

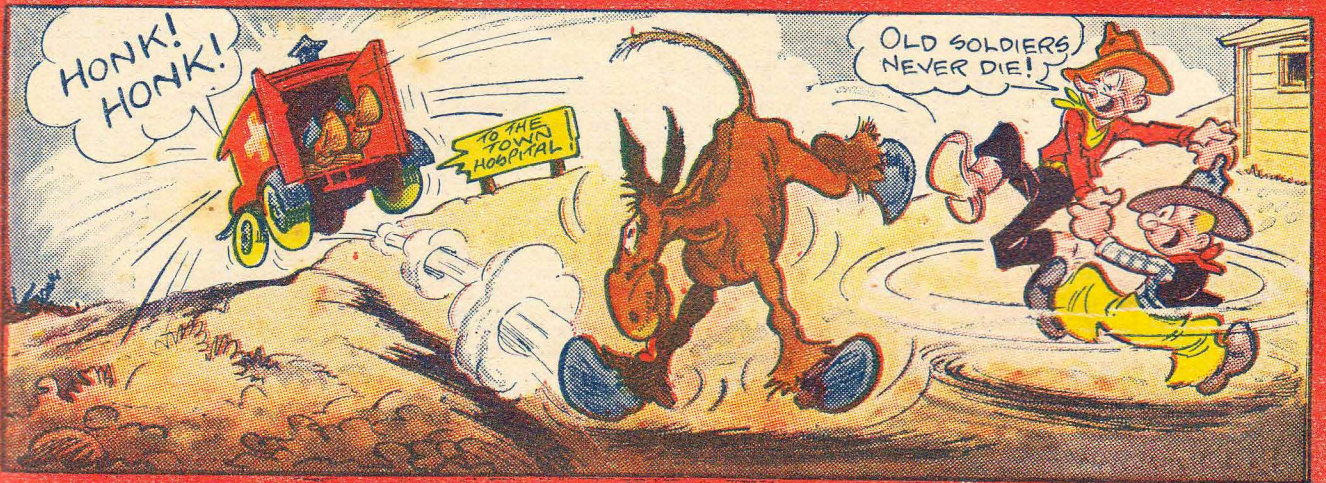
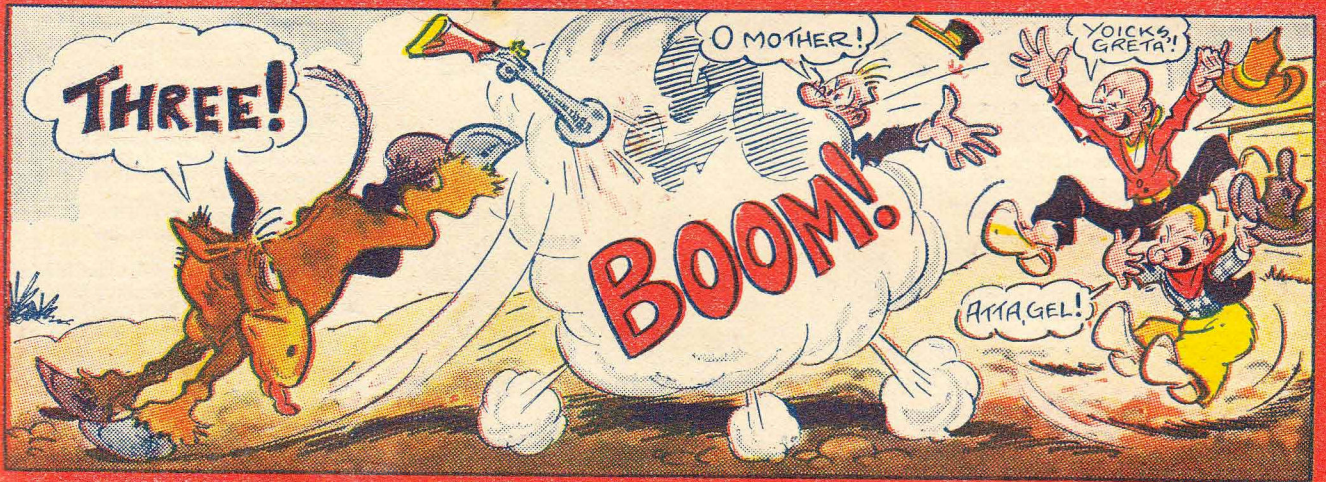
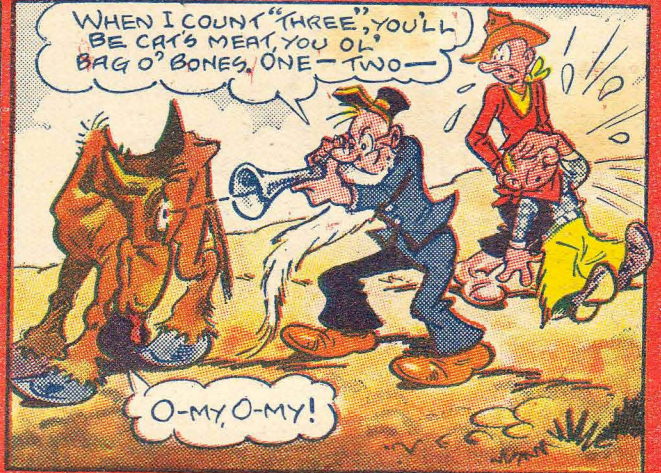
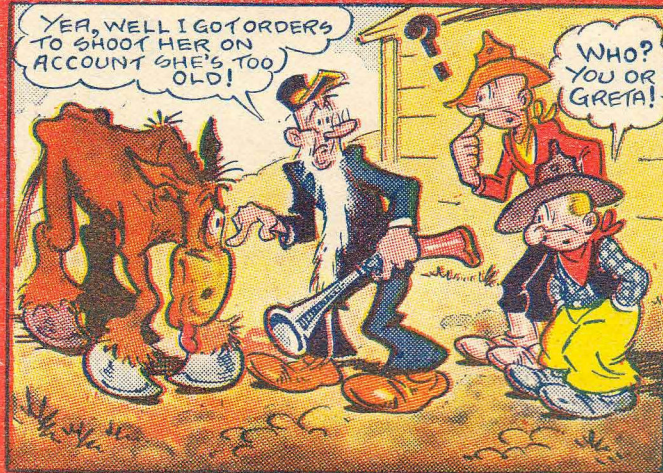
WILL HAY IS INSIDE

