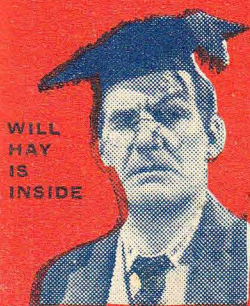


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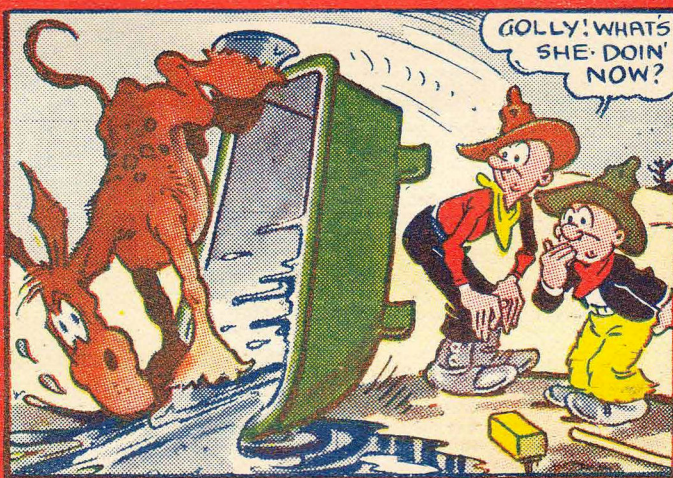
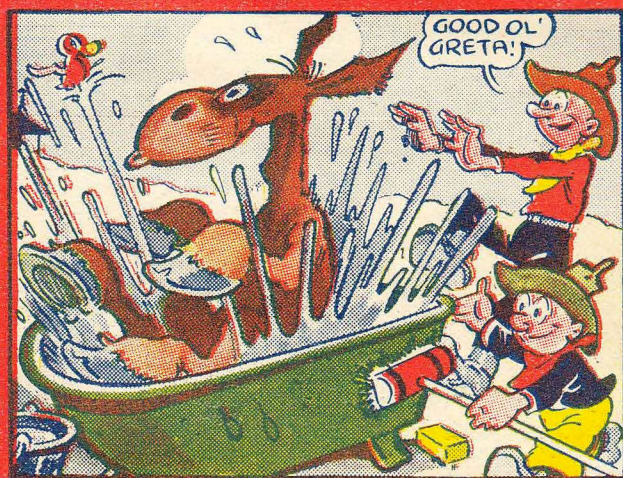
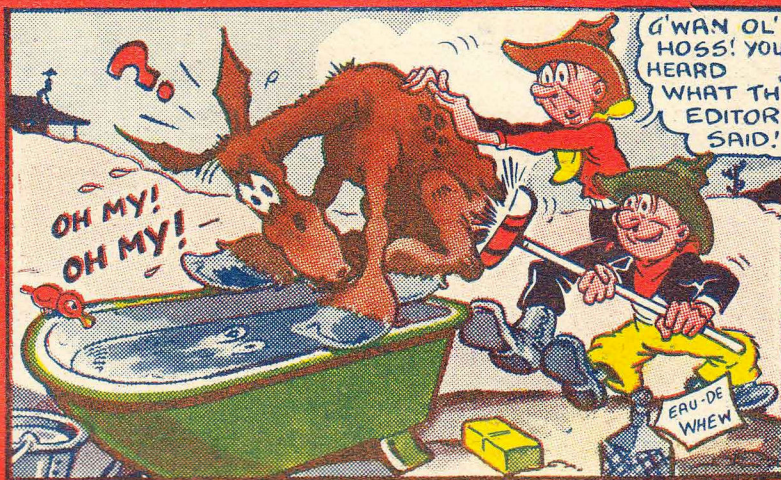
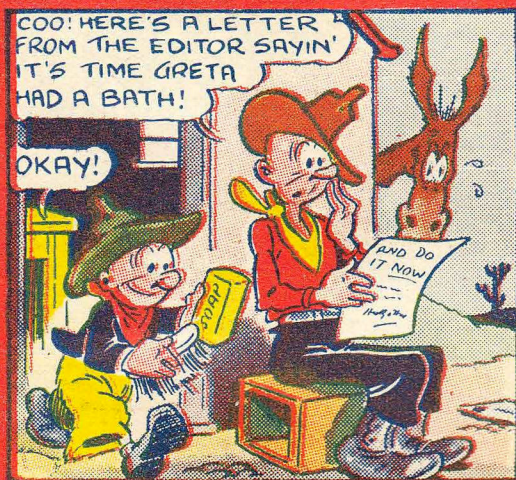
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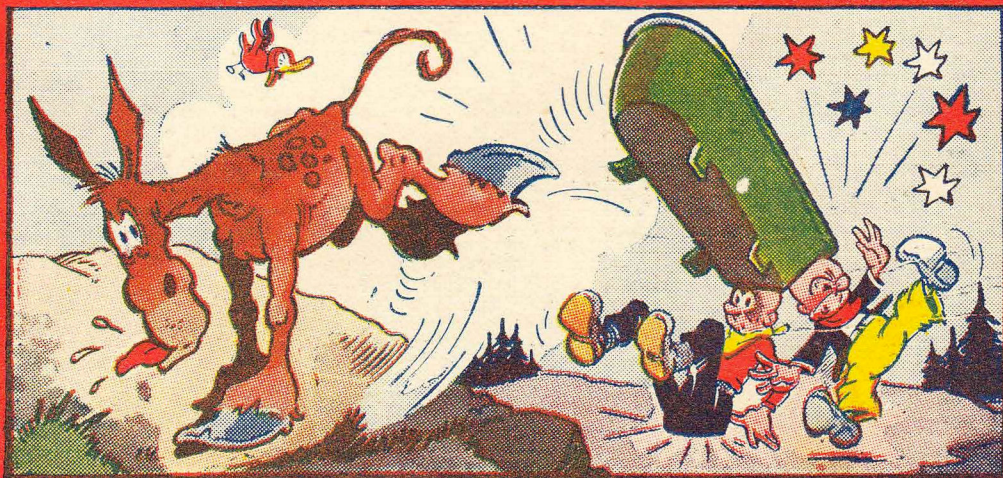
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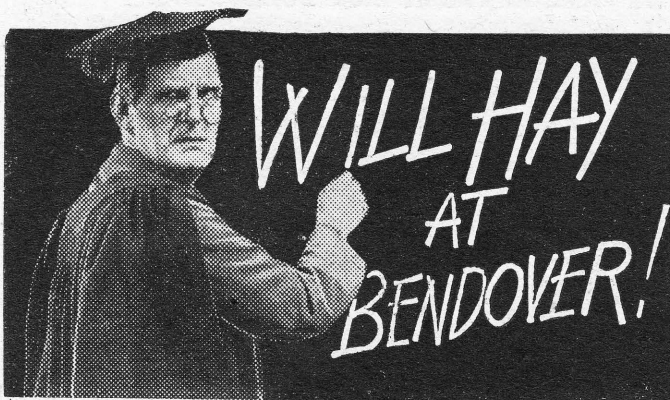
No. 98. Vol. 4. Week ending August 14th, 1937.

