

"WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!" Starts in this Issue!

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# The PILOT 2<sup>D</sup>

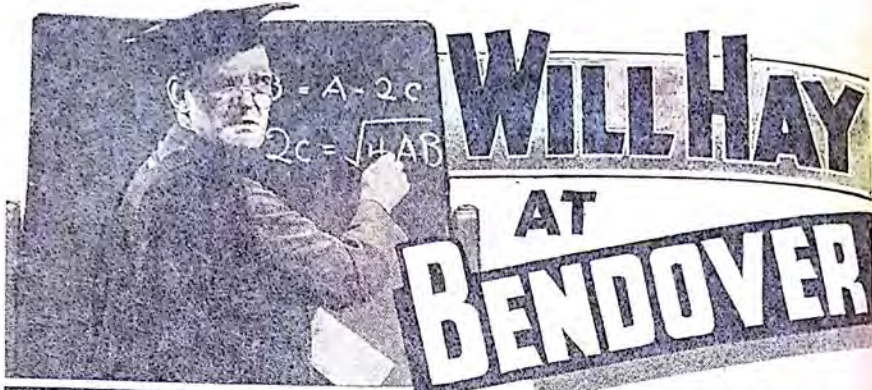
EVERY  
FRIDAY.



GRAND NEW SERIES BEGINS THIS WEEK

## WILL HAY

COMES TO THE "PILOT"



(Photo by Courtesy of Gaibnborough Pictures, whose latest film starring Will Hay at school master—"GOOD MORNING BOYS"—will shortly be showing at your local cinema.)

"DODDLEBURY! Doddlebury! Change here for Bendover College!"

The window of a first-class compartment went down with a bang, and the head and shoulders of a solitary passenger popped through the aperture.

"Is this Doddlebury?" shouted the passenger, looking up and down the platform in short-sighted perplexity.

He clipped a pair of glasses on to the end of his nose as he asked the question, and then, very gradually, there dawned in his staring eyes an expression of almost painful bewilderment; for in that moment he caught sight of a spectacle which caused his forehead to wrinkle like a miniature sheet of corrugated iron.

Drawn up on the wooden platform of the country station was a line of boys—boys wearing Eton jackets, school caps, and the most innocent expressions in the world.

It was these innocent expressions on their faces which caused the first-class passenger to blink through his nose-nippers. He knew schoolboys of old, and this parade of virtuous youth was, he felt, too good to be true. He pecked at his pursed lips with finger and thumb, then, catching sight of the solitary porter, he let out another exclamation.

"Hi, stationmaster!" he shouted.

An untidy, stockheaded young porter, with a vacant expression in his gooseberry eyes, came ambling along the platform, and stared, mouth ajar, at the passenger.

"Did I hear you say that this is Doddlebury?" asked the latter cheerily.

"Couldn't tell you, mister!" answered the porter. "Ow should I know if you 'eard? All I know is I shouted 'Doddlebury! Doddlebury!' till I got 'oarse in the throat!"

"Vazzat!" snapped the passenger, frowning.

"'Oarse in the throat! I've heard of frog in the throat, but 'Ow in the—Listen to me, Turnip-face! Do I slight here for Bendover College?"

"Please yourself!" answered the porter, without any sign of enthusiasm. "You can set yourself alight if yer like, but it's just as quick to get out in the ordinary way!"

The passenger lowered his head, screwed up his nose, and squinted at the porter over the top of his steel-framed nose-nippers.

"That remark is not funny!" he said severely.

"But it will be if you don't get out in half a tick!" said the porter. "She's just on the move!"

Snatching open the door of the carriage, the passenger flung out a bulging suitcase and took a flying leap on to the platform; then, with a start, he caught sight again of that line of boys, their inquiring, curious eyes upon him.

"Hi, superintendent!" he shouted, as the stock-headed porter went ambling off along the platform.

The porter turned back and waited, mouth ajar, for the stranger to open the proceedings.

"Pray be so good as to satisfy my curiosity!" said the latter, waving a hand towards the row of boys. "Tell me, in strict confidence, what is the idea of the waxworks?"

No sooner was the question out of his mouth than something soft, cold, and clammy smote him in the back of the neck, clinging there like a poultice with pins in it.

