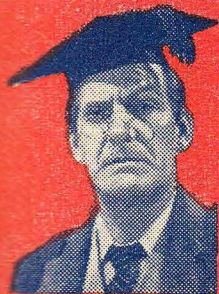


LET THESE STARS ENTERTAIN YOU—WILL HAY: "STAINLESS": KEN MAYNARD: ARTHUR PRINCE, etc.



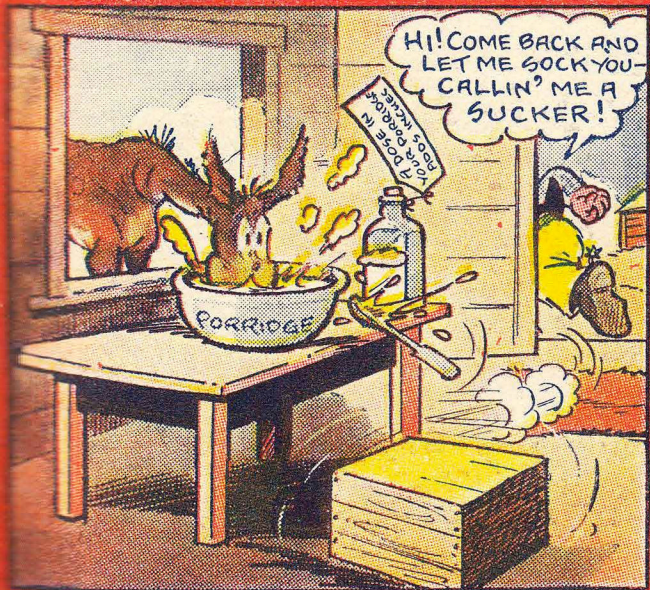
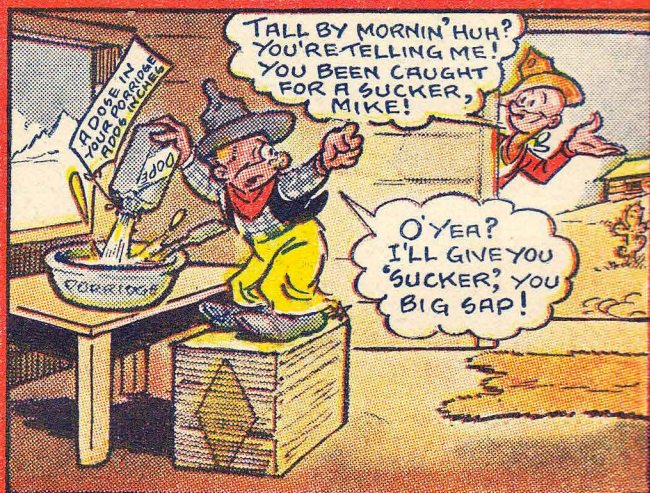
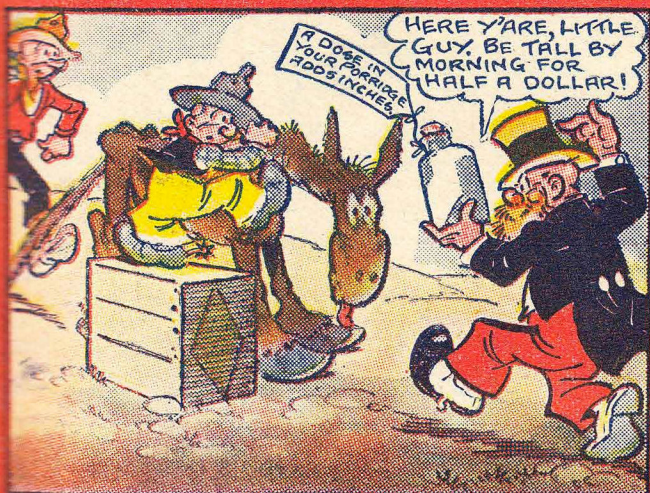
WILL HAY is inside

