

7 SUPER STORIES, ILLUSTRATED JOKES, CARTOONS, etc., INSIDE!

The PILOT 2^D

No. 75. Vol. 3. Week Ending
March 6th, 1937.

Every Friday.



STAINLESS



WILL



LEONARD

HENRY



ALEX

JAMES



SIXTON

BLAKE

ALL THESE STARS APPEAR INSIDE!

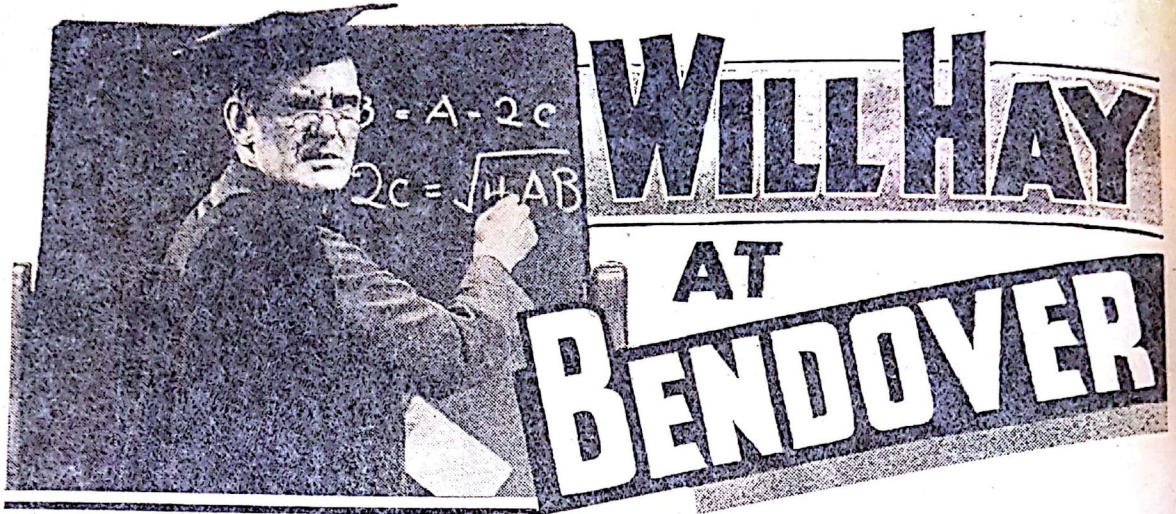


Photo by Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures, whose latest film starring WILL HAY will shortly be shown at your local cinema. Look out for it.—Ed.

GOOD-MORNING, boys!" "Good-morning, sir!" Will Hay, master of the Fourth Form at Bendover, breezed across the room and sat down at his desk, but not before he had slanted a suspicious glance at the seat of his chair. He knew all about that schoolboy joke with the drawing-pin.

Having called the roll, he perched his glasses on the end of his nose and squinted round at his scholars. Most of the boys looked reasonably clean and tidy at that hour of the day, but Will's brow puckered with displeasure as he fixed a gimlet eye upon the shining, moon-like face of Tubby Green.

"Green!"

"Yes, sir?"

"Stop chewing the end!" ordered Will sternly. "What are you eating?"

"Nothing, sir!"

"Then swallow it at once, and pay attention to me!" Will nodded to the Form in general, as though to convey the impression that he was a stickler for discipline. "Any questions this morning?" he went on, gazing round over the top of his nose-nippers.

"Yes, sir!" cried Havers brightly.

"Drat the boy!" muttered Will, with an inward groan. "Yes, Havers?" he beamed. "I'm glad to find you still thirsting for knowledge, so to speak! What is it you want to know, my boy?"

"Do you know Himazaz, sir?"

"Do I, know what?" demanded Will.

"Do you know Himazaz, sir?"

"Himazaz?" echoed Will, biting his lip. "I suppose you—er—really mean Himazaz? Margate wouldn't do, would it?"

"No, sir!" answered Havers. "It must be Himazaz!"

"Well—er—let me see!" murmured Will, stroking his chin with a reflective forefinger and thumb. "As a man who has travelled the world, I know Himazaz, of course, but only very slightly! I—er—never stayed there for any length of time. Too much malaria about! Look it up in the gazetteer!" Will coughed, and stared hard at Havers. "You understand, my boy?" Then, addressing the class as a whole: "Any more questions?"

"Yes, sir!"

Will groaned.

