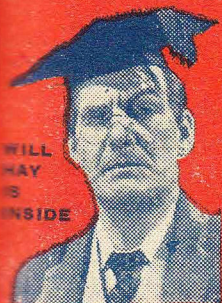


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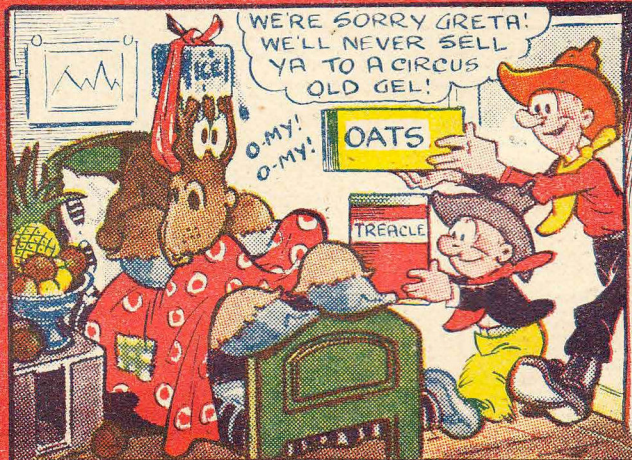
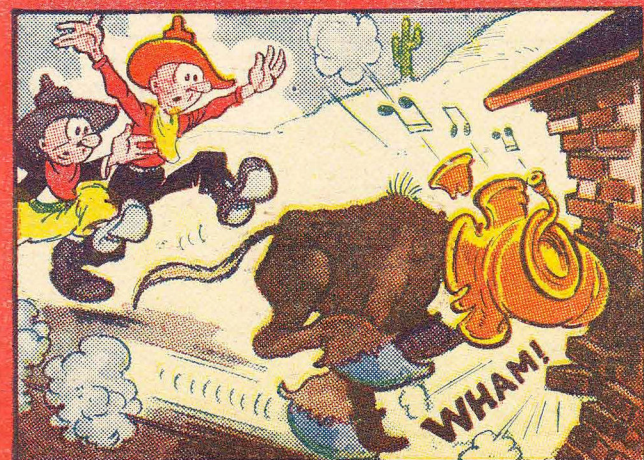
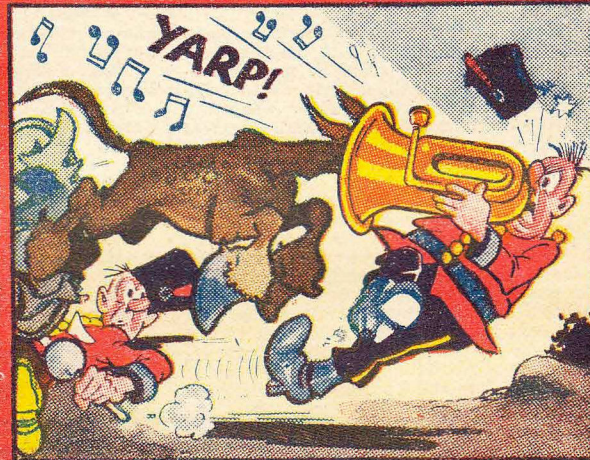
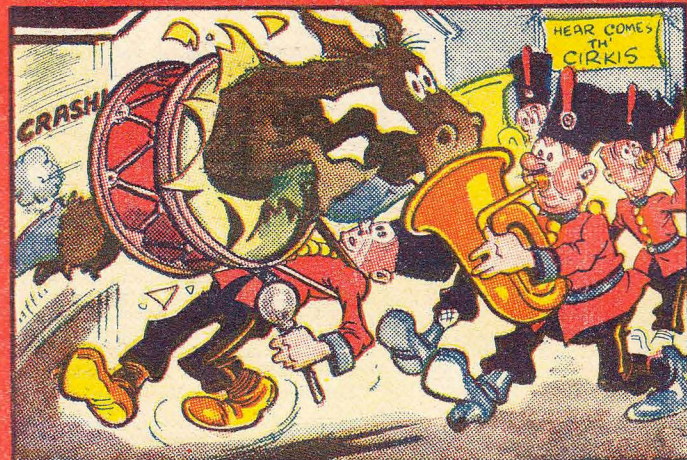
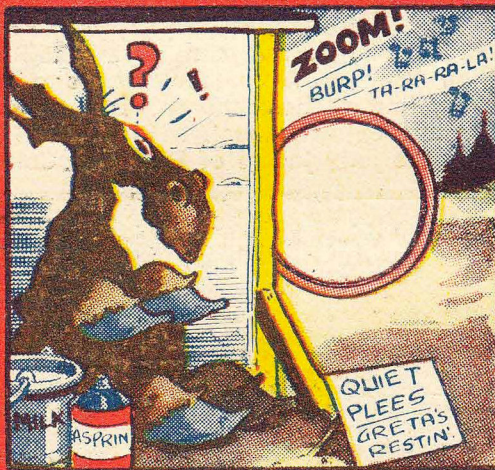
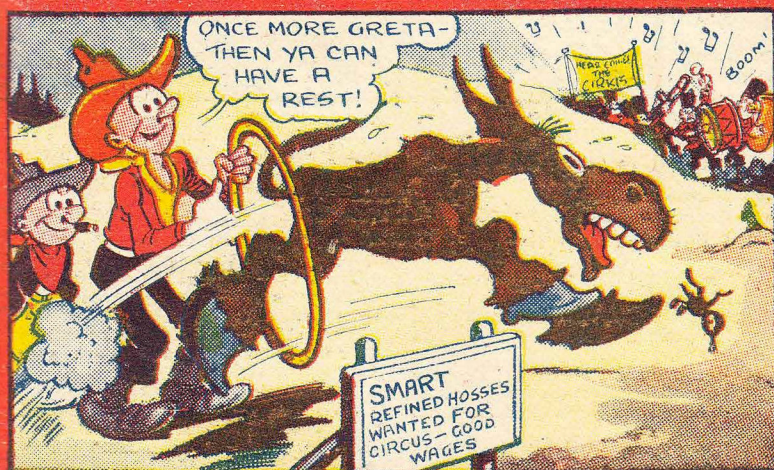
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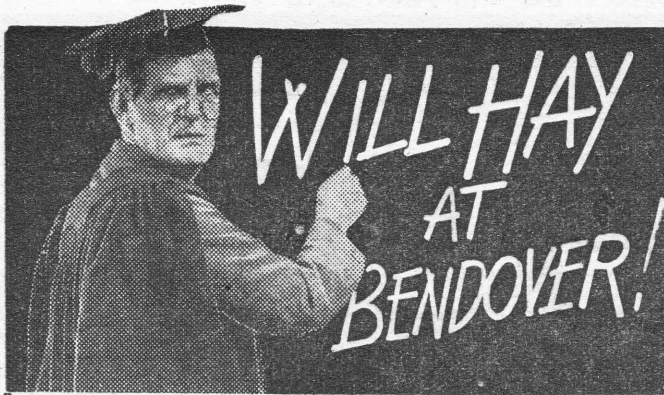
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No. 96. Vol. 4. Week ending July 31st, 1937.

