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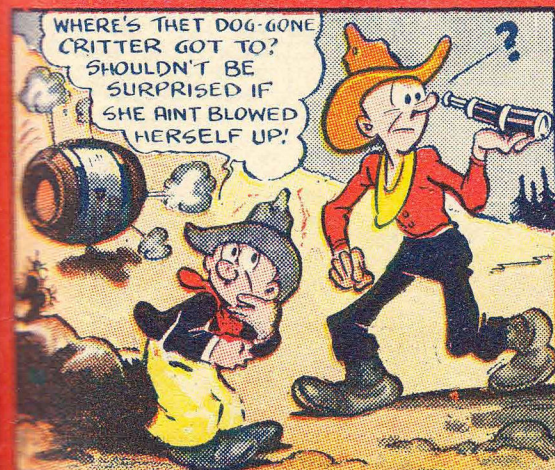
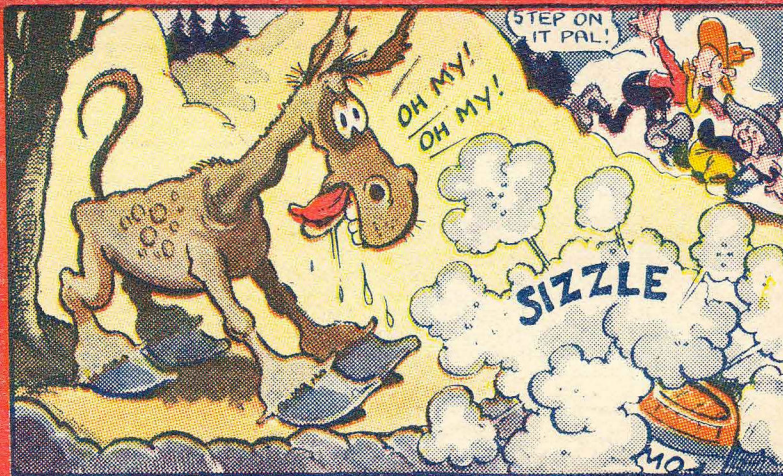
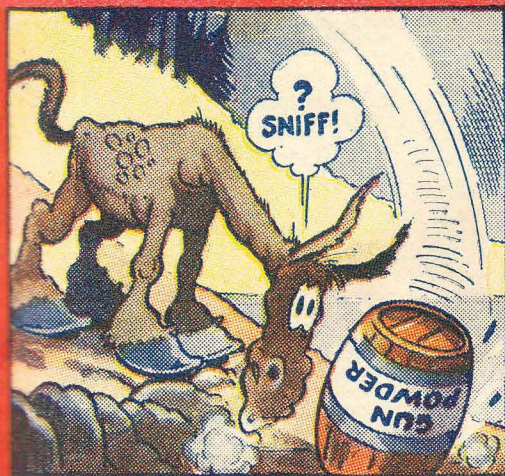
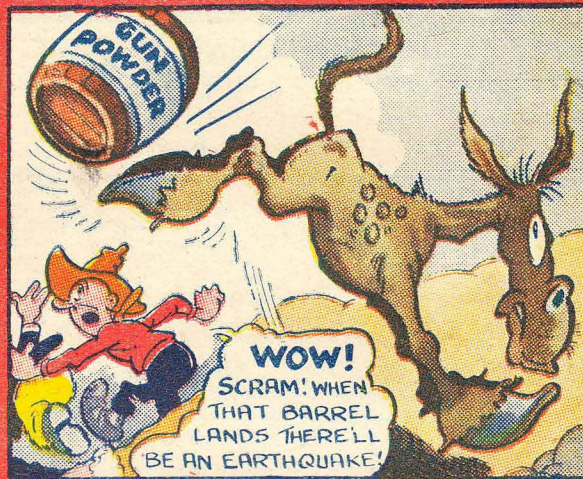
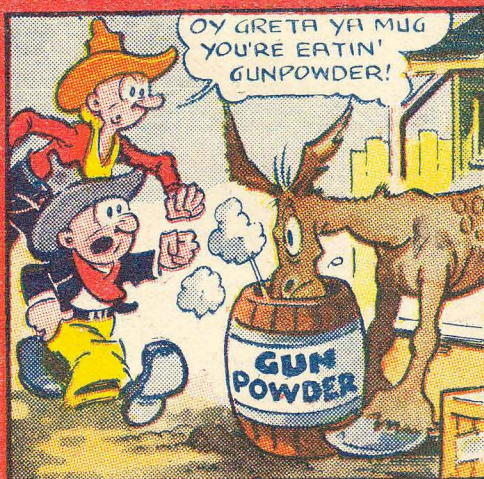
# The PILOT