EVERY
FRIDAY



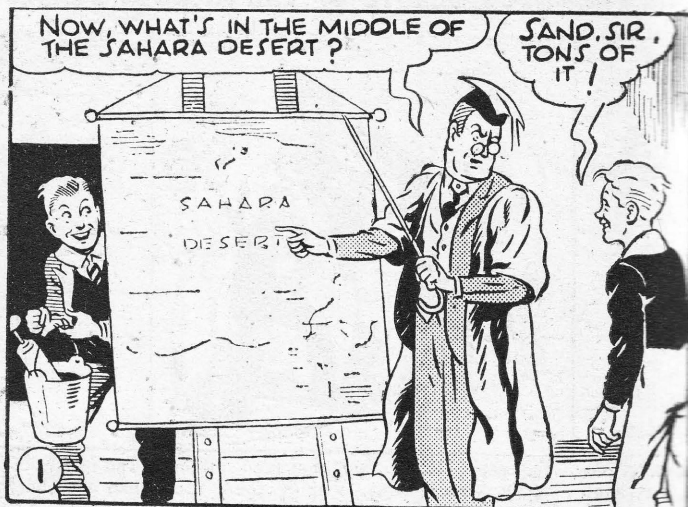
MIKE,
SPIKE &
GRETA
OUR KRAZY GANG
in
"The Order
of the Bath"





