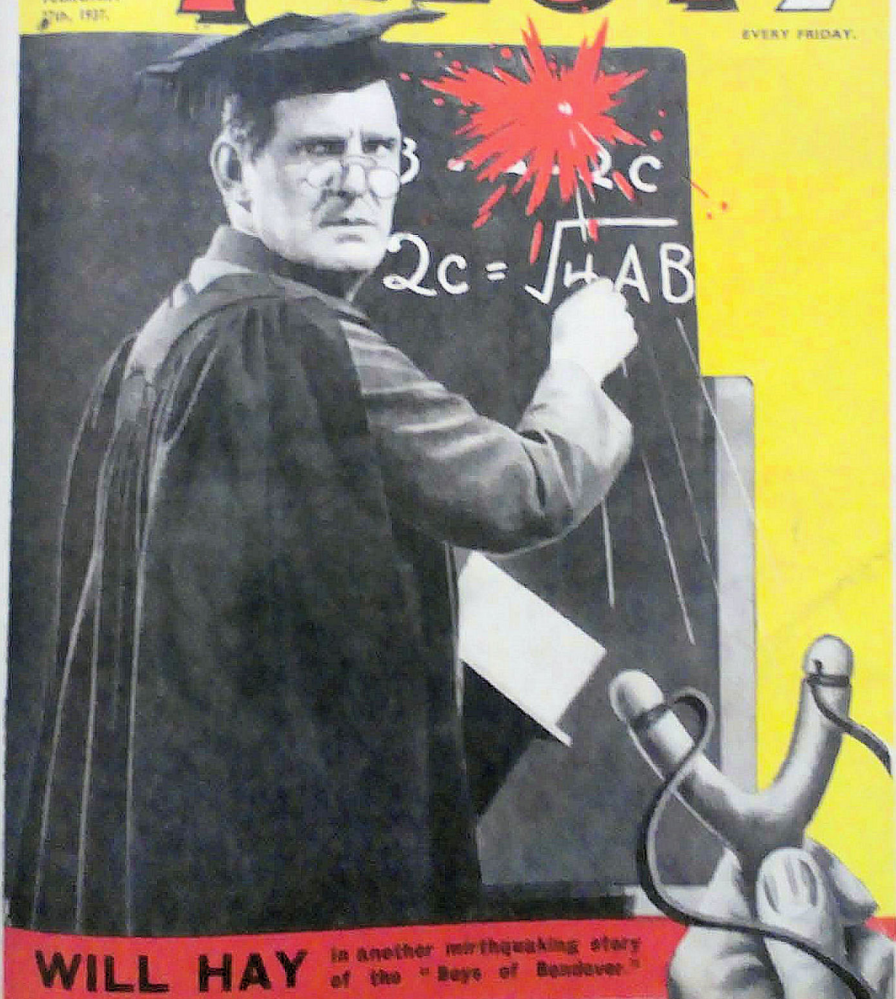


THE STARS — WILL HAY | STAINLESS STEPHEN | ALEX JAMES | LEONARD HENRY & SEXTON BLAKE — ARE INSIDE!

# The PILOT 2<sup>D</sup>

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FEBRUARY  
27th, 1937.

EVERY FRIDAY.



**WILL HAY** in another earthshaking story of the "Boys of Bendover."

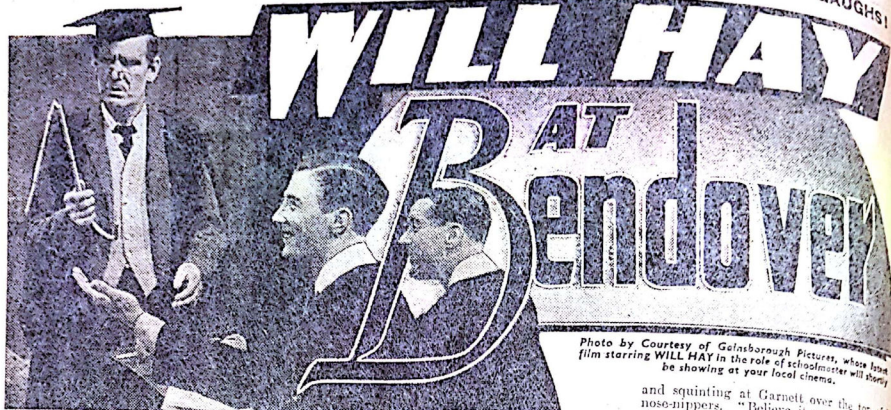


Photo by Courtesy of Galtsborough Pictures, whose latest film starring WILL HAY in the role of schoolmaster will shortly be showing at your local cinema.