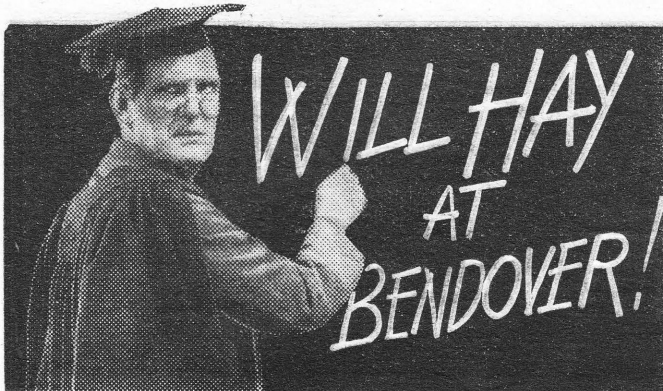
EVERY FRIDAY

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No. 94. Vol. 4. Week ending July 17th, 1937.

MIKE,  
SPIKE  
&  
GRETA  
IN—  
A HOT  
SPOT!





**"The PILOT'S" WINNING DOUBLE.**— Sparkling picture-strip and a complete story that will keep you in roars of laughter. Starring WILL HAY, the world's funniest Form-master.

**"NONSENSE!"** roared Colonel Chatterton. "My dear sir—" said Mr. Dunkley Pyke.

"Nonsense!" Mr. Pyke compressed his thin lips. Really, this was not the way for a headmaster to be talked to, even a temporary headmaster, and by the chairman of the governors.

"A barring-out at Bendover!" boomed the colonel. "Led by the master of the Fourth! Nonsense! Why have you not reduced the young rascals to obedience?"

"I have tried—" "Nonsense! Why have you not dismissed the Form-master concerned?"

"I have dismissed him!" "Then why has he not gone?"

"He won't go—" "Nonsense! Won't go, by gad! Pah! If this is the way you carry on here, Mr. Pyke, I shall conclude that a mistake was made in appointing you headmaster in Dr. Shrub's absence. Who is the man? I think I remember him—Straw—Corn—no, Hay—that is it, Hay! I will deal with this Mr. Hay! Where is he?"

"Follow me, please!" yapped Dunkley Pyke. Colonel Chatterton snorted, and followed the new headmaster of Bendover School. Mr. Pyke jerked up the stairs with his jerky steps, and the plump colonel puffed after him. He snorted again, when they arrived on the middle landing. Beyond that point, there was no advance! The Fourth Form staircase was barricaded, piled high with all sorts of furniture, chair-legs and table-legs sticking up in the air.

On the landing above, and in the study

passage, the merry Fourth-formers of Bendover were playing leap-frog. Other forms were in the Form-rooms, grinding as usual under their various masters—probably not enjoying life so much as the rebels of Bendover. As the colonel stared up, the voice of Will Hay, master of the Bendover Fourth, was heard:

"Tuck in your tuppenny, Bird!" A figure in gown and mortar-board billowed across the upper landing, and Will Hay vaulted over Dicky Bird's bent back. Colonel Chatterton stared transfixed! Following Will Hay came a dozen fellows in their turn. Will Hay, with a cheery smile on his face, cleared Dicky Bird actively—and it was rather unfortunate that his billowing gown didn't! There was a yell from Bird of the Fourth, as that gown tangled, and dragged him over.

