

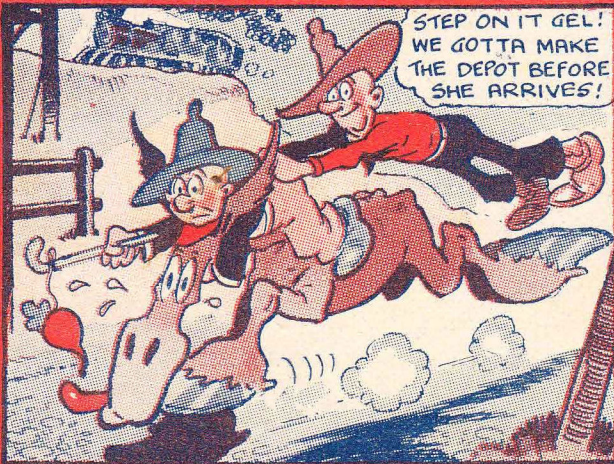
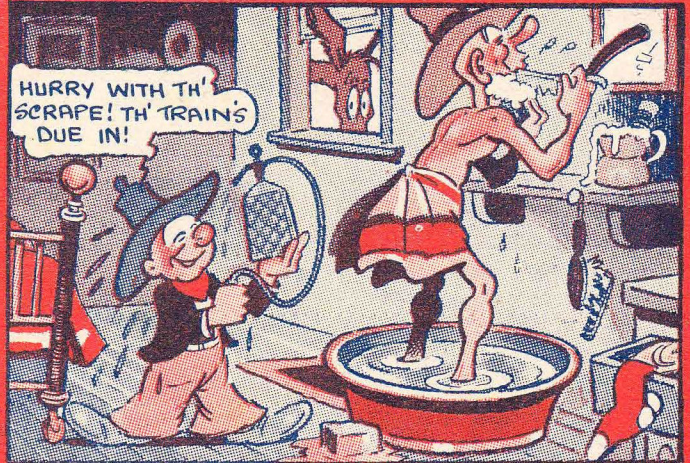
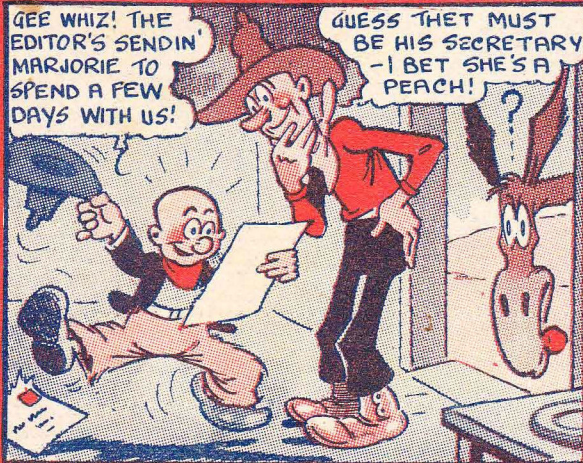
WILL HAY IS INSIDE

The PILOT

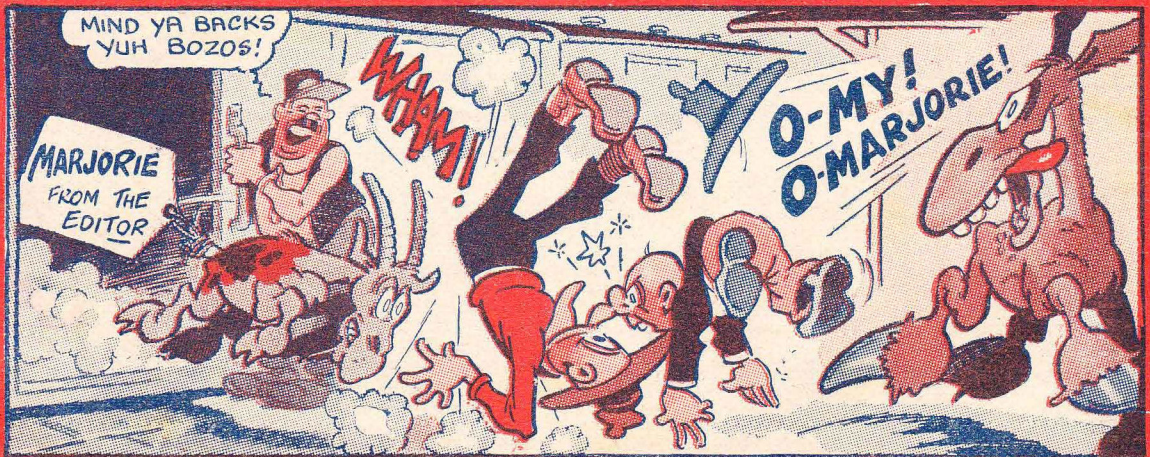
EVERY FRIDAY

2^D

No. 119. Vol. 5. Week ending January 8th, 1938.