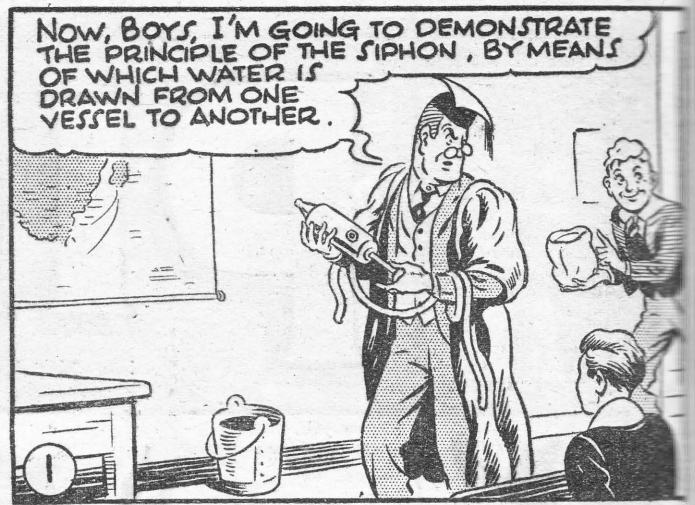


MIKE, SPIKE & GRETA, OUR KRAZY GANG, IN ANOTHER RIOT OF FUN!



WHO'S BEEN READING THE BENDOVER STORIES ?

Ha! Ha! . . . You can always tell them by their smiling faces, for there's a laugh in every line of these merry yarns. Join in the fun and enjoy yourself with **WILL HAY**, and the jolly jaspers of Bendover College.



(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

COOK!" commanded Will Hay. "What?" roared Dunkley Pyke. The new headmaster of Bendover glared at the master of the Fourth. Will Hay gave him a beaming smile in return. Will was in a cheery good temper that morning, if Mr. Pyke was not. Mr. Pyke's expression indicated, only too clearly, that his temper was exceedingly bad! His eyes glinted under scowling brows. He was almost grinding his teeth. Probably he would have done so, had they been his first or second teeth. But a man had to be careful with his third teeth—they were expensive.

