

"WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!" Starts in this Issue!

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The PILOT 2¢

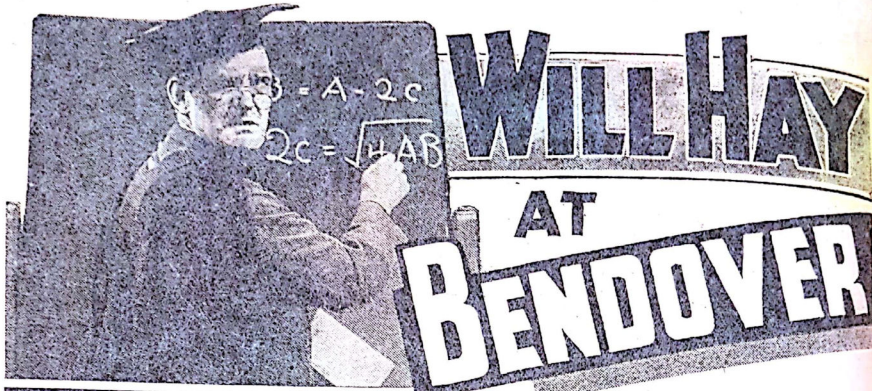
EVERY
FRIDAY.



GRAND NEW SERIES BEGINS THIS WEEK

WILL HAY

COMES TO THE "PILOT"



(Photo by Courtesy of Gaibnborough Pictures, whose latest film starring Will Hay is a school master—"GOOD MORNING BOYS"—will shortly be showing at your local cinema.)

"DODDLEBURY! Doddlebury! Change here for Bendover College!" The window of a first-class compartment went down with a bang, and the head and shoulders of a solitary passenger popped through the aperture. "Is this Doddlebury?" shouted the passenger, looking up and down the platform in short-sighted perplexity.

He clipped a pair of glasses on to the end of his nose as he asked the question, and then, very gradually, there dawned in his staring eyes an expression of almost painful bewilderment; for in that moment he caught sight of a spectacle which caused his forehead to crinkle like a miniature sheet of corrugated iron.

Drawn up on the wooden platform of the country station was a line of boys—boys wearing Eton jackets, school caps, and the most innocent expressions in the world.

It was these innocent expressions on their faces which caused the first-class passenger to blink through his nose-nippers. He knew schoolboys of old, and this parade of virtuous youth was, he felt, too good to be true. He pecked at his pursed lips with finger and thumb, then, catching sight of the solitary porter, he let out another stentorian hail.

"Hi, stationmaster!" he shouted. An untidy, shockheaded young porter, with a vacant expression in his gooseberry eyes, came ambling along the platform, and stared, mouth ajar, at the passenger.

"Did I hear you say that this is Doddlebury?" asked the latter cheerily.

"Couldn't tell you, mister!" answered the porter. "Ow should I know if you 'eard? All I know is I shouted 'Doddlebury! Doddlebury!' till I got 'oarse in the throat!" "Wazzat?" snapped the passenger, frowning. "O'ose in the throat, I've heard of frog in the throat, but 'o'ose in the— Listen to me, Turnip-face! Do I alight here for Bendover College?"

"Please yourself!" answered the porter, without any sign of enthusiasm. "You can set yourself alight if yer like, but it's just as quick to get out in the ordinary way!"

The passenger lowered his head, screwed up his nose, and squinted at the porter over the top of his steel-framed nose-nippers. "That remark is not funny!" he said severely.

"But it will be if you don't get out in half a tick!" said the porter. "She's just on the move!"

Swinging open the door of the carriage, the passenger flung out a bulging suitcase and took a flying leap on to the platform; then, with a start, he asked sight again of that line of boys, their inquiring, curious eyes upon him.

"Hi, superintendent!" he shouted, as the shock-headed porter went ambling off along the platform.

The porter turned back and waited, mouth ajar, for the stranger to open the proceedings.

"Pray be so good as to satisfy my curiosity," said the latter, waving a hand towards the row of boys. "Tell me, in strict confidence, what is the office of the waxworks?"

No sooner was the question out of his mouth than something soft, cold, and clammy smote him in the back of the neck, clinging there like a poultice with pips in.

"Bless my soul!" he cried, clawing the overripe tomato from his moorings and staring down at the mess in wide-eyed bewilderment.

THE LAUGH OF THE YEAR!

