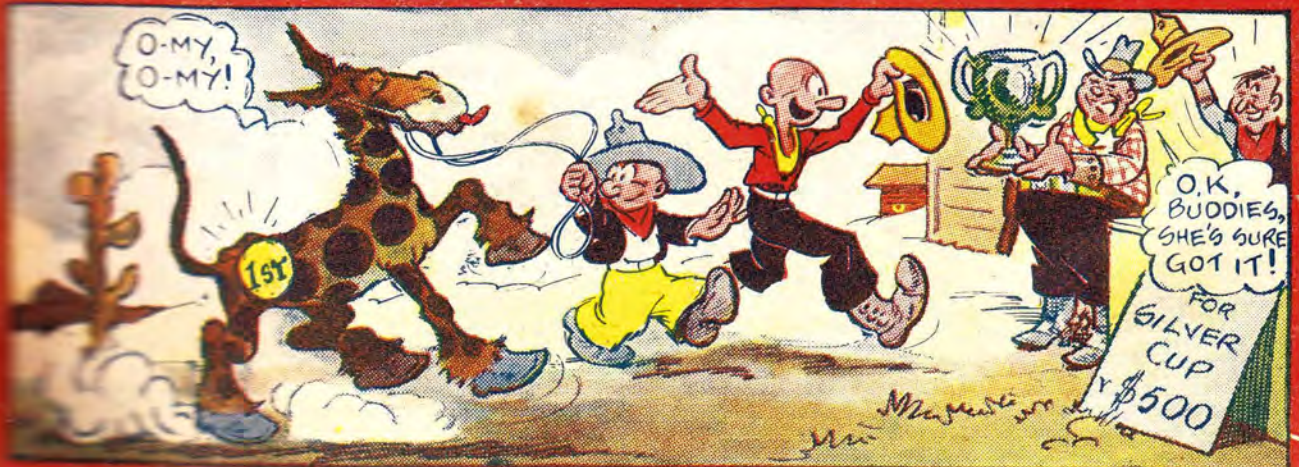
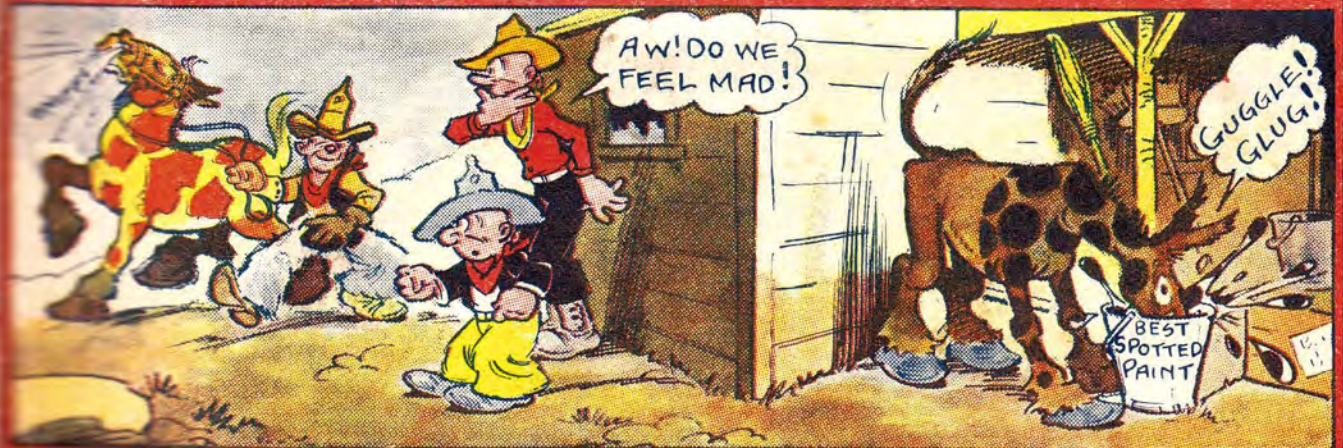
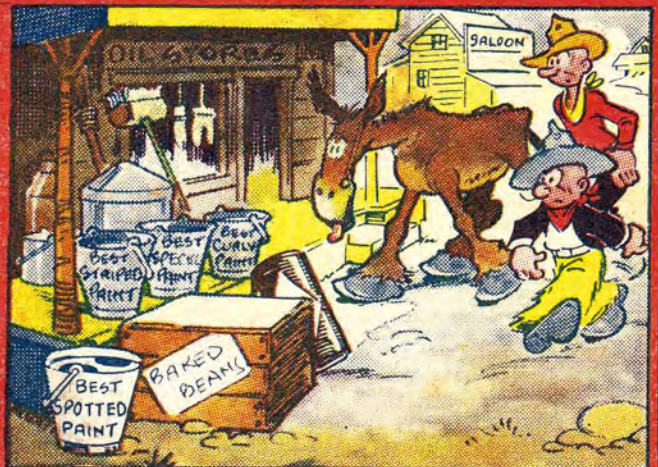