The PILOT

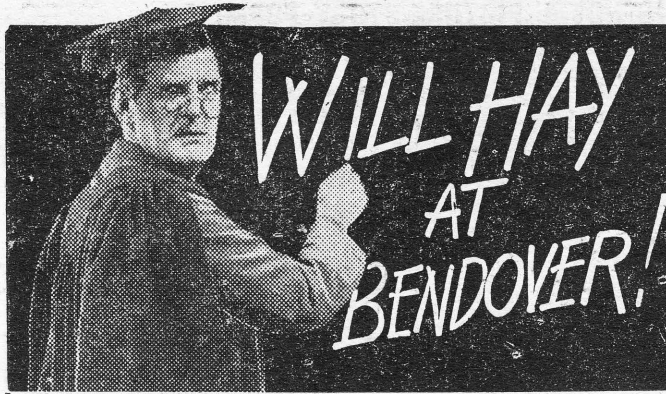
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No. 97. Vol 4. Week ending August 7th, 1937.

EVERY FRIDAY

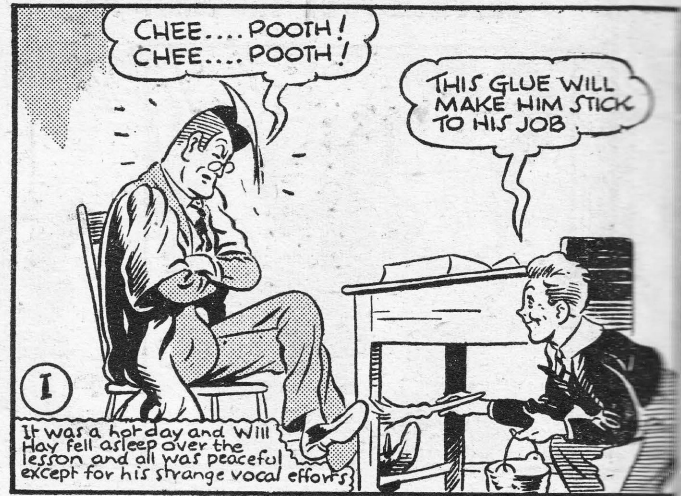


MIKE, SPIKE & GRETA, OUR KRAZY GANG, in "TAKING THE COUNT!"



PUBLIC SCHOOL REBEL NO. 1...
Meet WILL HAY, the only Form-master to lead a schoolboys' rebellion! It's a riot... but a riot of mirth!