**T**HE peaceful countryside about Bendover College was dozing in the warm morning sunshine.

So was Schoolmaster Will Hay. The gentle buzzing of the bees mingled with Will's deep breathing, and all was at peace in the little world of Duddlebury. Will, opening one sleepy eye, settled himself more comfortably against the haystack and gazed up at the blue, cloudless sky.

"Peace, perfect peace," he murmured poetically. "A day of sweet thoughts—"

"Listen to me, you little rat!" came a threatening voice from the other side of the haystack. "I want dough! I've waited long enough. And if I don't get it by to-morrow, I'm coming up to the school! You'll look a bit sick when that new master of yours—Will Hay's his name, ain't it?—gets to hear that one of his boys is gambling!"

There was an unpleasant leer upon Mr. Shadd's big moon of a face. In fact, everything about Mr. Samuel Shadd, bookmaker, was unpleasant. He loomed over young Garnett, of the Fourth Form at Bendover. But, even so, young Garnett was not afraid. He faced up to the bookie with determination.

"Look here, Shadd," he said quietly. "Last term I was fool enough to have a bet with you. I listened to that little reptile Reggie Pyke, who introduced me to you. Those days I had more money than sense. But I don't back horses any more—see?"

"I see," sneered the bookie. "You're going to tell me next that you've joined the Band of Hope. Listen! I want that ten quid you owe me—"

"I paid you!" interrupted Garnett. "I paid you last term, and you know it! And I'm not paying you again—see?"

The bookmaker winked.

"Well, you'll find it hard to make your booming master believe that you paid me, or that you don't back horses more. But you can take this from me, Mister Eric Garnett," said the bookmaker, "unless I get ten quid from you by twelve o'clock, I'm coming up to the school!"

"This is blackmail!" exclaimed young Garnett. "You think I'll pay you twice rather than risk a show-down at the college. Well, you're mistaken! You're not getting another ten quid out of me, and that's final—"

"O.K. with me!" said Mr. Shadd. "You can expect me up at the school this afternoon. That big lallapalooza—Will Hay—will be interested. I've heard from Master Reggie Pyke that he's a sap!"

"He's not such a sap as Reggie Pyke thinks," said Garnett. "Anyway, leave him out of it. He's a master of Bendover, and entitled to respect."

"Oh, yeah?" drawled Mr. Shadd. "Well,

we'll see. So-long, Master Garnett! You won't be wearing your old school tie this time to-morrow. You'll be fired. I— Oooohh!"

He broke off with a wild yell and staggered back, clashing his jaw where young Garnett's fist had smitten it.

"If I'm going to be fired," exclaimed the youngster, "I'll at least know I've left you a keepsake, you dirty blackmailer! Hold that!"

Smack!

Will Hay, now wide awake and vastly interested, nodded brightly to himself as he heard a second thud and a gasp. He remembered that the lanky, raw-boned Garnett packed a hefty punch in each fist.

"You young devil!" howled the flabby bookmaker, staggering back. "That settles it! I'll be up at the school—you wait! I'll fix you!"

"Beat it, before I rock you again!" snapped Garnett. "And don't be sure you can fool Mr. Hay; he's not such a sap as he looks!"

Mr. Shadd did not want to hear more. He shuffled off, muttering dire threats. A moment later Garnett came moodily round the other side of the haystack. Despite his brave words, he thought he could expect little else but expulsion if Shadd carried out his threat and came up to the school. There was a worried expression on his face as he munched round the stack, his hands thrust deep into his trousers pockets. He did not notice his Form-master at once, for Will was stretched out in mouth wide open, his nippers perched precariously upon the tip of his nose.

He appeared to be fast asleep, and Garnett, with a sigh of relief, hoped to creep off without disturbing him. In that moment, however, Will opened his eyes.

"Can that be Garnett," he murmured, "or am I seeing things?"

"Yes, it's Garnett, sir," said the junior, turning back.

"Extraordinary!" murmured Will, with a slow shake of his head. "An amazing coincidence! D'you know, Garnett," he went on confidentially, "you'll never believe it, but I've been dreaming about you!"

"Really, sir?"

