

AMAZING WESTERN STORY OF BUFFALO BILL INSIDE!

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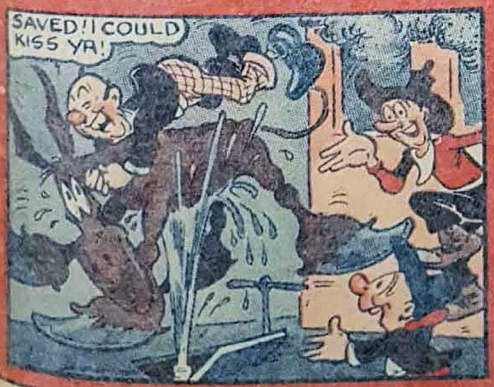
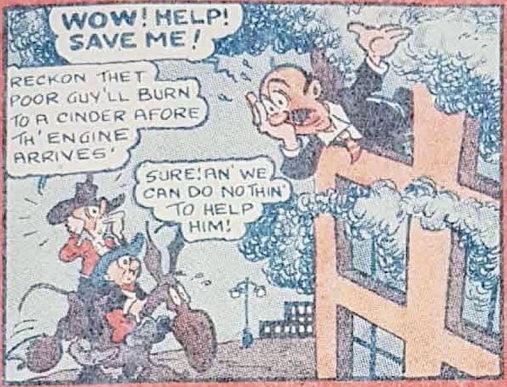
# The PILOT

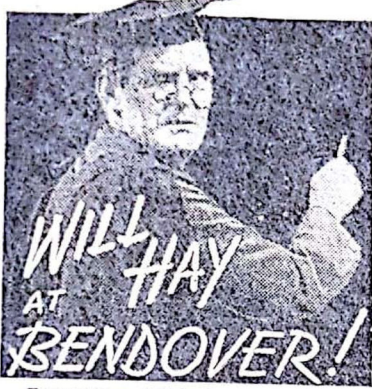
EVERY FRIDAY

## 2D

No. 127 Vol. 5 Week ending March 5th, 1938

MIKE, SPIKE & GRETA  
OH WOAZY  
WANT TO  
TALL  
STORE!





By courtesy of Gainsborough pictures.

**W**ILL HAY was chatting with Mossoo Bong, under the Bendover beeches, when Dicky Bird of the Fourth shot by. Dicky came at such a rush that there was very nearly a collision on the line. Luckily, there was just room to pass between Will and the French master, and Richard Bird shot through the narrow space, merely banging Will Hay with one elbow, and Monsieur le Bon with the other. Really, it was very lucky, for Dicky did not see them till he was right upon them, and he might have crashed into either or both.

As it was, Dicky Bird scraped by and hurtled onward. And both Will Hay and Mossoo Bong stared after him, in wrathful surprise. Juniors at Bendover School were not supposed to rush past masters in this wild and reckless way.

"Suffering snails!" ejaculated Will Hay. "The cheeky little wart!"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Mossoo Bong, pressing a fat hand to an extensive and well-filled waistcoat. "Ce garçon—"

It was then that Stuckey of the Sixth happened!

Had Will or Mossoo had time to reflect, they might have realised that Dicky Bird's frantic flight indicated pursuit in the rear. But they had no time to guess that one. Standing there, staring after the fleeing Dicky, they were right in the path of Stuckey of the Sixth, as he came careering at top speed. This time there was a crash!

To Will Hay, it seemed like a runaway lorry catching him on his southern aspect. Mossoo Bong had a wild impression of air raids. Both of them went spinning. Will Hay crashed to the right, Mossoo Bong crashed to the left, and between them crashed Stuckey of the Sixth, spluttering; and then all three sat up, blinking dizzily at one another.



"Oh crumbs!" gasped Stuckey. "Sorry, sir! That kid—he got me with a pea-shooter!"