You've heard him on the radio. You've seen him on the films. Now Will Hay, the world-famous "schoolmaster"—comedian, makes another "mirthquake" in this special "PILOT" story.

Will's the sort of schoolmaster you'd be tickled to death to have at your school. Meet him in this super yarn.

"Extraordinary! Inexplicable! Now, how did it happen?"

Then, as though struck by a bright idea, he swung round upon his heel and stared hard at the row of boys. He was plainly suspicious—but no sign of guilt showed upon those angelic faces.

"Strange!" he muttered, pushing his hat over his eyes. "Must be one of those forced tomatoes!" Then, turning to the porter: "Well, go on—answer my question! What's the idea of the—er—" He looked round sharply, and was just in time to see one of the boys hastily stuffing back a tomato into his trousers pocket. "I mean," he ran on, fixing the tomato merchant with a gimlet glare, "why the deputation, or reception committee, or whatever it is?"

"These young gents are from the college, mister," explained the porter. "They're 'ere to welcome a new master wet's due to-day. 'E was supposed to come by the morning

train, but it looks as though 'e's gone and lost 'imself. All schoolmasters is funny?" "Really!" said the stranger, with a frigid grin. "You don't say! Now, I'm going to tell you something, my lad; if I have any more lip from you, you'll think the London express has hit you in the pants! I am the new master, and I haven't gone and lost myself!"

Beaming toothily, he turned his back upon the porter and strode across to the deputation.

"Well, boys!" he cried jovially. "Welcome to Bendover College! That is, I am glad to welcome myself to Bendover College! And I must say I am deeply touched by the kindly thought which brings you here this morning. I repeat, boys, I am touched!"

"You look it!" came in an undertone from the end of the row.

There was an explosive snigger, but the new master was not quick enough to catch the culprit. Getting on with his inspection, he paused in front of the tomato-thrasher and regarded him fixedly.

"And what might your name be, young man?" he asked, peering over his nose-nippers.

"Sammy Straw, sir!" echoed the new master. "Sammy Straw! I'm Will Hay! Straw—Hay—you sound like a relation!"

Screwing up his nose, he squinted hard at the junior, suspicion in his stare.

"Are you quite sure your name is Sammy Straw?" he demanded severely.

"I didn't say it was, sir," answered the junior. "You asked me what my name might be, and I said Sammy Straw."

"Quite so!" agreed Will, smiling as though he'd swallowed a mouthful of red pepper.

Carrying on down the line, he came to a halt in front of another boy, whose suspicious expression attracted him.

"And what might—er—I mean, what is your name, young man?" he asked smilingly.

"And remember that I don't want any funny stuff this time!" he added darkly.

"Izy Cumming, sir!" piped the boy.

"Is who coming?" demanded Will explosively. "And how should I know if he's coming? I ask you a sensible question, and coming? I expect a sensible answer! Now, then, what's your name?"

"Izy Cumming, sir!"

"Haven't I just told you that I don't know if he's coming? I asked you a sensible question, and coming? I expect a sensible answer! Now, then, what's the idea of pestering me with a darned silly question like that? Izy coming, sir?" he mocked, in tones of disgust.

"That's right, sir!" piped the junior.

"The PILOT"

The colonel fixed him with a military eye. "Ah, there I have you, sir! There I have you! I'm an old soldier, sir—I know my history! Allow me to tell you neither Nelson nor Wellington were present at the battle of Champagne."

Will Hay smiled happily. "Good for you, colonel!" he breezed. "I thought I couldn't catch up on history. How-ever, let us get on to doing. If it's all the same to you, I would like to meet the young bloods of my Form. I am eager to get down to work."

"I will escort you to the Form-room myself," smiled Dr. Shrubbs. "Be good enough to follow me."

"**H**'F's a bald-headed old buffer!" That was Jerry Smart's loudly voiced opinion of the new master of the Fourth. And as Jerry was captain of the Form, and the prime mover in all its mischief, his opinion carried weight.

The Fourth grinned. They were assembled in their Form-room, awaiting the arrival of their new master. Zealously they clung to the reputation they had won of never "standing" a new master for more than a fortnight. They were tough in every sense of the word, the despair of the average master and of their parents alike.

"Let's get ready for him!" sang out Jerry, his blue eyes aglow with mischief. "Do your stuff, you fellows! You all ought to know it by heart now."