"The little poultice!" he muttered, beaming upon Havers. "What is it this time, my boy?"

"Do you know Himazaz, sir?"

"I've just told you that I know it only slightly!" replied Will, his voice running up the seals. "Hang it all, my boy, don't you understand plain English? 'Hem—to be perfectly frank, I don't know anything at all about Himazaz!'"

"That's a pity, sir!" said Havers, a picture of disappointment.

"Why is it a pity?" demanded Will. "What do you want to know about Himazaz?"

"I want to know where he is, sir!"

"Where who is?" gritted Will, with a mirthless smile. "Where who is?"

"Him-as-has stolen my indiarubber, sir!" answered Havers.

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

"O boy! O boy! O boy!" chortled Tubby Green.

"Silence!" cried Will, glaring round the room. "That's not funny, young Havers! In fact, I think it's very silly! What's more, I'm putting my foot down from now on! This Form's going to be ruled with a rod of iron! No more messing about, mark you, or you're for it!"

Nodding a warning, he walked across to the blackboard and waited for the excited whispering to die down. He had a new stick of chalk in his hand.

"We will devote the first part to writing your weekly letters home!" he announced. "Smart!"

"Yes, sir?" answered the japer-in-chief, his freckled face shining with innocence.

"What is to-day's date, my boy?"

"Twenty past nine, sir!" answered Jerry.

"I asked for the date, you little wart, not the time!" snorted Will. "It's the fifteenth, isn't it?"

"All day, sir!"

"Then why didn't you say so at once," demanded Will.

Turning his back upon the Form, Will essayed to write the date upon the blackboard, frowning with annoyance when he found that the new stick of chalk made no impression at all; the blackboard remained blank!

"Strange," he muttered, closing one eye and squinting at the chalk. "It's a bit on the soft side, but it ought to write, confound it!"

Trying again, he pressed hard upon the chalk, but still he couldn't get a result. The blackboard still remained blank.

HAY.....!!!!

He's made you laugh on the screen.

He's made you laugh on the stage.

He's made you laugh on the radio.

**NOW WILL HAY IS HERE, IN
PRINT, TO KEEP YOU LAUGHING!**



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"Queer," went on Will, tilting his mortar-board over his right ear and scratching his head. "Rummy, you might say!"

His scholars were watching him furtively as he tried to write the date for the third time, an explosive titter breaking from them when Will lost his temper, muttered fiercely, and flung the offending chalk hard upon the floor.

"Dash it!" he shouted; and no sooner did the chalk strike the floor than it bounced upwards and hit him in the eye.

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

"O boy! O boy! O boy!"

"Silence!" shouted Will, swinging round and and fixing a watery eye upon the frockled face of Jerry Smart. "Have I got to thank you for planting a stick of rubber chalk upon my desk?" he demanded sternly.

"Oh, no, sir!" cried Jerry. "You don't have to thank me at all!"

"Oh, I don't, don't I?" nodded Will. "That's very kind of you! Now come out here, for I'm going to dust your pants for you! And here's something else you'd better know! From now on I'm not standing any nonsense! A boy who tries any funny stuff is asking for trouble! Bend over, you young rascal!"

Taking a new cane off the mantelpiece, Will moistened his palms and prepared to give Jerry Smart three of the best where they were calculated to do most good.

Jerry, unperturbed, turned his head and winked at the Form.

"One!" called Will, laying on the first stroke.

"Ooooh!" squealed Jerry, wriggling.

"Two!" chimed Will, delivering the second stroke.

"Ooooo-er!"

"Three!" cried Will, putting an extra bit of ginger behind the last swipe.

BANG!

The cane, specially prepared by young Jerry Smart, exploded with an ear-splitting report which made Will leap about three feet into the air and go reeling across the room, the Form hooting with merriment as he lost his balance, grabbed two handfuls of thin air, and fell backwards into a roony wastepaper-basket. Here he remained, for a full minute, wedged and helpless, staring round dazedly over the top of his nippers, which were still perched aslant upon the tip of his nose.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"O boy! O boy! O boy!"

"Silence!" roared Will, struggling out of the basket. "Funny! Very funny!" he added, with a sly grin at Jerry Smart. "Smart, you were one too smart for me that time. Ahem! We'll let it pass!"

The laughter subsided, for the Fourth

realized that Will Hay had taken the jape just like a real sportsman. "We will now proceed with the business of writing home to your parents," said Will. "And don't forget to tell them what young reveals you are!"