"You—you blithering idiot!" gurgled Will, struggling to his feet, wildly tangled in his gown. "You—you-you benighted burler—"

Stuckey staggered to his feet. He was dizzy from the shock. So was Will Hay. But Mossoo Bong had suffered most. Mossoo was winded. Mossoo was stout. It was years since Mossoo Bong had seen his knees. The rim of his extensive equator had smitten the earth when he fell. He sat and moaned and moaned.

"Lend me a hand with him!" gasped Will Hay.

"Urrgh! Yes, sir! Urrgh!" gasped Stuckey.

They grabbed Mossoo Bong by his plump arms. They raised him, slowly and with effort, to his feet. Still moaning and moaning, Mossoo Bong stood unsteadily, holding on to both of them. They supported his weight manfully. For several long minutes, Adolphe le Bon continued to moan like a sad and mournful cow. Then recovery began to set in. He ceased at last to moovy. He recovered his voice. He proceeded to address Stuckey of the Sixth in choice French.

"Imbecile! Niais! Sot! Bete! Mille fois niais! Mille, mille fois imbecile!"

"And then some!" said Will Hay encouragingly. "Carry on, mossoo! You're expressing my feelings exactly and saving my breath! Go it!"

"Mille, mille, mille fois sot et bete!" spluttered Mossoo, getting more and more eloquent, as his breath came back. "Is it zat you zink zat I, Adolphe le Bon, shall be one vat you call skettle—"

"Skittle!" murmured Will Hay. "Zat you zink me one ninety-pin—"

"Ninety-pin!" murmured Will. "If zat is vat you zink, you, Stuckey, I go to make you zink somezing ozer. Je vous frappe—comme ca—"

"Wow!" roared Stuckey, as a fat hand smote. "I say—"

Mossoo had been grasping Stuckey's shoulder for support. Now he changed his grasp to Stuckey's collar. With the other hand he smote. Along with his wind, he seemed to have recovered his energy. He used up quite a lot in smacking Stuckey's head.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

It was quite unheard of at Bendover for a Sixth Form prefect's head to be smacked. Still, it was very unusual for a Sixth Form prefect to rush into a couple of masters like a mad bull, and up-end them.

"That," said Will, "is a good idea, Mossoo! One of your best! You keep on with that, and I'll begin on the other!"

Smack, smack, smack!

"Oh! Ow! Wow! Chuck it!" roared the hapless Stuckey, struggling frantically as simultaneous smacks landed on both ears. "I say— Yaroooh! Look here—yoo-ooop! Will you leave off?"

Stuckey of the Sixth felt as if both his ears were being knocked inward, and would meet in the middle of his head. He gave a terrific wrench and tore away, leaving his collar in Mossoo's grasp. Once loose, he shot off like a stone from a catapult.

"Hold on!" gasped Will. "We haven't finished yet!"

Stuckey was not likely to hold on, or to come back. He disappeared at 50 m.p.h.





Mosso went backwards, with a gurgling squeak—winded for the second time that day! He staggered, gasping, and sat, with a bump that almost shook the quad.

Smack! Smack!  
Right and left came smacks on Mossoo's ears! Mossoo reeled to the right, then to the left—then to the right again, then to the left again, under those hefty smacks which banged on his ears in turn.

"Eh!" shrieked Mossoo, as the figure turned and fled. "Au secours! I am attack—I am smack—I am keel—je suis assome—au secours—elp!"

Then, realising that his assailant was gone, Mossoo Bong tottered dizzily to his feet, and leaned on an ancient beech, to gasp for breath. He gasped, and he gurgled, and rubbed his burning ears, wondering whether all this was a fearful dream.

Why Will Hay had attacked him in that extraordinary manner, he could not begin to guess—but he was almost sure that it was Will! Anyhow, it was one of the Bendover staff, from the cap and gown; and proof would be forthcoming, for that gown would be muddy from the puddle!