It was getting towards dinner-time at Bendover School. Most of the Forms were going to dine in the Hall as usual. Not the Bendover Fourth, however! The rebel Form of Bendover were camped on the Fourth Form landing, behind their barricade. There was a big open fireplace on that landing; and, warm as the weather was, a big fire in it for cooking purposes. The rebels had to fend for themselves, but nobody was keen on cooking at a blazing fire on a hot day. So there was a general buzz of approval from the Bendover Fourth when Will called on Mr. Pyke to cook!

Mr. Dunkley Pyke glared round at grinning faces. Then he fixed another deadly glare on the cheery Will.

During the barring-out at Bendover, the new headmaster's great problem had been to get at the rebels! Now that problem was reversed. The difficulty now was, to get away from them. They had bagged him—and there

he was! And there was no getting away for Mr. Pyke.

"You see," explained Will Hay, "if a man can't be ornamental, he should try to be useful. Your best friend, Mr. Pyke, would hardly call you ornamental. But you can be useful. You understand me?"

"Villain!" gasped Mr. Pyke. "Do you think—do you imagine—do you dream for one moment that I—I will—will—cook—cook fish—"

"I see that you understand me!" assented Will. "My dear man, I've done the shopping. At the risk of my neck—the only one I've got—I scooted down from a window last night, and trickled down to Lidham to bring back the foodstuffs. The next move is yours."

"Here's the frying-pan, sir!" grinned Dicky Bird.

"And here's the bloaters!" chortled Jimmy Carboy.

"Go it, sir!" encouraged Will Hay. "You're no great shakes as a schoolmaster, but you may turn out quite a good cook. Make yourself useful! You shall have a bloater yourself if you cook them nicely."

Mr. Dunkley Pyke gurgled with rage. It was bad enough to be captured by the rebels of Bendover, and to be a prisoner in the hands of the Form-master whom he had sacked. But cooking bloaters was the limit!

"Never!" he gasped. "Never!"

"Bird!" rapped Will Hay.

"Yes, sir!" chirruped Dicky.

"Bring me my cane!"

"Oh, my hat! What-ho!" chuckled Dicky.

"Give him six, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bendover Fourth, quite taken by storm at the idea of the new headmaster getting "six."

"You—you—you dare—" gurgled Mr. Pyke.

Will Hay flourished the cane.

"Are you going to fry those bloaters?" he demanded.

"Never!" shrieked Mr. Pyke.

"Then bend over and touch your toes!" commanded Will.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Pyke cast a wild glance round him, and made a sudden rush for the staircase. That staircase was barricaded, from top to bottom, from wall to banisters, by a stack of all sorts of furniture. It was not easy to negotiate, but Dunkley Pyke was desperate, and he made the attempt.

A dozen of the Fourth reached Mr. Pyke as he reached the barricade. Hands grasped all over him and yanked him back. He struggled in vain. Gasping for breath, he was marched back to where Will Hay stood flourishing the cane.

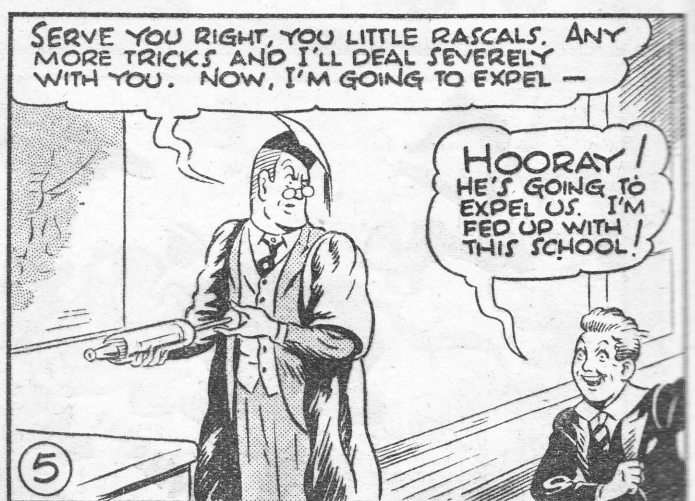
"Touch your toes, sir!" he beamed.

"Never! Rascal—villain—urrrrrgh!" gurgled Mr. Pyke.

"Assist him, my boys!" said Will.

The juniors gave Mr. Pyke prompt and effective assistance. Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy grasped his ears, to bend him over. Jerry Smart and Sammy Straw pulled at his arms. Tubby Greca got a grip on his hair. Podger gave him a poke—an emphatic poke—on the waistcoat! Gasping, Mr. Dunkley Pyke bent over, folding up like a pocket-knife.