The PILOT

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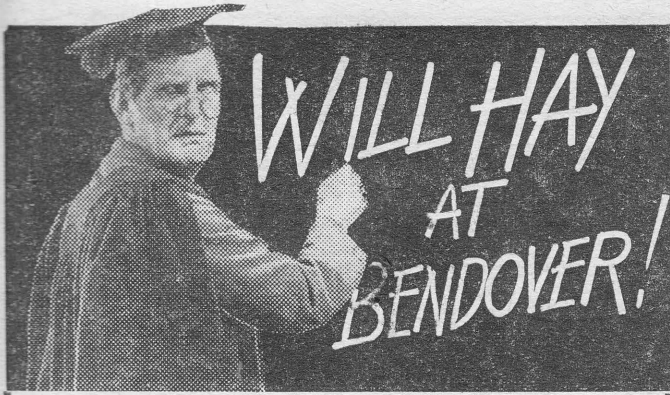
No. 88. Vol. 4. Week ending June 5th, 1937.

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H . . . stands for Hay and Hilarity. And there's tons of hilarity in these grand fun-features—complete picture-strip and story—starring the one-and-only WILL HAY. Read the picture-strip first.

PYKE of the Fourth arrived at his Form-master's study door—on tiptoe! He stood outside that door, listening intently.

Form-master Will Hay was in his study—Reggie Pyke knew that. A couple of minutes ago Pyke had seen him standing at his window, talking to Mr. Choot, who was standing in the quad. He had no doubt that Will was still where he had seen him—in which case, he had his back to the study door. But Reggie wanted to make quite sure! He listened—and then he stooped, and peered through the keyhole. He grinned—all was safe!

Silently, with infinite caution, Reggie turned the door-handle. The door opened a few inches without a sound. Reggie's hand slid in, and his fingers grasped the key inside.

To jerk out that key, and shut the door, was the work of a split second. But it made a sound—and Will Hay's head turned—too late to spot Reggie, however. The key was in the outside of the lock in another split second—and turned there.

"Suffering sardines!" murmured Will Hay, staring at the door over his slanting nose-nippers. "Who and what and which and why—"

Outside the door, Reggie Pyke grinned, an expansive grin, and drew from his pocket a squirt of ink. He bent to the keyhole again, and peered through. He had another view of Will Hay—this time a front view. Will, facing the door, was exactly where that member of his Form wanted him.

Reggie inserted the nozzle of the squirt into the keyhole.

Squisssh!

Will Hay had not known what to expect. He knew that some young rascal had locked

him in his study. But there did not seem much in it, for he had only to ask Mr. Choot, at his window, to walk round and unlock the door. But as that sudden squish came through the keyhole, he realised that there was more in it than he had guessed. A jet of black ink shot from the keyhole, and the master of the Bendover Fourth uttered a sudden, startled howl, and staggered back.

"Yurrgrgh!" spluttered Will Hay. Ink ran down his face, and into the corners of his mouth as he spluttered. Staggering back, his knees caught on the armchair. He sat in that chair suddenly and unintentionally, with a heavy bump. He sat and spluttered ink!

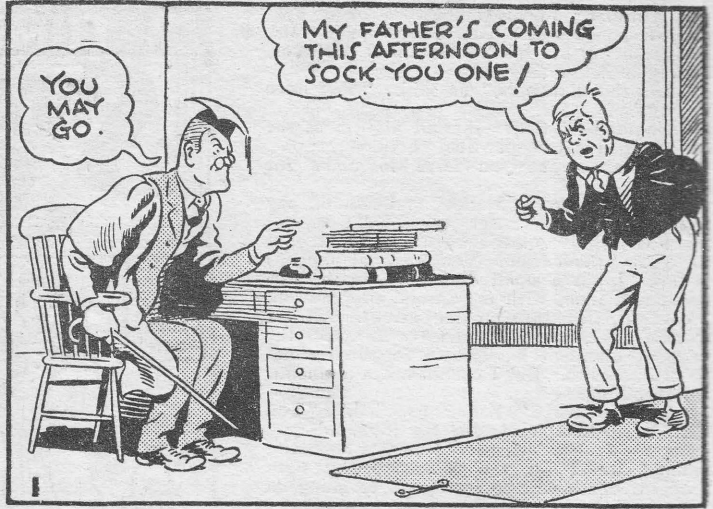
"Oh! Ah! Ooogh! Ah! Woogh!" gurgled Will Hay. "My only—groogh—summer sunshade! Oooooooh!"