And Mossoo, at last, tottered away to the House, to lay his grievance before Dr. Shrubub. Stuckey of the Sixth watched him come in—with a smiling face!

Billy Stuckey had replaced cap and gown in Will Hay's study, while Mossoo was gasping and spluttering under the beeches. Billy Stuckey smiled—he felt that he had reason to smile!

**"B OTHER!"** said Will Hay. He wielded the clothes-brush with a vigorous hand. How he had got that mud on his gown. Will did not know—but he supposed that he must have done so somehow, as it was there! He had not noticed it before he went out—but he noticed it when he came in, and slipped on the gown and mortar-board.

Having spotted it, he sorted out the clothes-brush, and started brushing. The mud, still damp, did not brush off easily. Will brushed, and brushed, getting more and more irritated. He wanted to rest, after his walk, before seeing the Fourth in to prep; but brushing that mud kept him busy, and he had not had a minute to sit down, so far.

Tap! His study door opened.  
"Oh, suffering haddock, don't come bothering now, blow you!" exclaimed Will, testily.  
"Oh! Ah! I did not see that it was you, sir—pray come in, Dr. Shrubub—such a pleasure to see you, sir—do come in!"

Dr. Shrubub sailed majestically into the study. There was a severe frown on his majestic countenance. He gave a start, as he saw how Will was engaged with the clothes-brush.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "Are you—are you brushing mud off your gown, Mr. Hay?"

"Just that, sir—"

"Then it was you!" gasped the Head.

"Eh?"

"I have visited each member of my staff in turn, after hearing Monsieur le Bon's complaint!" thundered the Head. "And I find you brushing mud—fresh mud, too—from your gown! No other master's gown was muddy!"

"Really, sir!" exclaimed Will, in astonishment. "I fail to follow you! I don't quite recall how my gown got so muddy, but surely, sir, it is not a matter for your personal inspection and intervention."

"Do not bandy words with me, Mr. Hay! It was you—obviously, you! I repeat that yours is the only muddy gown at Bendover—"

and Monsieur le Bon distinctly stated that the man who attacked him fell in a puddle—"

"Wha-a?" stammered Will Hay.

"It was you! Are you out of your senses, Hay? For what reason did you smack Monsieur le Bon's head?" thundered Dr. Shrubub.

"Is that, sir, conduct worthy of a member of the staff of this ancient foundation?"

"But I—I—I didn't!" gasped Will, in bewilderment. "I should be very sorry to smack Mossoo Bong's head, sir! He's a friend of mine! What makes you think—"

"You can have nothing to say in your defence, Hay!" said Dr. Shrubub sternly.

"Still, I will hear you!"

And Dr. Shrubub sat down in the study armchair, prepared to give Will a hearing.

The Head of Bendover reposed in that armchair for about the millionth part of a second! Then he bounded!

There was a roar in Will Hay's study, as if the celebrated Bull of Bashan had got loose there!

"My dear sir—" gasped Will. "What—"

"Oh! Ah! Ooogh! Woogh!" yelled Dr. Shrubub, wriggling frantically. "I am punctured—ooogh!"

"Sorrowful snails!" gasped Will. "What the dickens—"

"Oh! Owl! Wow! I am injured—in several places. Pins, or needles, or something! Oow! Bless my soul! Woogh!"

"But what—what— Oh, crickey!" gasped Will, as he rushed towards the armchair and spotted the drawing-pins sticking in the Head's gown. "Oh, humming haddocks! Some young villain must have placed them there for me. How fortunate that you sat down first, sir—"

"What?"

"I—I mean, how unfortunate—how very unfortunate! I—I mean—" babbled Will.

"Did you know that those drawing-pins were there, Mr. Hay?" thundered Dr. Shrubub. "Have you seen them before?"