"Excellent!" said Will Hay. "Sorry, and



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all that, Mr. Pyke, but discipline must be maintained. Cooks mustn't be cheeky!"

Swipe!
The yell that was emitted by Mr. Pyke as he got the first swipe, woke all the echoes of Bendover School.

Swipe!
"Yurroooooh!" roared Mr. Pyke, struggling frantically. "Stoppit! Ow! Wow! Stoppit! Yow!"

Swipe!
"Yarooop! I—I—I will cook the bib-bub-bloaters!" howled Mr. Pyke. "I—I am perfectly willing to cook the bloaters! Yarooop!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Will Hay lowered the cane with a cheery smile.

"I thought we should come to understand one another," he beamed. "Get busy, my dear sir! Hand him over the frying-pan, Bird! Find the butter, Smart! Stir the fire, Green. There are the bloaters, Mr. Pyke! Go it! If you give satisfaction as a cook, I may give you a permanent job—at least, until Dr. Shrubbs comes back to Bendover! Do your best—no man can do more! Just to encourage you, I will keep this cane handy, in case you burn the bloaters! For your own sake, Mr. Pyke, I hope that you will cook them nicely!"

Dunkley Pyke wriggled and breathed fury as he set to work. Three from Will's cane had been enough for him. He greased the frying-pan, and started frying bloaters. It was warm work. Dunkley Pyke's face was already crimson with rage; but it got, if possible, a little redder as he cooked over the fire.

Will Hay sat down at a little distance and watched him with a pleasant smile. The Fourth Formers watched him, grinning—also at a distance. It was too warm to get near the fire, if they could help it. It was very warm for the cook; but cooks, of course, had to get used to that sort of thing.

Bloater after bloater passed through Mr. Pyke's hands. A powerful scent of frying fish pervaded the stronghold of the Bendover rebels. It was an appetising scent to the schoolboys who were ready for their dinner. Mr. Pyke, no doubt, wanted his dinner also; but he was not thinking of that. He was thinking desperate thoughts of escape. Every now and then he peered round over his shoulder, watchful for a chance to make a dash for it.

His chance came at last. Will Hay billowed away to the landing window to look down into the quad, where a crowd of Bendover fellows of other Forms were staring up at the rebels' quarters. Among them was Reggie Pyke, the deserter of the Fourth, and Reggie shook his fist up at Will's beaming face.

Dunkley Pyke breathed hard. This was his chance. The frying-pan was in his hand as he glanced round. Suddenly he laid it on the floor, sizzling with hot fat, and darted across the landing, bolting up the Fourth Form passage.

He had a wild idea of clambering out of a window. But he never got to a window. Tubby Green was coming down the passage as Mr. Pyke rushed up. They met with a crash! "Oooooogh!" gasped Tubby as he spun over. "What—ooogh—"

"Ow!" gasped Mr. Pyke, as he sprawled over the fat Fourth Former.

"Bag him!" yelled Dicky Bird. "Oooooer! Gerroff!" spluttered Tubby. "Oghh! Oooooer!"

Before Mr. Pyke could get off, he was dragged off. Five or six of the Fourth collared him, and yanked him back. Grinning, they marched him back to the landing. Will Hay came billowing from the window.

"Is that cook giving more trouble?" he thundered. "My only hat and sunshade! Where is my cane?"

Dunkley Pyke, with a terrific wrench, tore himself loose. Foaming with rage, he jumped at Will Hay, his bony fists flailing the air. Dicky Bird interposed a foot, and Mr. Pyke stumbled over it, fell forward, and butted Will with his head.

Will promptly shoved him off, and Mr. Pyke staggered backwards, and sat down. The frying-pan was just behind him. There was a sputter of fat as Mr. Pyke sat in the frying-pan.

It was hot.
For the millionth part of a split second Mr. Pyke reposed in that hot frying-pan; then he bounded up, with a yell that might have excited the envy of a Red Indian on the war-path.

"Yaroooh! I'm burnt! Yoo-oo-hooooop!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the juniors.
"Yaroooh! Oooooh! Oh! Ow! Wow!"
raved Mr. Pyke, twisting like an eel. "Oh! Ah! Ow! Wow! Whoop!" He twisted and wriggled and danced. He yelled, and he roared. "Oh! Ah! Woo-hooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Entertaining, my dear fellow!" said Will Hay. "I feel sure that such a song and dance would be a great success on the halls. But we have no time for it now. Dinner, my dear fellow—dinner—the call of the inner man. Are you going to finish cooking those bloaters, or—"

Mr. Dunkley Pyke seemed to be understudying an eel in his convulsive wriggles as he finished cooking the bloaters. But he got through without giving more trouble. He was tired of giving trouble.