And the Fourth got busy and did their stuff. "Cave!" Skittles, who was posted at the door of the Form-room, suddenly hissed a warning. In a second the Fourth had dropped into their places. On every face was an angelic expression as the door opened to admit their new master.

"Good-morning, boys!"

"Good-morning, sir!"

"We seem to be having quite a lot of weather lately!" went on Will, his gown ballooning behind him as he strode across the Fourth Form classroom. His nippers perched rakishly upon the end of his nose, he slanted a glance at the wicked-looking drawing-pin upon the seat of his chair, which he had seen just as he was in the act of sitting down.

"Let me see," he murmured, straightening himself up and stroking his chin with a reflective finger and thumb. "H'm! Yes! Of course!" Lowering his head, he studied his class over the top of his steel-rimmed glasses. "Er—Smart," he called, "his whimsical gaze upon the captain of the Form, "would you be so amiable as to step this way?"

"Certainly, sir," answered Smart sweetly, with a grin at the other fellows. "Anything to oblige!"

In leisurely style he strolled across the classroom and faced Will across the desk.

"No, no!" said the new master. "Come round here and stand beside me! What I have to say is for your shell-like car alone, my boy!"

"Grinning, Jerry Smart strolled round the desk and joined Will.

"Now," began the latter, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "I suppose you know what a lift is? You know, an elevator?"

"You're not trying to pull my leg, sir?" demanded the Form captain.

"Not yet," he returned, "there's plenty of time! But about this lift! Demonstrate what happens when it ascends—er—goes up, that is!"

"That's easy!" scoffed Smart, stretching out his right hand and raising it ceilingwards. "That's how it goes up."

"Exactly!" agreed Will, as though a great load had been taken off his mind. "And what happens when it descends—er—comes down, that is?"

"Why, it goes like this!" grinned Smart, sweeping his hand downwards.

"As I thought," nodded Will. "It goes like this, as you say!"

Holding his right hand on high, he suddenly brought it down upon the top of Jerry Smart's head, which caused the unfortunate Jerry to sit down in the chair with a bump.

But that was not all.

In sitting down he drove the long point of the drawing-pin into the most sensitive part of his anatomy, and it was with a shrill screech that he leapt into the air, for all the world as though he had been impaled upon a red-hot broadsword.

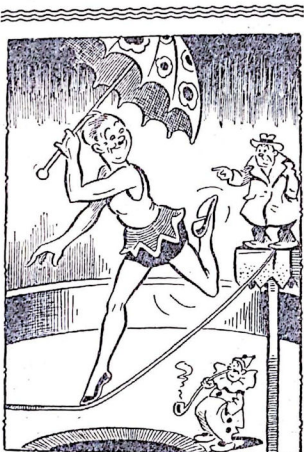
Even Reggie Pyke and "Fruity" Snell, the two real ends of the Form, who usually adopted an attitude of perpetual boredom, joined in the tornado of cheers and merriment which Jerry resulted from this experiment. Indeed, Jerry joined in the high-spirited jubilation.

"Right, Smart—or not-so Smart, shall we say?—you may now resume your seat!" beamed Will Hay. "That is, unless you prefer to stand."

Jerry Smart crept back to his place and sheepishly seated himself.

"The suspicious ratter!" he muttered. "How the dickens could he have known that I put the drawing-pin on his chair?" "Attention, please!" called Will Hay, rapping his desk with a ruler. "We're a bit short of paper this morning, so I want you to write down everything you know about the French Revolution! Everything, mind you! Ha, ha, ha!" He chuckled to himself. "A shade subtle, I'll trow me! Perhaps you are too dull-witted to follow me. We will call the roll instead."

"You there"—pointing at Smythe, who was



"Don't you get scared, walking along that tightrope?"

"Course not! Falling off's all that worries me!"

seated in the front of the class—"kindly get my register out of the desk."

"I'd sooner not, sir," replied Smythe.

"I've no doubt, my boy, I've no doubt," smiled Hay breezily; "but when your Form-master gives you an order, he expects it to be obeyed."

Slowly, ever so slowly, Smythe went to the Form-master's desk. He stood on one side as he opened the lid, but even so, he did not escape what had been intended for the new master. As the lid of the desk was raised, a coiled spring, which had been kept in place, was suddenly released. At the end of the spring was a bottle of ink.

Swooooooh! The contents of the bottle shot upwards and outwards in a darkening, messy shower, and although Smythe knew of that trap, he could not altogether avoid it. He staggered back, his face deluged in ink.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Will Hay. "Very smart! Very smart, indeed!"