ONLY the diligent scratching of many pens disturbed the quietude of the Form-room. Indeed, the half-hour allotted to "writing home" was per- allotted to the one half-hour of the week to which Will's scholars gave their whole and undivided attention.

Having studied the news in the morning paper, Will looked up and addressed the Form. "Bring your papers to me as soon as you've finished," he said.

At once Reggie Pyke, Jerry Smart, and Havers clattered across the floor and surrendered letters to Will. There was a cunning glint in Pyke's mean little eyes which Will did not miss.

"I wonder what the wart's up to this time?" he mused, scratching the back of his head with a pencilholder. "No good, I'll bet!"

Dismissing the cad of the Fourth from his mind, he turned his attention to the letter which Jerry Smart had written to his young brother, at a prep school, his interest increasing with every word he read.

"Dear Stinker," began the scrawled epistle. "You ask me what our new Form-master is like. You remember Pongo? Our master's a bit like him, only not so good-looking. He's a sly old bird, too. Sometimes he pretends to be entering things in his register, when all the time he's trying to pick out winners in a racing paper that's inside the register. But he doesn't know that we're tripped, of course. We get on all right, and I know he's very fond of me—Your loving brother,

"GERALD ANSTRUTHER SMART."

"P. S.—Please send stink-bombs, as promised."

Will looked up from the letter, squinted across at Jerry Smart, and rubbed hard at his eyes. The japer-in-chief, his hands clasped sedately in front of him, was gazing dreamily into space, an angelic expression upon his freckled countenance.

"Anstruther!" snapped Will, rapping the desk.

A hot flush rushed into Jerry's cheeks, but he continued to gaze into space.

"Anstruther!" repeated Will, louder this time.

Still Jerry appeared to be deaf, and the other fellows looked about the room in surprise. Anstruther was a new one on them! And what a name to go to bed with!

"Gerald Anstruther Smart!" called Will, in ponderous tones.

Jerry, his cheeks flaming, sat up with a start.

"Did you speak, sir?" he asked politely; but there was a warning glitter in his eyes.

"I did, my dear Anstruther!" beamed Will. "O boy! O boy! O boy!" exploded Tubby Green, and a ripple of merriment ran round the Form-room.

"Tell me, my boy," Will went on, squinting at his nipper at Jerry, "who is this Pongo mentioned in your letter?"

"Pongo, sir?" echoed Jerry, as though in response. "Oh, Pongo's a pet we had, but

"What kind of pet?" pressed Will. "A noble and handsome creature, no doubt?"

"No, sir, it wasn't particularly handsome," Jerry, with a cheeky grin. "Pongo was a cross-breed Brazilian baboon, sir, with a horrible squint."

"What is that so?" nodded Will. "I won't squint at. Ahem!" Get on with your letter—squint everybody!"

Will frowned puzzledly as he spread out a letter to his father, Dunkley Pyke, a schoolmaster who was seeking a position at the

moment. It was usual for Reggie to write no more than half a dozen lines, but this letter was a lengthy document, and the lines were widely spaced.

"Rummy!" mused Will, after he had run through the letter. "There appears to be little wart gave me a dirty look when he handed me the screed!"

With Pyke's letter still clutched in his hand, he walked across to the fireplace and took up hands behind his back. In this comfortable position he ran his eye over the class before resuming his reading of Pyke's letter.

"What's the joke, Pyke?" he asked, catching a smirk upon the cad's foxy face.

"A thought just flashed into my mind, sir!" Will. "Though I feel sorry for the poor little thing. It's going to be darned lonely, all by itself!"

Having warmed himself sufficiently, Will strode back to his desk and spread out Pyke's letter for a second reading. Then he gave a spaced lines of writing had appeared other lines, which hadn't been there before. "Invisible ink, eh?" mused Will thoughtfully. "And the heat of the fire has brought it to life. Hem!"

"Dear Pa," read Will, "I've got a grand idea for getting that old fool Hay out of Bendover. And Dr. Shrubbs, as well, if we work our cards properly! Having got those two the chuck, you'll be able to step in and become headmaster. Here's the wheeze: Get Croker, your gardener, to come to Bendover and pretend to be a near relation of Hay's. Bribe him to kick up a real old shine and make a nuisance of himself. Get the idea, pa? I've never seen Croker sober, but that will be all the better, won't it? I mean, if he turns up a bit oiled. Hay will be fired for a certainty, and I expect old Shrubbs will go, as well, for having engaged Hay. It's up to you, pa!"

