

WILL HAY ■ KEN MAYNARD ■ STAINLESS STEPHEN ■ LEONARD HENRY ■ ARTHUR PRINCE etc. **INSIDE!**

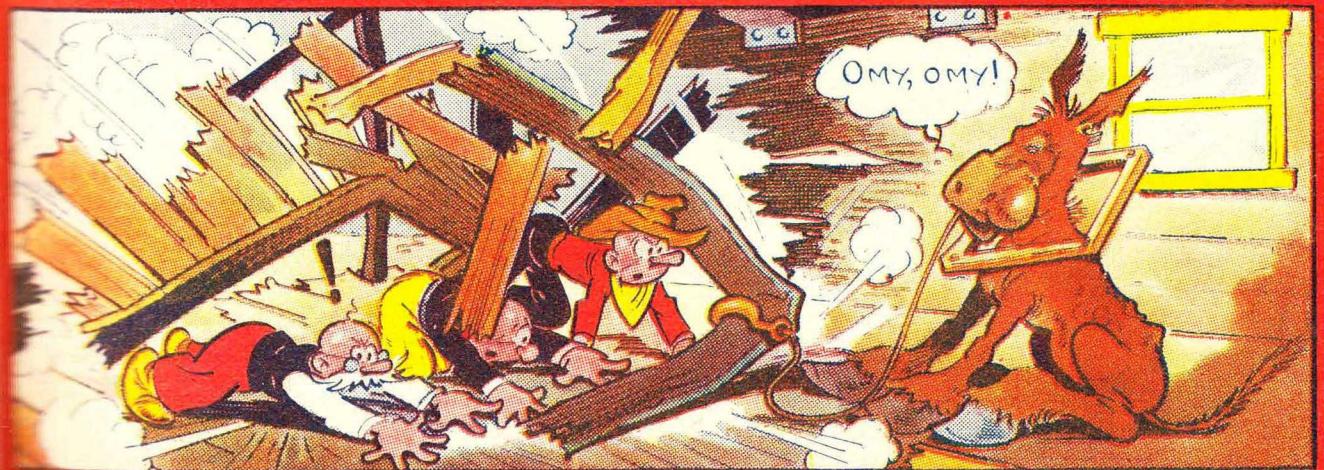
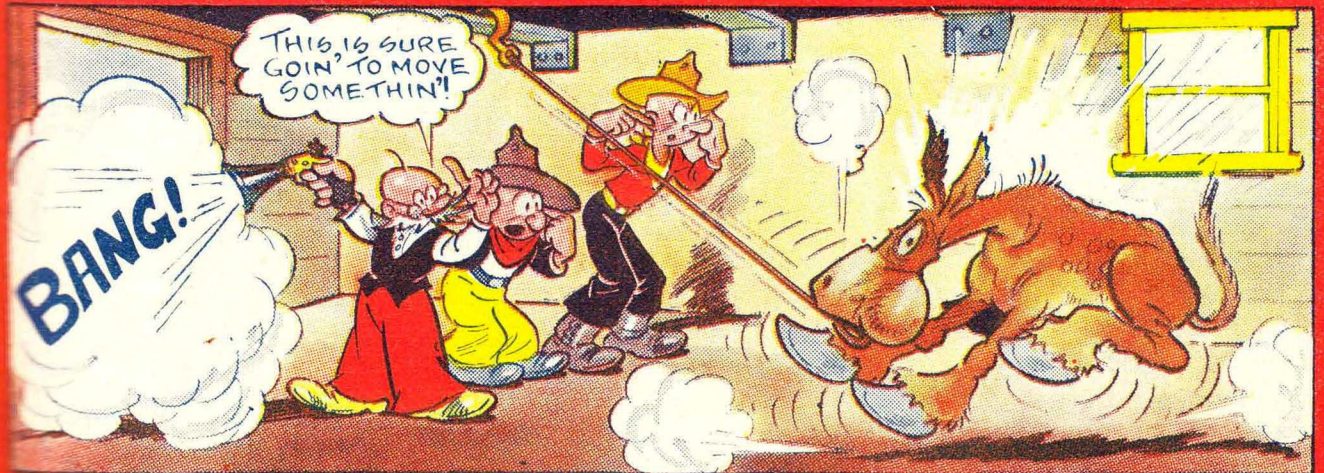
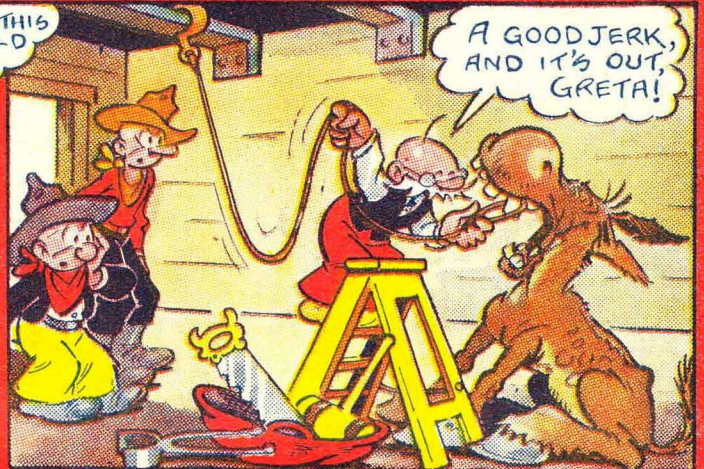
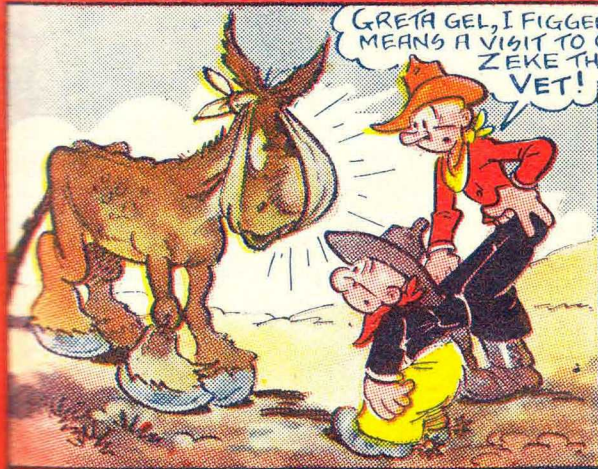