"Bless my soul!" he cried, clawing the overripe tomato from its moorings and staring down at the mess in wide-eyed bewilderment.

## THE LAUGH OF THE YEAR!

You've heard him on the radio. You've seen him on the films. Now Will Hay, the world-famous "schoolmaster"-comedian, makes another "mirthquake" in this special "PILOT" story!

Will's the sort of schoolmaster you'd be tickled to death to have at your school. Meet him in this super yarn.

"Extraordinary! Inexplicable! Now, how did it happen?"

Then, as though struck by a bright idea, he swung round upon his heel and stared hard at the row of boys. He was plainly suspicious—but no sign of guile showed upon those angelic faces.

"Strange!" he muttered, pushing his hat over his eyes. "Must be one of those forced tomatoes!"

Then, turning to the porter: "Well, go on—answer my question! What's the idea of the—?" He looked round sharply, and was just in time to see one of the boys hastily stuffing back a tomato into his trousers pocket. "I mean," he raved on, fixing the tomato merchant with a gimlet glare, "why the deputation, or reception committee, or whatever it is!"

"These young gents are from the college, mister," explained the porter. "They're 'ere to welcome a new master wet's due to-day."

'E was supposed to come by the morning

train, but it looks as though 'e's gone and lost 'imself. All schoolmasters is funny!"

"Really!" said the stranger, with a figid grin. "You don't say! Now, I'm going to tell you something, my lad; if I have any more lip from you, you'll think the London Express has hit you in the pants! I am the new master, and I haven't gone and lost myself!"

Bemusing toothily, he turned his back upon the porter and strode across to the deputation.

"Well, boys!" he cried jovially. "Welcome to Bendover College! That is, I am glad to welcome myself to Bendover College. And I must say I am deeply honoured by the kindly thought which brings you here this morning. I repeat, boys, I am touched!"

"You look it!" came in an undertone from the end of the row.

There was an explosive snigger, but the new master was not quick enough to catch the culprit. Getting on with his inspection, he paused in front of the tomato-thrasher and regarded him fixedly.

"And what might your name be, young man?" he asked, peering over his nose-nippers.

"Sammy Straw, sir!"

"Sammy Straw, eh?" echoed the new master. "Sammy Straw! I'm Will Hay! Straw—Hay—you sound like a relation!"

Screwing up his nose, he squinted hard at the junior, suspicion in his stare.

"Are you quite sure your name is Sammy Straw?" he demanded severely.

"I didn't say it was, sir," answered the junior. "You asked me what my name might be, and I said Sammy Straw."

"Quite so!" agreed Will, smiling as though he'd swallowed a mouthful of red pepper.

Carrying on down the line, he came to a halt in front of another boy, whose expectant expression attracted him.

"And what might—?" he began, when the young man's "I'm sorry" was cut off abruptly.

"And remember that I don't want any family stuff this time!" he added darkly.

"Izzy Cunningham, sir!" piped the boy.

"Izzy Cunningham?" demanded Will expectantly. "And how should I know if he's coming? I ask you a sensible question, and I expect a sensible answer! Now, then, what's your name?"

"Izzy Cunningham, sir!"

"Haven't I just told you that I don't know if he's coming?" shouted the new master, "What's the idea of pestering me with a darned silly question like that? Izzy coming, sir?" he mocked, in tones of disgust.

"That's right, sir!" piped the junior.



mean—that's right!"

"Yes, sir!"

"You are, my lad!"

"I'm about to be!"

"He passed before"

"some sense by way of a"

"circumlocutionally. 'What's"

"sir" answered the red-

"head?"

"You're staying right"

"declared Will Hay."

"I've had just about"

"Let's push off up"

"the hill!"

"You're going, my lad!"

"You're staying right"

"declared Will Hay."

"I've had just about"

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"Let's push off up"

"the hill!"

dived for the bottom, and several seconds ticked away before the surface of the lake new master came to light.

His sparsely covered pate streaming like the sheet-dripping way, he blinked round in his

"Dear me! Bless my soul! And pray what is the meaning of this extraordinary exhibition, sir?" inquired a voice from the edge of the lake. It was a white-haired, stocky-looking old gentleman who asked the question.

"Smiling genially, the new master looked his nippers on to the end of his nose, and gave a friendly nod.