"Positively!" declared Will, closing one eye

## EXCLUSIVE TO "PILOT"

You'll get the best laugh of the week out of this peppy yarn, starring Will Hay, the one-and-only schoolmaster of screen, stage, and radio fame. He's the sort of schoolmaster you'd like to have at your school—yessir!

and squinting at Garnett over the top of his nose-nippers. "Believe it or not, I'll bet you that a low-down—er—a pal of yours called me a sap and a lallapalooza. But don't be putting an assuring hand on Garnett's shoulder. This man Shadd is a tricky customer. Between us, Garnett, my lad, we'll give him the lesson!"

Garnett's eyes brightened.

"Then you know everything, sir?" he said hopefully. "You heard us talking, of course. You man nestered me to meet him here. He called it my last chance. Sometimes I think he was put up to blackmailing me—"

"You mean by that little war—ahem—between our mutual friend Reggie Pyke and me, Garnett?" asked Will Hay shrewdly, and Garnett refused to give an answer to whether he was the master of the Fourth Form or not, but he did hit the right nail on the head. He went on as if speaking to himself. "Reggie Pyke is a bad egg, I fear. By the time he grows up, he'll smell like a Chinaman's breakfast!" Aloud he added: "So you've seen the folly of your ways, have you, Garnett? You don't back the good-ones now?"

"No, sir. On my word, sir! I just had one bet with Shadd last term, like a fool, and when I had paid him I swore I wouldn't back horses again!"

"You are wise, my lad. I remember looking—er—however, maybe we can teach the Shadd person where he gets off—that is to say, we can teach him a lesson; prove to him in our own original fashion, that blackmail doesn't pay. Garnett, I've got an idea!"

"Have you, sir?" piped up Garnett.

"I have. Lend me your ears, as Oliver Cromwell said—"

"Wasn't it Shakespeare's Brutus in 'Julius Caesar,' sir?" asked Garnett.

"You should know, my lad—you should know," chimed Will Hay. "After all, you have one of the cleverest masters in the school to teach you. Anyway, lend me your ears while I an idea unfold. And if it doesn't suit you, Mister Clever Shadd that he can't do that there 'ero with a Bendover boy, I'll eat my blackboard!"

"GOOD-AFTERNOON, boys!"

"Good-afternoon, sir," called Will Hay, who seemed in high spirits.

Without exercising his customary caution, he sat down on his high-backed chair in the Fourth Form Room. He did not know that the seat of that chair and the patent leather had been smeared liberally with soap by the schoolboy who had been dreaming about him. Will Hay was beaming cheerfully as he sat over his nose-nippers and proceeded to doze the roll. That task done, he rapped out a few desultory sentences. As he leaned forward, he knew that the seat of the chair had been greased for his gown held fast.



"He's been clearing his throat," we will be off—-that is, we will commence in the same manner which requires an answer or

beamed with good nature as he

beamed with his nose-pickers; then—

"How ever so gracious!" he murmured suddenly.

"I've been kindly to my study. I have

smiled I am wearing the wrong gown;

Dr. Shrubub, the Fourth fell alarmingly.

Dr. Shrubub, the skipper of the Form and

the best practical jokers, was openly

of the best of his feet he who had smeared the

with glue. Added Will Hay, slipping

of the gown without standing up, "take

along to the Doctor, with my

of the gown

"I can't, sir," said Smart.

Will Hay, now free of the gown, stood up

and bowed at the boy over his spees.

"Do I hear you aright, my lad? I order

you to take the gown along to Dr. Shrubub, with

my apologies. There is no such thing as

Very well, sir," said Smart, colouring to

the roots of his hair, and he snatched at the

and there was a rending sound, which

Will Hay round with a jerk. Then a

single played round the corners of his

mouth. For the gown had split in two. One

half of it was in Smart's hands; the other half

remained glued to the chair.

"How interesting! How quaint!" murmured

Will Hay. "Dr. Shrubub will be pleased, I'm

sure. That gown will cost you anything up to

some. That gown will cost you anything up to

some. That gown will cost you anything up to

some. That gown will cost you anything up to

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"The man Shadd is up!" shouted the bookie, pushing his way past the porter and strolling swift glance round the class, and will saw him Pyke. "I've got something important to tell

bookie, turning to Will. "My name is Shadd,

just in case you don't know."

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Shadd!" beamed

Will. "What's the big one?"—"Er—that is, I

understand that you have business with one of

my scholars."