ONE OF OUR STAR CELEBRITIES

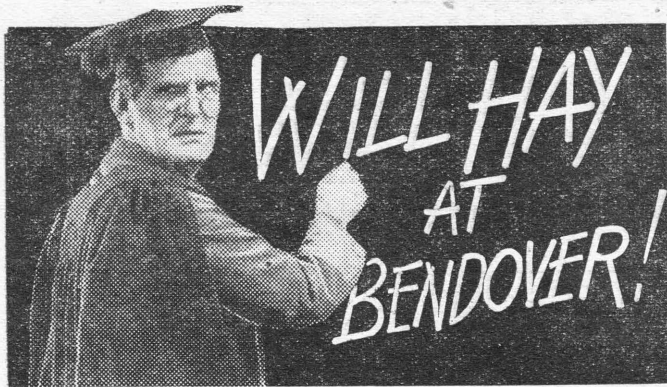
# The PILOT 2<sup>D</sup>

No. 85. Vol. 4. Week Ending May 15th, 1937.

EVERY FRIDAY







**SPECIAL TO "The PILOT" . . . . Will Hay, the full-of-fun Form-master, starring in another mirth-quaking picture-strip and story.**

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

**R**AP! came at the door of Will Hay's study at Bendover School. Will Hay, master of the Fourth, was not in that study. Pyke of the Fourth was in! And now he was very alarmed. Will was in Mr. Choot's study, down the passage. Reggie had crept past Mr. Choot's door on tiptoe. He had been busy in Will Hay's study for several minutes. A cord, tied to the leg of the table and the leg of a heavy armchair, stretched across the study, inside the door—all ready for Will when he came back to his quarters. Having prepared that little surprise for his Form-master, Reggie was prepared to dodge out as cautiously as he had dodged in—when that tap came at the door.

The turning of the door-handle followed the tap, and Reggie Pyke had just time to squat down behind the high back of the armchair. He was barely out of sight when the door opened. "Mon cher 'Ay!" came a squeaky voice.

Reggie, blotted behind the armchair, scowled. It was Monsieur Le Bon, the French master, who had looked in to speak to Will Hay. Reggie could only hope that, finding that the master of the Fourth was not there, Mossoo would clear. If he came in—

He did come in. He had to speak to Will about Fourth-Form boys in the junior French set. He decided to step in and wait for Will. Mossoo Bong, as he was usually called at Bendover, was a plump gentleman, but he was full of vim. He walked with a rapid whisk and he did not see a cord stretched a few inches above the carpet. But he soon discovered that it was there. His ankles caught in it as he whisked, and Mossoo, greatly to his surprise did a sudden nose-dive.

Bump! Mossoo Bong hit the carpet, hard. His features flattened on it. His nose almost dug a hole in it. His well-filled waistcoat banged

on it. Dust rose from the carpet, and wild yells from Monsieur Le Bon.

"Mon Dieu! Urrrh! Ooooh! Ciel! Whoooooooh!"

There was a sound of footsteps in the passage. Will Hay had heard the bump in his study, and the wild howls that followed. He came along quickly to investigate.

"My only hat and sunshade!" exclaimed Will, as he stared in at the doorway over his slanting nose-pincers, amazed to see the French master sprawling in the middle of his study. "What is the name of that game, Mossoo?"

"Ooh! 'Elp!" shrieked Mossoo, "I am bump! I am bang! I have no breff!"

Will Hay rushed to his aid. The next moment he was nose-diving after the French master. Something plucked his feet from under him, and he went forward, headlong. There was another bump in the study.

But Will did not bump on the carpet. He bumped on Monsieur Le Bon. It was rather fortunate for Will that Mossoo was large and round and fat, for Will dropped on him as on a well-stuffed cushion.

"Great Liddell and Scott!" gasped Will Hay. "What—"

"Mon Dieu! Ooooh," moaned Mossoo. "Zat you get off! I am crush!"

Will Hay heaved himself up. He gave Monsieur le Bon a hand, and heaved him up in his turn. He gasped, and Mossoo spluttered. With both hands pressed to his extensive waistcoat, the French master moaned for breath. Will stared round for the cause of the catastrophe.

Something had caught his feet, as he rushed in. A moment more, and he spotted the taut cord.

"Oh!" gasped Will Hay. "I see! That accounts for the coke in the milky nut! Who—what—"

Reggie Pyke, parked behind the armchair, scarcely breathed. That fat ass, Mossoo, had brought Will Hay to the study while Reggie



was still there. Reggie could only hope that he would remain undiscovered.