MIKE,
SPIKE
&
GRETA
—OUR KRAZY GANG—
in
"MEETING
MARJORIE"





By courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.

"THAT old ass—" "Talking about me!" murmured Will Hay. Will guessed that at once. He recognised the description. "He won't have the slightest suspish till he takes the tumble!" went on the voice of Dicky Bird of the Bendover Fourth. "Won't he!" murmured Will. "You've fixed the plank?" asked another voice—Jimmy Carboy's. "I've unfixd it, at any rate!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" came the gurgling chuckle of Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la, the Kanaka junior.

Will Hay winked at the door of the woodshed. Will was walking round, after morning classes, looking for Koo.

Koo was under strict orders not to go out of gates. He was in danger from kidnapers, and his Form-master had to keep an eye on him. Not having seen him for some time, Will wanted to make sure that he was safe. That was how he happened to be passing the door of the woodshed—from which building the voices of three cheery members of his Form fell on his ears.

Koo was safe; he was there with Bird and Carboy. Evidently the three had retired to that secluded spot to plan some pleasant little surprise for their Form-master.

"Now, get it clear, Koo," went on Dicky Bird. "You know the gap in the footpath in Didham Wood. There's a plank bridge placed across it."

"This feller savvy!" chuckled Koo. "It's as safe as houses—old Hay's toddled over it a hundred times; it's a short cut to the Duddlebury road. He's not going to guess in a hurry that I've shifted it at the other end, and that it will slip this time as soon as he steps on it—"



"But how are you going to get him there?" asked Jimmy Carboy.

Will Hay was also interested to learn that. "That's where Koo comes in," explained Dicky Bird. "Old Hay has been watching Koo like a cat ever since those Yankee kidnapers got after him. If he sees Koo cut out of gates, he will cut after him like a shot. Well, after dinner Koo cuts out, and old Hay cuts after him. Koo scuds for the plank, and goes across—"

"S'pouse me takee tumble?" "Fathead! You can jump it. You can jump like a kangaroo, and it's only about ten feet across. Old Hay can't jump for toffee! Besides, why should he? He will walk the giddy plank—"

"I don't think!" murmured Will Hay. "It will tip, and let him down!" went on Dicky Bird. "He won't get hurt much; it's only a dozen feet deep, and stacked with no end of dead leaves and rubbish at the bottom. The scream is that, once in, there's no getting out; even Koo could hardly climb out, once he tumbled in. The sides are like walls—you know the place. Koo cuts on, and doesn't know anything about it, of course—"

"Hoo, hoo, hoo!" "Old Hay sticks there till he gets rescued. We might stroll along about tea-time and discover him. Can't leave him out all night!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "He won't turn up for afternoon school. Looks like an easy time for us. Think of old Hay sitting at the bottom of the gap on a heap of dead leaves, and waiting for somebody to come along and discover him—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Hardly anybody uses that path in the winter. Ten to one he will sit there till we walk out at tea-time and find him. Of course, we shall be fearfully surprised to see him there—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Will Hay grinned cheerfully at that sound



of happy boyish laughter, and strolled back to the quad. Dicky Bird & Co. were left to elaborate the details of that little scheme for catching their Form-master. Really, it was quite a masterly scheme; for there was no doubt that if Will spotted Koo clearing off, he would cut after him at once. Cyrus X. Shook and Ebenezer Washington were still at large, and no doubt watching for another chance at the tattooed son and heir of the wealthy chief of the South Sea Islands.

At dinner that day Will detected happy grins on the faces of a good many members of his Form. There was a cheery smile on his own. After dinner he spoke a few words to Crocker of the Sixth, who went out of gates—but did not go very far.

Then Will walked cheerily in the quad. The gates stood wide open, any Bendover fellow being free to go out, excepting Koo, who was gated for his own safety. Koo came out of the House with Dicky Bird, Jimmy Carboy, and Tubby Green. Having made sure that Will's eye was on him, Koo suddenly cut out of gates into the road.