NEVER MIND THE WEATHER...
Here is another sunny story of WILL HAY, the world's funniest Form-master, and it's as good as a day at the seaside.

(By Courtesy of
Gainsborough Pictures.)



HA, ha!" trilled Will Hay. Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy stared at the master of the Fourth. In the summer starlight that glimmered in at the high window of the Fourth Form dormitory at Bendover School, Will's face was wreathed in smiles.

Bird and Carboy of the Fourth could see nothing at which to smile! Far from it. The barring-out at Bendover was still going on, but matters were getting to a climax! In fact, they had got!

It was past midnight. All Bendover slept—or nearly all. But there was no sleep that night for Will Hay, the master of the Fourth.

Even the most hopeful member of the rebel Form could not help feeling that the game was nearly up. They had been driven from their stronghold on the study landing. The dormitory was their last retreat. The doorway was barricaded with half a dozen bedsteads! That was their last defence! How long was it going to last?

Most of the Fourth were asleep. Bedclothes were available, if not beds. Most of them had gone to sleep hungry. There was no prospect of breakfast in the morning, even if Mr. Dunkley Pyke, the new headmaster, left them in peace—which he was not likely to do! Washed out of their stronghold by the garden-hose, they had retreated to the dormitory too hurriedly to take anything with them.

Will Hay, sitting on the floor, was leaning back against the bedsteads packed at the door. Bird and Carboy, who were keeping watch, had fancied that Will Hay had gone to sleep. He had been silent for a quarter of an hour—which was a record for Will Hay, when he was awake!

But that sudden merry trill showed that Will was not asleep! He had, as a matter of

fact, been thinking! Naturally, his pupils had not guessed that!

"Ha, ha, ha!" repeated Will. He heaved himself up, his gown billowing round him, set his nose-nippers straight, and blinked cheerily at Bird and Carboy. "I fancy I've solved the problem! I think I've put my finger on the spot! What? I've been thinking, my merry little pippins—"

"With what, sir?" exclaimed Dicky Bird in surprise.

Will Hay gave him a severe look. He blinked round, picked up his cane, and swished it in the air.

"Bird," he said sternly, "this will not do! How often have I told you that you must not end a sentence with a preposition. We are in a state of rebellion, it is true—we have a temporary headmaster who has sacked me, and expelled several members of my Form—if he can get away with it! We are barring him out! We're going to keep it up till Dr. Shrub comes back. Everything is at sixes and sevens, not to say eights and nines. But that is no excuse for bad grammar! You must learn, my good Carboy, that a preposition is not a word to end a sentence with—I mean," added Will hastily, "with which to end a sentence."

Whack! The cane swished round, and landed.

"Wow!" yelled Jimmy.

Whack! Jimmy jumped away in time to avoid the second whack. But it was not wasted. Missing Jimmy, it landed on Dicky Bird.

Dicky's yell woke all the dormitory.

"Yaroo!"

There was a general stirring. Fellows jumped up on all sides in the long, shadowy room. There was a buzz of startled voices.

"Are they coming?" exclaimed Jerry Smart.

"Line up, you chaps!" shouted Sammy Straw.

"Look out!"

There was a rush towards the door. If it was a night attack, the Bendover rebels were ready for battle. They grasped cricket bats and stumps, and rushed to man the defences. There was a wild and excited scrambling and stumbling in the gloom.

"Got him!" yelled Tubby Green, as he glimpsed a figure in cap and gown, and landed out with a stump. "Go for him—old Pyke—got him!"