Reggie Pyke suppressed a chuckle outside the door. It was hard to suppress as he peered through the keyhole at his Form-master's ink-splashed face. Will Hay bounded from the armchair. He bounded to the door. He grabbed at the handle and wrenched. Had not the artful Reggie taken the precaution of locking the door, something would have happened to him at that moment. But he had, and Will Hay was unable to get out. But, all the same, something happened to Reggie.

Smack!
In his intense interest in Will Hay, he had not heard a door open up the corridor. He was unaware that Dr. Shrubb had come out of his study—until that smack appraised him of the fact.

"Yoo-hoop!" roared Reggie, as he rolled over, and sprawled dizzily at the feet of the headmaster of Bendover School.

Dr. Shrubb glared down at him. Reggie, rolling and roaring, dropped the squirt and



(By courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

the key. Dr. Shrubb picked up the latter, inserted it, and unlocked the door. He threw it open.

"Mr. Hay! Why—what—what— Bless my soul!" gasped Dr. Shrubb, at the startling sight of a black face in the study.

"Ow, ow, ow!" roared Reggie, his hand to a burning ear.

Will Hay did not answer Dr. Shrubb. The door was open, and Will charged out into the passage. What he wanted just then was the fellow who had squirted ink, and he wanted him very earnestly. Dripping ink, he came out of the study like a cannon-ball; and Reggie bounded to his feet and flew.

"Ha! That little toad!" gasped Will Hay. "Stop! Pop at once, Styke—I mean, stop at once, Pyke!"

Reggie cast one terrified stare over his shoulder. A startling face, crimson with wrath where it was not black with ink, was just behind him. One look was enough for Reggie! He bolted into the quad. After him bolted Will Hay, his mortar-board on one side, his gown billowing behind him.

There was a roar in the quad at the sight of the master of the Fourth. Will Hay, as a Form-master, had often caused merriment, in one way or another, at Bendover School. But he had never caused so much as at this moment.

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Dicky Bird. "Is that old Hay? He wants a wash!"

Unheeding, Will Hay darted on the track of the fleeing Reggie. Reggie, as a rule, was no sprinter. He was too slack. But he showed no sign of slackness now. Will looked like strewing him in sections all over Bendover.

He dodged round the ancient Bendover beeches. Then he flew towards the gates. A big Sixth Former stood in the way, staring. Will Hay yelled to him:





“Snap him, Stuckey! Snaffle that snipe! Hold him—seize him—grab him—collar him!”

Stuckey of the Sixth, grinning, barred Reggie’s way with upraised hand. But Reggie was desperate. A prefect in front had less power for him than an inky Form-master behind. He lowered his head, and rushed under Stuckey’s upraised arm—and his bullet hit Stuckey of the Sixth on the precise spot where he had parked his dinner that day.

“Gurgh!” was all Stuckey said—it was all he could say as he went over backwards.

Reggie reeled for a moment from the shock, and bounded on. Will Hay, speeding on sound, caught his legs in Stuckey, and dismounted himself over that prefect. Reggie was out of gates.

“Oh!” gasped Will Hay. He sat up quickly. “Oh, jumpin’ artichokes!” He did not notice, in the dizziness of the moment, that he was sitting on Stuckey’s face. Stuckey of the Sixth noticed it at once.

“Warrgh!” came from under Will Hay.

“Gerroff! Ooooooh! You’re squish-squish-squishin’ me—gurgh! Will you gerroff?”

“Oh!” gasped Will. “Certainly! Sorry you’ve been troubled!”