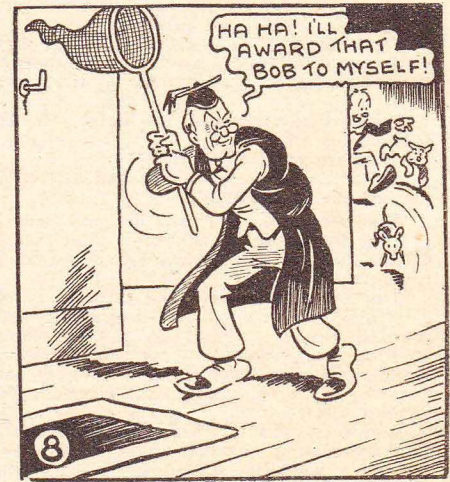
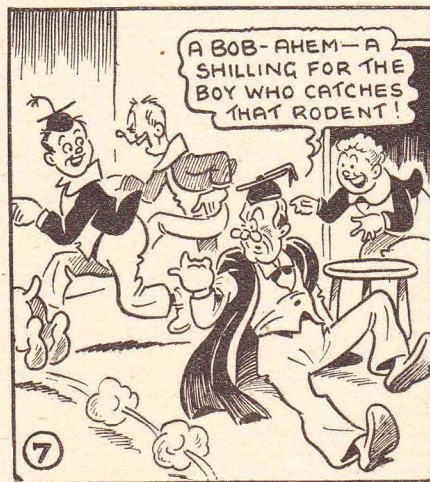
Dicky Bird & Co. exchanged blissful glances. The next item on the programme was for Will Hay to cut after Koo, who was to lead him into the trap. But that item was unaccountably cut.

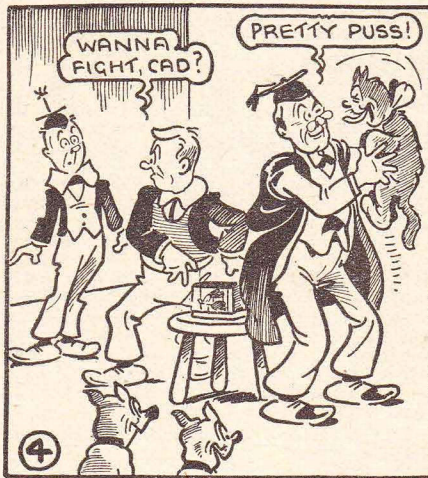
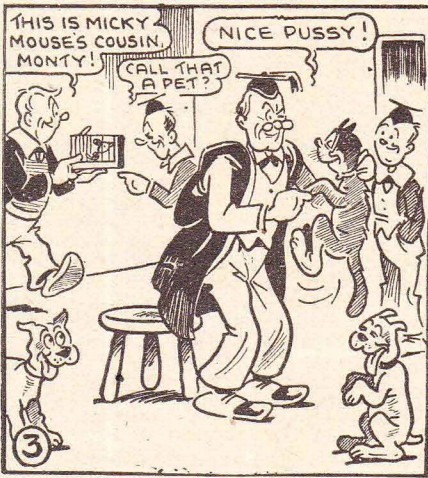
Will did not stir. He gazed after Koo as he went, but that was all. He did not seem interested in the Kanaka junior's proceedings.

That was quite a surprise to the Fourth Form plotters. Unaware that Will was wise to the little game, they stared at him, and looked at one another. For the first time since Koo had been in danger of kidnaping, the master of the Fourth seemed quite careless on the subject.

"The old ass must have seen him go!" muttered Dicky Bird. "Why the dickens doesn't he go after him!"

"Goodness knows!" said Jimmy Carboy, quite puzzled. "What about reminding him?"





Richard Bird nodded, and approached his Form-master. Will gave him a beaming smile. "What is it, my good Bird?" he asked.

"I—I'm rather anxious about Koo, sir!" said Dicky. "I—I think he's gone out of gates! You haven't forgotten about those kid-nappers being after him, sir?"

"Not at all!" said Will, grinning with all his teeth. "But I don't think Koo has gone very far, Bird."

"D-d-don't you, sir?"

"Well, no," said Will. "I hardly think so. In fact, I expect to see him come in again any minute."

"You—you—you're not going after him, sir?" stammered Dicky. "I mean, sir, he might be collared outside the gates—"

"Sure thing, I think!" agreed Will.

"Eh?" gasped Dicky.

"In fact, I'm pretty certain that Koo-kalangle-wangle will be collared right outside the gates!" said Will, beaming. "I've very little doubt that he has been snaffled already, Bird."

"And—and don't you mind, sir?" gasped the mystified Dicky.

"Not at all! In fact, I am waiting now for the snaffler to walk him in!" said Will cheerily. "Ah, here he comes! I told you so, Bird!"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Dicky.