"Yoo-hooooo!" roared Will Hay, as Tubby's stump cracked on his mortar-board. "Yoo-hoo-hooooo!"

"Hold on, Tubby, you mad ass!" yelled Jimmy Carboy. "That's old Hay!"

"Oh, crickey!" gasped Tubby. "I thought it was old Pyke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's old Pyke, then? Ain't they coming? What have you woke us up for if they ain't coming?" demanded Tubby, indignantly.

"Look here, what's the row about?" asked Jerry Smart. The Bendover Rebels realised that it was not an attack. "Anything happened?"

"Yes—old Hay's been thinking!" gasped Jimmy. "At least, he says so!"

"Peace, my infants, peace!" bleated Will Hay. "Order! Silence in court! Don't talk while your Form-master's talking!"

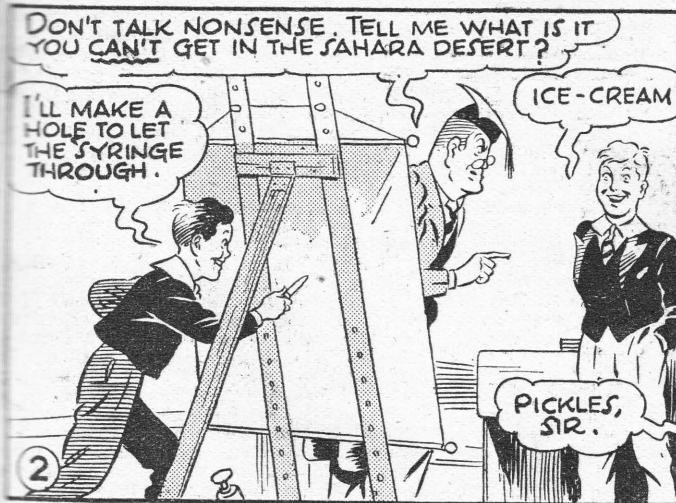
"That means shutting up for ever and ever and ever!" said Jimmy Carboy. "Ow! Keep that cane away, you old ass!"

"What—"

"I—I—I mean—ow! Wow—sorry, sir!" gasped Jimmy.

"That's better!" said Will Hay. "Now, if you're all awake, listen to me! No more sleep! We've got to get busy! We're moving to-night!"





"Moving!" repeated a dozen voices.

"Moving!" said Will. "Flitting under cover of night! I know the ropes! If we're still here in the morning, the game is up! We move into a more commodious residence—"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dicky Bird. "But how—"

"We descend from the window, my good Bird, on ropes of sheets! Anyone who prefers to jump may, of course, do so. As it is thirty feet to the ground, I do not recommend trying it."

"But where—" exclaimed Carboy.

"We are going to move," said Will Hay, "into the Head's house, now occupied by Mr. Dunkley Pyke. An excellent detached residence, facing south—"

"Do you think he'll let us?" howled Jerry Smart. "The house will be locked and bolted at this time of night! How—"

"Where there's a Will there's a Hay—I mean, a way! Nuff said! Action, my dear fellows, action!" chirruped Will. "Set to work plaiting the sheets into ropes! All hands on deck! Work, my lads, work! Labour, my boys, labour. There is, as Carlyle remarked, endless dignity in labour! He knew, because he never did any, and a looker-on sees most of the game! Go it! Pile in! Buck up! Get to it!"

"But—" exclaimed Jimmy Carboy.

"Did you say but, Carboy?"

"Yes! I—"

Whack!

"Ow! Wow! I say—wow!"

"This is not a time," said Will, "for under-studying a billy-goat! Butting is superfluous! Get going on those sheets! Not a word more! Not a syllable! Not a single alphabetical letter! Get going! Sharp's the word!"

And the Bendover Fourth got going!

"GOTCHER!" chuckled Kelly, the Bendover porter.

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

Kelly had got him! There was no doubt about that. Two hands—each of them an outside in hands—grasped the master of the Fourth as he slid down the rope of knotted sheets and landed on terra firma.