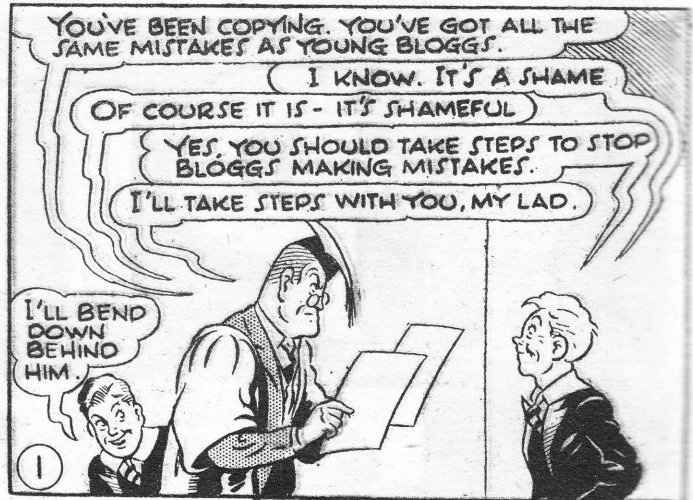
"Oh, scissors!" gasped Will Hay, as he nose-dived on the landing.

It was too late for the next man, Jimmy Carboy, to look out. He was coming on too fast. He rolled headlong over Dicky Bird and Will Hay, distributing himself impartially over the two. A moment more, and Jerry Smart and Tubby Green were rolling over Jimmy. There was a wild mix-up on the landing. Will Hay's voice came muffled from the bottom of the heap.

"Oh! Ah! Ow! My only hat and umbrella! Gerroff! Take your knee out of my eye, you little toad! Take your elbow out of my ear! Ow!"

"Outrageous!" boomed Colonel Chatterton. "Good gad! Mr. Hay! Do you hear me, Mr. Hay? By Jove, sir!"

"Oh, gum! It's old Chatterbox!" exclaimed Dicky Bird, struggling breathless to his feet.



(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

Will Hay sat up, gasping. He clamped his mortar-board on his head, grabbed his nippers and set them straight, and blinked dizzily at his grinning Form.

"Urrrggh!" gasped Will. He tottered to the feet, and blinked down, over the barricaded stairs, at the two figures on the lower landing. Colonel Chatterton brandished a fist at him. Will gave him a genial smile, and shook his head.

"Not to-day, thanks!" he called. "What?" boomed the colonel. "What do you mean? Do you know who I am?"

"Yes—the butcher from Didham!" answered Will innocently. "Not to-day, thanks!" "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors on the upper landing.

"The—the—the butcher from Didham!" stuttered the colonel. "You—you impertinent knave; you know perfectly well that I am not."

"No?" asked Will. "The milkman? No to-day, all the same!"

"The milkman! Good gad! You are well aware that I am not the milkman!"

"My mistake!" said Will Hay gracefully. "If you are the catsmeat man—" "Wha-a-t?"

"If you are the catsmeat man, go to the back door. Mr. Pyke will show you the way." Colonel Chatterton glared up at the master of the Bendover Fourth, speechless for the moment. When he found his voice, he went it on its top note.

"You know quite well that I am the chairman of the governing board! I am here to put a stop to this nonsense! Do you hear me?"

"My dear fellow, I could hear you in the next county!" said Will genially.

"I order these boys to their Form-room, a



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...ance! I order you to quit Bendover. I will give you ten minutes to pack. Understand?"  
 "Quite! I am going—"  
 "You're not going, sir!" came a roar from the Bendover Fourth.  
 Will Hay beamed on his Form.  
 "Yes, my dear fellows, I am going—to carry me! I am going to see this through! I am going to hold the fort till Dr. Shrubbs comes back!"  
 "Bravo!"  
 "You hear him, sir?" breathed Dunkley Pyke. "You hear him? He has defied my authority, and now—"  
 "He will not defy mine!" gasped the colonel. "I will deal with him, sir, with my own hands! Leave him to me."

and he retreated down the stairs, with both bony hands clasped to his suffering nose.  
 Colonel Chatterton, foaming, grasped at the barricade again. But this time he was interrupted. A paper bag whizzed down from above. It was crammed with soot. It landed on the bridge of the colonel's prominent nose—and burst!  
 "Wurrghh!" spluttered the chairman of the governing board, staggering back, enveloped in soot. "Gurrghh! Hurrghh!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

rebellion—and how he was going to get on with it was an interesting question to the rebels. They had beaten off the Bendover prefects already, and the Sixth Form men did not want any more. Now, looking from the big window, Will Hay spotted the colonel's next move. A crowd of Bendover fellows, in the quad, were watching a party entering at the gates—met by Colonel Chatterton as they came in.

