" I was startled to hear noises like a Boliber bomb-feast coming from the Ed.'s sanctum

Suddenly the door opened, and a bush of rags shot into our office and crashed the the floor. Looking closer, I perceived Alleringide the

inside the rags. "Whoop!" roared Albert. He Pres fool!" he bawled, smashing me on the control of the state himself up and seized a ruler. prayed him a low-down trick the day he school, or somefink, and that I re her and the liding he owed J. J. Taylor that, you old idjit!"

And he bashed me over the dome a second time.

So mind what I say, fellers never the about your schooldays after you leave the lit gives people when a second way and the second ways are the second ways and the second ways are the sec It gives people wrong impressions.

Yours mournfully,

BARNABAS BARNACLE (Professor