Will had not expected it. Things often happened that Will did not expect to happen. Half a dozen times since the Bendover barraging-out had been going on, Will Hay had slipped down a rope, by night, to get in supplies for the garrison. He had never been caught before. Now he was caught! Evidently Mr. Dunkley Pyke had got wise to it, and had set Kelly to keep watch. Will Hay, slipping down the rope of sheets in happy confidence, slipped right into the hands of the Bendover porter. Those hands grasped him, and pinned him, and Kelly's husky voice chuckled in his ear.

"Gotcher! Har, har! I've been a-watching of yer at that winder! Now I've gotcher!"

Will Hay wriggled in his grasp. Will was no weakling; but Kelly was too much for him—much too much! Kelly's sinewy arms enclosed him in a bear-like hug, as he clung to the rope, and wriggled.

"You can let go that there rope!" grinned Kelly. "I gotcher, Mr. 'Ay! Kim alonger me! I gotcher!"

Will clung desperately to the rope. The game was not up yet. Had Will been on a foraging expedition, as on previous occasions, on his lonely own, this would have put paid to him. But on this occasion it was quite otherwise. Will was leading a general exodus from the dormitory window. Dicky Bird was scheduled to slide down after him, and then Jimmy Carboy, and then the rest of the Bendover Fourth, one after another, till the whole Form were out. That made a difference!

He became aware of it, suddenly, as Dicky Bird shot down the rope. He was put wise by a boot clumping on his ear, and another in his eye. Then Dicky was sitting on his head.

Dicky sat there for about the millionth part of a second. After that short space of time, Kelly crumpled on the earth, and Dicky was sitting on his face instead of his head.

"Urrrh!" came in muffled accents from under Richard Bird.

"Oh, crikey—I mean, bless my soul!" gasped Will Hay. "Sit on him! Squash him! Keep him quiet! Jump on him, Carboy! Never mind if you damage him—that, in the circumstance, is unavoidable."

Jimmy Carboy, slithering down the rope, landed on Kelly's legs. Jerry Smart was the next. He found a lodgement on Kelly's waistcoat. Sammy Straw shot down and joined him there. Podger came next, and then Jones minor. Both of them found room on Kelly. Will Hay set his mortar-board straight, and grinned cheerily, as junior after junior slid down. There was no more room to sit on Kelly. There was standing room only! Kelly disappeared from sight, only muffled moans telling that he was there.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Quiet, my merry infants, quiet!" bleated Will Hay. "If we wake the house, the enemy will turn out in force! We don't want to disturb the prefects, and spoil their beauty sleep! Mind he doesn't yell, Bird!"

Dicky Bird chortled.

"He won't yell while I'm sitting on his face, sir! Ow! Yow! Yaroooh!" Dicky gave a sudden wild howl, and leaped up from the Bendover porter's features. "Ow! Whoop! I'm bitten! Yarooop!"

Kelly, gasping, opened his mouth for a yell. But Will Hay was swift. He jammed his handkerchief into the open mouth. Kelly



gurgled. Will smiled down at him genially, as he rammed the handkerchief well home.

"Speech is silver, but silence is golden, my good fellow!" murmured Will. "Golden silence is your cue, at the moment! I gather from your expression that the remarks you desire to make are quite unsuitable for youthful ears! Park them, my dear fellow! Keep them parked!"

"Groooogh!"

"Cut a length from the rope, Smart, and tie his legs! Another for his paws! Quite! I think we can leave him quite safely now! Probably somebody will find you in the morning, my dear fellow," said Will, beaming down at Kelly's infuriated face. "I hope so, at least! Now we must love and leave you."

Kelly, wriggling convulsively, and gurgling faintly, was left in the shadow of the wall, the rope of sheets from the dormitory window fluttering over him. Will Hay waved his cane to rally his followers.

"All here?" he bleated. "Good! Now follow your leader!"