"Ooooh!" moaned Monsieur le Bon. "Fou—vous etes fou, je crois! Pourquoi cela done? Expliquez!"

"Which?" asked Will Hay.

"Urrh! Expliquez, done!" spluttered Monsieur le Bon. "I come viz myself to speak. I step in a study, I fall over viz myself on one enormous bang! Vy for you done? Je vous dis, expliquez, done."

"No good calling me a donk," said Will Hay, "The donkey who did this does not seem to be here. Not guilty, my lord."

"It is one trick!" spluttered Monsieur le Bon. "You make me to fall viz myself in one enormous bang—"

"Not at all," gasped Will Hay. "I tell you I'm not the donk! Somebody has been here and fixed this up for me. You got it. You're more than welcome! Welcome as the flowers in May. See—that armchair has been shifted out of its place, to hold one end of the cord. Some young rascal—"

Will Hay grasped the high back of the armchair, to wheel it back into its usual place. There was a terrified gasp as he did so. Reggie Pyke, squatting, was suddenly revealed.

"Pyke!" roared Will Hay.

"Oh crikey!" groaned Reggie.

Will Hay's eyes gleamed through his nose-pincers.

"Pyke, will you oblige me by bending over that armchair! I will help you—just a grip on your collar—exactly! Mossoo, there is a case on the table! Do you feel equal to despoil this toad's pants with it?"

"Mais oui!" gasped Monsieur le Bon.

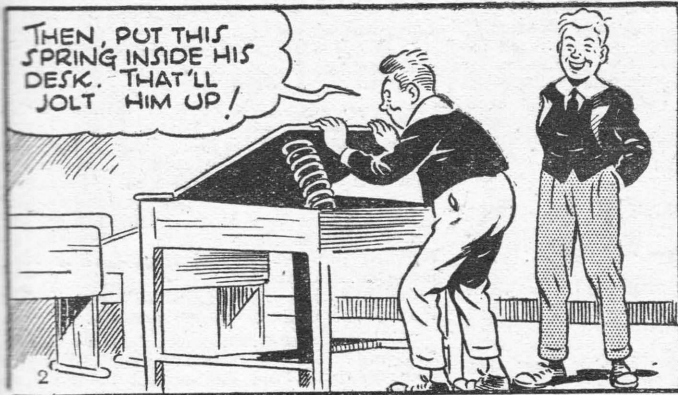
"May we?" repeated Will Hay. "Certainly we may! You first, and then I'll take my turn! Put your beef into it."

"Oh! Ow—wow! Yoo-hoop!" roared Reggie, as the French master got busy with the cane, and dust rose from his trousers. "I see—yooop! Oh crumbs! Oh crikey!"

Reggie squirmed and wriggled and roared, pinned down on the armchair with Will Hay's grip on the back of his collar. Mossoo put quite a lot of beef into it. He whacked and whacked, and whacked, till he was quite tired of whacking, though not so tired as Reggie.

"I think," remarked Will Hay, "that I will





cut out my turn. That is, if you think you have had enough, Pyke? What about it?"

"Yoo-hoo-hooo-hooooop!"

"That sounds like an answer in the affirmative! You may go, Pyke!"

Reggie Pyke scuttled out of the study. He wriggled and squirmed as he went. Round the corner, at the end of the passage, a dozen of the Fourth were waiting for him. They heard him before they saw him! Reggie let out a howl at every wriggle.

"Copped?" grinned Dicky Bird.

"Ow! Oh! Ow! I'll pay them both out for it!" moaned Reggie. "I'll—oooh! I'll—wooh! I'll—ow! ow! ow!"

Reggie wriggled away moaning. In class that afternoon, Reggie sat very uncomfortably on his form. He had planned to make Will Hay sit up. The result had been to make it painful for Reggie to sit down. But Reggie Pyke was going to get his own back—and he fancied he knew how.

"NOW I wonder," remarked Will Hay, "what that means!"

It was the following morning, in break. After leaving the Fourth Form Room, Will had chatted for a few minutes with Dr. Shrub, in the corridor, and then breezed along to Monsieur le Bon's study, to speak to the French master, and make a sympathetic inquiry about his nose, which Mossoo had hurt in his tumble the previous day. Will trickled cheerily into the study, but Mossoo had not yet come away from a French set, and he was about to step out again, when his eye was caught by a paper stuck on the looking-glass. It looked like a leaf torn from a school book of some sort; it was secured to the glass with a dab of gum; and it bore, in large letters, the single word "Cochon!"

Will Hay was not well up in French. He just wondered what it meant, and why Mossoo had put it there. Had he been aware that it meant "Pig," he might have guessed that Mossoo hadn't, but that somebody else had! Not guessing that, Will regarded it with interest. He was regarding it when there was a whisking step in the passage, and Monsieur le Bon came in.

"Ah! Mon cher 'Ay!" said Monsieur le Bon. "Vous—" He broke off suddenly as he saw the paper on the glass. The change that

came over his face startled Will Hay. He stared. He glared! He gurgled!

"Comment!" roared Monsieur le Bon. "Cochon—scelerat—you call me cochon! Vous etes cochon. Ecoutez? Cochon! Cochon! Cochon!"

He brandished a fat fist under Will Hay's startled nose.

"My dear chap!" gasped Will. "What's the matter? Anything wrong? Keepez vous your temper! What the merry mackerel—"

"Peeg!" shrieked Mossoo. "Peeg! Cochon! Peeg!"