He bounded up, and rushed to the gates. A speck was fading away down the road to Didham. That speck was Pyke of the Fourth!

incensed prefect. In sheer desperation, Reggie had taken the train at Didham for home, to see his pater.

Dr. Shrubbs’ rival for the headmastership of Bendover, loathed the master of the Fourth. He was not likely to blame Reggie. He was likely to help him out, if he could, and Reggie hoped that he could, somehow.

“What has happened, Reginald?” snapped Mr. Dunkley Pyke.

Reggie moaned out his tale.

Mr. Dunkley Pyke listened, his eyes glinting, and his bony jaw set. His expression did not seem very hopeful, to the hapless Reggie. Reggie’s game at Bendover was to help his plotting pater, if he could, to step into Dr. Shrubbs’ shoes. But getting himself into an awful row, and getting Mr. Pyke to help him out of it, did not seem useful in that line.

Reggie had, in fact, made a mess of things, and Mr. Pyke looked, at the moment, more like giving him an extra licking than intervening to save him from one.

Reggie sat rubbing his ear, waiting for the verdict. That ear was still red and burning. It had had a very sound smack.

Slowly, to Reggie’s relief, Mr. Pyke’s face cleared. A gleam came into his narrow eyes—a gleam that Reggie knew! Something was working in that scheming brain. Reggie wondered what, and hoped that it was something in his favour.

“I cannot intervene in this matter!” barked Mr. Pyke, at last. “If you were caught in the act of squirting ink at your Form-master, I can say nothing in your favour. If you knocked over a Sixth Form prefect, you must expect to take the consequences; but—”

“I—I jolly well daren’t go back!” groaned Reggie. “The Head and old Hay, and Stuckey of the Sixth, all waiting for me—”

Oh crikey! Look here, pater, if—if you’d come with me—”

“Nonsense!” snapped Mr. Pyke. “Let me speak, Reginald! You say that Dr. Shrubbs caught you at Hay’s door and boxed your ears.”

“An awful smack!” said Reggie, rubbing his suffering ear. “I can still feel it! Wow!”

“Good!” said Mr. Dunkley Pyke. “Eh?”

Reggie blinked at him. It did not seem good to Reggie!

“This may turn out a very fortunate happening!” said Mr. Pyke. “Boxing a boy’s ears is against all the rules and traditions of Bendover. It is a dangerous thing. Cases have been known of deafness being caused by a particularly violent blow on the ear.”

“It wasn’t so bad as that, of course,” said Reggie. “Rather a hard smack—”

“Think again!” said Mr. Pyke. “If an attack of deafness should supervene through this violent and reckless blow, Dr. Shrubbs’ days as headmaster of Bendover are numbered. I shall come to the school. I shall bring with me Colonel Chatterton, the chairman of the governing board, to investigate the matter. If it is found that a Bendover boy has become deaf, owing to a blow on the ear—”

“Oh crikey!” gasped Reggie.

“In such a case,” said Mr. Pyke, “Dr. Shrubbs will undoubtedly be called upon to resign his position. There is no doubt whatever that my appointment in his place would follow. Do you understand now?”

Reggie whistled.

“As for your punishment when you return to Bendover,” said Mr. Pyke, “that matters nothing—”

“Doesn’t it?” gasped Reggie.

“Moreover, if you are found to be suffering

I SAY, pater, I’m in an awful scrape!” moaned Reggie Pyke dismally.

It was nearly lock-up now at Bendover! Lock-up or not, Reggie Pyke would not return. His head was still ringing from the hefty smack Dr. Shrubbs had landed on it, but he hardly heeded that. Back at Bendover, an exasperated Form-master waited for him—an angry headmaster—and an



from serious results of the headmaster's brutality—"

"His whatter?" stuttered Reggie.
 "Brutality!" said Mr. Pike firmly. "If you are suffering severely from it, they can scarcely punish you. Indeed, so far from caning or flogging you, Reginald, they will have to call in the school doctor to attend you."

"Oh!" said Reggie, brightening. "Good!"
 "You will take the next train back. You will not mention that you have been home. I shall hear of this unfortunate occurrence by letter. I shall take action as soon as I hear of it. I will walk to the station with you, Reginald!"