"STOP that ball!"
Bang!
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"He's stopped it!"
They were playing cricket—rather under



difficulties—in the Fourth Form passage. The brace-and-bit from Dicky Bird's tool-chest made it possible to jam the stumps into the passage floor. Will Hay, at one end of the passage, wielded the bat—not without peril to Tubby Green, who was keeping wicket. Jimmy Carboy bowled from the other end. Fieldsmen were packed rather close. Dunkley Pyke, from the landing, stared at the scene, his face the only one that was not merry and bright.

The ball, hot from the bat, banged on one wall, bounced across to the other, and shot out on the landing. Fieldsmen shouted to Dunkley Pyke to stop it. He was not willing to oblige; but he had no choice in the matter, his bony chin being exactly in the line of flight. The ball banged on that bony chin, and dropped on the landing—so did Mr. Pyke.

"Well done, sir!" bleated Will Hay. "Well fielded, sir!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" spluttered Mr. Pyke, sitting on the landing, and clapping his chin with both hands. "Wow, wow, wow! Wooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dicky Bird, chuckling, fielded the ball, and tossed it back to Carboy. Mr. Pyke staggered to his feet, still clapping his chin. He gave a glance round at the staircase; but three sentries were sitting on the barricade, and there was no chance of escape that way. As Jimmy Carboy bowled again to Will Hay, the new headmaster of Bendover dodged into a study to keep clear. He did not want to do any more fielding.

Cricket went on merrily in the passage. The Bendover Fourth were enjoying life a good deal more than the other Forms, who were in class with their various Form-masters. They were more than willing to keep on the barring-out till Dr. Shrubbs came back. No doubt they wished their old headmaster, now in a nursing-home at Didham, a happy recovery. Still, they were willing to let him take his time about it. Things were going on quite happily, from the point of view of the Fourth and their Form-master.

Dunkley Pyke did not share that view. In Study No. 3—safe from whizzing cricket balls—he clenched his fists with fury.

Really, it was awful for Mr. Pyke. He was not making a success of his headmastership. He had hoped to turn that temporary post into a permanent one during Dr. Shrubbs' absence. Sacking Will Hay had been his first step. But that had been his undoing. The Bendover Fourth refused to part with their Form-master—and this was the result. And, so far from putting down the rebels, Dunkley Pyke had been captured by them, and here he was—with a cook's job to last him till the old headmaster came back. No wonder he raged, with clenched fists, which he unclenched, now and then, to rub his damaged chin.

He stepped to the window. In the quad below he spotted a solitary figure—that of Reggie Pyke. Reggie was staring up at the Fourth Form windows, perhaps wondering what was happening to his pater in the hands of the rebels. Reggie had deserted the Form—the only fellow in the Fourth who was not backing up Will Hay. Dunkley Pyke glanced down at him; but the study window was nailed shut, like all the windows in the rebel quarters. Breaking a pane would have given the alarm at once, and brought the cricketers with a rush from the passage.

But Dunkley Pyke's brain was working at pressure now. He had to get out of this—somehow! He had to escape, and put down the barring-out, if he was going to have any chance of consolidating his position in Dr. Shrubbs' place. He stepped back to the study door, with the idea of locking it, while he got into touch with Reggie below. But the key was gone! Mr. Pyke gave a snarl as he made that discovery.

But he closed the door quietly; then he lifted a chair to it, and jammed the chair-back under the door-handle. He jammed it hard and fast.

They would not be able to get at him in a hurry, now. And he was not finished yet. A couple of cricket stumps lay on the study table. Mr. Pyke grabbed them, and jammed

the sharp ends under the study door to wedge it. His eyes glittered. He was seeing chances now. Using a Latin dictionary as a hammer, he hammered the stumps tight under the thick, oak door.

Knock, knock, knock!

There was plenty of noise going on in the Fourth Form passage. Indoor cricket could not be played without noise. But it was not long before that hammering sound from Study No. 3 drew attention.

The door handle was turned from outside. Then Jerry Smart's voice was heard:

"Hallo! Open this door, old Pyke! I say, look here, you chaps! Old Pyke's barred himself in Bird's study!"

"What!" ejaculated Will Hay. Cricket ceased at once, and the master of the Fourth came billowing down the passage. "My only hat and umbrella! My unique check trousers! Are barrings-out catching, like measles? Dunkley, old bony bean, are you having a barring-out in there on your own?"