"Oh, my only check trousers!" gasped Will. "Is a cochon a pig? I thought it was a cab-driver! I say, keep off—I never called you a pig—not my handiwork—bottle it up, old bean, bottle it up!"

Keeping behind the armchair, he waved the excited Frenchman off. Cochon, he realised, was an awfully insulting word in French. Mossoo was fairly dancing with fury. Finding Will Hay in the study, looking at the paper on the glass, he had jumped to it that Will had put it there. But he made an effort to calm himself.

"Zen who do zis zing?" he hooted.

"How should I know?" protested Will. "I was just looking at it—never saw it before—Keep your wool on, old bean, or you'll disturb those frogs you had for brekker."

"Zen who—"

"Look at the paper," suggested Will. "Might find out something! Take it down and look at it, what?"

"Mais oui!" gasped Mossoo, whisking to the glass.

"You may!" grinned Will, as he shot downward, as soon as the French master was out of the way. "Not me!" And Will performed the vanishing trick. He preferred to wait till Mossoo was calmer before he inquired sympathetically about his nose.

Monsieur le Bon, breathing fury, detached the paper from the glass. He half-believed Will—but only half! He wanted to know! Whoever had called him a "cochon" was going to get it in the neck, and get it hard. It was quite likely that there was a clue in the paper, evidently a leaf from a school book. He scanned it eagerly.

A clue leaped to the eye! That leaf was the title-page from "Dr. Smith's Larger Latin Dictionary." He had seen such a volume in

Will Hay's study. The juniors used "Dr. Smith's Smaller Latin Dictionary," but their Form-master took it in bulk! As if that was not enough, the name of the volume's owner was written on that title-page—"WILL HAY." That side had been gummed on the glass, leaving the blank side for the word "cochon." But the gum was dabbed only at the corners, and the name of Will Hay was quite clear. That settled it—for Mossoo!

"Zat 'Ay!" gasped Mossoo. "Ce cochon—ce scelerat—ce cochon!" He glared round his study, grabbed a golf club from a corner, and rushed out, the insulting paper in one hand, the golf club in the other.

The bell had rung for third school, and the Bendover fellows were in the Form-rooms. Monsieur le Bon rushed for the Fourth Form Room. In that Form-room the Fourth were in their places, and Will Hay was standing at the blackboard, chalk in hand. There was a startled buzz from the Fourth as the French master appeared in the doorway, foaming. Reggie Pyke grinned gleefully, as he saw the paper crumpled in Mossoo's left hand and the golf club brandished in his right. The good Reggie fancied that he was going to get his own back now!

"Look out, sir!" yelled Dicky Bird, as Mossoo rushed in, brandishing the golf club, straight at Will Hay.

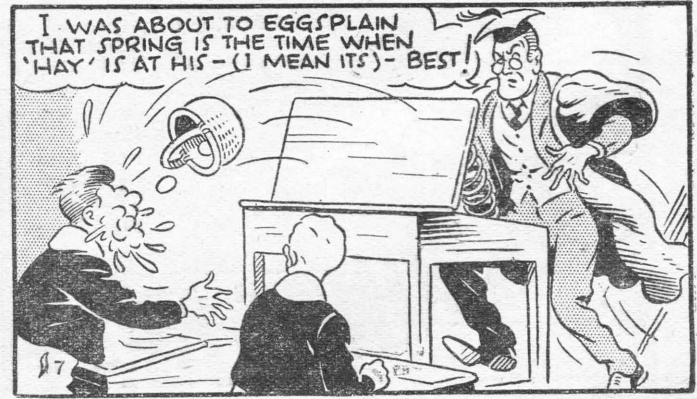
"What?" Will glanced round towards the class. "What do you mean, Bird? What—Oh—ah—oh—what—Whoop!" Will's mortar-board went flying under the first swipe of the golf club. "Why—what—how—why—why—Yaroooop!"

Will bounded away. After him bounded Monsieur le Bon, with the golf club up for another swipe. Will, blinking at him over his shoulder in horror, rushed round the desks. Mossoo rushed after him.

"Suis-je cochon!" he roared. "Peeg! Rottair! Take zat—and zat—and zat—"

"Oh crieke!" gasped Dicky Bird. All the Fourth were on their feet now, in wild excitement and amazement. They gasped as they stared at the chase round the desks. Reggie Pyke chortled—till a swipe of the golf club, missing Will Hay by a yard, caught him across the shoulders. Then Reggie yelled instead. Will Hay got back to the blackboard and dodged behind it.

"Keep off, you potty Froggy!" he roared.





"Gerraway! What's biting you? You frightful, fearful, frantic, frog-eater, gerraway! I'll give you a spot of Waterloo if you don't chuck it! Oh, my only pink pyjamas!"

Right at him rushed Mossoo with brandished club. Will Hay hurled over blackboard and easel just in time. They met the charging Frenchman fair and square, and bowled him over like a ninepin. Over went Adolphe le Bon, and the blackboard flattened him on the Form-room floor.

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

"Man down!" chortled Dicky Bird.

Will Hay made a swift jump, and landed with both feet on the blackboard.

"Gottim!" gasped Will.

There was a gasp from Mossoo, like the air escaping from a badly punctured tyre. Flattened under the blackboard, with Will Hay standing on it, he was safely pinned. His head, his hands, and his feet exuded from under the ends and sides of the blackboard, the rest of him was squashed under it. He goggled up at Will Hay with his eyes almost bolting from their sockets.