"Cherio!"

Smiling sweetly, Will looked up and peered over his nose-glasses at the crafty face of Reggie Pyke.



Will Hay put his beef into that swipe: he wanted to teach young Jerry Smart a lesson. But Will nearly turned a double somersault when the specially-repaired cane exploded in his hand, giving him the shock of his life.

"The PILOT"

"As I said before, my dear Dr. Shrub, "I flew the Channel—"

"Ah, that's different!" grinned Kelly. "Listen, mister! I ain't Dr. Shrub, and if you want to see the 'Ead, you'll 'ave to drive round to 'is 'ouse! The cabby knows the way!"

"Thanks very much, I'm sure!" hiccupped the stranger, lifting his brown bowler politely and falling backwards through the open door of the cab.

"Don't mench!" begged Kelly, hoisting him into the decrepit vehicle and slamming the door. "I know the 'Ead'll be pleased to see yer! I don't think!"

It was about five minutes later when the school butler tapped respectfully upon the door of the Head's study.

"Come in!" called Dr. Shrub. "A person insists upon seeing you, sir!" announced the butler, with a fastidious sniff. "Who is he?" demanded the Head. "What's his name?"

"The name, my dear old Dr. Shrub," said the purple-nosed stranger, pushing his way past the butler, "is George Pyke—Mister George Pyke—the long-lost brother of Mister Dunkley Pyke! I've come to see my dear nephew Reggie, whom I last saw when he was so high!"

He held up forefinger and thumb to illustrate his meaning, which made Reggie two inches in height when he last saw his Uncle George.

"I'm tickled to death to meet you, Dr. Shrub!" added the visitor, producing a frayed cigar and proceeding to light up.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Pyke?" asked the Head, frigidly polite. "If, as you say, you haven't seen Reggie for some years, I will send for him at once! Rawson," he said, turning to the shocked butler, "tell Mr. Hay to send Pyke to me at once! Hurry, please!"

The Head heaved a deep sigh of relief when the door opened and Reggie Pyke sidled furtively into the study. Behind him came Mr. Hay, his Form-master, and there was a merry twinkle in Will's eyes.

"Well, well, if it ain't our young Reg!" shouted Uncle George, jumping up and throwing loving arms round the astonished junior. "Don't you know your old nunky, Reg?"

Gripping the horrified youngster's shoulders, he held him at armslength and beamed into his bewildered eyes; then, as though overcome by avuncular affection, he pulled Reggie towards him and gave him a smacking kiss upon the forehead.

"If you ain't the dead spit of your father!" went on Uncle George. "The same long nose and ferrely eyes. Ain't you pleased to see your old nunky, Reg? Hic!"

"Take your filthy paws off me, you rotter!" shouted Pyke, glaring about him like a trapped animal. "Leggo, you—"

"That is not the way to talk to your uncle, Pyke!" came the Head's stern rebuke.

"He's not my uncle!" cried the junior, shedding tears of fury. "I've never seen his ugly mug before in my life! Pa-hasn't got a brother—"

"Oh, yes, he has—hic," broke in Uncle George; "but I won't say that he's proud of me. Ysee, Reg, I'm a rolling stone, the black sheep of the family—hic—but I've returned to the fold at last. Ain't you going to introduce your long-lost nunky to your little play-mates?"

"That's the very thing I was about to suggest!" said Will, squinting at the fuming Reggie over his nose-nippers. "I'm sure your nephew will be delighted to entertain you during your visit. And don't hurry to get away, Mr. Pyke. To-day's a half-holiday, so Reggie will be able to show you all over the school. First of all," Will went on, "we'll go to the Fourth Form Room, for I can see that Reggie is eager for you to meet Jerry Smart, and Havers, and the rest of the boys!"

"Well, so-long, old sport!" grinned Uncle George, lifting his hat to the Head. "I'll drop in again one of these fine days! Hic! Come on, Reg! Take nunky's hand!"

GRINDING his teeth in impotent fury, Reggie Pyke found himself being walked out of the study arm-in-arm with his Uncle George.