Colonel Chatterton strode to the barricaded door. He grasped at the stacked furniture, to drag it away, and clear a passage. Grasping an upturned table-leg with both hands, he wrenched with all his strength. His face was purple, and he puffed and blew, as he wrenched. He put all his beef into it. The table was nailed to the stairs, with a dozen long nails, and it did not stir. But something was bound to go, with all that effort, and it was the leg that went.

"Have another, sir?" he asked. "Richard, get another for the colonel! Hurry up, my boy, he is waiting!"  
 But the colonel was not waiting! He did not seem to want another. He made a jump for the lower stairs, and disappeared from view, snortings and splutterings floating back as he went.

There were six of them—all big and burly men in gaiters and velvetens. Evidently the colonel had despatched a message to Chatterton Chase, and called on his keepers. Will Hay wrinkled his nose thoughtfully, as he looked at them. Reggie Pyke grinned cheerily. Reggie was the only fellow in the Fourth who was not heart and soul in the barring-out. Reggie was an unwilling recruit. He had been led into this—by his ears! And now it looked to Reggie as if Will Hay's game was up.

There was a sharp crack, and the table-leg came off, in the colonel's hefty wrench, so suddenly that it took him quite by surprise. He staggered back, the table-leg swinging down his head.

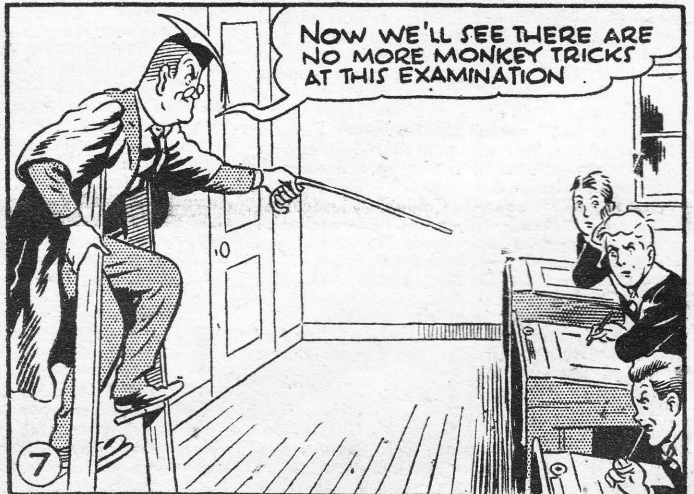
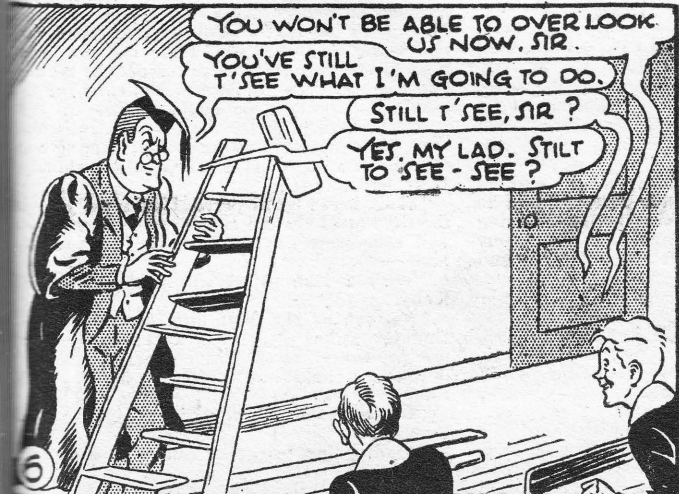
**R**EGGIE PYKE grinned.  
 There was a big window at the end of the Fourth Form passage at Bendover. Standing at the window, looking down into the quad, Reggie grinned at what he saw. Reggie chuckled! And Will Hay, catching the chuckle, billowed along to the window, to see what Reggie saw.  
 "My only check trousers!" ejaculated Will as he looked.

"They've got ladders!" grinned Reggie. "Bet you they're coming up to this window! And you jolly well can't stop them."  
 "Phew!" murmured Jimmy Carboy.  
 Each of the six hefty men carried a long ladder over his shoulder. Led by the colonel, with Mr. Dunkley Pyke hovering at hand, they marched across the quad, heading for the window at which the rebels stood. Evidently the old military gentleman had planned the attack at that window, instead of attempting to negotiate the barricade on the stairs. It was a big window, with plenty of room for half a dozen ladders to be placed side by side at the broad stone sill. The glass would not stop them long—and that meant close quarters, schoolboys against big hefty men. And each of the Chatterton Chase keepers carried a stick, as well as a ladder!