Will, standing on the centre of the blackboard, rubbed his head and wiped his perspiring brow. He was able to take a rest and get his breath at last. So long as he stood on the blackboard he had the Froggy pinned—and he continued to stand on it. And the yells of laughter in the Fourth Form Room roused all the echoes of Bendover.

"WHAT—" exclaimed Dr. Shrub.

The uproar had brought the Head away from the Sixth. He stared into Will Hay's Form-room. His eyes popped at the sight of the French master on his back under the blackboard, and Will Hay standing on the same. Things often happened in Will Hay's Form-room that happened in no other Form-room at Bendover. But this was the limit.

"What—" roared the Head. He strode in, rustling. "Mr. Hay is this how you conduct your Form? What is Monsieur le Bon doing here?"

"At the moment, sir, understudying a pan-

cake!" answered Will Hay. "Perhaps you could persuade him to meander away, sir! Delightful as his company is, I find it too exciting. Something appears to be the matter with him—I cannot imagine what, unless the frogs have disagreed. Very unreliable creatures, frogs."

"Monsieur le Bon, what does this mean?"

"Oooooooogh!"

"Will you answer me?"

"Moooooooh!"

"A trifle winded, I think, sir," said Will. "The impact of a blackboard on a breadbasket is calculated to have that effect. If you will lead him gently away, sir, and explain to him that my napper is not a golf ball, I feel sure that it will be all for the best."

Will stepped off the blackboard. He lifted it, and stood on his guard. But Monsieur le Bon was too far gone for further war. Dr. Shrub helped him to his feet. Leaning heavily on the Head's arm, and gurgling as he went, the French master staggered out of the Form-room. He left the golf club and the paper lying on the floor, souvenirs of his visit. Will Hay picked them up. The golf club he placed against his desk—thinking that it might come in useful if Adolphe le Bon returned. The crumpled paper he uncrumpled and blinked at over his nose-pincers. It was the paper he had seen gussed on the French master's glass—but now he saw the other side. He understood.

"Great Skiddell and Lott—I mean, great Liddell and Scott!" exclaimed Will Hay. "So that is it? Which of you benighted little toads bagged this page from my dick and made a Valentine of it? Don't all speak at once."

The Bendover Fourth did not all speak at once. They did not speak at all. They roared with merriment.

"Funny, is it?" snorted Will. "Do you think it funny for a potty Froggy to play golf with your Form-master's cranium? Silence! We will now proceed."

Will Hay did not devote his whole attention to his form during third school that morning. He kept one eye on the door. But there were no more interruptions. The lesson

was over at last, and the Fourth streamed out, with grinning faces.

Will Hay peered cautiously into the corridor before he followed them out. But the coast was clear, and he whipped away to his study, happy to reach it without falling in with the French master.

But as he opened his study door, a fat figure dawned on him in the room. Monsieur le Bon was there, waiting for him. Mossoo had recovered his wind, but not his temper. His eyes flashed at Will Hay, and his beard fairly bristled at the sight of him. He made a forward jump—and Will Hay, just in time, made a backward one.

"Oh, my hat and gumboots!" gasped Will Hay as he went down the passage.

"Zat you stop!" shrieked Monsieur le Bon. "Coquin! Suis-je cochon? Peeg! Zat you stop, or I hit you viz ze foot behind your self!"

Will Hay did not stop. He felt the call of the open spaces. He flew for the door on the quadrangle. He had reached it when the enraged Frenchman reached him. There was a dull, sickening thud on Will Hay's billowing gown, and the master of the Fourth did the House steps in one.

"What-ho, he bumps!" shrieked Jerry Smart.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Up jumped Will Hay, like a jack-in-the-box! He glimpsed the enraged French master charging down the steps after him, and flew. After him flew Mossoo, raging.

"Oh scissors!" panted Will Hay, dodging round one of the Bendover beeches. "Help! Fire! Froggies! Holy smoke!"

He jumped at a branch and caught it. As he swung up, Monsieur le Bon reached him and grasped at a foot. He caught it with his hand. The next moment he caught the other with his nose and sat down under the beech.

Will clambered on the branch. Panting for breath, he sat astride of it. It was not a thick branch. It swayed and creaked under his weight. But it was out of Mossoo's reach as he scrambled up and clutched. Under the creaking branch, Adolphe le Bon danced with rage.

"Zat you come down!" he roared. "I zrash you—mon Dieu! Suis-je cochon! Come down viz yourself and be zrashed!"

"If it's all the same to you," gasped Will Hay, "I'll stay here! I'm sitting this one out!"

"Cochon! Peeg! Peeg!"

"The same to you, with knobs on!" gasped Will. "Peeg yourself, and then some! Don't I keep on telling you I never sent you that valentine? Don't I keep on saying—Yarooooo!"

Crack! The branch went.

"Zat you come down—" shrieked Monsieur le Bon.

Will Hay came—suddenly! For a split second he sat gracefully on the French master's head. Then Adolphe le Bon crumpled, and Will reached the ground.

He did not linger there. He bounded up and flew. Mossoo sat up and blinked after him. For a minute he was out of action. That minute was enough for Will Hay. He did the quad at fifty m.p.h., and vanished out of gates.

The master of the Fourth was not seen at dinner in Hall that day. It was a half-holiday at Bendover, and Will Hay lunched at Didham Inn, and spent the afternoon in the open spaces. Mossoo, wrathful as ever, had to bottle up his wrath. And the Bendover fellows wondered, with great hilarity, what was going to happen when Will Hay trickled in again.