"You bet I've!" nodded the bookie, looking

ugly. "Young Garnett owes me a tenner

over a bet, and he won't cough up the dough!

I told him I'd come up if he didn't pay, and

ere I am. 'Ow about it?"

"Quite!" nodded Will. "A debt of honour

is a debt of honour. Garnett, I am shocked!

Stand up! Backing horses at your time of

life! Disgraceful! By the way, Shadd," went

on Will Hay, lowering his voice, "if I should

find anything for the three o'clock at

Epsom—"

"You're on," grinned the bookie. "But

about this tenner—"

"Of course!" beamed Will. "How forgetful

of me! Are you in a position to settle this

debt of honour, Garnett?"

"Yes, sir," answered Garnett, catching the

meaning gleam in Will's eye. "I've some

money up in the dormitory."

Mr. Shadd blinked. He hadn't expected

this. Neither Will Hay nor Garnett seemed

worried.

"Nip up-stairs and get it!" ordered Will,

glancing at his watch and holding his head.

"Don't be all day about it!"

Will noted with satisfaction that the time

was now two minutes past three.

Garnett was back in very good time, even

though he had passed long enough to put a

telephone call through to the village to inquire

the result of the three o'clock race.

"Quick work!" said Will, as the junior

handed over a thin wad of notes. One—two—

three—"he counted, his eyes upon a slip of

paper, which read: "Willie the Weesper—

20 to 1." A note which told him that Willie

had won the three o'clock at a very nice price.

"The amount's right—but only just!" he

beamed, palming the slip and handing the

money to the amazed bookie. "That makes

everything square between you and Garnett!

I will deal with the boy myself."

"Sure!" nodded Shadd, winking at Reggie

Pyke. "Y'know, teacher, it's true that a

muig is born every minute."

"So I've heard!" nodded Will, squinting

over his nose-pickers at the fussy face of

Reggie Pyke. "But a fellow would have to

get up early to catch 'em."

"Let your life, teacher," agreed the bookie.

"There are no flies on Sammy Shadd! Do

you still want to have a bit on the three

o'clock?"

"Thanks for reminding me!" beamed Will.

"Very nice of you, I'm sure! I'll have a

pound on Willie the Weesper!"

The bookie regarded him with pitying eyes.

"It's still true about a muig being born

every minute," he said. "That animal

doesn't stand a dog's chance!"

"Very nice of you, I'm sure!" returned Will.

"Willie's a racehorse, not a whippet. Allow

me to see you off the premises, Mr. Shadd!

Maybe we can find out the result of the race

before we part?"

"I don't suppose it does," returned Will.

"Three o'clock result—pa-pa-er!"

"I'll get you the result, teacher," smirked

Mr. Shadd. "Here, boy—"

He took the newspaper, squinted casually at

it, then blinked—and blinked—and blinked!

"What's the trouble, Shadd?" asked Will,

squinting into the bookie's lowering counte-

nance. "Bad news?"

"Bad news, you call it!" snorted Shadd,

waving the newspaper under Will's nose.

"While the Weesper rumped 'ome at twenty

to one!"

"Ah, then you owe me twenty pounds,"

Will reminded him, "and you can pay up

now! A debt of honour is a debt of honour,

as we've agreed!"

"I'll pay up!" growled the bookie. "But

you'll 'ave to give me a receipt for the

dough!" he added artfully.

"Delighted, my dear fellow!" declared Will,

not realising why the bookie wanted his signa-

ture. "Anything to oblige!"

Having carefully checked the wad of notes,

he scrawled his name upon one of the bookie's

billboards; then, still beaming, he squinted over

the top of his nose-glasses and gave a vigorous

nod of his head. "Yes, you were certainly



"If I'm going to be fired," exclaimed young Garnett, "I'll at least know I've left you a keep-  
 sake! Hold that!" Smacked Will Hay, resting on the other side of the haystack, chuckled  
 approvingly, as Garnett's clenched fist caught the rascally bookie a wallop under the chin.

right!" he declared, stuffing his winnings into his hip pocket. "Indubitably!"

"What 'y'ou mean by that?" snarled Sam Shadd suspiciously.

"You were right when you said a mug is born every minute!" explained Will. "You follow me?"

REGGIE PYKE was out early next morning—so early, in fact, that at seven o'clock he was ringing the bell of the Hailway Hotel in Doodlebury.