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



WILL HAY looked serious. Generally, Will looked merry and bright; and since the barring-out at Bendover School had started, with Will as the leader thereof, he had looked merrier and brighter than usual. The master of the Bendover Fourth seemed to enjoy a barring-out much more than teaching Latin and maths in the Form-room!

So did his pupils! The Bendover Fourth seemed to be having the time of their lives. They were prepared to hold the fort behind the barricade on the Fourth Form staircase till Dr. Shrubbs came back to the school. They had no use for Mr. Dunkley Pyke, the new temporary headmaster. Had he not sacked Will Hay? They were not parting with the one-and-only Will! Not, at all events, so long as they could bar-out Mr. Pyke; and, so far, at least, the Bendover rebels had had all the luck.

On this particular sunny morning, as Will Hay looked down from the landing window into the quadrangle, his face was serious and thoughtful. He knitted his brows, causing his nose-nippers to slant at a dangerous angle; but they slanted unheeded, as Will gazed down into the quad.

"Anything up, sir?" asked Dicky Bird.
"Are they coming?" asked Jimmy Carboy eagerly.

It was some time since the last attack on the rebels' stronghold, and they were eager for more! Piles of missiles were ready on the landing, to buzz at the enemy when they came.

The juniors gathered round their Form-master, at the window. In the quad stood Mr. Dunkley Pyke, with a sour smile on his face. By his side stood his son, Reggie Pyke, the deserter from the Fourth, grinning from ear to ear. In a group stood Crocker, the

Bendover captain, and the rest of the prefects—grinning, also. Mr. Pyke was speaking to Stump, the gardener—and Stump was grinning, like the rest! Everybody there seemed on the grin. Which was why Will Hay looked serious! It was clear to him that something was on.

"Mr. Pyke," said Will, "has something on this morning! I wonder what?"

"Looks like it!" said Dicky Bird.

"We'll jolly well put paid to it, whatever it is!" declared Jerry Smart. "We've beaten 'em before, and we'll beat 'em again!"

"But that bony old bean has something on," said Will, shaking his head, "and I can't spot what it is."

"Can't you, really, sir?" squeaked Tubby Green. "I can, sir!"

"You can?" ejaculated Will.

He set his nose-nippers straight and blinked at Tubby. Tubby was the prize fathead of Bendover School, so his statement was surprising.

"Oh, yes, sir!" said Tubby. "I can see quite plainly what he's got on, sir."

"Then give it a name!" rapped Will.

"What is it, Green?"

"His mortar-board, sir—"

"What?"

"And his gown—"

"Eh?"

"And his trousers, sir—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the juniors. Will Hay gazed blankly at the fatuous Tubby, and then grinned.

"That will do, Green!" he gasped. "Shut it off! This intellectual brilliance of yours is too dazzling!" He looked from the window again. "Hallo! They're getting a move on! Now what—"

Stump, the gardener, left the new headmaster. The latter, signing to the prefects to

follow him, walked into the House. The quad was left deserted. Other Forms were in the Form-rooms.

"Line up!" rapped Will Hay.

There was a rush of the Bendover rebels across the landing to the barricade. It looked as if the enemy were coming! The rebels were ready for them, when they came. Many hands grasped all sorts of missiles, ready to rain on them when they appeared on the lower landing.

But Will Hay was puzzled. It was no work to defend a staircase barred from top to bottom. Every attack, so far, had failed. If Mr. Pyke was trying that on again, all was serene; but Will realised that there was something new on, though he could not yet see what it was! It was plain that Dunkley Pyke expected victory this time! He had thought out a new one! What was it?

"Here they come!" yelled Dicky Bird.

Dunkley Pyke's mortar-board appeared from the lower stairs. He looked round the corner of the landing banisters, the sour smile still on his face. Dicky Bird took aim with a sardine tin.

Whiz!

"Oh!" gasped Mr. Pyke. His head popped back again, in a great hurry, his hand clapping his nose, where the tin had landed.

"Have another, old bean?" yelled Dicky Bird.

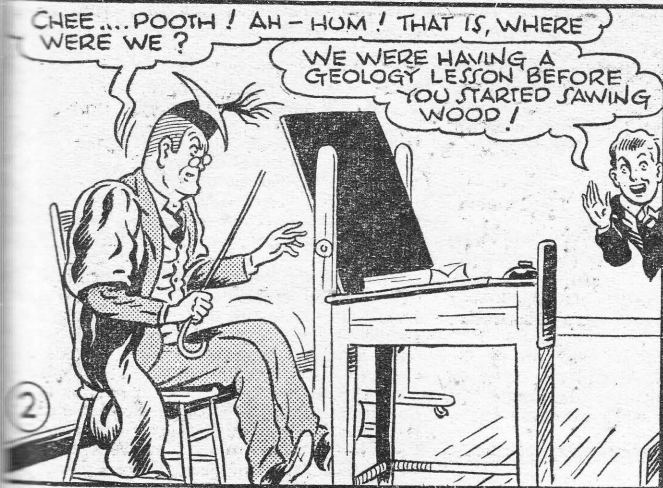
Mr. Pyke did not seem to want another. He remained in cover of the lower banisters, rubbing his nose.