"No; I've only seen them behind—on your gown, sir! I should have sat on them myself, had I not been busy brushing mud from my gown! How very fortunate—that is to say, unfortunate—"

"I will waste no more time—wow!—time here, Mr. Hay! Owl! Wow! You have been guilty of a—wow!—unprovoked and ruffianly attack upon another member of my—ow! ow!—staff! You're dismissed, Mr. Hay! Do you hear me? Dismissed from Bendover!"

"But—but I haven't—"

Snort! Dr. Shrubub stalked out of the study, wriggling as he stalked. Will Hay blinked after him, over his slanting nose-nippers, dumbfounded. Dr. Shrubub went wriggling down the passage. He wriggled, and wriggled. Bendover fellows gazed at their headmaster in amazement as they saw him on his way back to his study. He seemed to be understudying a contortionist. Wriggling, he reached his study, and sank into a chair there—and then bounded up, as if the seat of that chair had been red-hot.

"Ow!" was heard from the Head's study.

"Wow!"

After that he was heard walking about, for quite a considerable time.

**"S ACKED!"**  
"Old Hay?"  
"Great pip!"  
"What's he done?"  
"Smacked Mossoo's head—"

It was all over Bendover School before the fellows went in to prep.

Will Hay, master of the Fourth, was sacked! The Bendover Fourth heard it with consternation! They did little prep in the Fourth Form studies. They discussed this startling news instead—bad news for the Fourth! They did not want to lose Will Hay! He added so much to the gaiety of existence at Bendover!

"Poor old Hay!" said Dicky Bird, in Study No. 3, for the umpteenth time. "Poor old ass! Sacked, you know! What on earth did he want to smack Mossoo's head for? I've wanted to smack it often enough, but why should old Hay?"

In view of this disaster, Dicky was quite sorry that he had planted those drawing-pins in Will's study armchair. His only consolation was that Dr. Shrubub had sat on them, instead of Will!

"Must be all his crumpet!" said Tabby Green. "I've heard that he snacked Stuckey's head this afternoon; now he's smacked Mossoo's! He's making a habit of it!"

"I can't make it out!" said Dicky. "I hear that old Hay says he never did it. That old goat Mossoo Bong may have made a mistake! He's not a cat, to see in the dark, anyhow! Look here, if old Hay says he never did it, he never did! But you there's a mistake somewhere."

After prep, Dicky Bird cut down to his Form-master's study. Will Hay greeted him with a frosty smile.

"Ah! I was going to send for you, Bird, to ask you whether you knew anything about some—hem!—drawing-pins," he remarked. "But never mind! Never mind! I will not leave you a whopping to remember me by, Bird!"

"You're not really going, sir?" exclaimed Dicky.

"Going—going—nearly gone!" answered Will sadly. "I shall make one more appeal to Dr. Shrubub before I leave, but I'm giving him time to recover from the effect of the hem!—drawing-pins! They seem to have had a deleterious effect on his usually sunny temper! He was in far from a bonny mood when I last saw him!"

"But why do they think you smacked Mossoo Bong's head, sir, if you didn't?" asked the anxious Dicky.

Will sighed.

"The evidence, my boy, is complete," he answered. "Some member of the staff smacked Mossoo's head—someone, apparently, who had no objection to contact with hair oil! It seems that he got mud on his gown at the time. By a remarkable and unfortunate coincidence, my gown was muddy, Bird! No other master's gown at Bendover shows such traces! And yet, my good Bird, I never smacked Mossoo's head—though, in the circumstances, I think I shall smack it before I go! If I am to be sacked for smacking his head, it seems rather hard to go without having handed over the smack!"

"Your—your gown, sir!" stammered Dicky. Back into his head came what he had seen, in that study, peering round the armchair. "Is that all, sir? Mossoo doesn't say he saw you—"

"No; even that pernicious devourer of frogs does not claim to have recognised my classic features in the dark, Bird. But—"

"Oh crickey!" gasped Dicky Bird.

He shot out of Will Hay's study, leaving Will blinking.