Hammer, hammer, hammer! came from within the study. Dunkley Pyke drove the

Tubby did not need telling that. Will was given a wide offing as he wielded the bat, and delivered bang after bang on the door of Study No. 3. But that door was well secured inside now. Banging did a lot of surface damage. But the door remained fast.

Meanwhile, Dunkley Pyke was leaning from the window. It was over fifteen feet from the ground, and he was not thinking of getting out. But he waved and shouted to Reggie, who came scooting up.

"Here I am, pater!" gasped Reggie Pyke, staring up at the excited face looking down from the study.

"Reginald, call Kelly at once, and tell him to bring his ladder! Then call the prefects here! I have fastened the study door, and if they are quick they can join me here, before the door is forced. Do you understand? Lose no time! Hurry!"

"What-ho!" gasped Reggie, and he flew in the direction of the porter's lodge.

Bang, bang! Crash! came at the study door. Will Hay was putting his beef into it.

Mr. Pyke, at the window, fumed with impatience. This was a great chance. If Kelly was quick with his ladder, and the Bendover prefects quick to rally to the aid of their headmaster, the game was in Dunkley Pyke's hands. There was nothing to stop them from mounting to the window. Once inside the defences, the hefty men of the Sixth could handle the juniors easily enough. The tables would be turned with a vengeance. Breathlessly Mr. Pyke watched Kelly, the Bendover porter, as he appeared in view, with a long ladder over his shoulder. Then from the House, called up by the grinning Reggie, emerged Crocker, the captain of Bendover. Stuckey, Smith major, and the rest of the Bendover prefects. They were coming!

Bang, bang! Crash! at the study door. But the door did not budge, and Dunkley Pyke grinned with glee.

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NEXT FRIDAY!**



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In next week's "PILOT" you will receive four more magnificent cards of the latest units in the King's Air Force. Here they are:

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wedges well home. Then he grabbed table and desk, and slammed them against the door. Will Hay, outside, rubbed his nose. The Bendover rebels gathered round him in an excited crowd. This was rather a startling development. They were barring out the headmaster—but they had never thought of the headmaster barring them out!

Crack! Smash! Clatter! The sound of breaking glass rang and echoed from the study. Mr. Pyke was demolishing the window. Then his voice was heard, shouting:

"Reginald! Come this way, Reginald!"

"Suffering tomtomats!" gasped Will Hay. "We've got to get him out of that! Push that door in, my merry pippins! Hand me that bat, Smart! Now stand clear!"

Will Hay swung the bat. The Fourth Formers jumped away, in a hurry to stand clear. Tubby Green did not jump fast enough. There was a fearful yell as the swinging bat established contact with the fattest head at Bendover.

"Yarooop!" yelled Tubby.

"Eh—what?" Will Hay blinked round over his slanting nose-nippers. "Did this bat hit something?"

"Yow-ow-woop!" roared Tubby. "My napper! It hit my head! Wow!"

"Nothing in that to damage, my lad. Look here, Green, don't put your head in the way of this bat again! You're wasting time!"

CRASH! Smash!

"Look out—"

"Ow! Wow!"

Will Hay had put plenty of beef into it—perhaps a little too much! The door did not give—but the bat did! It flew into splinters, and Will was left blinking, with the handle in his hands—and the Bendover rebels yelled as the pieces flew among them. Dicky Bird got quite a large chunk under his chin—Sammy Straw got another in his ear!

"My only pink pyjamas!" gasped Will Hay. "How's that, umpire? Out, what? There goes my innings!"

"I say, you're getting a ladder up to the window!" yelled Jimmy Carboy, from the next study.

"Suffering sardines!" murmured Will Hay.

He rushed to a window and looked out. Kelly, the porter, was planting his ladder at the window-sill of Study No. 3. Mr. Dunkley Pike, leaning out, grasped the top, and helped to place it securely. Up the ladder came Crocker of the Sixth, his ashplant under his arm. After him came Stuckey, and after Stuckey, the rest of the prefects. Mr. Pyke's voice was heard, on its top note:

"Quick! Quick! Hurry!"

Reggie, holding the ladder at the foot, grinned as he spotted Will Hay looking down. He released his left hand from the ladder, put his thumb to his nose, and extended his fingers. Will Hay gave him a glance. Unfortunately, he could give him nothing more.

Thump! Bang! Crash! Will Hay billowed back to the door of Study No. 3. Half a dozen of the rebels were banging on it with bats, hockey-sticks, anything they could lay hold of. Dicky Bird had the big iron poker from the landing fireplace, and he was delivering terrific swipes. But the strong oak door, wedged inside, resisted all attacks. It creaked, and it groaned, but it held fast. And from within the study came a sound of feet landing, as the first of the enemy jumped in at the window.