He stared blankly towards the gate. Koo-kalanga-lalulo-ululo-la reappeared there—not alone. Crocker of the Sixth had him by the collar, walking him in. Koo wriggled in the grasp of the captain of Bendover. Crocker walked him, wriggling, to the spot where the master of the Bendover Fourth stood.

"Here he is, sir!" said Crocker. "You were right, sir! He cut out of gates, and I grabbed him at once."

"Thank you, Crocker!" said Will. "Would you mind walking him into the House, and giving him six of the very best as a warning not to wander out of gates again?"

"Pleased, sir!" said Crocker.

And he walked Koo into the House for execution.

Will Hay beamed on the dismayed plotters of the Fourth.

"Bird and Carboy, will you be kind enough to follow me to my study?" he remarked. "I have some dusting to do, with your assistance."

"Dusting!" ejaculated Dicky.

"Exactly!" smiled Will. "The articles to be dusted are pants—"

"Oh crumbs! He jolly well knows!" gasped Jimmy Carboy. "Look here, sir, how did you know—"

"A little Bird told me!" grinned Will. "Come on, my merry little pippins—we must get that dusting done!"

The dusting was efficiently done!

"POSTMAN, sir!" said Toots.

Will Hay raised his eyebrows, as the House page looked into his study, with that unexpected announcement.

Feeling a little tired after his exercise with the cane, Will was sitting with his back in his armchair, and his feet on the table, in what a novelist might have described as an attitude of unaffected grace! He did not want to be disturbed. It was only about an hour to afternoon class—and he felt that he needed a rest. True, he was thinking whether he had not better walk along that footpath in Didham Wood, and put the plank over the chalk rift safe again. He had, however, got no further than thinking about it. He gazed at Toots.

"Postmen," said Will, "are among the most useful of public servants. Where should we be without them? Without the postmen, Toots, how should we all get those bright little bills on the first of the month. Yet there are occasions, Toots, when the postman is superfluous. This is one of the occasions! I am—hem—rather busy, until class!"

"Yessir," said Toots. "But he wants to see you, Mr. 'Ay!"

"A natural desire, if he has a taste for

agreeable views!" admitted Will. "But my study is not the place for the delivery of letters. Why this new departure on the part of the excellent Budge?"

"Tain't Budge, sir—it's a noo postman."

"New or old, bother him! You may take in the letters as usual, Toots! Now my beery—I mean my weary—eyes I close; leave O leave me to repose!" sighed Will.

"Tain't letters, sir, it's parcels, and he says it's something special for Master Koodle-kolongo-kinkle, addressed care of the Form-master, sir."

"Oh! In that case, show him in, Toots!" said Will. "And send Koo here at once."

"Yessir."

Will Hay detached his back from the armchair, and his feet from the table. Toots left the study, to go in search of Koo. A stocky man in postman's uniform, with a very large bag over his shoulder, entered the study. He touched the peak of his cap to the master of the Bendover Fourth, and, a little to Will's surprise, closed the door.

Will looked at him. The new postman was nothing like ruddy-cheeked old Mr. Budge, of Didham. He had a sallow face, half-hidden by a bushy moustache and a perfect thicket of eyebrows, and he blinked at Will through an enormous pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

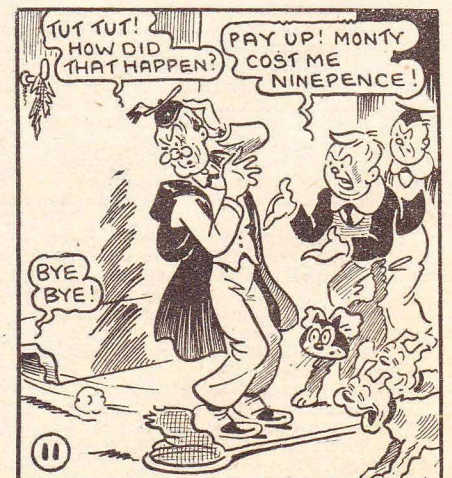
"Extra delivery of parcels, sir," he said, in a husky voice, as if he had a cold. "Parcels for a young gent with a foreign name, sir, care of Mr. 'Ay! You Mr. 'Ay?"

"Ay, ay!" said Will politely. "Trot out the parcels. As Koo-kalangle's Form-master, I must examine the consignment—it might contain forbidden comestibles."

The new postman opened the well-filled sack. From the interior, he drew three or four large packages.

"P'raps you'll send for the young gentleman, sir!" said the postman. "I have to hand these over personal."

"You may leave the parcels here, my good



man!" said Will. "No need to wait to see Koo-kalingle-winkle."