"Crack!"  
 "Yurrrroop!" shrieked Dunkley Pyke. He was not expecting that! The swinging table-leg caught him in the middle of his features, before he knew that it was coming.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from above.  
 "Go it sir!" encouraged Will Hay, "Fine! Do that again, sir!"  
 "Oh! Ow! Ooogh!" moaned Dunkley Pyke,

It was late in the afternoon. Since the colonel's morning call, the rebels of Bendover had seen nothing of him. But he was still at the school; and they wondered what move he was going to make. The chairman of the governors was there to put down the Bendover

"We'll jolly well keep 'em out!" said Dicky Bird resolutely.



"You jolly well won't!" grinned Reggie. "In about half an hour my pater will be whopping the lot of you. The best thing you can do is to throw over that old ass Hay, and give in. Take my tip—"

"You take mine!" suggested Will Hay genially. It was the tip of his boot to which Will alluded, and Reggie gave a roar as he took it.

Will Hay billowed away down the passage, leaving the rebels crowded at the window, watching the enemy. He went into the study in which the supplies of the garrison were stacked, and emerged with a paper packet in his hand. That packet was hidden under his gown, as he breezed back to the window, and rejoined the rebels there.

He opened a casement in the window, and gave Colonel Chatterton, as he stared up, a genial smile and nod. It was after class, and a swarm of Bendover fellows were looking on with breathless interest. Clump, clump, clump, came the ladders, planted in a row at the window-sill. Mr. Pyke yapped out an order, and Crocker and Stuckey, and some more of the Sixth Form prefects, came to hold the ladders in position, so that they could not be pitched over from above, as the assailants mounted.

"Now, sir!" roared Colonel Chatterton. "I give you a last opportunity of ceasing this lawless rebellion. Otherwise, I shall order my men to enter by force, and you will be thrown out on your neck, and—"

"Can it!" suggested Will. "You talk too much, sir! Bottle it up! Cork it!"

Colonel Chatterton spluttered. "Jessop!" he roared. Jessop was head keeper at Chatterton Chase. "Go up at once! Break in the window, and enter! You will be excused for any violence you may have to use! Go up at once!"

"Yes, sir!" said Jessop. "Old them ladders safe, you young fellers."

Jessop began to mount one ladder. His comrades mounted the others. Sticks in hand, they mounted rung by rung towards the window.

Within, the Bendover rebels crowded, grasping bats and stumps and all sorts of weapons. It was going to be a tough scrap, and even Dicky Bird admitted that it looked doubtful. But Will Hay seemed to have no doubts, and smiled with all his teeth.

Dunkley Pyke grinned up with a sour grin. It was impossible to dislodge the ladders. It was scarcely possible for the juniors to resist half a dozen burly men at close quarters. Really, it looked as if the colonel had solved the problem for the new headmaster of Bendover. But Will Hay's genial smile did not change.

He leaned out, when the assailants were half-way up the ladders, and waved a warning hand.

"Speaking as a friend," said Will, "I advise you to go back! I warn you that it will be warm work. Back-pedal, old beans! Reverse! Hook it! Beat it! Bunk!"

The Chatterton Chase keepers only grinned—and came steadily on. Will Hay jerked the paper packet out from under his gown.

Will shook the paper packet in the air. A shower of pepper flew from it. It was a light shower—just a hint of what was to come! But it had a startling effect on the enemy. From each of the Chatterton Chase keepers came a sudden volcanic sneeze!

"Aytishoooooo!"  
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Bendover Fourth. The roar of laughter was punctuated by two or three sneezes. Some of the pepper floated in at the open window!

"Good gad!" roared Colonel Chatterton, staring up. "Good—tishoo! Good—atchoo! Go on—go up—you hear me! Never mind a little pip-pip-pepper—oooh! Aytishoo!"

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Dunkley Pyke. "Ooogh! Tishoo! Tishoo!"