"Grossoooooh!" gurgled Smythe, dripping an inky trail as he staggered away.

Will Hay returned to the attack. He pressed a bony finger at Smythe's pale flayers.

"Gingerly! Have you passed the register?" handed it to Mr. Hay. "Look out the book and

"No, no!" breezed the new master. "You can call out the names just as well as I can. Open the register and begin at once." With an unhappy expression, Hay opened the register. At the same moment a speck of pepper flew upwards from the opened book of his hand, so that, as the book opened, an unbuttoned elastic did the trick.

"Thank you, flayers," smiled Hay, tapping the side of his nose. "You appear to have cooled. I will call the roll myself."

"Will Hay made every boy stand up to learn the name. His eyes dwelt curiously on Reggie and Pyke as that youngster's name was called.

"So you're Pyke, my lad?" he said gently, taking off his nose-punchers and reading the rather crafty face of the cad of the Fourth.

"Any relation to Mr. Dunkley Pyke?" Reggie Pyke started.

"At all times?" Reggie Pyke asked.

"He's also a schoolmaster, I believe," added Will Hay.

"Why shouldn't he be?" demanded Pyke resentfully. "Do you know him?"

"I have heard of him," returned Hay gravely. "I have heard of him." And under his breath he added: "So that's the little snipe I've to be careful of. His father's just itching to become Head of this school in place of old Shrubbs. There's some dirty work going on here."

The roll-call continued.

"At its end, Will Hay beamed upon his class. "Now, what's the first lesson?" he inquired.

"Latin, sir," volunteered Jerry Smart, who had now recovered and bore no malice.

"Latin! H'm!" Will Hay's eyebrows arched. "I think you might very well do that for yourselves. Carry on, my lads, and I will discover what you know."

Having set the first lesson, the new master seated himself at his desk.

He opened a morning paper and became immersed in the important events of the day, and he was weighing up the chances of Reggie Knight, a horse which was down to run in the 3.30 at Epsom, when he lifted his eyes, to see a red setter and began to sniff; gently, he raised his head and began to sniff; gently, he raised his head and began to sniff like a raven on the wing.

"S-n-a-n-c-e!" he muttered, crinkling his brow. "Most mysterious!"

Blinking rapidly, he peered over his nose-punchers and surveyed his industrious fox and it was not until his quizzing gaze reached and it far left-hand corner of the classroom that the mystery explained itself.

From that quarter a haze of blue smoke was drifting gently upon the still air; and on further investigation, Will Hay discovered the reason.

Lolling back in his seat, thumb tucked into the armbolts of his waistcoat, Reggie Pyke, one of the ends of the Fourth, was puffing a smoking cigarette.

There was also indulging in the fragrant weed. There was a strained kind of expression in their eyes as they pulled away in perfect, unexperienced fashion.

Pyke had little beads of moisture upon his short upper lip, and Fruity Snell was coughing fixedly into space, like a fire in a ransack.

Will Hay coughed impatiently and tapped upon the desk with his ruler.

"Excuse me, boys," he said, very politely. "But may I draw your attention to the fact that this is a classroom, not a ballroom?"

shed! The pungent odour of those Flayers' Socks—"

"These smokes are best Turkin'!" announced Reggie Pyke hopefully, winking at his own temerity. "They cost me one-and-six-pence a packet."

"Very reasonable!" commented Will Hay, leaving his desk and joining the other boys in the corner. "Are they strong?"

He was talking down at Pyke over the top of his nose-punchers. His manner was friendly, and he was apparently deeply interested in the subject of the Flayers' cigarettes. "I mean, you're a bit young."

The COMIC CAPERS of STAINLESS STEPHEN

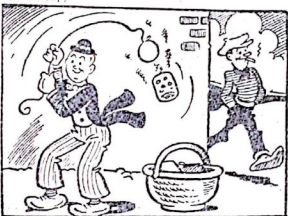
FAMOUS RADIO STAR



1.—Out doing a spot of fodder-providing 'tater chilly morn, I bumped into a young lot of mine, silvery condition, he offered me his winter-warmer (full stop)



2.—Thanking the lad nicely, I began to get it going. You know the way, lads, swinging it "round-and-round" like the old song (omms) and soon this small edition of central heating was warming up nicely.