There, safe from whizzing missiles from above, the Sixth Form prefects gathered with him. Then there was a tramping of feet and a dragging sound from the lower staircase. Stump, the gardener, appeared in view.

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

Stump, as he mounted the stairs,





inding a hose. This was Mr. Pyke's new
! This was what he had on that morn-
! This was the big idea! New lengths
ubber tubing must have been sent for from
ham, to join up to the hose, or it would
have reached the distance. Now, how-
it was long enough! The other end,
ntly, was fixed at the water supply.
nozzle was in Stump's horny hand.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dicky Bird. "That's
game! I say, pelt him! Bowl him over
he can get going!"

"Stump!" came Mr. Pyke's sharp voice.
urn the water on those young rascals at
! Drench them! Sweep them away!"

"Yessir!" grinned Stump.
Whiz! Whiz! Whiz! Crash! Bang!
bles came over the barricade in a regular
! Two or three sardine tins, a cricket
a couple of eggs, and a nifty bloater
Stump, all at once, even as he turned
the water at the nozzle.

Stump gave a roar, and staggered! It was
ly not safe to stagger on the edge of a
! Stump stumbled over the edge and
carcaring down, the hose slipping from
fingers as he went!

Swoooooosh! Splash! Swoooooosh!
The water was shooting from the hose as
Stump dropped it. But it was not shooting
at the rebels. The nozzle fell among the
on the lower stairs as Stump, rolling
let it go. Mr. Pyke got the first stream.
got it under his chin.

"Urrrgh!" spluttered the new headmaster
Bendover. "Wurrgh! What—"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Stuckey of the Sixth.
He grabbed at the hose, dragging the nozzle
from the headmaster. It turned on
aker, catching him in the ear.

"Ooogh! Keep that away, you idiot!"
yelled the captain of Bendover.

He dodged the shower frantically. Catching
his foot in the trailing hose, he went over, and
rolled, dragging the hose after him, round
his leg. The nozzle fairly danced, shooting
water in all directions.

"Ooogh!"
"Stoppit!"

Swoosh! Swisssh! Splash! went the hose
merrily. Crocker, tangled in the hose,
struggled, and the nozzle danced about like a
live thing, streaming water. Dunkley Pyke
plunged at it, and received a stream in his eye,
and sat down with a bump! Reggie made a
jump at it, slipped, and rolled down over
Crocker. They did the lower stairs together,
dragging the hose, the nozzle trailing behind
them from step to step, still pouring. Every
Sixth Form man in the staircase was getting
the benefit of it.

"Urrrgh! Stump!" raved Mr. Pyke.
"Turn off that—grooogh—turn off—oogh—turn
off that hose at once, you—wooooooch!"

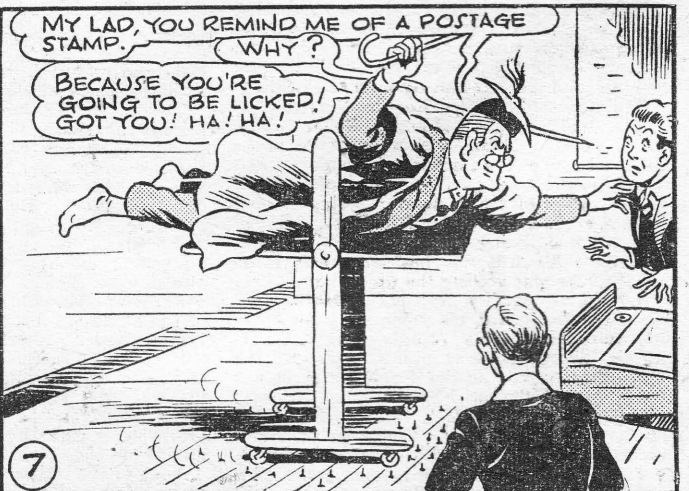
"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from the Fourth
Form landing.

"Looks like a wash-out!" chuckled Jimmy
Carboy.