"We've got to get that dashed door open!" panted Dicky Bird. "If the prefects get at us, we're done. Smash the beastly thing in!"

Bang! Bang! Crash! Wallop!

(Continued on page 431.)

started yelp, flailed his arms out wildly, and went over with a crash.

Simultaneously the glass bomb flew out of his hands and smashed into a thousand fragments on the stone floor of the farmhouse kitchen. Stokes and Fleming and the thickest man were all clawing simultaneously at their hip-pockets. Fleming succeeded in drawing a gun as the blue vapour swirled up from the floor; but before he could use it the blue sleeping gas got into his lungs, and he was instantly asleep.

With the gas swirling around him, the Buccaneer hopped over the limp figures of the unconscious people. He alone, out of the seven people there, was unaffected by the gas—for the simple reason that he alone was gagged. That gag across his mouth acted as a filter, and although the Buccaneer caught some of the gas, it was only very slight and not enough to put him out.

He hopped swiftly across the room to a room adjoining, found a bread-knife on a dresser, and by dint of wriggling his fingers about behind his back, succeeded in wedging it in the opening of the drawer of the dresser. After that, it was only a matter of patient sawing, and a few minutes later, the Buccaneer's bonds fell from him.

Inspector Bugle sat in a state of majestic excitement in the front seat of a flying squad car which, followed by four others, was racing along the main road from Oldchester.

"It was the Buccaneer," raved Bugle. "I recognised his voice over the telephone; and when I had the call traced, it came from a farmhouse off the Oldchester road. Three miles—here—turn right here, you mugs!"

The car swung into the secondary road, and three miles further on squealed to a halt outside the farmhouse. For Bugle was answering a telephone call that had come to him twenty minutes earlier. A voice that he remembered only too well had said—

"Bugle-blast. The mystery is solved—I leave the rest to you. Trace this call, if you've got the wits."

And, as the police burst into the farmhouse, they found Mr. Lucas Pond, and his associates, sleeping soundly. There was also Professor Fancourt and his daughter, also sleeping soundly. There was also a note on the table, addressed to Inspector Bugle. It ran:

"Dear old Bugle-blast,—For once, I wasn't responsible for the robberies. Professor Fancourt'll tell you all about it when he wakes up. But I've been to an awful lot of trouble, so I've helped myself. I'm sending some of the takings to the professor, later on. Best love,
"THE BUCCANEER."

But for that note, the table was empty. The loot was gone, so was the car outside—and so was the Buccaneer.

The Buccaneer goes to Scotland with Bugle as usual on his track, and then the thrills begin! Do not miss next week's fast-action story of the Laughing Outlaw—there's a "kick" in every line.

MODEL CRAFT

I guess all you fellows are interested in really super model Speed Boats. If so, turn to page 425 and there you will find details of the Hornby Speed Boat Folder, printed in colour and giving all details of the Hornby fleet of Speed Boats and Racers. They are all there—from the out-and-out racers to the smart limousines. What a thrill to be the champion of the pond this year!

WILL HAY AT BENDOVER

(Continued from page 412.)

Matters looked rather desperate for the rebels of Bendover. Sooner or later, that door would go. But clearly it was going later, not sooner. Already Crocker had jumped in at the window, and Stuckey had followed him in. Smith major was following—and behind him came the whole body of prefects—hefty Sixth Form man after man.

Bang! Bang! Crash!
"My dear Bird," bleated Will Hay, "hand me that poker, please! Thank you!"

Taking the long, iron poker from Dicky, Will strolled back to the landing. Dicky stared after him, dumbfounded.

"Ain't you going to bust in the door, Mr. Hay?" he yelled. "What the thump have you taken that poker away for, then?"

Will glanced back at him in surprise.

"My dear Bird," he chided, "the proper use of a poker is to stir the fire, not to bang at study doors! I am going to stir the fire with this poker, my good Bird!"

"What does the fire matter now?" shrieked Dicky.

"Lots, my innocent infant, lots!" answered Will, and he billowed across the landing and shoved the poker deep into the fire.

"Balmy!" gasped Dicky. "They'll be on us in two or three minutes, and there's that old ass Hay stirring the fire—"

"They're all in now!" yelled Tubby Green, from a window. "They've all got in, Mr. Hay!"

Every week the Editor of PILOT awards half-a-crown for the best letter sent in by a PILOT reader. Write and tell him your opinion of the stories, and don't be nervous about saying what you think. Address your letters to: The Editor, "PILOT," Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

This week's prize of 2s. 6d. goes to: S. Blackwell, The Ramblers, Viewlands, Avenue, Westerham Hill, Kent.