"I am Will Hay, sir," he beamed. "I'm in the new master reporting for duty! How do you do?"

"YOU understand, Dr. Shrubb—Colonel Chatterton's voice was vibrant with meaning—"unless things very speedily alter at this school, I'm afraid we shall have to hand over the reins to a younger man."

Dr. Erasmus Shrubb fidgeted uncomfortably. "The school is falling into disrepute," explained the colonel. "As chairman of the governing board, it is my duty to warn you that this is your last chance. Take for example the Fourth Form. They are notorious. How many Fourth Form masters have come and gone this term, Shrubb?"

"Five, Colonel Chatterton?" was the tired answer. "The boys are just high-spirited, that's all. There is no real vice in them. Up to now I have not been successful in securing the services of the right man to handle them. But a new master has just arrived. I think he will be able to manage them."

"Umph!" growled the colonel. "I've heard that story before. Who is this man—this ahem!—boy-tamer? Send for him!"

Dr. Shrubb pressed the bell on his desk and dispatched the page-boy to summon Will Hay. The new master arrived, newly swept and garished, so to speak. He had changed his clothes, and he had changed his opinion about the young jaspers of Bendover. He knew he was in for a high old time.

"This is the new master, colonel—" began the Head.

The colonel did not appear to be very impressed.

"Are his credentials in order?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" smiled Mr. Hay. "You want the best credentials, so have them! Is that not so, Dr. Shrubb?"

"Er—yes!" agreed the Head. "Mr. Hay has the reputation of knowing how to handle difficult boys."

"Ha! Good!" beamed the colonel. "But that's not enough. Is he clever? How about mathematics, for instance?"

Will Hay beamed.

"Mathematics are my strong suit—I mean, my forte, colonel," he stated convincingly. "Why, I handled the examiners, years ago, by setting them a little problem they couldn't answer. Perhaps you'd care to have a shot at it, colonel?"

The colonel crimsoned. Mathematics was not his strong subject.

"Oh, no dear fellow! I don't doubt your word for a moment," he put in hastily.

"For instance," breezed an Will Hay, as though he hadn't heard, "as you may be aware, mathematics, in its simpler developments, may be defined as the science which deals by approved logical methods with the relation of magnitudes, quantities, and numbers. It is not possible, in brief, to give a definition both intelligible and comprehensive, but some idea of the modern scope of the subject may be gained by an enumeration of—"

"Enough, sir! Enough!" broke in Colonel Chatterton pleadingly. "I do not doubt your knowledge of the subject is almost as complete as my own."

"Oh, that's nothing, colonel!" breezed Will Hay happily. "I haven't really started yet. Try a handful of this: We will begin again with ordinary arithmetical relationships, exhibiting their gradual growth by extension into algebraic analysis."

"Thank you, sir, thank you!" said the colonel. "I assure you I am—ahem!—entirely satisfied on this point. But to turn to another matter I had in mind. The Form of which you have been placed in charge is thoroughly out of hand. It is even rumoured that some of the misquid young rifs go in for gambling, sir. They need strong handling."

"Leave that to me, sir!"

"That's what we intend to do, Mr. Hay!" snapped the colonel, recovering somewhat now he felt sure of his ground. "I am told your methods are somewhat unusual, but we shall expect happy results, nevertheless."

"Leave it to me, sir, as Nelson said to Wellington at the battle of Champaigne."



Swoosh! A stream of ink shot from the desk as Smythe lifted the lid, catching the Fourth-Former full in the face. The booby-trap which the Bendover jaspers had planned for Will Hay worked perfectly—but the new master had seen that it was the leader of the jaspers himself who got the full benefit of it!

## "The PILOT"

The colonel fixed him with a military eye. "Ah, there I have you, sir! There I have you! I'm an old soldier, sir—I know my history. Allow me to tell you another Nelson Wellington was present at the battle of Clamorgan."

Will Hay smiled happily. "Good for you, colonel!" he teased. "I thought I couldn't catch you on history. However, let us be up and along. If it's all the same to you, I would like to meet the young bloods of my Form. I am eager to get down to work."

"I will escort you to the Form-room myself," smiled Dr. Shrubbs. "Be good enough to follow me."

"HIS a bald-headed old buffer!" That was Jerry Smart's loudly voiced opinion of the new master of the Fourth. And as Jerry was captain of the Form, and the prime mover in all its mischief, his opinion carried weight.