Will Hay beamed from the window. "A little more?" he asked. "Another shake! Sorry, and all that, but I warned you you'd find hot stuff here—"

"Aytishoo! Oooogh, ooooh! Tishoo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Go on!" roared Colonel Chatterton. "Jessop, why are you stopping! Jones, you are hanging back! Williams, go on at once! By Jove, I'll sack the lot of you if you hang

back! I'll—aytishoo! I'll—shoo, shoo, tishoo!"

Up came the keepers, desperately facing the pepper.

"You can't take a hint?" asked Will Hay regretfully. "Perhaps a little more will convince you that your best guess is to slide! Have a little more, Jessop—like that—"

"Urrgh! Shoo-hoooh-hoooh! Aytishoo!" The head keeper sneezed like a volcanic eruption. "I—I say—shoooooh! Woooooh! Aytishoo!"

"And a little more all round—"

Six men went sliding frantically down the ladders. They had mounted step by step—but they did the descent in one. They were prepared to face bats and stumps and pokers. But the little packet of pepper was altogether too much for them. Coughing and sneezing they tumbled off the ladders. Volcanic sneezes awoke the echoes of the quad, and from the watching swarm of Bendover fellows came yells of laughter.

Colonel Chatterton fairly raved. "Go on!" he roared. "You hear me? Up,

Failure irritated him. It irritated Mr. Pyke. Tempers were showing a raw edge. The colonel had been a warm supporter of Mr. Pyke on the governing board; now he did not seem so pleased with him.

"I begin to think, Mr. Pyke, that you are useless here!" he yapped. "A Form in rebellion—a Form-master snapping his fingers at you—"

"And at you, sir!" hooted Mr. Pyke. "Pah!" snorted the colonel.

He strode away and disappeared in the gloom. Still at Bendover, he was determined not to go till he had this matter in hand. Mr. Pyke grunted and went into the House. Colonel Chatterton was dissatisfied with him—and he was fed-up with the colonel. Even the necessity of keeping on the right side of the gentleman could not quite restrain his acid temper.

He entered his study—and gave a jump of surprise. A Fourth Form junior was seated in the armchair there, waiting for him. It was his hopeful son Reggie.

"You here!" exclaimed Mr. Pyke. "What are—"

Reggie grinned. "I got away from the box-room window," he chuckled. "Slid down a rain-pipe! I say, pater, I've got news for you! Look here, if you got old Hay—"

Mr. Pyke's eyes glittered.

"Let me once lay hands on him!" he breathed. "Can you help me, Reginald? Once he is turned out, all, I am sure, will be well. I will give him such a lesson if he falls into my hands that he will be tired of Bendover." Mr. Pyke swished his cane in the air. "I will lay this cane about him, Reginald—I will give him such a flogging—"

"Good egg!" grinned Reggie. "He's getting out to-night—"

"Getting out!" breathed Mr. Pyke.

"It's grub!" explained Reggie. "Old Hay's going to slip down a rope from the window and get over to Didham, to order grub there. It's running short. I heard them chewing it over. He's going at half-past eleven, taking an attache-case with him, and he's going to knock up the stores at Didham, and come back with all he can carry. After I heard that, I fancied you'd like to know pater—what!"

Mr. Pyke swished the cane again. His face expressed happy anticipation.

"Suppose you catch him as he goes—what?" grinned Reggie. "He's going to cut across the quad by the beeches as soon as he gets down, and bunk over the wall. If you're there, pater, he'll run right into you. You can have Kelly and some of the prefects to lend a hand, and—"

Mr. Pyke grinned.

"He shall be seized, secured, held while I give him the thrashing of his life!" he said.

"Then he shall be turned out! But I shall thrash him first with this cane! He will not feel disposed to come back again when I am through with him. Hardly! You may go to bed, Reginald. Leave this in my hands. It is past eleven now; there is no time to lose."

Dunkley Pyke lost no time. Within ten minutes he had called Kelly, the porter, and Stuckey of the Sixth. Colonel Chatterton was not to be seen—but Mr. Pyke did not want him. He was quite able to handle the matter, and he was keen to let the chairman of the governors see that he could handle it. It would be a surprise for the colonel to discover that while he was pacing about, fuming and seeking in vain to solve the problem, Dunkley Pyke had solved it.

"Wait here!" whispered Dunkley Pyke in the shadow of the old Bendover beeches. "He will come this way. As soon as you see him—"

"Ow's a man to see in the dark?" asked Kelly.