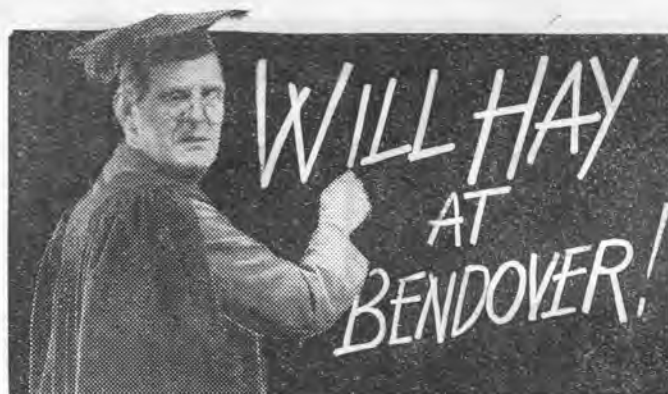
# The PILOT

EVERY FRIDAY

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No. 30.  
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Week  
Ending  
April 10th,  
1937.





Meet the funniest Form-master in the World in this novel combined picture-strip and story... starring that riot of the screen and stage—WILL HAY! Read the picture-story first.



1. "Good-morning, boys!" warbled Form-master Will Hay, billowing into the Form. "We will now proceed to the seat of learning!" But he gave many a suspicious squint at his chair before he squatted.

By permission of Gainsborough Pictures.

"Bother it!" Will Hay tapped, opened the door, and stepped into the study. The next moment he wished he hadn't!

Something hard and heavy caught him on the side of the head, with a terrific bang. It felt, to Will, like a ton weight. He went staggering across the study, stumbled over a rug, and sat down.

"Yoo-hoo!" roared Will Hay. With one hand to his damaged head, and the other clutching at his nose-nippers, he sat and roared, staring at Mr. Choot.

"My dear fellow!" gasped Mr. Choot. "So sorry! Did it hit you?"

"Did it?" groaned Will Hay. "I have an impression that it did! I may have fancied it, of course; but, if so, the fancy was remarkably realistic! Ow! Wow!"

"I fear," said Mr. Choot, "that I have lost some of my old skill with the bola. In past days, my dear Hay, I could rope in the swiftest ostrich, galloping at full speed on a foaming bronco over the boundless pampas. Now I have just broken a vase, and, I fear, your head."

"Nothing in it to damage, fortunately!" said Will Hay. "But what is that extraordinary weapon in your hands, Mr. Choot?"

Choot held it up. It was a long rope, rather tangled, with an iron ball at either end. Will Hay blinked at it.

"That," said Mr. Choot, "is a bola. It is used by the gauchos on the South American pampas, Hay, as the lasso is used in the more northern parts of America. You throw the ball from a distance, and it winds round the leg of your quarry, and there you are! But I will illustrate! Remain perfectly still, my dear fellow, and I will throw the bola and catch you, and you will see—"

Will Hay did not remain perfectly still. He did not remain still at all. He bounded as if

"PLEASE, sir—"

Pyke of the Fourth held up his hand. Will Hay adjusted his pince-nez and shot a penetrating glance at Reggie Pyke. There was a lurking grin on Reggie's artful face. There were lurking grins on other faces in the Bendover Fourth. Form-master Will Hay scented a rat. But he answered with his usual breezy cheerfulness:

"Proceed, Pyke"

"Please, sir, what is a bola?" asked Reggie. Will Hay blinked at him.

That afternoon there had been a lecture in Hall. Mr. Choot, the master of the Fifth, who had travelled extensively in South America, had given the Bendover boys a talk on the subject of that country. Reggie Pyke had heard of a "bola" for the first time in his life. He had an idea that Will Hay hadn't! So he was out to catch his Form-master. But it seemed to Will quite an easy one.

"A bowler?" he said. "I fear that you are pulling my leg Pyke. You must surely be aware what a bowler is."

"Oh, no, sir!" said Reggie innocently. "Mr. Choot mentioned it in his lecture, sir, and I didn't quite catch on, so I thought I'd ask you, sir, as you know everything, and a few over, sir."