The Fourth grinned. They were assembled in their Form-room awaiting the arrival of their new master. Zealously they clung to the reputation they had won of never "standing" a new master for more than a fortnight. They were tough in every sense of the word, the despair of the average master and of their parents alike.

"Let's get ready for him!" sang out Jerry, his blue eyes aglow with mischief. "Do your stuff, you fellows! You all ought to know it by heart now."

And the Fourth got busy and did their stuff. "Cave!" Shuffles, who was posted at the door of the Form-room, suddenly hissed a warning. In a second the Fourth had dropped into their places. On every face was an anxious expression as the door opened to admit their new master.

"Good-morning, boys!"

"Good-morning, sir!"

"We seem to be having quite a lot of weather lately!" went on Will, his gown ballooning behind him as he strode across the Fourth Form classroom to his desk. His nipples peeped rakishly upon the end of his nose, he slanted a glance at the wicked-looking drawing-pin upon the seat of his chair, which he had seen just as he was in the act of sitting down.

"Let me see," he murmured, straightening himself up and stroking his chin with a reflective finger and thumb. "H'm! Yes! Of course!" Lowering his head, he studied his class over the top of his steel-rimmed glasses. "Er—Smart," he called, "his wretched case upon the captain of the Form, would you be so amiable as to step this way?"

"Certainly, sir!" answered Smart sweetly, with a grin at the other fellows. "Anything to oblige!"

In leisurely style he strolled across the classroom and faced Will across the desk.

"No, no!" said the new master. "Come round here and stand beside me! What I have to say is for your shell-like car alone, my boy!"

Still grinning, Jerry Smart strolled round the desk and joined Will.

"Now," began the latter, lowering his voice to a confidential whisper, "I suppose you know what a lift is? You know, an elevator?"

"You're not trying to pull my leg, sir?" demanded the Form captain.

Will gave a vigorous shake of his head.

"Not yet," he returned. "Here's plenty of time! But about this lift! Demonstrate what happens when it ascends—er—goes up, that is!"

"That's easy!" scoffed Smart, stretching out his right hand and raising it ceilingwards. "That's how it goes!"

"Exactly!" agreed Will, as though a great load had been taken off his mind. "And what happens when it descends—er—comes down, that is?"

"Why, it goes like this!" grinned Smart, sweeping his hand downwards.

"As I thought," nodded Will. "It goes like this, as you say!"

Holding his right hand on high, he suddenly brought it down upon the top of Jerry Smart's head, which caused the unfortunate Jerry to sit down in the chair with a bump.

But that was not all.

In sitting down he drove the long point of the drawing-pin into the most sensitive part of his anatomy, and it was with a shrill shriek that he leapt into the air, for all the world as if that he had been impaled upon a red-hot brand.

Even Reggie Pyke and "Fruity" Small, the two real dogs of the Form, who usually adopted an attitude of perpetual boredom, joined in the wailing of cheers and merriment which the wretched Jerry experienced. Indeed, Jerry resented from that was the only one who did not join in the high-spirited jubilation.

"Right, Smart—or not-so Smart, shall we say?—you may now resume your seat!" beamed Will Hay. "That is, unless you prefer to stand."

Jerry Smart crept back to his place and sheepishly waded himself.

"The suspicious ruffler!" he muttered. "How the dickens could he have known that I put the drawing-pin on his chair?"

"Attention, please!" called Will Hay, rapping his desk with a ruler. "We're a bit short of paper this morning, so I want you to write down everything you know about the French Revolution! Everything, mind you! Ha, ha, ha!" He chuckled to himself. "A shade subtle, I'm proud to say. Perhaps you are not dull-witted to follow me. We will call the roll instead."

"You there"—pointing at Smythe, who was



"Don't you get scared, walking along that tightrope?"

"Course not! Falling off's all that worries me!"

seated in the front of the class—"kindly get my register out of the desk."

"I'd sooner not, sir," replied Smythe.

"I've no doubt, my boy, I've no doubt," smiled Hay breezily; "but when your Form-master gives you an order, he expects it to be obeyed."