It was quite a cheery Reggie that sat in the train for Bendover!

"PYKE!"

Dr Shrubbs was calling the roll, in Hall at Bendover. When Pyke's name was called there came no answering "Adsum!" Pyke was missing from the ranks of the Fourth Form.

Will Hay grinned as he noted it. He was not surprised that that member of his Form hesitated to show up again. Will had recovered his usual good-temper by that time, and was no longer eager to strew Reggie in small sections all over Bendover. But a Head's flogging awaited him—and Stuckey of the Sixth was keeping his ashplant under his arm, ready to take his turn with Pyke when the Head was done with him.

It was an hour after lock-up when there was a ring at the gate. Kelly the porter went down to open it for Reggie Pyke. He grinned at Reggie as he let him in.

"You're for it!" he remarked. "Straight to the 'Ead, young 'un!"

"Eh?" said Reggie, putting his hand to his ear.

"You're to go to the 'Ead!"

"Did you speak?" asked Reggie.

"Did I speak?" gasped Kelly. "What's this game—deaf?"

"Yes—I mean, I can't hear you!" stammered Reggie. This was rather a slip; but Pyke was not yet used to being deaf. "Not a word!"

Kelly gazed at him.

"Yes—you can't 'ear me?" he said "Mad?"

Reggie Pyke wasted no more words on the porter. He walked in, and headed for the House. Kelly stared after him blankly. Pyke, so far as he knew, had never been deaf—and if he had become deaf all of a sudden, it was rather remarkable for him to answer "Yes," when asked if he was deaf!

Reggie realised that he would have to be more careful! As he came into the House, his pal, Fruity Snell, came to greet him, grinning.

"You'll get it warm, old man!" said Fruity. "Where have you been?"

"Eh?"

"Getting deaf?" asked Fruity, with a stare. Reggie did not answer "Yes," this time. He gave Fruity a vacant look.

"Are you speaking to me?" he asked.

"Am I speaking to you?" gasped Fruity.

"Yes, I am, you fathead! What game are you playing now?"

"I can't hear you!" said Reggie. "Hallo, here comes that beast Hay!"

Will Hay billowed up. He grinned at Reggie.

"Ah! The wanderer has returned!" said Will. "The lost sheep has trickled back into the fold! I am not going to dust your pants, Pyke, because your headmaster desires your presence in his study!"

"Did you speak, sir?" asked Reggie calmly. Fruity gazed at him. A dozen other fellows gazed at him. Will Hay gazed at him, his nose-nippers nearly falling off in his astonishment.

"What did you say, Pyke?" gasped Will.

"Eh?"

"Is anything the matter with you?"

"What?"

"If this," said Will Hay, "is the latest development of the Pyke brand of humour, I fail to appreciate it. Come!"

Taking Reggie by the ear, he led him away to the Head's study. If a voice failed to produce any effect on Reggie's ear, a finger and thumb did not fail! Pyke of the Fourth was led into the presence of his headmaster, leaving a crowd of Bendover fellows staring.

Dr. Shrubbs rose as Reggie was led in. His cane lay ready on the table. He picked it up and swished it.

"Pyke, you will be flogged for your outrageous attack on your Form-master this afternoon. I shall make your punishment additionally severe for having missed calling-over! Bend over that hassock, Pyke!"

Reggie gazed at him. His heart was beating fast; but he kept cool.

"Are you speaking to me, sir?" he inquired respectfully.

"Bend over that hassock at once, Pyke!"

"I can't hear you, sir, if you are speaking."

"If—if—I am speaking!" stuttered Dr. Shrubbs. "Is this boy of your Form out of his senses, Mr. Hay?"

"I am not sure, sir, whether he has any

to be out of," answered Will Hay, shaking his head.

"Pyke, bend over that hassock at once!"

"I'm sorry I can't hear what you are saying, sir!" said Reggie meekly. "I'm very sorry, sir, that I have gone deaf."

"Deaf?" repeated Dr. Shrubbs.