"As soon as you hear him, then!" snapped Dunkley Pyke. "As soon as he comes, wave him instantly, pitch him over, and pin him down, and hold him while I lay on the cane—"

"You're going to whop him, sir?" gasped Stuckey.

"I am going to thrash him within an hour

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at once! Are you afraid of a little—aytishoo! Shoo-oooooh! Good gad! Ooooooh!"

Six keepers staggered away, sneezing frantically. The prefects holding the ladders had already scattered, with a chorus of sneezes. Mr. Dunkley Pyke scuttled away, his handkerchief to his nose. Colonel Chatterton strove to shout orders, but volcanic sneezes cut him short. He tottered away, making sounds like a foghorn as he went.

Six ladders, shoved from above, crashed down. Will Hay waved his mortar-board to the yelling crowd in the quad, grinning happily. Will did not think that the enemy would come on again. Their reception had been altogether too hot!

"If you cannot manage better than this, Mr. Pyke—"

"Have you managed better, sir?" hooted Dunkley Pyke.

The colonel snorted.

It was night—dark night, with hardly a gleam of a star. Colonel Chatterton, from the gloom of the quad, stared up at the Fourth Form studies—with a frowning brow.

## WILL HAY AT BENDOVER

(Continued from page 364.)

of his life!" said Mr. Pyke grimly. "You will pin him face down—"

Stuckey chuckled.

"What-ho! We'll get him all right, sir!"

"Silence!" breathed Dunkley Pyke. "Listen!"

There was a sound in the gloom, from the direction of the House. At that hour all Bendover was asleep, unless the rebels were still up. No light showed from the Fourth Form quarters, but from that direction came a sound in the silence of the night.

"Ready!" breathed Mr. Pyke. "He is coming!" There was a sound of running feet—running from the House. Mr. Pyke gripped his cane hard. His eyes gleamed in the dark like a cat's.

"He is coming! Stand ready! Seize him the moment—" He broke off as the running feet came close. And Kelly and Stuckey, watching, stood ready to spring.

**W**ILL HAY jammed his nose-nippers firmly on his nose and peered from the open casement in the big passage window into the gloom below. Dicky Bird, Jimmy Carboy, and Jerry Smart peered out beside him. The rest of the rebels had turned in, except for Sammy Straw, doing sentry-go on the landing. Reggie Pyke had not yet been missed from the dormitory.

"All serene, sir!" whispered Dicky Bird.

"Here's the rope, sir!" murmured Jerry.

Will Hay nodded. The rope, securely fastened at the window, slipped silently down. A strap secured the attache-case over Will's shoulder. He prepared to climb out.

"Remain here," he whispered. "In about an hour I shall be back with grub to last us for days. Make no sound." He clambered out.

"Ow!" gasped Jimmy Carboy. "That's my eye you're bunging your foot in! Wow!"

"Quiet, you ass!" whispered Dicky Bird. "You—oh! Ah! Ooogh! What the thump are you kicking me in the tummy for, sir? Woogh!"

The juniors backed hastily out of the reach of Will's feet as he clambered. They were rather dangerous at close quarters.

Will Hay swung from the window. Leaving Jimmy rubbing his eye and Dicky his waistcoat, Will swung down, hand below hand. He had calculated the distance, and knew when to expect his feet to touch the ground. Un-

expectedly, they touched something while still six feet from the ground.

"What the merry mackerel—" gasped Will Hay, in astonishment. Unless the earth had risen from its natural level to meet him, he could not understand this. But the next moment he knew, as there was a startled splutter below. It was a human head that his feet had knocked on, and the owner of the head seemed surprised and displeased.

"Good gad! What—" gasped Colonel Chatterton

"Oh, my only hat and sunshade!" gasped Will.

He realised that the colonel, unseen in the darkness, was standing below the window, and he had descended fairly on his head.

"What—who—what—" Colonel Chatterton stared up, amazed. "Who—what— Oh, gad!"

He clutched at a shadowy leg, grabbed it, and dragged. That sudden drag brought Will Hay down with a bump.

He bumped on Colonel Chatterton. For a fraction of a second he sat on the colonel's upturned face. Then the colonel went over backwards, and Will slid off, sprawled over the colonel's long legs, and sat down in the quad.

"Oh!" gasped Will.