"MON Dieu!" breathed Monsieur le Bon. "Ca va!"

He suppressed his breathing. It was nearly tea-time, but Will Hay had not yet returned from exploring the rural solitudes round Bendover School. Twice, and twice again, the vengeful French master had looked in his study for him. Then, with great cunning, Mossoo took cover in the study. There was a screen in the corner, and



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**The KING'S AIR FORCE**

Monsieur le Bon parked himself behind it, to wait for Will to come in. Hidden from sight, he waited, ready to dart out and get between Will and the door, as soon as the master of the Fourth arrived.

For nearly an hour, Mossoo had been parked there, waiting, when there was a footstep at the study door. He breathed hard and his eyes glittered. Will Hay was not going to escape him this time. Mossoo had always been friendly with Will—and Will had repaid him by calling him a "cochon"—or so he believed. This time—

The door opened. Then there was a whispering voice. Its resemblance to the filing of a saw told that it was Reggie Pyke's.

"All serene, Fruity! That old fool Hay hasn't come in yet—he's afraid of Froggy! Ha, ha! Nobody about! Hop in and shut the door!"

Reggie Pyke and Fruity Snell tiptoed into the study and shut the door. Monsieur le Bon frowned. It was not his quarry! It was two members of Hay's Form—coming there, evidently, to play some trick in Will Hay's absence. At any other time, Mossoo would have chipped in fast enough. Now he did not care a straw. They could play any tricks they liked on the man who had called him a cochon! He remained quiet behind the screen, with an eye on them through a rent in it.

"This will do!" said Reggie. He picked up a big volume on the table. It was a hefty Liddell and Scott. "Fat lot of Greek that old ass knows! He keeps this here for

the other beaks to see! Bet he never opens it! Well, I'm jolly well going to!"

"He, he!" chuckled Fruity. Reggie opened the lexicon. With a grin, he pointed to the name of Will Hay written on the title-page.

"That's the page we want, Fruity! He's got his name on it, same as he had in the Latin dick. That old idiot Bong never had a doubt, when he found Hay's name on the paper on his glass. He went right off at the deep end. These Froggies are excitable fat-heads, ain't they?"

"He, he!" from Fruity. Monsieur le Bon very nearly betrayed his presence as he heard that. The truth began to dawn upon his excited brain. He stood still, his eye glued to the rent in the screen.

"The old frog-muncher went right off the deep end that time!" chuckled Reggie. "I believe he's still after Hay. What do you think he'll do when he finds that Hay has played the same trick over again, Fruity? I say, do you know where he is now?"

"Not in his study," answered Fruity. "I've looked."

"Gone out to look for Hay, I expect!" chuckled Reggie. "He will find this stuck up in his study when he comes back, and think that Hay has been at it again. Let's see—what shall I put on it this time? I put 'cochon' last time—that made him sit up! What about 'lache'—that means coward and rotter—awfully insulting word in French! What?"

"He, he!" cackled Fruity.

Reggie, grinning, dipped Will Hay's pen into Will Hay's inkpot, and proceeded to inscribe the pleasant word "LACHE," in capital letters, on the title-page torn out of Liddell and Scott.

Through the rent in the screen, Monsieur le Bon watched him with bulging eyes. He knew now! He was there to catch the miscreant who had called him a "cochon"—and, quite unexpectedly, he had caught him! Not Will Hay—but that young rascal in Will Hay's Form. Mossoo's fat face grew redder and redder, as he watched. He seemed on the point of bursting.

"That's done it!" grinned Reggie. "Look here, I'll blot it on old Hay's blotter—a bit more evidence, if Mossoo looks for it—what? I don't know whether he's cooled down yet—but if he has, this will set him going again. I fancy he'll slaughter Hay, this time."

The two bad hats of the Fourth, chuckling, turned to the door. At the same moment the screen went over with a crash. They spun round, as Mossoo leaped into view.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Reggie Pyke, his eyes almost popping from his head at the sight of the French master.

"Oh scissors!" stuttered Fruity. They made a wild bound for the door. Mossoo was on them with the spring of a tiger. He grasped two collars, one in either hand. Two heads came together with a terrific crack. Two fearful yells were blended into one:

"Yoo-hoop!"  
(Continued on page 167.)

THE EDITOR CORDIALLY INVITES YOU TO . . .



YOUR EDITOR.

Harvey Keen, Sub-Editor.

Prof. Barnacle, Tilly Tappett, Lightning, the office boy, Joke Merchant, The Typist, and his dog.

HERE we are again! Harvey Keen is filling the page this week, and I've got some sensational news. Last Monday Professor Barnacle got the sack! Everyone was delighted!

It sounds too good to be true. As a matter of fact, it is. He hasn't gone yet. In fooling about with things that didn't concern him, he managed to put a five-pound note on the fire. And since the fiver belonged to the Ed., the Ed. was also in the fire.

"I'm fed-up with you and your schemes!" barked the Ed. "You're fired! Get out!"

But he turned up again next morning. When the Ed. saw him, he glared.

"I thought I gave you the boot?" he remarked.

"I prefer to overlook the matter," replied the old whelk, with dignity. "It was a little misunderstanding on both sides. Let us say no more about it."