"I've took over Mr. Budge's delivery this afternoon, sir, and he says, says he, hand them over personal, he says—rules of the Post Office, he says."

"Nonsense!" says Will. "However, I have sent for Koo, and he will be here in a few minutes. You may wait if you like."

"Oh! If you've sent for him, all right, sir! P'r'aps you'll sign this paper!"

"I am prepared to sign anything but a cheque!" answered Will, cheerily. "Hand it over!"

"Ere you are, sir!"

What happened next was one of the many surprises of Will Hay's surprising career as a Form-master at Bendover School! The postman stepped towards him with a paper in his left hand; but, as Will was about to take it, the postman's right came out with a sudden jolt, landing rather like a hammer. It was utterly unexpected—not the sort of thing, by any means, that anyone would have expected from a postman!

But there it was—it happened! Will Hay crumpled in his armchair, knocked right out by that sudden jolt.

In a few moments he would have been himself again. But in those few moments that remarkable and unusual postman gripped him, forced a gag into his mouth, dragged his wrists together, and knotted a cord round them. By the time that was done, Will had started to struggle; but it was too late—he struggled in vain.

Quickly, efficiently, the postman knotted another cord round his legs and the legs of the armchair. Then he whipped a string round Will's head to secure the gag in its place. After that, Will could only blink at him, in dazed amazement, over the nose-nippers that slanted down his nose. The postman gave him a grin, and whipped a screen from the corner of the study, placing it to hide Will from the door when it opened.

Will wondered whether this was an awful nightmare. He could use nothing but his eyes—which were fixed on that remarkable postman!

From the bottom of the sack, the postman took out a little leather case, which he opened. A pad was revealed, from which came a sickly scent. Standing with that pad in his hand behind him, the amazing postman watched the door, while Will Hay watched him.

Then it dawned on Will!

Koo-kalingle-lalulo-ululo-la had been sent for—any minute he might step into the study. The chloroform pad was waiting for him! It was a trick of the kidnappers—and Will had fallen for it! The bushy-browed man was not a postman at all; he was either Cyrus Shook or Ebenezer Washington, got up in a postman's uniform! The latter, no doubt—he was not tall enough for Cyrus.

The "postman" glanced over his shoulder at him, and grinned.

"I'll whisper that this is a winner, bo!" he remarked, with no trace of the husky voice now, but with a strong nasal accent in its place. "I'll tell a man!"

There was a footstep in the passage, and a tap at the door. It opened, and Koo-kalingle-lalulo-ululo-la stepped in.

"Tootee tellee me comey, sar!" said Koo. He stared at the postman, and his big black eyes wandered round the study in search of Will Hay. But the screen hid the unhappy master of the Bendover Fourth.

"Parcels for you, sir!" said the postman, in the husky voice again; and he picked up his sack in his left, and stepped towards the door, as if about to go.

But he did not go! He reached the door, shut it, and turned the key in the lock. Then, with the spring of a tiger, he was on the Kanaka.

"Oooooooh!" spluttered the astonished Koo; but he had no time for more than one splutter, as the chloroform pad was pressed over his mouth.

Will Hay made desperate efforts. His bones almost cracked, and his face became the hue of a sunset, as he struggled frantically to loosen himself and to call out. But he was able to do neither. He could not stir a limb, and only the faintest of gurgles escaped the gag.

The Kanaka junior was struggling feebly. But very quickly, he was reduced to insensibility. The kidnapper grinned down at the unconscious brown face with its blue tattoo marks.

"Yep!" he remarked to Will Hay, with a nod. "I'll tell any guy, this is a winner, and then some! I'll say that I got the goods; and if old Ka'a along of Ululo ever wants to see, his bonny brown boy agin, he sure will have to cough up them pearls to Cyrus! Surest thing you know!"

Will could gaze at him. So far, Ebenezer Washington had found it pie, but even yet, Will could not see how he hoped to get the kidnapped Kanaka out of the school. But he soon learned! It was not merely to gain unsuspected admittance to Bendover that Ebenezer had adopted the guise of a postman! There was more than that to it! He picked up his sack—that usually large sack that had been crammed with big packages.

Into that sack, he crammed the insensible Kanaka junior.

Then Will understood! The postman had come in with a large, well-filled sack on his shoulder. He would depart with a large, well-filled sack on his shoulder! Only the packages would be left behind, and it would be Koo in the sack! Fifty pairs of eyes might fall on him as he went—but not one would fall with suspicion!

Having fastened up the sack, the postman opened the door a few inches and peered out. Then he changed the key to the outside. He picked up the sack—no bulkier, but a good deal heavier, than before—slung it over his shoulder, and left the study. The door closed; Will heard the key click, and jerk out. Footsteps died away down the passage.