"And we shall be all-in, pretty soon!" groaned Jimmy Carboy. "No good banging on that putrid door now, you fellows—they'll be getting it open fast enough, now they're inside!"

Will Hay did not seem perturbed. Wild excitement reigned round him, but Will was smiling genially. He took a handkerchief from his pocket, and, to the amazement of his followers, proceeded sedately to fold it round his right hand. What that meant, the Bendover rebels could not guess—unless it meant that Will was off his rocker! They had never been sure that he was quite safely on it!

"What's that for?" shrieked Dicky Bird.

"You should be more observant, Richard!" said Will. "The handle of the poker is extremely hot—though not so hot as the other end! I do not wish to scorch my fingers, Bird!" He blinked round over his nose-nippers.

"Dear me—I think they are about to open that door! I must be there to greet them—I trust that they will be satisfied with the warmth of my greeting."

Will picked the poker from the fire. It was hot, and he needed the folded handkerchief round his hand. The other end was glowing red. The juniors jumped back in a great hurry, as their Form-master whisked it from the glowing heart of the fire. Will was rather dangerous with a cricket-bat—he was likely to be deadly with a red-hot poker!

Poker in hand, Will billowed away to the door of Study No. 3. Then suddenly it dawned on his followers, and they yelled:

"Good old Hay! Hurrah!"

Will grinned cheerily as he took up his position at the study door. The door flew open, revealing a swarming study. Mr. Pyke, who had borrowed a cane from one of the prefects, brandished it.

"Follow me!" he panted. "Follow me! You may use force—any violence will be excused—in fact, I desire you to thrash every young rascal in the Fourth Form severely—most severely. You will seize Hay, and—and—oh!"

Dunkley Pyke was leading the way back from the study. He stopped, and gave a sudden jump back as a red-hot poker glowed under his nose.

There was a yell of agony from Stuckey, behind him. That sudden jump landed Mr. Pyke on Stuckey's feet. Mr. Pyke was not a light-weight. Stuckey seemed hurt.

"What—what—what—", spluttered Mr. Pyke. "Scoundrel—villain—yaroooh—keep that poker away—yoo-hooop!"

Will Hay stepped into the doorway, the poker held out at armslength before him, circling in the air. Behind Will, the Bendover rebels packed the passage, howling with laughter. Will grinned cheerily over the red-hot poker. But the Sixth Form men packed in the study did not grin. They eyed that poker with consternation and horror, as they backed away.

"Here, keep that away!" gasped Crocker.

"Keep off!" shrieked Stuckey

"Keep that away!" raved Mr. Pyke. "Villain—wretch—if you dare to touch me with that poker, I will—yaroooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the rebels in the passage. There was no need for their bats and stumps. Will Hay, on his own, was holding the enemy! He was more than holding them! As he made a step into the study, there was a frantic swarming back towards the window.

Stuckey of the Sixth made a bound for the window. Mr. Pyke made a bound at the same moment. They jammed in the window together. With a desperate shove, Mr. Pyke sent Stuckey sprawling on the floor, and scrambled out.

He was not thinking of victory over the rebels now. He was only thinking of getting away from the red-hot poker. Reggie, below, stared up in astonishment at the sight of a pair of long legs whisking from the study window. The legs were followed by the rest of Mr. Pyke! Another moment and Stuckey was swinging out after him.

Dunkley Pyke shot down the ladder. His feet landed on the astonished face of Reggie. Reggie gave a fearful howl as he rolled over—and Mr. Dunkley Pyke stumbled over him, and rolled in his turn. Stuckey, of the Sixth, came shooting down and landed on both of them.

At the window above, it was like a Rugby scrum. Every fellow wanted to get out at once. Behind the retreating enemy, Will Hay brandished the red-hot poker. The merest tap on trousers elicited a frantic yell. The Bendover prefects were good men and true; but they had no use for red-hot pokers tapping on their trousers. They yelled, and roared, and spluttered, and struggled to escape. Man after man scrambled out and shot down the ladder—adding himself to the sprawling, scrambling, yelling heap at the bottom.

"I think," remarked Will Hay thoughtfully, "that that is that! I really think that, all things considered, that may be regarded as that! What?"

And the Bendover Fourth, gurgling with glee, agreed that it was!

There's no limit to the laughs in these grand fun-stories, and Will Hay will be back with plenty more next week. Look out for another rollicking yarn of the world's merriest Form-master, in next Friday's bumper Free Gift Number.

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