Wild howls and yells and squeals came from
the lower staircase. A drenched crowd plunged
and barged and stumbled, in a sea of swishing
water. Stuckey captured the nozzle at last,
and shut it off. By that time, Mr. Dunkley
Pyke and his followers were fearfully damp.

"LOOK out! They're coming!"

"Back up!"
Will Hay brandished his cane. His
eyes flashed with the light of battle.
The Bendover rebels were packed round their
leader, which Will rather overlooked in the
excitement of the moment.



But they could not escape it! There were plenty of openings in the barricade. Chairs, tables, and desks, jammed together from wall to banister, made a barrier difficult to clamber over, but which offered little resistance to a stream of water. The torrent came through, splashing all over the Fourth Form landing.

"My only hat and umbrella!" gasped Will Hay. "We've got to stop this! I'm getting damp—distinctly damp!"

He grabbed a chair by the leg, and jumped desperately to the barricade, to hurl it down at Stuckey. Had that missile got home, no doubt Stuckey of the Sixth would have ceased operations for a time. But as Will's face appeared over the barricade, the stream of water splashed into the middle of his features, and he went over backwards as if a cannon-ball had hit him.

Splash, splash! Sizzle! The fire in the big fireplace on the landing was burning, ready for cooking the rebels' dinner. But no dinner was destined ever to be cooked on that fire! A stream of water shot into it, and there was a terrific hissing of steam and ashes. Steam, ashes, and smoke rolled in clouds over the landing, and through them came the ceaseless drenching from the hose.

"Oh crikey!"
"Groooooogh!"

Will Hay sat up dizzily. Water ran down him in streams. Some of the rebels were in retreat, on the dormitory staircase, which led up from the landing. Round the corner of that staircase they were sheltered from the torrent. Others were dodging about the landing, striving to escape the hose—in vain! Not a man stood at the barricade. As fast as a head showed there, Stuckey aimed the nozzle at it, and knocked it away with a forceful torrent of water.

"My only check trousers!" gasped Will. "This water's wet—fearfully wet! Water sell! This looks like being our Waterloo!"

He staggered up. More and more of the rebels crowded on the dormitory stairs, and the Fourth Form landing was almost deserted. Will blinked round dizzily through showering water.

On the lower landing the enemy were gathering in force. They had no missiles to fear now. Mr. Dunkley Pyke showed all his teeth in a triumphant grin. He forgot that he was soaked to the skin, in his satisfaction. The rebels were driven from their defences. Mr. Pyke's latest move was a success! He saw his triumph at hand! He grinned with glee.

"I say, pater, it's a winner this time!" chortled Reggie Pyke. "I say, we've jolly well got 'em!"

"I think, Reginald, that I shall have little more trouble with those young rascals!" grinned Mr. Pyke. "Crocker, Parker, all of you—climb over the barricade! There is nothing to stop you now. Keep the hose playing, Stuckey! Do not cease for a moment! Go on, Crocker—go on at once!"

The Bendover captain led the way. After him clambered the prefects. Stuckey, grinning, kept the hose going full force. Will Hay leaned over from above, reaching at the clambering prefects with his cane. But only for a moment. Then the torrent caught him under the chin, and pitched him back on the landing.

"He, he, he!" chortled Reggie.

"Ha, ha!" gurgled Dunkley Pyke. This was a winner. There was no mistake about that! The new headmaster of Bendover had solved his problem. Once across the defences, the hefty men of the Sixth were going to deal easily enough with a mob of juniors. A lot of damage was being done, certainly. But Dunkley Pyke was not bothering about the damage. He was getting the upper hand.

"Urrrggh!" gurgled Will Hay. He tottered on the landing. A dozen grinning Sixth Form men were clambering rapidly over the barricade. There was no stopping them. All the rebels were packed on the dormitory stair, cut off the way of the swishing torrent. Retreat was not a word that Will liked. But there was no help for it now. Water swished and splashed on him hard and fast as he retreated, at last, to the upper stair, and joined his drenched and dripping followers there.

"Ooogh!" mumbled Tubby Green. "The game's up, you fellows—"

Whack!

"Wow!" roared Tubby, dodging his Form-master's cane. "Wharrer you whopping me for—Wow!"

"Did you remark that the game was up, Green?" asked Will genially.

"Ow! Yes—"

Whack!

"Yarooop!" roared Tubby. "I—I mean, no! No! Ow! No!"

"That's better!" grinned Will—a wet, watery grin. "Never say die! Cut up to the dormitory, my stout lads! Roll out a bedstead! We've still a lot in the shocker—I mean, a shot in the locker! Sharp's the word! Move!"