Will rose sadly to his feet. He was going to have one last interview with Dr. Shrubub and endeavour to convince him that he was not the head-smacker! But he had little hope! Slowly and sadly Will trailed away to Dr. Shrubub's study, hoping that he had, by this time, recovered from the drawing-pins.

Meanwhile, Dicky Bird, with a wildly excited face, was hurtling into the Sixth. He hurled open Stuckey's door, and hurled in, without knocking. Stuckey of the Sixth stared round at him. Stuckey had been smiling cheerily. He had killed two birds with one stone—Mossoo smacked, and Will Hay sacked! But he ceased to smile as Dicky Bird hurled in, and grabbed up his cane.

"You cheeky little tick!" he roared. "Have you come here for another whopping? All right—bend over that chair!"

"You rotter!" roared back Dicky, shaking his fist in the face of the astonished prefect.

"You worm!"



Stuckey gazed at him.

"You skunk!" howled Dicky. "I saw you bag old Hay's gown from his study while he was gone to Didham! Hear that? I saw you rotter! I jolly well know who smacked Mossoo's head, in the dark—and made old Hay's gown muddy to stick it on him! I saw you—"

"You—you saw—" gasped Stuckey. He

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# The COMIC CAPERS of STAINLESS STEPHEN

FAMOUS RADIO STAR



dropped the ashlant, staring at Dicky Bird with distended eyes. "You—you—you saw—?"

"Oh erkey!"

"I was in the study!" yelled Dicky. "I was behind the armchair! I saw you! And you're going to the Head! Hear that, you ass! Think you're going to get old Hay the push, you do—and you can take your choice, Billy Stuckey—and take it quick!"

"Billy Stuckey—" stuttered Stuckey.

"I—I never—"

"You can tell the Head that! Come on, and tell him!" yelled Dicky Bird, and he dashed out of the door.

"Hold on! Stop!" howled Stuckey. "I'll go. Do you hear me—I'll go!"

And Stuckey of the Sixth went—and Dicky Bird watched him go.

"SAY no more, Mr. Hay!" pleaded Will. "But, my dear sir—" pleaded

Dr. Shrubb was adamant! Will Hay blinked at him over his nose-nippers! Dr. Shrubb waved a plump hand. Will had been talking to him for whole minutes. His eloquence had produced no more effect on Dr. Shrubb than produced on a duck. The Head had recovered from the drawing-pins. He was calm again. He admitted that he was sorry to part with Mr. Hay! But such an outrageous action could not be overlooked. The fact that Will hadn't done it made no difference. All the evidence was that he had done it! And that was that!

"I wish you well, Mr. Hay," said the Head, "in another sphere—"

"But I never—" wailed Will.

"Come, come, Mr. Hay! That is to say, go,

Tap! The door of the Head's study opened and a scared face looked in. Stuckey of the Sixth almost crawled into the study. Dr. Shrubb glanced at him impatiently.

"What is it, Stuckey? What—"

"I—I—I—" babbled Stuckey.

"What?"

"I—I—I—I—" Stuckey seemed unable to get further.

"What do you mean, Stuckey!" exclaimed Dr. Shrubb. "I can gather no meaning whatever from a constant repetition of the first personal pronoun."

"I—I—I—I—I've come to—to—to—I—I've come to—"

"I am aware that you have come, too, Stuckey! Mr. Hay has come, and you have come, too! But why have you come?"

"I—I—I've come to—to—to own up, sir!" gasped Stuckey. "I—I—I'm awfully sorry, sir, but—I felt that—that I ought to—to one up, now—now Mr. Hay's sacked, sir—I—I did it, sir!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"I—I—I bib-bub-borrowed Mr. Hay's gown, sir, and—and did it, because Mossoo Bong smashed my head to-day, sir—and—and—and I've come to own up, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" gasped Dr. Shrubb.

"Scented sardines!" exclaimed Will Hay.