3.—But we're told there's many a slip etc., and suddenly the can flew through the air with the greatest of breeze and came to roost between a tin of beans and the Sunday joint in my grand basket.



4.—Now, while I'd been doing my strong-arm stuff, one of these tough snark-thief fellows spotted my truck and thought he'd do a spot of snark-and-grub. "A lucky dip!" he chortled, diving his fu into the basket.



5.—But instead of a tiring the can of cold beans he expected, he got a flapper full of hot cinders, and so the would-be grub-biter was bit (full stop) It made my heart glow to see the way he stopped that winter-warmer!



6.—I laughed, and I laughed, and I laughed, but the tough laddie who piked taking things couldn't take a joke. "I'll take the lot now!" he growled, thus banishing the stainless smile from the Stainless dial.



7.—This was not so hot, I thought, so I promptly shoved the famous Stephen wire into top gear. I had the string of the winter-warmer in my hand, and with it I did a cowboy act with the home-made Inno.



8.—Whoops, dearie. Did I have him on a bit of string then? I pulled the knot tight, and, hey presto! the naughty lad came to earth with a bump on his shin! And that was that—no chin-chin until next week!

"I'm sorry about me!" said Pyke. "I've got a grand stock! Cool and—"

Will suggested Will, snatching a pack that lay on the desk and holding it up. "I'm insured, drawing him out at all! I'll say that for me!"

Not at all—at the price! I—

Pyke of brightly bringing a pack of cigars out of his hip-pocket. "Mind you, I'm warning you, it's strong, even for a man like you." "You'll probably make me!"

"I'll thank you for a sticky grin. "Th-thank you," murmured, taking the solitary pack and lighting up re-"

Will smiled knowingly. "Smoke up!" "I like to see a man enjoy a good smoke."

"How's the going?"

"I'll not answer at once; he has to have something on his mind."

"You mean Fruity Snell, he was staring at you in space, and gradually his school-teacher's face gave place to a light yellowish glow?"

"There for your thoughts!" offered Will. "I'm sorry, Reggie, his plump nose is becoming moist and shiny. "I—I don't know what I've had something at breakfast didn't agree with you, I diagnosed a good dinner."

"You mean he had a good dinner?"

"The morning of dinner had a startling beginning, Reggie. Leaping to his feet, he caught a hand to his mouth and charged for the door, reaching it just as the Head was about to enter the classroom."

"What the— Oooouch!"

Running the Head in the waistcoat, Reggie followed into the corridor and went away like a ghost.

"Dar me! Bless my soul! What was the matter with that extraordinary boy, Mr. Head?" demanded the Head in his mild way. "He face looked quite horrible—"

"I always do, sir," cut in Will, with a smile. "As a matter of fact, sir, we were discussing this and that over a cigar—"

"Good gracious, Mr. Hay, do my ears deceive me? Did I understand you to say—"

"My very words, sir," grinned Will, bringing the remains of his Turkish cigarette from behind his back and popping it between his lips.

"You see, sir, in the first place, I loved him, caught!—I caught Pyke smoking! My duty was clear. To wit: I had to take his cigarette away from him! He—and here Will wagged a wise finger at the Head's nose—"I was able to deal with the situation in my own way. Having found young Pyke apart from his Turkish cigarettes, I gave him one of my own special cigars, so everything was all square! But, strictly between ourselves, sir, I've an inkling that Reggie will be a non-smoker for a long time to come!"

"There was the ghost of a smile upon the Head's face as he looked up into Will's laughing eyes."

"Your own special cigars are rather nice," he suggested mildly.

"They should be, sir!" nodded Will, squinting over his nose-sippers. "I make 'em myself! The one I gave Pyke was a scientific mixture of rubber heel, boot polish, soft soap, brown and brown paper; and what could be better than that?"

"I'll say, Mr. Hay!" murmured the Head. "I'm right in thinking that you have no doubt for Reginald Pyke?"

"I'll say about as fond of him as you are, sir," replied Will, lowering his tone, "and if you don't mind the little wart to me, I'll have him in my hand within a month! There are a few and a morsel of doing everything, sir, and I know 'em all! You don't need a steam-engine to crack a monkey-nut! Get me?"

"Well, boys, how did you like it—Hay? Wonderful, wasn't it?—and next week's episode is even better. If you are not sure of your scoop—and tell your newspaper to send you a copy of "PILOT" for you—then why not be a mighty rush to read the Hay of Henderson!"