"Yes, sir, since you struck me on the head," said Reggie cheerfully.

"Since I—I—I—what?" gasped Dr. Shrubbs. "You impertinent young rascal! How dare you describe a box on the ear in such terms?"

"I'm so sorry, sir, that I can't hear you. Perhaps you wouldn't mind writing it down, sir, as I can't hear?" suggested Reggie.

"Pyke, do you venture to assert that you have become deaf?" thundered the Head.

Reggie gazed at him uncomprehendingly.

Dr. Shrubbs laid down the cane. He looked at Will Hay. Will looked at him. Reggie repressed a desire to grin. He could see that he was going to get out of the flogging, at any rate.

"Do you believe this boy, Mr. Hay?" gasped the Head at last. "Can you believe that he is speaking the truth?"

"Scarcely, sir. My experience of Pyke is that he would find it extremely difficult to tell the truth, and that he has never attempted to overcome that difficulty," answered Will.

"I'm sorry I came in late, sir!" said Reggie meekly. "I was so overcome, sir, when I found that I was deaf after that blow on my ear, that I hardly knew what I was doing. I stopped at a place to write a letter to my father, sir, to tell him what had happened. I thought he had better know."

Dr. Shrubbs's eyes almost bored into him, but Reggie met them with the calm equanimity. He was feeling safe now.

"Mr. Hay, perhaps you will telephone to the school doctor," said the Head. "The boy must be examined, at once. Pyke, for the present, you may go."

Reggie very nearly went! Fortunately, he remembered in time that he could not hear.

He stood where he was, uncomprehending.

"Go!" thundered the Head.

"Did you speak, sir?" asked Reggie calmly.

Dr. Shrubbs gasped.

"Take that boy out of my study, Mr. Hay!" he said.

"With pleasure, sir! Come, Pyke! Ah, I forgot that you could not hear! It appears to be a time for actions, not for words! No doubt you will understand this!" said Will, taking Reggie by the collar and swinging him off his feet.

"Yoo-hoop!" roared Reggie.

Will opened the door with his left hand. With his right, he swung Reggie into the corridor.

Bump!

"Yaroooop!" roared Reggie. "Yoo-hoo-hoo-hoop!"

"If the boy is deaf, he seems far from dumb, sir!" remarked Will, as he closed the door.

And he went to the telephone to ring up the school doctor.

"PYKE'S deaf!" grinned Dicky Bird.

"Gammon!" said Jerry Smart.

"Pulling old Hay's leg!" chortled Tubby Green.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

That was the opinion of the Bendover Fourth. They were chuckling over Reggie's stunt the next morning. When the Fourth went into their Form-room, they wondered whether Reggie would have the nerve to keep it up during class.

But if it was "gammon," Pyke of the Fourth was keeping it up remarkable well. The school doctor had seen him, and retired baffled. There were cases, undoubtedly, where a very hard box on the ear had produced deafness. Whether this was such a case, Dr. Pinchen could not make up his mind. Pyke, at all events, persisted in hearing nothing; and anyhow, whopping was out of the question.

At brekker, several fellows tried to catch Reggie out. They asked him to pass things, but Reggie was not to be caught. Even when Dicky Bird offered him his own special pot of

(Continued on page 239.)

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MODERN BOY

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WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!

(Continued from page 230.)

Jan, Reggie only turned a vacant stare on him. That almost convinced Bird of the Fourth.

Will Hay was not convinced. He scented a rodent, and he suspected, too, that some colder head than Reggie's had thought this out. He fancied he glimpsed behind it the hand of Dunkley Pyke. If that was so, it looked as if Reggie's plotting pater had got Dr. Shrubbs on his side this time. Dr. Shrubbs met Will on his way to his Form-room that morning. His face was troubled and his manner agitated.

"My dear Hay," he said, "I scarcely know what to do! I have received a telephone call from Mr. Pyke—"

"Ah!" said Will.