"That is to say, of course, bless my soul! My dear sir—"

"Mr. Hay, I beg your pardon! I should have known you better, Mr. Hay! Pray hand me that cane before you leave my study!"

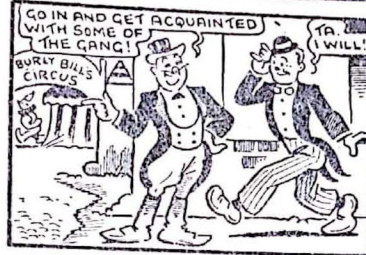
Dicky Bird was in the passage when Will Hay came billowing along, showing all his teeth in a happy grin. One look at Will was enough—and Dicky grinned, too!

"O.K., sir?" he gasped.

"Quite!" grinned Will.

Dicky Bird rushed off to the junior day-room with the glad news. In the Bendover Fourth there was happy satisfaction. It was not shared by Stuckey of the Sixth! Having escaped the sack—and manly way, Dr. Shrubb had finished with the cane, Billy Stuckey almost wished that he had sacked him instead!

Will Hay is certainly the limit, but there is no limit to the laughs in his further funny next week. Meet this merry master again, in another bright and breezy yarn of Bendover College.



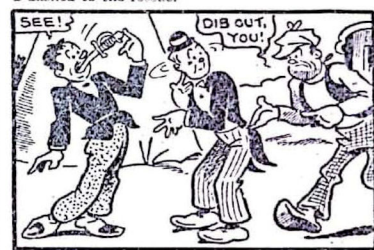
1. Hallo, lads! Stainless doing his stuff again! Tother day I got a semi-holiday, so under the cires, I went to the cires. The boss was an old pat of mine and told me to make myself at home, etc., and such like.



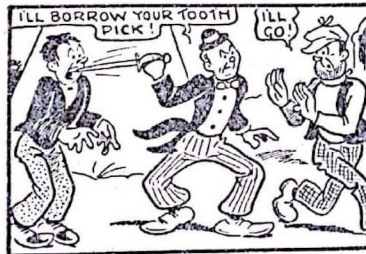
2. It was topping under the big top until I saw a guy making a meal out of three feet of the best Sheffield steel. Now, thinks me, a fella must be fed up with life to feel himself with a sword, so I dashed to the rescue.



3. Then, pardon my blushes, but this bloke turned out to be the professional sword-swallower. I had heard summat about one swallow don't make a summer, but this chappie made a living out of his swallows. I was on edge for nuthin'.



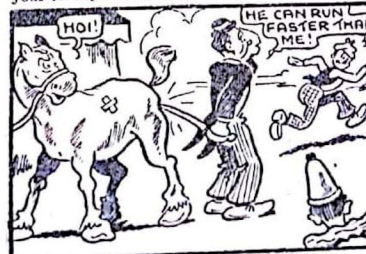
4. Seeing that I didn't seem to swallow his story, he showed me how it was done and how to do it, and he certainly could take it. Then into the picture stepped the villain of the piece and told us to hand over our hard-earned.



5. At this, Sam the sword-swallower went "gurg-glug!" which was saying a mouthful, as he had a mouthful of sword at the time. But I tugged it from his tonsils and said: "Lend me your toothpick and I'll tickle up this tough egg!"



6. See my point? The bad lad did, and beat it while I came after him like an electric-light bill—sorry, I mean the charge of the light. But soon I had bellows to mend, so I bellowed: "Come back, you worm!"



7. But he wasn't the kind of worm that turns. Nossirs! He soon outpaced me and I was left wiping the perspir—perspir—dash it!—sweat from my forehead. I gave him best, and also gave the horse a poke with Sam's Sunday joint.



8. Now Old Faithful didn't like that, and lashed out. Bonk! He beefed me in the rudder and—oops! I went sailing through the stratosphere and brought that flying footpad to a full stop. So I'll come to a full stop myself now.