"Urrrrgh!" spluttered the colonel. He bounced up. "You! By gad! I will—"

"So will I!" gasped Will, bounding to his feet. "Take that, you superfluous old ass! And that, you benighted blitherer! And that—"

Will, grasping the attache-case, swung it round his head and landed it on all the colonel's features at once. Bang! Warming to his work, Will Hay banged, and banged again, with the leather case, and the colonel sagged to and fro, gurgling. Will Hay put all his beef into it! That leather case was hard and heavy. It did a lot of damage. Colonel Chatterton forgot all military traditions. He fairly turned and ran.

A final bang landed on the back of his head as he went. The chairman of the board of governors fairly flew. He did the shadowy quad at about 60 m.p.h., and Will Hay, giving up the enterprise for that night, climbed up the rope again.

"**S**EIZE him!" hissed Mr. Dunkley Pyke.

Stuckey and Kelly sprang together. A running, breathless, panting figure loomed half-seen in the gloom, and they sprang at it, seized it, and bore it to the earth. It went down with a crash, landing on its face, with a startled, breathless, spluttering howl.

Once down, it had no chance of getting up again. Stuckey of the Sixth knelt on the back of its head, Kelly stood on its legs. Between them, that figure was well placed for a whopping. And Mr. Dunkley Pyke lost no time in getting on with the whopping!

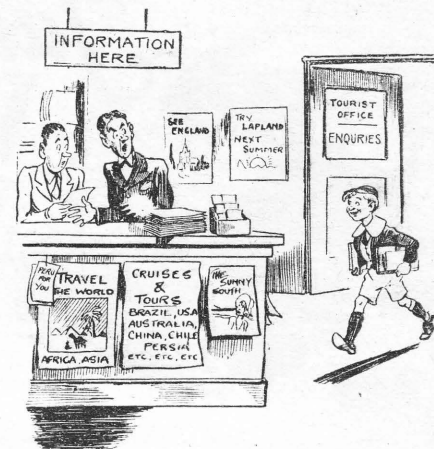
Up went the cane! Down it came! Swipe! Swipe! Swipe! Swipe!

"Oh! Ah! Ow! Aooogh!" came in muffled tones from under Stuckey of the Sixth. "Yooooooooooooop!"

"Scoundrel!" gasped Mr. Pyke, laying it on with all the strength of his bony arm. "Swipe!"

"Rascal!" Swipe! "I will teach you a lesson!" Swipe! "You shall have what you deserve!"

Will Hay, as he climbed the rope at the window, heard a distinct sound as of beating carpet, and muffled but frantic yells. He



"Gosh, here's young Smith again, to get free information about his homework!"

wondered what was happening out there in the dark. So did Dicky Bird, and Jimmy Carboy, and Jerry Smart as their breathless Form-master clambered in. They all stared from the window and listened. Loud and sharp, from the gloom, came that sound of carpet-beating, and the panting, jubilant voice of Dunkley Pyke.

Swipe! Swipe! Swipe! Swipe!

Dunkley Pyke laid it on! Hard and fast he laid it on, while his victim writhed and struggled in the grasp of Stuckey and Kelly.

Not till he was tired did Mr. Pyke cease. "And now," he gasped, "you may release him. Kick him out of Bendover!"

"Oh! Ow! Ooogh! Scoundrel! Villain! Dastard!" The victim's voice came more clearly as Stuckey got off his head. "Pyke, you scoundrel, how dare you— Good gad—"

Dunkley Pyke almost fell down! "The colonel!" stammered Mr. Pyke, like a man in a dream. "It is Hay—it is surely Hay! It— Colonel Chatterton! What—I—I thought—I—I thought you were— were Hay—"

"Fool!" roared Colonel Chatterton. "Idiot! Dolt! Good gad! I will report this to the governing board! Blockhead! I have done with you! Fool! I shall not be able to sit down for a week! Imbecile! Take that!"

"Oh!" roared Dunkley Pyke, as he took it—with his face. "Ow!"

He sat down suddenly. Spluttering, Colonel Chatterton stalked away. He wriggled like an eel as he stalked. From a window across the quad came a sound of rippling laughter. Mr. Pyke did not heed it. He sat with his hand to his nose, overwhelmed with horror and dismay. He had not given Will Hay that terrific whopping. He had given it to the chairman of the governing board. And that was that!

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