"The more we are together, the merrier we'll be! Hic! Your friends are my friends—"

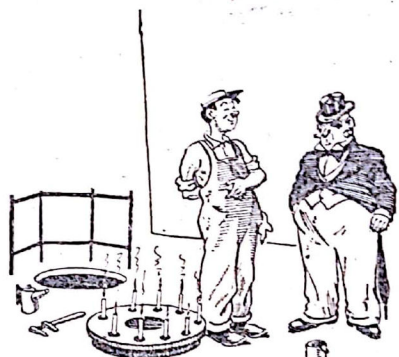
"Shut up, you—you've been drinking!" hissed Pyke, baring his pointed teeth. "You've let me down—you've let the family down, you rotter. Why did you come here?"

"Come come!" chided Will, from the rear. "You should be pleased to see your uncle, Reggie! What sort of baby was he, Mr. Pyke?"

"Hideous little brat!" said Uncle George, "and he don't winking over his shoulder. "And he don't winking to have improved by keeping! Maybe it ain't his fault, though. One day he caught it in the mangle, and it's never been the same since. Ain't that so, Reggie?"

"No, it isn't!" shouted the junior, almost foaming at the mouth. Then, as they neared the Form-room, he changed his tone and in a playful manner, "Wouldn't you like to see the playing fields, Uncle George?" he asked, in an oily, wheedling voice. "The scenery's beautifully round here, and a long walk in the country, out towards the disused quarry—"

"No, my lad, I'm going to—hic—meet your boy friends," insisted Uncle George, as he lurched to a halt outside the door of the Form-room.



"It's all right, boss—it's my birthday to-day!"

A deafening uproar died away as the trio entered the room, for the Fourth had been swift to take advantage of their Form-master's absence; but no sooner did Will's scholars catch sight of the purple-nosed stranger in the draughtboard suit, than a thunderous outburst of laughter threatened to crack the ceiling.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"O boy! O boy! O boy!"

"Silence!" shouted Will, scowling over his nose-nippers. "Can't you see that we've got a visitor with us? Allow me to introduce Reggie Pyke's uncle."

"His uncle?"

"Oh, my hat!"

Will Hay's introduction had caused a sensation, as never for a moment had the Fourth imagined that this seemingly dissolute, drunken lout could be related to any Bend-over boy.

Reggie Pyke looked hot, moist, and uncomfortable, as he faced the Form. Taken all in all, Will's scholars were a happy-go lucky lot of rascals, Reggie being the one and only exception. Reggie, in addition to being a sneak, was a snob as well, for he never tired of bragging about a noble ancestor named Rufus Pyke, who had fought at Agincourt.

And now he'd got to admit close relationship to purple-nosed Uncle George.

"Listen, you fellows," he began, swallowing so hard that his large Adam's apple popped down behind his dickey. "This gentleman is

my uncle, Captain George Pyke, the world famous big game hunter and explorer."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Form, taking it for a prime joke on Pyke's part.

"O boy! O boy! O boy!" chanted Tiddles Green.

"Good-morning, Uncle George!"

"How goes it, my little men?" cried Uncle George, reeling unsteadily. "I'm glad to see you—hic—good health," he added, bringing a flask out of his hip-pocket, at sight of which the Fourth shuddered.

"Uncle George!" implored Pyke.

"What is it, Tiddles?" asked Uncle George. "We always call him 'Tiddles' at home," he explained to the Form, in a hasty, confidential whisper.

"They don't!" shrieked Pyke, will-erred and fuming. "I've never been called Tiddles—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"O boy! O boy! O boy!"

"Let's go for a walk!" shouted Pyke, in desperation, trying to drag Uncle George towards the door. "I want to show you the old quarry—"

"No, I can't allow that, Pyke!" said Will severely. "Uncle George might fall over the edge, then where would you be?"

"Then, please may I show him round the grounds, sir?" asked Pyke, a glint in his crafty eyes.

"Certainly!" returned Will, squinting a suspicious glance at the boy's foxy face. "Would you like me to come with you?"

"Oh, no, sir!" cried Pyke, in his wheedling, oily way. "I wouldn't dream of putting you to that inconvenience, sir! Besides, Uncle George and I have family matters to discuss. Come on, uncle!"

"Well, so-long, my little men!" the visitor waved a cheery farewell with his brown bowler-hat. "I'll be seeing you again, soon!"

"I'll bet you won't!" growled the unhappy Reggie, whose one idea was to get his conspicuous relative as far away from Bendover as quickly as possible.