He states that he has received a letter from his son, informing him that he has become deaf, owing to a blow on the head struck by his headmaster!" said Dr. Shrubbs huskily. "It is a false statement, Mr. Hay! I gave the young rascal a box on the ear, it is true, but this—this, I am sure, is trickery—"

"You can put your shirt on that, sir," said Will Hay—"and then some!"

"But if the iniquitous young rogue is able to keep up this deception, where do I stand? Mr. Pyke is coming this afternoon to inquire into the matter, bringing with him Colonel Chatterton. If they find that the boy is deaf, I shall be blamed! If he succeeds in convincing them, I am lost!"

"Which," said Will Hay, "is the game!"

"No doubt—no doubt! But, as it is a fact that I boxed the boy's ears, what can I do if he persists?"

"Leave it to me, sir!" beamed Will. "If that unwashed little toad is putting up a spoof, he is up against brains! Brains, sir!" said Will, tapping his forehead.

Dr. Shrubbs went to the Sixth Form Room, a little reassured. Will Hay breezed into the Fourth.

"Good-morning, boys!" bleated Will. "Take your places! Pyke, you have not washed your face this morning! What does this mean?"

"I have—" began Reggie.

He broke off sharply.

"What?" grinned Will.

"A pain in my ear, sir!" continued Reggie, remembering in time, and altering his tune, as it were. "I have a pain in my ear, sir, where Dr. Shrubbs struck me! May I be excused lessons this morning?"

Will Hay breathed so hard through his nose that his nose-nippers nearly fell off. If he had doubted before, he was certain now. Reggie had been very nearly caught—but not quite!

He waved Reggie to his place. Pyke sat down with the rest. Latin started in the Fourth Form Room. Half through the first hour, Will rapped out suddenly:

"Construe, Pyke!"

But the worthy Reggie was on his guard. He gave no sign. However, he was not getting out of it so easily as all that. Will took a chalk, and wrote on the blackboard:

"CONSTRUE, PYKE!"

Reggie was kept "on" for quite a long time. He scowled as he translated. The other fellows grinned. Nobody was keen on "con," Reggie least of all. But when Will Hay said "That will do, Pyke," Reggie had no choice in the matter. If he could not hear Will tell him to begin, evidently, he could not hear Will tell him to leave off! He went on dismally.

"Come, come, Pyke, that is enough from you!" grinned Will Hay, after another ten minutes of it.

Reggie went on, wearily translating, his scowl growing blacker and blacker. The Fourth grinned more and more. If he was waiting for Will to chalk on the board "Stop!" he waited in vain. Reggie was still on "con" when the hour ended, by which time he was tired of Latin, and perhaps tired of deafness.

He was glad when the Fourth were dismissed for break. As they marched out there was a ring of a half-crown dropping on the floor. All the Fourth glanced round—except Reggie Pyke! He was too wary a bird to be caught with chaff! Will Hay snorted as he picked up his half-crown. He was beginning to wonder whether he would catch the spoofer out before Mr. Pyke arrived with Colonel Chatterton that afternoon. If not, it was rather a bleak outlook for Dr. Shrubbs!

When the bell rang for third school, the Bendover Fourth came in without Reggie. He presented himself ten minutes later.

"I am sorry, sir, I did not hear the bell!" said Reggie meekly.

Will Hay nodded, and he went to his place and sat down.

"Have you still that pain in your ear, Pyke?" inquired Will kindly.

"Did you speak, sir?" inquired Reggie.

Towards the end of the lesson Will Hay lifted the lid of his desk and looked into it, and the lid fell suddenly.

Bang!

Every fellow in the Fourth jumped—except Reggie, who was watching his Form-master like a cat. Reggie smiled!

By the time Will dismissed his Form he was almost in despair—indeed, almost beginning to wonder whether the artful Reggie really was deaf!

At dinner, in hall, Reggie was asked to pass things—in vain! Reggie had got quite used to being deaf now, and it seemed a sheer impossibility to take him off his guard. After dinner, Will Hay was walking in the quad, thinking it out with wrinkled brows, when a taxi drove in at the gates, and stopped at the House.