Will wriggled wildly. The kidnapper was going—with Koo in the postman's sack on his shoulder! No doubt his confederate was waiting at a safe distance with a car; Ebenezer would reach him, while Will sat there and chewed his gag and wriggled. Until somebody came to the study he was helpless, and unless somebody came at once—



Nobody did. It was an hour before Will heard a tap at the door and the turning of the door-handle.

DR. SHRUBB tapped and tapped again. He was surprised.

"My dear Hay," he called out, "are you there? The door appears to be locked. Kindly let me in!"

Will made a tremendous effort. He could not speak, but his efforts had loosened the gag a little by that time; he uttered a faint gurgle.

Tap, tap, tap! at the door.

"I must see you, Hay! The boy Koo does not appear to be in the House, but I am told that he came here. Please let me in at once! Why do you not answer me, Hay?"

"Gurrrrrrgh!" came in a moaning gurgle from Will. With another tremendous effort he succeeded in uttering a sound like the expiring moan of a frog with severe bronchial trouble. Dr. Shrubbs jumped as he heard it.

"Goodness gracious! Are you ill, my dear Hay?" he exclaimed. "What—what—what is that?"

"Oooooooggggh!"

"What—what did you say, Say—I mean, what did you say, Hay?" stuttered Dr. Shrubbs.

"Wurrrrrrrrgh!"

"Bless my soul! The man must be in a fit! And the door locked!" exclaimed the agitated Head. "Hay—my dear Hay—"

"Yurrrrgh!"

Dr. Shrubbs stood for some moments in alarmed perplexity. Then he remembered that Will's bed-room, which adjoined the study, had a door on the passage. He jumped along to that door, whisked into the bed-room, and in a moment more was in the study. There he stared round him.

"Hay! Where are you, Hay?" he gasped.

"Gurrrrrrgh!"

"Bless my soul!"

That horrid gurgle came from behind the screen. Dr. Shrubbs dragged it aside, and his eyes almost popped from his majestic countenance at the sight of the master of the Fourth, bound and gagged in his armchair.

For a full minute the Head of Bendover stared at Will, thunderstruck. Will stared at him, gurgling. Then the amazed Head took the gag away.

"What—" he gasped.

"Will you get me loose, sir?" hissed Will. "Will you postpone your conversation, delightful and instructive as it is, to a later moment? There is a knife on the shelf. Will you use it, instead of your chin?"

Dizzily the Head sawed at the cords. Will Hay wriggled out of the chair. Dr. Shrubbs grasped him by the arm.

"Hay, what has happened? What—"

"Ebenezer Washington has happened!" yelled Will. "The koonapper has got Kid—I mean, the kidnapper has got Koo! Got him in a postman's bag, this side up with care!"

"What!" roared Dr. Shrubbs. "You allowed—"

"No!" roared Will. "I was quiet enough—the kidnapper took care that I was not aloud! My only silk summer socks! If I get near enough to that postman to give him a postman's knock—"

Will rushed through the bed-room into the passage. With his nose-nippers slanting down his nose, his mortar-board on the back of his head, his gown billowing behind him, he shot out into the quad and flew for the gates.

"Bird," he roared, as he sighted Dicky, "have you seen a slighter with a back—"

"Which?" gasped Dicky Bird, turning round in the gateway.

"I mean a blighter with a sack—"

"The postman, sir—what?"

"Which way did he go?" yelled Will. He grasped the startled Dicky and shook him in his excitement. "Up the road, or down the road? Quick! Cough it up!"

"Ooogh! How can a fuf-fuf-fellow speak when you're shooock-shook-shaking him like a jig-jig-jelly?" stuttered Dicky. "Besides, I didn't notice—"

Smack!

"Yaroooh!" roared Dicky Bird.

A little—but only a little—comforted by smacking Dicky's head for not having noticed which way the postman went, Will Hay billowed out into the road. He stared up and he stared down. Nobody was in sight, except Mr. Choot, the master of the Fifth, majestically pacing. Will billowed across to him.

"Choot, did you see a postman?"

"Eh? What? Certainly!" said Mr. Choot. "Some time ago—about an hour, I think. Not our usual postman, Hay; I have never seen him before—"

"I've seen him before, and now I want to see him behind. I'm after him. Which way did he go—up or down the road?" gasped Will.

"Neither," said Mr. Choot. "He crossed the road. You see, he asked whether the footpath was a short cut to Doddlebury. I told him yes, and he took the footpath through the wood—"

"What?"