He billowed away across the quad, and the grinning Fourth marched after him. The headmaster's house stood detached in a corner of the quad with a railed garden in front. At one in the morning, it was, naturally, dark and silent, shut, and locked. Will Hay had stated that the Bendover rebels were going to "move" into the Head's house—but how they were going to do it was a mystery to the Fourth. It was quite certain that Mr. Pyke would not admit them, if requested to do so; indeed, the moment he discovered that the rebel Form were on the warpath, he was certain to look to bolts and locks and shutters! But Will Hay seemed to have no doubts. He breezed into the Head's garden, with his followers at his heels. At a sign from him, they parked themselves in cover of the shrubbery.

His next proceedings made them stare. From his pockets he drew a number of old newspapers. He crumpled them in a heap in the middle of the lawn, adding half a dozen boxes of matches. Then he snapped off a dozen small branches and twigs from the trees—dry as tinder from the hot summer weather—and piled them on the heap. The juniors watched him in wonder. It looked as if Will Hay was preparing a bonfire in the middle of the lawn—far enough from the buildings to do no damage—but for what purpose, the Bendover juniors could not begin to guess. Having completed the pile, Will struck a match, and set it going. There was a flaming of burning paper, a crackling of dry twigs—a flutter of blaze, and a volume of smoke!

Grinning, Will turned to his staring followers.

"Now, you little ticks, shout—use your lungs!" he bleated. "Shout—yell—roar—bellow—bawl—Fire!"

"Fire?" gasped Dicky Bird. "What the thump—"

"That's a fire, isn't it? Don't you know a fire when you see one? Shout! Yell! Bawl! All steam on! Fire!" hooted Will Hay.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" yelled the Bendover Fourth. They caught on now.

Will rushed to the front door. He grabbed the knocker and banged. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the knocker. And while the knocker banged, the whole Fourth yelled with one voice, and at the top of it—

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

MR. DUNKLEY PYKE bounded from his bed.

He had been dreaming—a happy dream; of the barring-out put down, Will Hay turfed out of Bendover; his temporary headmastership turned into a permanent one, and Dr. Shrubb, the old Head, left among the also rans! That happy dream was suddenly shattered by the banging and yelling that came through the silence of the summer night. He rushed to his window, and caught the gleam of flame, and the dark rolling volume of smoke. He gave a gasp. Fire over in the schoolhouse would have been bad enough—but this was worse—this was at hand. He grabbed up a dressing-gown and jammed it on as he flew to the door.

Bang, bang! came the knocker.

"Fire! Fire!" came the yell of two dozen voices.

"Reggie!" shrieked Mr. Pyke.

Reggie Pyke, the deserter from the Fourth, had a room in the Head's house, while the Fort Form quarters in the schoolhouse were occupied by the rebels. But Reggie did not need calling! The din had awakened Reggie as soon as his pater, and he came sprinting out of his room in his pyjamas.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Reggie. "House on fire—"

"Quick!" yelled Mr. Pyke.

He rushed down the staircase, followed by Reggie. His movements were swift—swifter, indeed, than he intended; for he caught his foot in the cord of his dressing-gown, which he had not had time to tie, and missed a stair. He did the rest in one!

Bump! Mr. Pyke rolled at the bottom of the staircase; and the next moment, Reggie was stumbling over him in the dark. There was another bump!

"Ow!" gasped Reggie. "Wow! What's that? I've fallen over something—"

"It's me—gerroff!" howled Mr. Pyke.

"Oh, jiminy!" gasped Reggie.

He scrambled up, and headed for the front door. Mr. Pyke, spluttering, scrambled up and headed after him. Jessop, the butler, was already there. The door was locked, bolted, and chained. And Jessop was fumbling with them.

"Is that you, Jessop? Get the door open—quick!" howled Mr. Pyke. "Do you want us to be burned—suffocated? Quick!"

"Quick, you old fool!" yelled Reggie. "Here, lemme gerratt it!"

There were only the three in the headmaster's house. Jessop had his quarters there, but the other servants were accommodated with the house-dame in an adjacent building. The three struggled with the fastenings of the door. It was a case of more haste and less speed, as they got into one another's way, and trod on one another's toes. Jessop was dragging at an obstinate bolt, when Mr. Pyke, in dire terror of seeing smoke and flames shoot up round him, pitched the butler aside and grabbed at the bolt himself. Jessop staggered against Reggie, grasped at him for support, and dragged him over as he stumbled. There was a loud bump, and a louder yell, as they landed together on the mat.