In spite of himself, the Ed. had to grin.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "You're such a cunning old scoundrel at getting money that I'll make you a sporting offer. If you can get another fiver off me by the end of the week, I'll take back what I said, and let you keep the fiver. But I don't think you

Good!" replied the B. "I can do with a

and so it was agreed.

In private, the Ed. told me, with a chuckle, that he would take good care that the Barnacle didn't do it. And we were all curious to see how he would go about it.

First of all, he tried to enlist Tilly and Lightning to help him; but they both said they'd be jolly glad to see the back of him, so there was nothing done. He took to prowling round the Ed.'s sanctum every time the Big Chief went out. We watched him, with a grin, because we knew the Ed. wouldn't leave any money about. Not that the Barnacle would have stolen it if he had, but the Ed. had given him permission to keep the fiver if he could get it.

For two days, he tried every dodge he could think of; but the Ed. always went one better, and things began to look black for him. Then we forgot about him the following day, because we had a new subject for thought. The Ed. decided that we ought to do our bit towards decorating the place for the Coronation.

"I've ordered some flags and emblems," he told us, "and, meanwhile, I've got some pots of red, white, and blue tulips to put on the window-sill. I think they'll look rather good."

The flower-pots duly arrived, and were put on the window-sill, and Lightning was instructed to water them once a day. As a budding author, Lightning was indignant about getting any more work to do. He grabbed a jug of water, and started by knocking a pot overboard! A fearful yell came up from the street below.

"Oh, corks! I've hit someone!" gasped Lightning.

But we didn't know whom it was until after lunch. Then a frowsy-looking sportsman presented himself, clutching a bashed-in bowler, a broken flower-pot, and a half-

grown tulip. His head was covered in sticking-plaster.

"Busted my bean!" he howled. "Came right through me 'at and dented my dome! I'm going to the police about it—see?"

"Oh crikey!" groaned Lightning. "Look here, it was an accident—"

"Yus, and so's my 'ead!" howled this sportsman.

The Editor came out and pacified him.

"The boy couldn't help it," said he. "He's always clumsy! Still, it's only fair that you should have some compensation. What will you take?"

"A tenner," replied the merchant promptly, "and not a penny under!"

So he went away with a ten-pound note, and the Ed had a heart-to-heart talk with Lightning, which left that youth limp with perspiration. An hour later, another man came in, clutching a broken flower-pot, with his head done up in plaster.

"A flower-pot fell from this window this morning and hit me on the head!" he announced. "I have brought a doctor's certificate of my injuries, and I shall bring a claim for compensation in the police court!"

"But—but I've already paid one man ten pounds' compensation!" gasped the Ed. "Did the flower-pot hit two of you?"

"It did not. But it hit me; and if you wish to examine my head, you may do so."

And then I noticed that there were two flower-pots missing. One had evidently been taken away. And I guessed who had taken it away—to break it. So did the Ed.

"Do you know the man who was here just now?" he demanded of the Barnacle fiercely.

"Yes," replied Whiskers. "I know him well."

"And where's my ten-pound note?" demanded the Ed.

"Here's half of it," answered Barnacle, producing a fiver. "He's got the rest!"

What a scheme—eh? The man wasn't injured at all! The Barnacle saw his chance and grabbed it with both hands. Well, if ever a man deserved to be booted out, it's Professor B. But he isn't—not yet!

Yours in hope,

Harvey Keen



"You still got my spanner! You hook it and save yourself. I—"

"And leave you alone? Nothing doing!" started his guide; and Bull thought he was swimming when he heard Blake's short, grim chuckle. "Don't you worry, Bull. I'm playing at home now, and I know the pitch!"

Hurriedly he shifted his grip, passing a firm arm round Bull's waist.

"Can you keep it up—five more minutes?" pointed the boy who knew every bush, swamp, and almost every blade of grass in marshland.

"Watch out! There's a long dip—here!" Blake warned him, after another fifty yards, and the two boys dropped down into a deep, soggy swale, dotted by tufts of reed. The covering torches behind vanished from sight, and the pursuers, going all out, were closing in faster.

Suddenly, however, Blake checked as the mud-knots thickened. The next, he astounded Bull by swinging him round, then pointing up at where one solitary star twinkled fitfully.

"If you see that star up there? Right! Then I want you to get right away from here as fast as you can, and just plug ahead till you see a wych-elm, all on its own. Wait for me there. Keep that star before you, Bull, and you won't get lost. All you've got to watch for is the tree and a couple of small swamps."

His hand clapped Bull on the shoulder, and he was gone. Obedient, but with a haggard look on his face, the big fellow limped off, eyes fixed on the guiding star.

When the darkness had swallowed him up, Blake hastened carefully. Satisfied with what he heard, the boy suddenly started on again, at right-angles to the line Bull was taking.

Splash!

His foot slipped suddenly into a pool of water, with a loud splash that was answered by a shout from behind. But after that, Blake went silently, in a series of long, agile leaps, from point to point. Again the yell of a hunter rang out. Over the brink of the marsh slithered hard-breathing men, whose torches shone ahead of them along the ground.

"This way! Footprint here—and I heard a splash!" jerked the leader.

Plugging tenaciously over yielding turf, they went down to where the boys had parted company. And, as they hesitated there, a shot whizzed at them from somewhere on the right. It missed the men by yards, and it drove them into a frenzy of rage. It also put them on Blake's track once more.

"Mad young fool! We'll get him!" snarled the leader. "Come on!"

Splash! He stumbled into the same pool

where Blake had trodden, and ploughed through. Cursing the desolate marsh, their quarry and his Excellency, the others took a running leap after him.