"I want to see Mr. Shadd!" he said to the house-lender, sleepy-eyed boy who opened the door to him. "I'll go up!"

He ran up the stairs, crept along the first-floor landing, and burst into a bed-room without troubling to knock at the door.

The occupant of the bed sat up like an infuriated jack-in-the-box, his greasy hair standing on end.

"What the heck are you doing 'ere at this hour, you little huggworm?" demanded Sam Shadd, with a torrent of abuse. "What's the big idea?"

"I thought you'd be pleased to see me, you dirty crog!" sneered Reggie Pyke. "Why didn't you meet me last night, as arranged? I've come for my half of the tenner we bluffed out of Garnett. I know he'd pay up. Fork out, Shadd, or I'll blow the gaff!"

"Oh, yeah?" drawled the bookie, with a wolfish grin.

"Oh, yeah!" mocked Pyke. "Cough up my fever!"

"I haven't got a fever in the world, you little slug!" snarled Sam Shadd. "Willie the Weeper came home at twenty to one, so I had to hand over Garnett's tenner to Will! Ay, and another one with it! Twenty beautiful quid! Now 'op it, you little rat, before I turn nasty. I'll—"

"Listen, Sam!" cut in Pyke, a gleam of excitement in his cunning eyes. "You're not trying to bluff me, are you? I mean, Will Hay did actually win twenty pounds on Willie the Weeper?"

"Course 'e did!" growled the bookie. "I can prove it! I made 'im give me a receipt for the dough—"

"Oh, good egg!" cried Pyke, in evil glee. "We've got the matter just where we want him, old man! You don't like him much, do you?"

"Like 'im!" snorted the bookie. "You bet I do! I always love any mug who knocks me up a catcher for twenty snackers! Like 'im!"

"Then, listen!" ordered Pyke, dropping his voice to a confidential note. "Give me that receipt, and I'll have him booted out of Bend-over in about two shakes of a gnat's rudder. How do you like that?"

"Grand!" grated the bookie vindictively. "But what 'ave you got against this Will 'Ay?"

"Lots!" There was an ugly glint in Pyke's mean little eyes as he snarled the word. "Him and old Shrub! I hate 'em both! Will Hay's always making me look a sap in front of the class, and old Shrub's doing my father out of a job as Head! With that receipt, Sam, I'll have 'em both booted out of Bendover before the day's out!"

"And how are you going to do that?"

"Leave it to me, old man!" leered Pyke, tapping the side of his snub nose. "Stand on by me, Reggie!"

"O.K.," grinned Shadd, reaching for his trousers, which were flung across a chair by the bedside. "The receipt's yours. I only made the sap sign for his dough so that I could 'old it over him later on."

"You leave that to me. Once I've got this quid—or my father will—with pleasure!"

"It's a deal!" grinned Shadd, and the receipt changed hands.

Reggie Pyke's fat face was wearing a cunning snarl as he made his way back to the school, and that he was still well in evidence when Will Hay breezed into the classroom for morning school.

"Good-morning, boys!"

"Good-morning, sir!"

"And a very nice morning, too!" declared Will, his gown billowing as he strode to his

desk and seated himself. "Most of you are li-o-abeds, hugging the sheets until the last moment; but we're not like that, are we, Pyke?"

Screwing up one ginlet orb, he squinted over his nose-nippers and watched Reggie's plump cheeks turn a deep shade of red.

"I don't know what you're getting at!" growled Pyke, his smirk giving place to an ugly scowl.

"Then, I will enlighten you, my lad," beamed Will. "Like myself, you were abroad at an early hour this morn, before the fields were properly aired, and the scarecrows yawning in the sunrise!"

"Oh!" gasped Reggie. "I didn't see you."

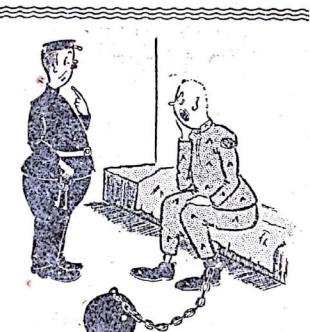
"No! I'm not surprised, my lad," remarked Will Hay. "But I saw you, and I saw you enter a pub—that is, a low-down tavern. Do I have to remind you, Reginald Pyke, that a public-house is out of bounds to a Bend-over boy?"

Reggie Pyke gasped.