Reggie's large ears were bright red and burning as he steered his companion down the corridors, for Uncle George insisted upon being formally introduced to every master, senior, and junior they encountered on their way to the door.

"Bye-bye, old sport!" shouted Uncle George, coming face to face with Dr. Shrub on the front steps. "Whoopee!"

"Are you seeing your uncle off the premises, Pyke?" asked the Head, in frigid accents.

"Yes, sir!" stammered Reggie. "I think it's time he went, sir, don't you?"

"I most certainly do!" returned the Head, giving Uncle George a dirty look. "You might explain to him that we do not encourage visitors in mid-term! Good-day to you, sir!"

"So-long, yer Nibs!" grinned Uncle George, blowing a kiss.

"You shouldn't talk to the Head like that, uncle!" protested Pyke, hot-checked and panic-stricken. "The rotter's got his knife into me as it is—him and old Hay—"

"Don't you like Mr. Hay?"

"Could anybody like that old ass?" scoffed Pyke, a contemptuous grin upon his face.

"But he's got a lovely surprise packet coming to him any time now!" His uncle and old Shrub are going out of Bendover on their ear!"

"Vindictive sort of cove, aren't you, Reg?" asked Uncle George.

"You'll see!" returned Pyke darkly. "First of all, uncle," he went on, "I'm going to show you the Javanese glassfish in the pool!"

"The what?" asked Uncle George.

"The Javanese glassfish!" repeated Pyke.

"They're transparent, but you can see 'em flashing about when the sun's on the water."

But you've got to look very closely, of course."

"Of course!" nodded Uncle George.

Reaching the edge of the pool, Reggie Pyke bent himself double and stared and stared into the depths of the murky water. Then, suddenly, he gave a sharp cry and pointed excitedly with a skinny finger.

"There's one, Uncle George!" he shouted.

(Continued on page 540.)

of the green trees that covered the higher slopes was luring them on.

Above the trumpeting of the elephants rose the chant of the Lupus. The natives were driving the beasts with long canes, but taking great care not to irritate them.

Nearer and nearer they drew to the bottleneck of the punchbowl, and Wanda began to run at top speed, because he hadn't one second to spare if he were to save the beasts. He stooped as he ran, streaking upon flying feet to the bottleneck. The elephants were now crowding head to head as they came on, forming a solid screen which hid Wanda from the eyes of the Lupus.

At sight of the running figure of Wanda, the elephants stopped in their tracks, with the opening of the narrow pass not a hundred paces ahead of them. They were used to black men, but few of them had seen the bronzed, muscular white youth clad in leopard skin who flashed across their path. Lifting their trunks, they let out a shattering trumpeting that alarmed the Lupus.

That momentary stoppage gave Wanda the time he needed. At top speed he had covered the last half-mile of grassland, and now he sprang up on a large rock in the pass and faced the elephant herd, with feet spread out and arms outstretched. The wind tossed back his golden hair, played upon the rippling muscles, lit up the blue eyes of the white man of the wilds.

Standing on the rock, Wanda let out the bull-age cry of challenge. It was the call which he often frightened the animal dwellers in the wilds, and he meant to turn the elephants back with it.

Looking up the slope to the foothills, Barney saw the figure of the white man poised upon the rock.

"Suffering snakes!" he yelled. "Look there! Who's he?"

Serpa squinted, shading his eyes against the sun.

"He's a white man," he answered; "but he can't be Wanda. Wanda's back in the forest, Barney."

"That's what you think!" howled Redbeard as he quickened his stride. "Why should he be? Remember that uproar in the camp last night? Somebody was there, and it might have been your accursed Wanda."

The elephants had come to a dead stop, the rear ranks crowding upon those in front. The Lupus were beginning to use their driving-canes and shouting.

Barney Hannan began to run. "Drive 'em up the pass," he howled. "If they try to turn, kill 'em. I'll rattle the hash of this meddling white man." He unslung his rifle and pulled trigger. Wanda offered a splendid target as he stood upon the rock, waving the elephants back.

Ping! The bullet clipped the rock behind Wanda, and like lightning the white savage leapt down.

"Got him," yelled Barney, lowering his rifle.

Serpa thrust an evil face close to Barney's. "If you've killed Wanda of the Wilds I'll kill you for it!" he snarled. "He's the son of a millionaire and he's worth a fortune to us."