The Bendover rebels scampered up to the Fourth Form dormitory. Rapidly a bedstead was rolled out on the dormitory landing. But by that time the enemy were over the barri-

But the enemy did not stop half-way—rolled and pitched and tumbled all the way down, and mixed up in a yelling heap on the study landing. And from the Fourth Form above came a breathless roar:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"LOCK the door!" said Will Hay.

Dicky Bird turned the key in the door of the Fourth Form dormitory. In that dormitory the Bendover rebels were crowded—their last retreat. Already footsteps were heard in the passage outside.

That rolling bedstead on the dormitory had checked the attack—but only checked it. But by the time the enemy came on again the Bendover Fourth were in their dormitory, the door locked. Most faces were serious now—very wet and very serious. They were cut from the hose—it was not long enough to reach up the dormitory stairs and along the passage. But that made no difference, so far as Dicky Bird & Co. could see. Now that the enemy were inside the defences, it was going to be hand-to-hand—with a foregone conclusion. Most of the rebels were prepared to put a stout fight. But at close quarters the Form-master had no chance against the Sixth! Overwhelming force was on the side of the tyrant of Bendover. A locked door would not stop them long. Unless Will Hay had another card up his sleeve, the game was up! The Fourth had unbounded confidence in their Form-master—but what could even the inimitable Will do now?

Some of the juniors were towelling themselves dry. Others listened to the tramp of footsteps in the passage outside. Dicky Bird gathered round Will Hay. Will was standing by a bed, on which lay a suitcase packed with various supplies he had brought in, on his expedition to Didham under cover of night. To the surprise of his followers, he screwed a petrol-can out of the case. It was a two-gallon red petrol-can, and evidently, from its weight, full of fluid. Will, with a cheery grin, loosened the screw cap a little.

"I—I—I say, wharrer you going to do with that, Mr. Hay?" gasped Dicky Bird.

"Eh, what?" grinned Will. "Don't you remember what Shakespeare—I mean, Shakespeare—says, my good Bird?"

"Oh, blow Shakespeare!" said Dicky Bird.

"But what Shakespeare says, my merry little pippin, is very much to the point!" explained Will. "He remarks that desperate diseases require desperate remedies! You follow me?"

"But—" gasped Jimmy Carboy.

"Stop butting—you're not a billy-goat, Carboy!" said Will severely. "Have you got a match?"

"A—a—a match?" gasped Jimmy. "Did-d you say a—a—a match?"

"I said a match!" agreed Will Hay. "A match—a common-or-garden match! No cricket match or a football match—a common lucifer. Ah, thank you, Smart!"

Bang! Bang! came at the dormitory door. Will Hay breezed over to the door, the petrol-can in one hand, the matchbox in the other. Dicky Bird & Co. exchanged amazed and startled glances.

"He—he—he can't mean—" gasped Dicky Bird.

"Trust old Hay!" said Jimmy Carboy. "Leave it to Hay!"

"Oh lor!" gasped Tubby, and he went along the dormitory and disappeared under the farthest bed. Petrol-cans and matches had an alarming effect on Tubby!

Bang! Bang! Prefects' ashplants were crashing on the door. Then came the bark of Dunkley Pyke.

"Hay! Are you there, Hay, you scoundrel! Answer me! Are you there?"

"Right number!" answered Will Hay. "You're through! Get on!"

"Unlock this door! Otherwise it will be forced! I have sent for Kelly to bring a sledge. This rascally rebellion is at an end now, Hay! Every boy in the Fourth Form is now flogged, and the ringleaders expelled from Bendover! You, sir, will be ejected from school—flung from the gates of Bendover!" roared Mr. Pyke. "You will be sent forth—"

Prof. Barnacle Offers Prizes!



Every week I am giving away a 576-page book of adventure stories to the PILOT reader who sends me the best joke. In addition, I am awarding a special prize of half-a-crown to the Overseas reader whose joke takes my fancy. All you have to do is to write your joke on a postcard and address it to: Professor Barnacle, The PILOT, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS ARE:

Scotland Yard were on the trail of a crook and they circualised the various stations with photos of the wanted man, taken from six different angles. Judge their surprise when they received the following message from a country station: "Have captured five of the men you want. The sixth is under observation and will be arrested soon."

This week's prize—a 576-page book of adventure stories—goes to: R. Warner, 106, Luton Road, Chatham, Kent.

"Is this your ball?"
"Are any windows broken?"
"No, nothing like that."
"Thank you. It is my ball!"