"You will hardly overtake him now, my dear Hay, as it is nearly an hour since I saw him, and it is scarcely half an hour's walk through the wood—"

"He took that footpath—by the plank bridge over the gap? Oh my only silk summer socks! Hurrah!"

"My dear Hay—"

"Humming haddocks and scented sardines! I've got him—"

"But what—"

"Cut in and tell the Head I shall be coming

back shortly with Koo-kalangle-wangle!" trilled Will, and he bounded over the stile into the footpath.

He grinned with all his teeth as he billowed along the footpath through Didham Wood. Ebenezer Washington had an hour's start; but Will thought it quite probable that he had not travelled farther than the plank bridge. Will had not fallen into the trap prepared for him by the merry spirits of the Bendover Fourth—but it was very probable that Ebenezer Washington had! Will chuckled as he billowed on.

"I'LL tell a man, this is fierce! I'll say this is the bee's knee, and then some!"

A disconsolate, nasal voice floated up from the deep, steep rift. Will Hay grinned as he heard it. The plank bridge that usually lay across the deep chalk rift was missing. Evidently some unwary passenger had trodden on it, and had taken the tumble designed by Dicky Bird & Co. for their Form-master. The disconsolate, nasal voice floating up told who that unwary passenger was.

Will peered over the grassy edge. On a mass of dead leaves twelve feet below lay the plank. Beside it lay the postman's sack—a wriggle from the interior of which revealed that Koo had recovered by that time from the effects of the chloroform. Ebenezer Washington was standing staring about him with a woebegone face. His bushy eyebrows, moustache, and horn-rimmed glasses were gone—probably brushed off in his tumble. He was smothered from head to foot with chalky mud, from vain endeavours to climb out of the gap. Ebenezer had been at the bottom of the gap for an hour, and was plainly fed-up with it.

"I'll say this is the opossum's eyelids!" groaned Ebenezer. "Me figuring on taking a short cut and getting clean away! Doggone that pesky plank! I guess some peecan must have put it loose to catch some goob—and I'm sure the goob! I guess it would have been quicker to go back the way I came. But how'd I know? Aw, carry me home to die! Ain't no guy ever coming along that pesky footpath to give a man a hand up?"

Ebenezer stared up—and jumped at the sight of Will Hay looking down. Will gave him a pleasant nod.

"Happy landing!" he remarked.

"That pesky, pie-faced schoolmaster!" groaned Ebenezer. "This here is the cat's whiskers! Any other guy—"

"Not pleased to see me, Mr. Washington?" asked Will. "The feeling is mutual. Your face worries me considerably. Please let me lose sight of it as soon as possible. If you will hand up Koo-canoodle-linger-longer—"

"I guess you can come and fetch him if you want him, Brer Schoolmaster," said Ebenezer.

"Not at all," said Will. "You are going to push him up—"

"I guess not!" snarled Ebenezer.

"Please yourself, of course," said Will agreeably. "But I may mention that I am going to heave chunks of chalk down on you till you do—like that, and that, and that!"

Will detached large chunks of chalk from the edge of the rift. They dropped on Ebenezer hard and heavy. Ebenezer yelled and roared and dodged and jumped. Chunk after chunk dropped on him. They were hard and heavy and jagged, and they seemed to hurt Ebenezer. In three minutes he had had enough.

"Let up!" he yelled. "I guess you can have him!"

"You are good at guessing," said Will approvingly. "This way with Koo-kaloodle-woodle."

Ebenezer Washington gave him one concentrated glare of fury, to which Will responded with a beaming smile; then he opened the sack, and Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo wriggled out.

"You plenty too much bad feller altogether!" gasped Koo. "You make this feller Koo stop along sack, all samee copra stop along sack, along Ululo."

"Aw, can it!" snarled Ebenezer. "Up you go!"

He heaved the Kanaka up the side of the rift. Koo grinned up at his Form-master. Standing on Ebenezer's shoulders, he reached up, and Will grasped his brown hands, and the Kanaka junior came out of the rift as actively as a monkey. Will gave the gangster a cheery nod.

"Received with thanks!" he bleated. "Good-bye, Mr. Washington! You won't be left there much longer; I will mention your predicament as soon as possible to an official friend—you will soon be collected. I trust that you will find British cells as comfortable as those in the United States, with which I have no doubt you are well acquainted. Koo, along come—I mean, come along, Koo!"



Leonard Henry at the "Mike"

Tune-in for more
quick-fire wisecracks
from our merry
"mike"-merchant.