As Wanda leaped down, his lips parted in an ape-like howl. At his call, a mighty white elephant pushed its way through the front line of the stationary herd and stood with trunk uplifted and trumpeting.

"Alpha!" called out Wanda, for he and the white elephant were old friends.

"Hrrr-mump!" answered the great elephant, and he knelt for Wanda to clamber on to his back.

With a prod of naked foot and a slap of the

hand, Wanda made the white elephant wheel at the time when the Lupus were scrambling up the rocks for the kill.

Steering the huge animal like a jockey, Wanda urged Alpha forward. The elephant, answering his instructions, began to butt and to use his trunk and tusks to turn the other of the herd about.

The whole front line of elephants wheeled round. The line next to them did likewise, and then the third line, until all were facing the thread of the silver river.

Prodding and urging Alpha on, Wanda saw to his satisfaction the whole herd begin to stampede. The Lupus scattered and ran for their lives with wild yells. Driving a peaceful herd was one thing; standing up to a peace-maddened herd was certain death.

The great white elephant, with Wanda perched behind the huge flapping ears, lumbered into the lead, and, answering Wanda's instructions, headed for the ford of the river. Behind, trumpeting shrilly now, followed the rest of the herd, the earth shaking and quivering to their heavy tread.

From a point of safety Barney and Serpa watched their "fortune in ivory" vanish from sight, oblivious of the mangled bodies of the native beaters who hadn't been quick enough to get clear of the stampeding herd.

As the last of the herd crossed the ford, Barney shook his fist and cursed.

"There goes a fortune! Ever see such tuskers! And lost through a cursed white savage. I wish that bullet had killed him!" Serpa clutched him by the arm, his narrowed eyes bright and greedy.

"Don't worry about the elephants," he said. "Wanda is easier money—you forget, Barney, that his father left a million! You forget, maybe, that someone else is now spending the millions he's not entitled to spend."

"You mean the money really belongs to this white savage?" growled Barney.

"Sure! And it's going to belong to us soon, Barney. Listen—"

And while Wanda was driving the elephants to safety, the two white hunters made plans to capture the millionaire savage and to use him for their own crooked ends.

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"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell of merriment from the bushes behind him.

"O boy! O boy! O boy!" chortled Tubby Green.

"Pyke!" shouted the stern voice of Mr. Hay, the Fourth Form master. "Come out of there at once, you little tadpole. You know perfectly well that bathing is forbidden in the lake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Will's rusty gown was billowing about him as he strode down to the water, his scholars at his heels. Nippers perched aslant upon the end of his nose, he looked a picture of scholastic severity as he watched Reggie Pyke scramble out of the pool.

"What's the big idea?" he demanded, as Pyke stood in front of him, dripping with water. "Look at you!" Will went on, in disgust. "That was a clean collar this morning!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I've swallowed quarts of mud!" wailed Pyke, shuddering.

"What for?" demanded Will. "You've only just had breakfast, you greedy little wart! Oh, by the way," he added, as though suddenly struck by an idea, "I've got something for you, Pyke!"

"Me?" "Your name's Pyke, isn't it?"

WILL HAY AT BENDOVER

(Continued from page 532.)

"And there's another! Look! Look! Bend down, or you'll never see them!"

Obediently, Uncle George bent down and clasped his hands upon his knees, a posture which exposed the broad seat of his pants to anyone who might have planned a treacherous assault upon the most substantial portion of his anatomy.

"Keep looking, Uncle George!" encouraged Pyke, backing away and fixing a crafty eye upon his target. "Can you see any glassfish?"

"I'm darned if I can!" returned Uncle George, still stooping and staring.

"You soon will!" promised Reggie; and, bracing himself, he took a running kick at the seat of Uncle George's pants.

Now, it so happened that Uncle George hopped nimbly aside at that very moment, with the result that Reggie kicked nothing more solid than air and went sailing merrily into the pool.

Splash!

Sending up a shower of dirty water, Pyke disappeared from sight for a good ten seconds, and when at last he returned to the surface he looked like a drowned rat.

He blinked and puffed and snorted as he splashed his way towards the side of the lake, a comic spectacle that made Uncle George throw back his head and go off into howls of throaty laughter.

"Haw, haw, haw!" he bellowed, holding his sides.

WILL HAY will be back again next week in another bright, breezy Bendover yarn. Place your order for "The PILOT" and pass the word to your pals to read about WILL HAY, the greatest fun and laughter merchant in fiction!