But Mr. Pyke got that bolt open. He grasped the door and dragged it, unaware that his hopeful son's head was on the mat within a foot of it. There was a loud crack, as the door met Reggie's head.

"Yaroooop!" yelled Reggie. "What is that? Something is stopping the door from opening!" shrieked Mr. Pyke.

"Ow! It's my head—wow! Yarooooh!"

"Fool! Idiot! Remove your head! Get out of the way!" roared Mr. Pyke.

Reggie and Jessop scrambled out of the way. Mr. Pyke dragged the door wide, and rushed out. He rushed into a figure in billowing gown, that had just let go the knocker.

"Oh, scissors!" roared Will Hay, as the temporary headmaster of Bendover cannoned him.

He went over backwards, and rolled down the steps—after him rolled Mr. Dunkley Pyke. Mr. Pyke was on his feet in a moment, and speeding down the garden path to the gate on the quad. But Will Hay was not so quick. Will was winded—and he lay on his back, spluttering wildly for breath, as Jessop the butler shot out of the doorway and leaped down the steps.

"Urrrrrrrrgggh!" came in a horrible moan from Will Hay, as sixteen stone landed on him. "Wurrrrrrrgh! Oooo-er!"

"What—who—" gasped the butler. But he did not stay for an answer. He rolled off the master of the Fourth, scrambled up, and shot after the Head.

"Oooogh!" moaned Will. "Wooogh! Oh, jumping sardines! Ow!"

Reggie, shooting out after the butler, landed next. He sprawled headlong over Will, flattening him on the earth.

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Reggie. "What— But, like the butler, he did not stay for an answer. He bounded up like a rubber ball, and ran. Will Hay lay and moaned, with his hands pressed to the spot where his supper would have been parked had the Bendover rebels had any supper.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Bendover Fourth, as they came scuttling out of the shrubbery.

Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy grasped their Form-master and heaved him to his feet. Will tottered, and moaned, and mumbled. His scheme had succeeded perfectly—the alarm of fire had drawn Dunkley Pyke out of the house as fast as he could get out—and the front door was wide open for the entrance of the rebels. But Will, at the moment, was not thinking of his success. He was struggling wildly to get his second wind!

"Come on, sir!" gasped Carboy. "Get him in!"

Half a dozen of the juniors grasped Will and propelled him up the steps and into the house. After them went the rest of the Fourth, crowding in. Sammy Straw found the window and flashed on the light. Will Hay tottered in the hall, still with his hands pressed to the suffering equator.

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"Gooooooh!" moaned Will. "Ooooh! Gig-gig-get the did-did-door shut!

The front door closed with a bang! Jimmy Carby turned the key—Dicky Bird shot the bolts; Jerry Smart fixed the chain. Will Hay, still struggling for breath, gave orders—with difficulty.

"Gig-gig-go round the house, and fuf-fuf-fasten all the did-did-doors and w-w-w-windows!" he stuttered. "Ooogh! Stick-stuck-stack the fuf-fuf-furniture against the w-w-windows! Pip-pip— Pip-pip—"

"What?"

"Pip-pip-pip—"

"You've got the pip?"

"Pip-pip-pip-Pyke will be coming back, with the pip-pip-pip-prefects!" gasped Will Hay. The Bendover rebels lost no time. Lights flashed on all over the Head's house. Chairs and tables, ottomans and bookcases, anything that came to hand, were stacked against the lower windows. In the starlit quad, the voice of Dunkley Pyke could be heard—on its top note. Mr. Pyke had discovered, by that time, how he had been tricked, and he was foaming.

"FOLLOW me!" roared Dunkley Pyke angrily.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Crocker.

"Look here, sir—" hooted Stuckey.