HALLO, CHUMS.—Well, how are you? Well? That's swell! And, talking of carwigs, I've just met a man who was looking for a barber. "Bless my whiskers!" I exclaimed. "You don't want a barber—your hair's as short as a comedian's salary. You must have just come from a barber. "Yes, that's the one I'm looking for!" scowled this person, producing a razor. "He's cut my hair, and now I'm gonna cut his throat. That'll make us quits."

It certainly was tough—no, not the hair—don't be stupid! His story, I mean. Joo know, the man had been away from home for three weeks, and thought he'd have a haircut before going back. "And look at me now!" he yapped. "He's cut my hair so short that everyone'll think I've been away for twenty-one days instead of three weeks, and I'm the local bank manager!" What a shame, wasn't it?

Well, well, well, and then some! I suppose you're all busy going to parties and such-forth each evening, and feeling like something on the bargain counter next day. This morning my phone bell rang and a voice said, "Hallo, how are you?" So I said, "Oh, I'm fine!" and the man said, "Sorry! Wrong number!" So there must have been a particularly poisonous party somewhere last night.

Joo know, I'm the life and soul of a party. I am, really. Of course, I'm never invited—they know I'll come, anyway. In fact, quite a lot of them try to keep me out. I do think it's mean of them. They tell the butler to sling out anyone who looks like Leonard Henry. But they can't scare me. I always go in disguise, so now they tell the butler to fling out anyone who doesn't look like Leonard Henry. You ought to hear the thuds!

Well, the other night I went to a party disguised as a joke—because that was one thing the butler couldn't see—so I got in all right, and found them telling ghost stories, but they gave up the ghost when I arrived. I started life-and-souling right away.

Joo know, I had brought along a box of those "party jokes." The advertisement said they'd cause roars of laughter, and it was quite right. I'd never laughed so much in all my life. The other guests didn't do much laughing, but perhaps they hadn't read the advertisement.

Dr. Shrubbe beamed on Will Hay. He shook both his hands. He patted him on the shoulder.

"My dear Hay," he exclaimed, "how—how can I reward you?"

"True merit, sir, seeks no reward," said Will modestly. "Nevertheless, if you thought of doubling my salary—"

"Dear me! There is the dinner-bell!" said Dr. Shrubbe hastily.

The Bendover Fourth hold a paper-cha-se and you will hold your sides with laughter when you read about it . . . because WILL HAY is the Hare! This side-splitting story appears exclusively in "The PILOT" next week, so order your copy now to make sure.

I shook hands all round to begin with, and as each chump shook my hand he pressed a rubber bulb concealed in my palm and shot a stream of water up his sleeve. Did I laugh? Really, I was almost ill. To see all the whole gang of them mopping their shirt-sleeves—tut, tut tut! It killed me!

I gave one man a cigarette which exploded and blew his false teeth out, and after I'd got over my shrieks of mirth, I dropped a squeaker down another chap's neck, and every time he sat down it made a noise like a cartload of cats in agony. I thought I should go under. He got as red as fire and couldn't understand it. Whenever he went to sit down there was a breathless silence, then: Yarrhwoow-orowurrgh! What a scream! They asked him if he was feeling ill, and he said Yarrwaroowh! When I asked him if he'd give me back my squeaker when he'd finished with it, I believe he was almost ready to strike me. I do, really.

Then we played Blind Man's Buff. We had a Blind Man, with a hanky tied round his eyes, but we couldn't find a Buff anywhere, so joo know what we did? I filled a tin bath full of water and stood it on the floor of the drawing-room, and then we all sat round and watched the blind man staggering to and fro. It was nearly five minutes before he fell in, so that was simply topping. How we laughed!

After that I suggested Spot the Choc, and told them all to go out of the room while I hid the chocolate, and when I shouted "Ready!" to rush in quickly and try to find it. So after they'd gone, I balanced a large basket of flour on the door and shouted "Ready!"

It was simply gorgeous! I luffed and luffed and luffed! Absolutely! They sprawled on the floor like a gang of snow-men, smothered in flour. So when we'd finished laughing—when I'd finished, I mean—I showed them another game. I picked out the most pompous one to help me. Putting a chair on the table, I climbed up and held a glassful of water against the ceiling, and I told the chappie to keep it up there a moment by pressing a billiards cue on the bottom of the glass.

Well, of course, all I had to do then was to walk away and laugh, because he couldn't let go of the billiards cue without drenching himself with water. All the rest of the evening he was hanging on that cue, while we got on with the party!

When he did get someone to climb up and hold the glass, he made a rush at me and kicked me out. Well, it was time to go, anyway!

Ta-ta—and ha, ha!

LEONARD HENRY.

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