Slowly, ever so slowly, Smythe went to the Form-master's desk. He stood on one side as he opened the lid, but, even so, he did not escape what had been intended for the new master. As the lid of the desk was raised, a coiled spring, which had been kept in place, was suddenly released. At the end of the spring was a bottle of ink.

"Sproooooosh!" The contents of the bottle shot upwards and outwards in a darkening, messy shower, and although Smythe knew of that trap, he could not altogether avoid it. He staggered back, his face deluged in ink.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Will Hay. "Very smart! Very smart, indeed!"

"Grossenough!" gurgled Smythe, dripping an inkly trail as he staggered away.

Will Hay returned to the attack. He brandished a bony finger at Smythe's tall fingers.

"Gingerly! Gingerly! You've looked out the big end!" he laughed it to Mr. Hay.

"No, no!" cried the new master. "You can call out the names just as well as I can. Open the register and begin at once."

"With an unobtrusive expression, he opened the register. At the same moment a speck of pepper flew upwards from the opened book. In his hand, so that, as the book opened, it tattered plastic did the trick."

"Thank you, Hay," smiled Hay, looking cold. "I will call the roll myself, to save his name. His eyes darted nervously to Smythe's name."

Will Hay made every boy stand up to know his name. His eyes darted nervously to Smythe's name.

"Reggie Pyke as that youngster's name was called."

"So you're Pyke, my lad!" he said gruffly, taking off his nose-punchers and winking rather crafty face of the end of the Fourth.

"Any relation to Mr. Dunkley Pyke?"

"Reggie Pyke started."

"He's also a schoolmaster, I believe," said Will Hay.

"Why shouldn't he be?" demanded Pyke resentfully. "Do you know him?"

"I have heard of him," returned Reggie gravely. "I have heard of him." And under his breath he added: "So that's the little snipe I've to be careful of. His father's just itching to become Head of this school a place of old Shrubbs. There's some dirty work going on here."

The roll-call continued.

"At its end, Will Hay beamed upon his class. "Now, what's the first lesson?" he inquired.

"Latin, sir!" volunteered Jerry Smart, who had now recovered and bore no malice.

"Latin! H'm!" Will Hay's eyebrows arched. "I think you might try with it that for yourselves. Carry on, my lads!"

I will discover what you know.

Having set the class to work, the new master seated himself at his desk.

He opened a morning paper and became immersed in the important events of the day, and he was weighing up the chances of Reggie Knight, a horse which was down to run in the 3.20 at Epsom, when he lifted his head to a red tetter and began to sniff; gently, and

rapidly at first, then making a noise like the rapping of sandpaper.

"Strange!" he muttered, crinkling his brow. "Most mysterious!"

Blinking rapidly, he peered over his nose-punchers and surveyed his industrious pupils, and it was not until his gazing gaze reached the far left-hand corner of the classroom that the mystery explained itself.

From that quarter a haze of blue smoke had drifted gently upon the still air; and on further investigation, Will Hay discovered the reason.

Lolling back in his seat, thumb tucked into the armbolts of his waistcoat, Reggie Pyke, one of the dogs of the Form, was enjoying one of the ends of the "Fruity Small," his smoking a cigarette.

There, there was a strained kind of expression in their eyes as they pulled away at their inexperienced fashion.

Pyke had little beads of moisture upon his short upper lip, and Fruity Small was seated fixedly into space, like a fire in a narrow grate.

Will Hay coughed importantly and repeated upon the desk with his ruler.

"Excuse me, boys," he said, very politely. "But may I draw your attention to the fact that this is a classroom, not a ballroom or a school!"

The pungent odour of the "Fruity Small" Socks—

"These smokers are best Turkey," gurgled Reggie Pyke hopefully, waving away his own temerity. "They cost the average school

Very "reasonable!" commented Will Hay, leaving his desk and joining the schoolmaster in the corner. "Are they strong?" he asked, looking down at Pyke over the top of his nose-punchers.

His manner was friendly and he was deeply interested in the subject of the cigarettes. "I mean, you're a bit of a



# The COMIC CAPERS of STAINLESS STEPHEN

FAMOUS RADIO STAR



1.—Out doing a spot of fodder-providing 'till the chilly morn, I bumped into a young tot of mine, and when the warm-hearted fellow spotted my shivery condition, he offered me his winter-warmer (full stop)



2.—Thinking the lad nicely, I began to put it going. You know the way, lads, swinging it "round and round" like the old song (omomom) and soon this small edition of central heating was warming up nicely.