But not one knew anything about "Morgan's Swamp"—nor the one firm causeway of reed-hummocks across it!

All in a breath, the leader tripped, gasped, and crashed forward, down into oozy, gurgling mire that bogged him to the knees. Then he spluttered his terror aloud, and sank deeper in still, as heavy, unwary figures crashed down on him.

Mud and water splashed high; treacherous reeds gave promise to a handhold, only to slither away as frantic hands clawed and clutched. The gluey grip of the marsh tightened on its captives, cold and stealthy. Too late they knew that the resourceful youth

they hunted had lured them neatly into a hopeless trap!

"Himmel!" bawled a terrified Karenberger, while the ooze rose up to his waist, and the stagnant reek made his head swim.

Thirty yards away, young Blake had halted, and chuckled breathlessly as he rested safe on firm land.

"Too bad!" he grinned, watching the faint, struggling figures of his pursuers. "Still, the visitors are bound to lose when a marsh-man is playing at home, and I reckon the other name for a blundering Karenberger is 'sucker.'"

Then, with another laugh, the boy shrugged, jammed the gun back into his pocket, and se left his hunters flat, still struggling in a marshland snare!

But, as he ran on, Blake's grin quickly faded and his eyes grew grave.

"Those mudlarks are licked now—for a time, anyhow; but their mob has hit me good and hard to-night," he mused grimly. "Forced me out of the tower—spoilt whatever chances I had of finding out anything there! Darn 'em! Now it's going to be my turn to do some invading!"

For five minutes Blake jogged on, conning his next move from all angles. As the uproar at his back dulled to an incoherent yelling, he grinned and nodded.

"Yes. Dr. Lanchester used to say that when your enemy's got you on the run, out-flank him, then strike deep at his own territory!" Blake muttered. "And that's my next move—straight back to invade Mr. Julian Swartby, at Hawksbay Manor, near Claverdon—the very last place he'd expect me to turn up!"

Blake travelled swiftly after that, his sure feet carrying him past all snags and pitfalls.

Somehow, the knowledge that he was all square with Bull again had lifted an invisible weight off his shoulders. And the road to escape seemed all clear at last! With his decision to launch a bold stroke at the enemy's own quarters spurring him on, it took the boy only ten more minutes of fast, light stepping to reach the old wych-elm between Lanchester's tower and the seashore.

And Bull Bristow was waiting there all right, lying doubled up with exhaustion.

Above him stood a dark, stocky figure, whose shotgun was thrust right into the Bull's white face!

*Sexton Blake carries the war into the enemy camp and sensation follows sensation. Do not miss next week's thrill-packed chapters of this grand mystery yarn.*

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**WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!**

(Continued from page 159.)

"Cochons!" roared Monsieur le Bon. "Laches! Peegs! So it vas you zat play ze trick and make me in a mistake to bang ze head of ze good 'Ay! I tink zat I take you ze Head! Yes! Oh, yes, I zink!"

"Oh! I say—"  
"Leggo! Ow—"

Gripped by their collars, Reggie and Fruity tumbled out of the study. Mossoo did the passage at a rush. Reggie and Fruity spun round along with him. Reaching the Head's door, which was ajar, Mossoo, having both hands full, knocked on it with Reggie's head. There was a wild howl from Reggie of the South. The door flew open.

Dr. Shrubbs was seated in his study, contemplating the bust of Shakespeare over his nose. He jumped up in amazement, as Mossoo whirled in, with Reggie and Fruity starting in his grip.

A minute later Bendover fellows, in the road, stared at the window of the Head's

study, almost wondering whether the Beak was killing pigs there! It sounded like it!

"Ay!"  
"Oh, my holy silk socks!" gasped Will Hay. Just before lock-up, Will Hay put a cautious head in at the gates. Seeing no sign of Monsieur le Bon, he cut in. He walked quickly towards the House—and then, at the sound of a squeaky voice, looked round in alarm. A fat Frenchman, with gesticulating hands, was bearing down on him. Will Hay gave him one look and bolted into the House. After him shot Mossoo.

"Ay!" shouted Monsieur le Bon. "Zat you stop!"  
"I'll watch it!" gasped Will—and he scuttled down the corridor and dodged into his study, like a rabbit into a burrow.

He was fumbling with the key, when fourteen stone bumped on the door and hurled it open, and hurled Will across the study. Promptly he placed the table between him and the French master.

"Ay!" gasped Mossoo.  
Will Hay clutched up the inkpot.

"Back pedal!" he roared. "Reverse! Travel! Buzz! Hook it! Beat it! Avante! You'll get the ink—and the inkpot! And—"

"Ay! My good friend 'Ay—mon ami, 'Ay! Mossoo waved his hands. "Feefty zousand pardons—"

"Eh?"  
"I find out zat it is not my good friend 'Ay zat shall call me one cochon! N'est-ce-pas? It is zat Pyke! Comprennez? Vunce more we are friends, isn't it?"

"Oh!" gasped Will Hay.  
"I punch you noz ze nose!" beamed Mossoo. "I embrace you—I kees you!" He came round the table, beaming. Will Hay dodged, too late. He was clasped in an enthusiastic embrace. "Mon cher 'Ay! My dear 'Ay! I embrace you—I kees you on ze cheek—"

"Urrrggh! W-w-would you mind punching my nose instead?" gasped Will Hay. "I—I think I'd prefer it! Urrrrgggh!"

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