"I don't think you have taken to looking on the wine when it is red," went on the Form-master reprovingly. "I rather fancy you called to see a certain gentleman who thinks that a mug is born every minute. Do I make myself clear?"

"I—I—I—" stuttered Reggie.

"Before the morning is over, Reginald Pyke, I propose to dust the seat of your pants with this—Will Hay held up a cane. "Kindly report to me, after last lesson."



"Who said time hangs heavy on the hands?"

Licking his lips in apprehension, Reggie Pyke sat down, and lessons proceeded. But during throughout the morning Will Hay kept asking himself a question:

"What was the little wart up to? What game has he got on with our mutual friend Mr. Slinny Shadd?"

He was soon to know.

"GENTLEMEN," said Colonel Chatterton, later in the morning, "I have put to you!"

A meeting of governors was being held at Bendover, and the colonel, in his capacity as Chairman of the Board, was addressing individual with a tall, lean shaped head, and a beaky nose and an egg-nose like a rasp of a file. An iron-willed martinet, he was the bitter enemy of penny wastepikes and gambling of all descriptions.

"My suggestion," Chatterton went on in his sour manner, "concerns Doctor Shrub and the master of the Fourth Form!"

"Will Hay!" chanted the governors, making a note upon their little pads.

"Will Hay!" echoed Colonel Chatterton, holding his shiny head. "Shrub is getting too old for his important post, and this man

Hay is little better than a huggworm, a fellow who gives his boys far too much pocket money."

"Who told you that?" demanded Silas Heather, Doddelebury Grange, a red-faced, heavy-set yeoman, it was his rule in life to have the tattle, man!"

"It isn't tittle-tattle!" raised Colonel Chatterton, purring at such a display of respect.

"I got my information from the father of one of Will Hay's best friends."

"Boy, eh?" snorted old Heather. "Please!"

"Pyke!" answered the chairman, a stout, definitely. "He is the son of Doodlebury Pyke."

"I'd give this young Pyke a tanning every day and two on Sundays!" declared Silas Heather, on that grounds do you regard word of a little end who speaks to his father's

"It is only right that Reggie should see I am going to suggest that your friend Doddelebury replaces Dr. Shrub as headmaster of

"Oh, ho!" chorled old Heather, raising his hands together. "So that's the method the coconut! Well, Mister Chairman, you're nothing against the character of Will Hay."

He broke off as a faint rustling sound came from behind him, and on looking round he saw that a slip of paper had been pushed under the door.

"What's this?" he grunted, pushing his chair back and striding heavily across the carpet. He picked up the paper and scanned it out, his shrewd eyes staring hard as he read the inscription:

SAM SHADD,  
Commission Agent.

Scrawled across the billhead was the following: Received of Sam Shadd the sum of £200 winnings on Willie the Weeper. (SIGNED) WILL HAY.

At the bottom of the bill was another statement, written in bold black letters: "Will Hay is a born gambler, a disgrace to the school. Sack him!"

A thunder-cloud upon his brow, old Silas was about to slip the paper into his pocket when the rasping voice of Colonel Chatterton rang through the room.

"What have you got there, Heather?"

"Nothing much," answered old Silas. "Anyway, it isn't cricket to take any notice of a sneaking skunk who doesn't sign his name!"

"As Chairman of the Board, I insist upon seeing that note!" snapped Chatterton.

"Hand it to me at once!"

"There you are!" growled Silas, handing the receipt across the table. "We'll just treat it with the contempt it deserves!"

"I think differently," rasped Chatterton as he had glanced at the paper, he thumped the table with his elbow. "I always supposed that this Hay person was a gambler, but therefore a bad influence! A bucker of horses!"

"A shudder ran through the colonel's lean frame. "A client of Bendover's low-down bookmaker! A master at Bendover! Ugh! Where's Dr. Shrub—why doesn't he put in an appearance. I'll go and fetch him myself!"

"Please do," said old Silas Heather thoughtfully, and the moment the telephone and the room he picked up a telephone and asked for Mr. Shadd's number.

"The bookie's throatsy voice came over the wire."

"Who wants me—who is it?"

"This is the Board of Governors of Bendover College," Mr. Heather informed him.

"It appears that a member of your staff has been doing business with you."

"Shadd!"

"Yes, that's right," came the answer. "Will Hay's the name—and the blighter touched me for twenty tickers."

Silas Heather frowned.

(Continued on page 227.)