This week's special prize of half-a-crown goes to: L. Kong, 14, Main Road, Kong Thye Chan, Tapak, Perak, Malaya.

cade and gathering on the study landing, Mr. Dunkley Pyke at their head.

"Follow me!" shouted Mr. Pyke, flourishing his cane. He led the way up the dormitory stair. After him swarmed the Bendover prefects, ashplant in hand. The dormitory stair was packed with them. Will Hay grinned down at them. But his followers were not grinning. Nothing but a bedstead on the edge of the landing stood between them and the advancing enemy. Overwhelming force was almost upon them.

But that bedstead did not remain on the edge of the landing. As the enemy rushed up, Will Hay pushed it over the edge.

It rolled down the dormitory stair, crashing and banging. It caught Mr. Dunkley Pyke on his waistcoat, and hurled him back on his followers. It rolled and banged on, knocking the prefects right and left. There was a wild mix-up on the dormitory stair.

A leg of the bedstead caught in the banisters, and it jammed and stopped half-way down!

"Who's going first and second and third?" Will.
 "What! What do you mean?"
 "Didn't you say I should be hurled fourth?"
 "Don't bandy words with me!" roared Stuckey Pyke. "I am not here to jest with

jest so!" agreed Will.
 "Will you let me in?" roared Mr. Pyke.
 "My dear man, I've never let anybody in, my life!" answered Will Hay. "You let governors in, in getting your job here! I've let Dr. Shrubb in! You've let everybody in! But I'm not letting you in!"

Mr. Pyke spluttered with rage.
 "Break in the door! Kelly, bring your axe!"
 "Break in the door at once! Never mind the damage! Break it in!"
 "Here goes, sir!" said the Bendover porter. "Crash! Bang! Crash! A heavy axe, wedged in a pair of hefty hands, smote the dormitory door with terrific smites.

It was a strong oak door. But it was not heavy to stand long against that assault. Mr. Pyke was putting his beef into it, and he had a lot of beef. Crash, crash, crash! rang the axe—and the splinters flew. The door cracked and groaned. Panels split, and the panels, crowding within, had a view of the prefects, ashplant in hand, crowding without. Stuckey & Co. were all ready for a rush, when the door was down. And it was only a matter of minutes now. Crash, crash, crash!

Will Hay, with a casual air, unscrewed the cap of the petrol-can. There was a startled squeak from Reggie in the passage, peering through a shattered panel.

"Look out! Look what that mad old ass has got there!" howled Reggie, in alarm.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Stuckey. "That's petrol! Look!"

"Strike a match, Bird!" rapped Will Hay. "Oh crikey!" gasped Dicky Bird.

"Do you hear me?" roared Will. "They'll be on us in a minute! Strike a match, you little swab! Hear me?"

"Oh, all right!" stuttered Dicky. He jerked a match from the matchbox,

and struck it. Will Hay swung the petrol-can in his hands, and there was a gush of the fluid it contained from the opening.

Mr. Pyke gave a shriek of rage and consternation. Kelly, in the act of delivering another crash at the door, dropped the axe, and jumped back. The Bendover prefects backed across the passage with startled faces. "Stop!" shrieked Mr. Pyke. "Hay, are you mad? You dare not—you dare not set the house on fire! You dare not— Stop, fool—madman! Hold your hand!"

Will Hay brandished the petrol-can. There was a spurt of the fluid from it spattering on the floor. Spattering fluid from a petrol-can, with a lighted match at hand, was simply terrifying. Kelly started for the stairs, with a bound; Reggie was after him, with a leap like a kangaroo. Mr. Pyke gazed through the shattered doorway in rage and terror. He could not believe that Will Hay, driven to his last ditch as he was, would resort to such fearfully desperate measures. But Will's face expressed grim determination. A spurt of fluid from the petrol-can dropped only a foot short of Dunkley Pyke! He bounded back with a yell of terror, crashing into Stuckey, and hurling him against the farther wall. There was a yell from Stuckey as the back of his head banged.

"Now, then!" bleated Will Hay. "The match—a lighted match, Bird! Hand it to me! Thanks! I give you one second, Mr. Pyke—"

Swish! came a spurt from the petrol-can in the doorway. The lighted match flickered in Will's uplifted hand. Mr. Pyke did the passage, to the stairs, well under the second. After him tore the prefects. Petrol and lighted matches were altogether too much for them. Will Hay stepped through the shattered doorway, and sent a swish of fluid from the can after them. The lighted match was in his fingers. There was a wild trampling of feet on the dormitory stairs. Mr. Pyke, in his wild haste, lost his footing, and rolled. He landed, with a bump, on the study landing; but he did not stop there. He bounded up and flew.