From the taxi descended Mr. Dunkley Pyke and Colonel Chatterton. They were shown into the Head's study, and Will could guess the feelings with which Dr. Shrubbs received them. He glanced round for Reggie.

"Pyke!" he called out. "Your father has arrived. Kindly go to the Head's study at once!"

Reggie did not even turn his head!

Toots, the page, came out a few minutes later, and, on Will's instructions, took Reggie by the sleeve and led him into the House. Will Hay gazed after him. Was the game up? Was there not yet one more shot in the locker? Suddenly Will grinned—a toothy grin! Grinning, he billowed into the House!

"Scandalous!" boomed Colonel Chatterton. "Atrocious!" barked Dunkley Pyke.

Dr. Shrubbs breathed hard and deep. They had him! Reggie Pyke stood before them, his look of patient suffering carefully spread over his artful face. He had his hand to his ear, as if seeking painfully to hear what was said!

"A blow—a violent blow!" barked Mr. Pyke.

"A mere smack!" gasped Dr. Shrubbs. "A box on the ear—"

"A smack, sir!" boomed the colonel. "A smack—when it has reduced this unhappy boy to the state in which you see him! Your resignation—"

"It is trickery, sir!" hooted Dr. Shrubbs. "The boy can hear perfectly well! There was no such result—"

"The facts, sir, speak for themselves!" said Colonel Chatterton, rising. "I shall place the matter before the board, and—"

The study door flew suddenly open.

"Fire! Fire! Run for your lives!" came a hoarse shout from Will Hay. "Run—run! Fire! Fire! The window! Quick—quick! Fly! Fire! Fire!"

Reggie Pyke was first at the window! Dunkley Pyke was a good second! Dr. Shrubbs and the colonel jumped after them.

Reggie landed on his hands and knees in the quad; Dunkley Pyke sprawled over him. Dr. Shrubbs and the colonel, both stout and portly, jammed in the window and spluttered.

"Urgh!" gurgled the colonel. "Let me pass! Let me pass! Do you want me to be burned to death? Good gad! Help!"

"Pray calm yourselves, gentlemen!" burbled Will Hay. "The fire is not dangerous—merely the accustomed fire in the kitchen range—"

"What?" gasped Dr. Shrubbs.

They unhooked themselves from the easement and gazed at Will Hay. He beamed at them over his nose-nippers.

"No cause for alarm—none at all!" bleated Will. He smiled at Mr. Dunkley Pyke, picking himself up outside, and at Reggie, sitting up dizzily. "No danger, Mr. Pyke—merely my fun—clean and wholesome fun—"

"What does this foolish trickery mean?" roared Mr. Pyke furiously.

Will Hay grinned, with all his teeth.

"Ask that little toad—that tricky little wart—how he happened to hear me call 'Fire!' when he is too deaf to hear a word spoken to him!" he suggested.

"Oh crickey!" gasped Reggie.

"Oh!" stuttered Mr. Pyke.

"From the speed the little tick put on, I get the impression that he heard!" grinned Will. "What? Congratulations, Mr. Pyke, on your son's sudden and remarkable recovery! In very sudden, colonel—very remarkable, Dr. Shrubbs! What?"

"Good gad, sir!" gasped Colonel Chatterton. "The young rascal was deluding us all the time!" He glared round the study. "Where is my stick? Dr. Shrubbs, I beg your pardon! Mr. Pyke, keep that boy there till I get to him!"

Reggie's deafness was evidently completely cured—for at those words he flew! Space swallowed him before the colonel could arrive with his stick!

Dr. Shrubbs wrung Will Hay's hand when the taxi rolled away with the visitors. Then Reggie was sent for, and after it was all over and Reggie tottered away, he met Stuckey of the Sixth, ashplant in hand. For the rest of the day Reggie was wriggling like an eel, and moaning like a foghorn—but his deafness was quite gone.

Will Hay gets the "bird" in more ways than one from the Fourth, but the world's funniest Form-master again comes out on top in the end. Next week's Bendover yarn is one BIG laugh!

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