"Silence! Follow me, I say!" roared Mr. Pyke. "Follow me—this instant! I tell you, that—that unspeakable—that iniquitous villain Hay—tricked me out of my house with a false alarm of fire—he has taken possession of it, with the young rascals of his Form. They are there now—they—they—they—" Mr. Pyke spluttered with fury. "Follow me, I say—every one of you—this instant."

All Bendover was in a wild uproar. Lights flashed from every window. Voices called and shouted on all sides. Monsieur le Bon, the French master, was shrieking "Le feu! le feu!" at the top of his voice, though by that time all the rest of Bendover knew that there was no fire—save the remnant of a small bon-fire smouldering in the Head's garden. But Mossou Bong, in a state of wild excitement, went on yelling "Le feu," and waking the

echoes. Other masters looked from their windows, and grunted, or snorted. The whole staff at Bendover was fed-up with Mr. Pyke and his headmastership already; but this wild alarm in the middle of the night struck them as the limit.

"Look here, sir, this isn't good enough!" hooted Parker of the Sixth. "I can jolly well say—yaroo! Keep that cane to yourself, you old donkey. Think you can whop the Sixth, you blithering old lunatic?"

"Follow me, this instant!" roared Mr. Pyke, brandishing his cane.

"Oh, come on!" growled Crocker.

They followed Mr. Pyke across the quad. They marched into the Head's garden. The French windows of the dining-room looked on that garden. Through the glass, they could see busy, grinning juniors dragging furniture about. Already a big mahogany dining-table blocked the window. On it the juniors were heaving a bookcase, from which books spurted in showers. Mr. Pyke slashed at the window with his cane, and there was a smashing and clattering of broken glass. Yells from within answered.

"Look out!"

Will Hay came billowing into the room from the hall. He grinned at the enemy without with all his teeth. The Bendover prefects stared at him—Dunkley Pyke glared at him. Slash, slash, came Mr. Pyke's cane again, knocking out whole panes. Then he pointed with the cane.

"Go on! You may lead the way, Crocker! Go on! Stuckey, how dare you sneak away! Parker, come on at once! Never mind a little broken glass! Force your way in, before they have time to barricade the windows! Do you hear me? Go on! I say, go on!"

"Back up!" exclaimed Crocker desperately.

He plunged in headlong, swiping with his cane at the rebels within. But as he sprawled across the table inside the window, half a dozen cricket stumps whacked together, and Will Hay's cane came down with a terrific swipe. The Bendover captain yelled frantically. Stuckey of the Sixth, following him in, met Crocker's boot with his face, as Crocker

scrambled back. He yelled and jumped away, and the Bendover captain rolled over him. Through the window came a volley of books and chunks of coal.

There was a pattering of retreating footsteps down the garden path. Crocker & Co., followed by whizzing missiles, did not stop till they were back in the quad. Mr. Pyke flaming with fury, glared at the grinning faces at the window, and then rushed after the retreating prefects.

"Stop!" he shouted. "How dare you go? I order you—"

"Oh, can it!" yelled Crocker. "That's enough! We're fed-up with this, and fed-up with you, Mr. Pyke, if you want to know! I'm going back to bed."

"Wha-a-t? What—" spluttered Mr. Pyke. "What did you say? What did you dare to say?"

"I said shut up, and I mean shut up!" hooted Crocker. "You've started all this trouble, Mr. Pyke, and you can handle it on your own. And—yaroo! If you touch me with that cane again, I'll—yoo-hoo-hoo!"

"Collar him!" yelled Stuckey, as the new headmaster of Bendover, foaming with fury, lashed out with the cane.

"Oh! Ow! Ah! Ooooooop!" spluttered Mr. Pyke, as he was bumped on the hard, unsympathetic earth. "I—I—I—I will—whoooooop! Ooop!"

He sat and spluttered. He had been bumped—bumped by the Bendover prefects! They marched off to the House, leaving him sitting and spluttering.

A chunk of coal sailed across the garden from the window, and landed in his ear! Mr. Pyke gave a jump and a yelp—and followed the prefects! He followed them quite quickly.

"Ha, ha!" trilled Will Hay. "This, my beloved 'earers, is where we smile!"

The Fourth smiled—loudly!

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