"Ha, ha!" trilled Will Hay. "Our win, after all, I think. Yarook!" Will gave a yell as the match burnt down to his fingers.

He dropped the match quite quickly. "Look out!" shrieked Dicky Bird. For an awful moment the Bendover rebels expected a rush of flame. But there was no rush of flame. Will put his foot on the match and stepped back into the dormitory, sucking his fingers. He grinned cheerily at the Fourth Formers.

"Our win—what?" he bleated happily. "I think I mentioned that there was still a shot in the jolly old locker—what?"

"But—but—" gasped Dicky Bird. "Oh crikey! Would you really have put a match to it, sir?"

"Certainly!" said Will. "Why not?"

"W-w-w-why not?" stuttered Dicky. "Why, it would have set all Bendover on fire!"

"Scarcely," said Will, shaking his head. "You have much to learn of the nature and properties of water, my good Bird, if you suppose that it is inflammable!"

"Water!" yelled Dicky. "Water!" agreed Will. "Just water! Pure water from the crystal spring—at least, from the dormitory tap. What did you think was in that petrol-can, Bird?"

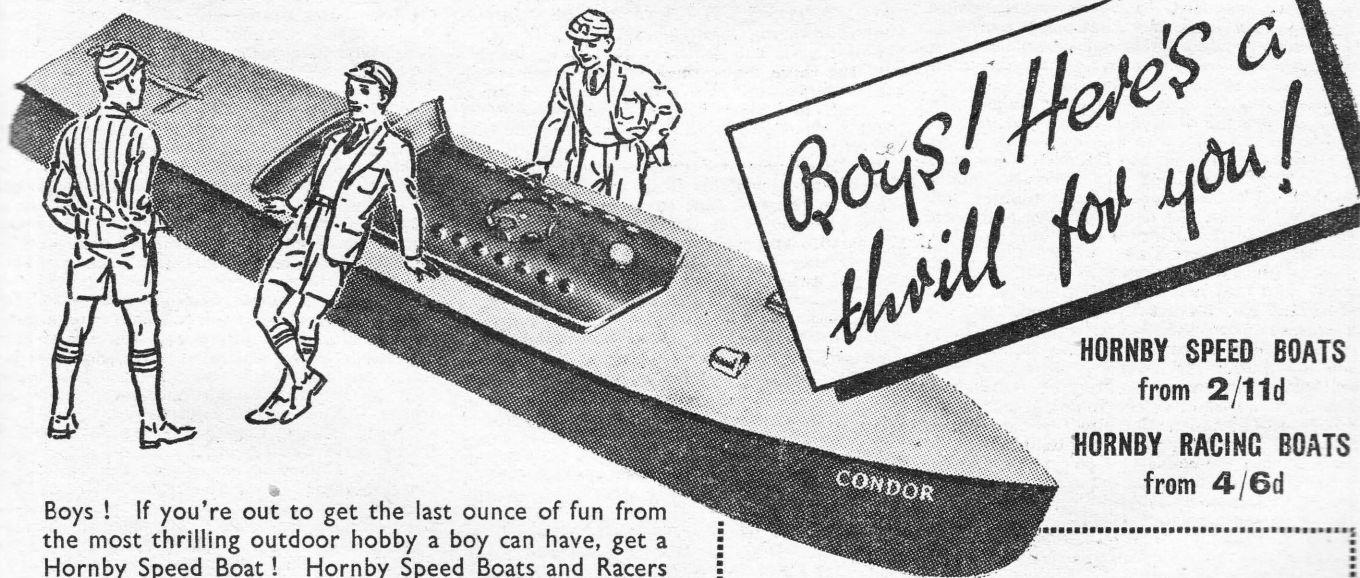
"Eh? I thought it was petrol!" howled Dicky.

"Wasn't it?" yelled Jimmy Carboy. "It smells like it."

"The smell," remarked Will, "is left over from the former contents of the can. So you thought it contained petrol? So, luckily, did Mr. Pyke! I gather, from the celerity with which he left us, that he had no doubt on the subject."

"Water!" gasped Dicky. "Ha, ha, ha!" "Ha, ha, ha!" yelled all the Bendover Fourth.

Will Hay and his merry men continue to hold the fort and you will hold your sides with laughter when you read next week's story of the Bendover barring-out. Book your "PILOT" now and be sure of reading this rollicking yarn.



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