3.—But we're told there's many a slip etc., and suddenly the can flew through the air with the greatest of force and came to rest between a tin of beans and the Sunday joint in my grand basket.



4.—Now, while I'd been doing my strong-arm stuff, one of these tough south-lads fellows spotted my trick and thought I'd do a spot of spastic-swing. "A lucky dip!" he chattered, diving his fu into the basket.



5.—But instead of a ring the can of cold beans he expected, he got a flapper full of hot spiders, and so the wondrous grub-biter was bit (full stop) It made my heart glow to see the way he stopped that winter-warmer!



6.—I laughed, and I laughed, and I laughed, but the tough laddie who'd had taking things couldn't take a joke. "I'll take the lot now!" he growled, thus vanishing the stainless steel from the Stainless lad.



7.—This was not so hot, I thought, so I promptly showed the famous Stephen with huto top gear. I had the string of the winter-warmer in my hand, and with it I did a cowboy act with the beam-rodge (full stop)



8.—Whoops, dearie. Did I leave him on a bit of string then? I pulled the knot tight, and, boy presto! the naughty lad came to earth with a bang on his shin! And that was that—no chin-chin until next week!

...about the... said Pyke.  
...suggested Will, snatch-  
...lay on the desk and  
...I'm surprised, drawing  
...I'll say that for  
...I'll be at the price! I—  
...of brightly being a  
...out of his hip-pocket.  
...Mind you, I'm warning  
...strong, even for a man  
...You'll probably make

...a sticky grin. "Th-shank  
...the returned, taking the solitary  
...of the case and lighting up re-  
...called knowingly. "Smoke up?"  
...to see a man enjoy a good  
...to get going?"  
...He didn't answer at once; he  
...something on his mind.  
...of Frisky Steel, he was staring  
...and gradually his school-  
...you gave place to a light yellowish

...for your thoughts!" offered Will  
...... Reggie, his plump  
...mist and shiny. "I—I don't  
...had something at break-  
...with you" diagnosed  
...Make a good dinner.  
...Lad's school pork—"As a  
...dinner had a startling  
...Reggie. Leaping to his feet, he  
...to his mouth and charged for  
...seeing it just as the Head was  
...to enter the classroom.  
...Oomooch!"

...the Head in the waistcoat, Reggie  
...the corridor and went away like  
...Bless my soul! What was the  
...that extraordinary boy, Mr.  
...demanded the Head in his mild way.  
...five looked quite horrible—"It  
...always down, sir?" put in Will, with a  
...As a matter of fact, sir, we were  
...and that over a cigar—"I  
...of grand, Mr. Hay, do my ears  
...Did I understand you to say—"I  
...My very words, sir," grinned Will, bring-  
...of his Turkish cigarette from  
...back and popping it between his  
...You see, sir, in the first place, I  
...-Er, caught!—I caught, Pyke  
...My duty was clear. To wit: I  
...to take his cigarette away from him!  
...and here Will wagged a wise finger  
...the Head's nose—"I was able to deal  
...the situation in my own way. Having  
...young Pyke apart from his Turkish  
...I gave him one of my own special  
...of cigars, so everything was all square!  
...strictly between ourselves, sir, I've an  
...that Reggie will be a non-smoker for a  
...to come?"

...the faint of a smile upon the  
...face as he looked up into Will's  
...laughing eyes.  
...own special cigars are rather  
...suggested mildly.  
...over his boss sippers. "I make 'em  
...The one I gave Pyke was a scientific  
...of rubber heel, boot polish, soft soap,  
...and brown paper; and what could be  
...can that?"

...Mr. Hay" murmured the Head,  
...I might in thinking of you that you have no  
...for Reginald Pyke?"  
...I'll, lowering his tone, "and if  
...the little wart to me, I'll have him  
...of Bendover within a month! There are  
...and means of doing everything, sir, and  
...'em all! You don't need a steam  
...to crack a monkey nut! Get me?"

Will, boys, how did you like it—Hay?  
...travels? I'll be back next week!  
...this scoop—and tell your newsgator to  
...your copy of "PILOT" for you.  
...they're going to be a mighty rush to read  
...of headlines."