"A bowler, Pyke," said Will Hay, "is a file—a golfer—a chapeau—in other words, a hat."

The grins became more pronounced on the faces of the Bendover Fourth. They had a suspicion that the things Will Hay didn't know would fill whole libraries of school books. But he was as difficult to pin down as an eel. This time Reggie had got him.

"A hat, sir?" said Reggie Pyke. "Do they catch ostriches in their hats, sir, in South America?"

"Like we do butterflies, sir?" asked Tubby Green.

Will Hay breathed hard through his nose. He could see that there was a catch somewhere, but he could not see where. All that Will Hay knew about South America could have been parked in a nutshell, leaving ample space for a full-sized nut.

"No," said Will, after quite a pause; "I should say not! I believe they wear very large hats in South America, but scarcely large enough to snaffle the wild and woolly ostrich. No!"

"Mr. Choot told us that they catch the ostriches on the plains in their bolas, sir," said Reggie. "He brought one back with him. He's got a bola in his study, hanging on a peg, sir."

"I keep my own bowler hanging on a peg," said Will Hay. "But—" He broke off and glanced round at the Form-room door.

"Coming, sir! Did you boys hear Dr. Shrubbs call? I must leave you for a few minutes—you will carry on with your Latin papers."

Will Hay hurried from the Form-room in answer to an imaginary call from the Head. He left the Bendover Fourth chortling. Will did not head for Dr. Shrubbs's study, however—he hurried away to Mr. Choot's. Choot had no class just then, and Will expected to find him in his study. He wanted information.

As he arrived at the Fifth Form-master's door, he gave a jump at the sound of a crash within the study. It sounded as if some hard object had come into contact with china. Mr. Choot's voice followed:



4. "Oh, even more funny!" gasped Will, having towelled himself dry with a duster. "It's a crying shame to dust your pants this bright morning, but that's exactly what I'm going to do, you little warts!" And he did. What's more, he kept the young rascals in school.

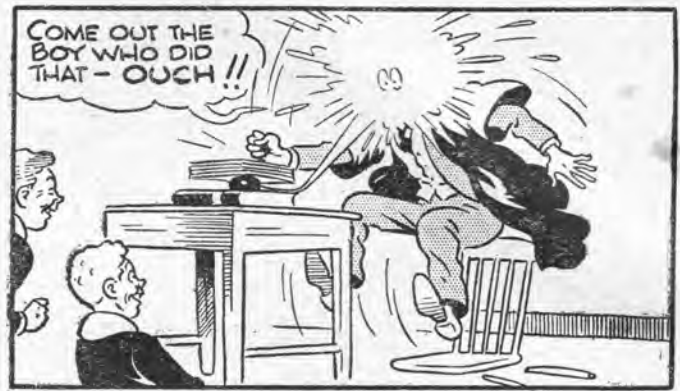


5. But you never can tell with the Fourth. More mischief was a-brewing, and Jerry Smart was the lad to set things moving. "I do believe the fellows are trying to escape, sir!" he ventured, pointing out a rope of sheets. "Someone ought to climb up and see what's what, sir!"

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2. "We will start with the forces of gravity—" began Will breezily. Wallop! That innocent-looking chair suddenly collapsed and did the dirty on him. He hadn't a leg either to sit on or to stand on, so to speak.



3. My! How the young rascals of the Fourth chortled. "Funny—very funny!" cackled Will, bringing a mighty fist down with a bang. "I'd like to meet the little squirt responsible for that!" And a hidden "water squirt" obliged him on the spot! Swoosh!

He had suddenly received an electric shock. He fled wildly round the study table, as Mr. Choot took aim with the bola.

"Cluck it!" he gasped. "I am about to do so," said Mr. Choot. "It will be more realistic, of course, if I catch you on the run. No doubt that is your idea. Keep moving, my dear fellow, and I will chuck it—"

"Oh scissors!" gasped Will Hay. "I don't mean chuck it, I mean chuck it—I mean to Yaroooh!"

Will did a nose-dive under the table, just in time. The iron ball missed the top of his mortar-board by half an inch, whirled on, and caught the clock on the mantelpiece. There was a fearful crash as the clock went down the fender in small sections. Clocks were made to go—and that clock had gone!

"Oh, bother!" said Mr. Choot. "Perhaps it would be better for me to demonstrate the use of the bola in the open air, my dear Hay. I should be safer in quad—"

"You've said it!" gasped Will Hay. "You'd be much safer in quad! The proper place for you, I think!" He emerged anxiously from cover. "So that's a bola, is it? I see the point."

"Not at all," explained Mr. Choot. "There is no point—there is simply an iron ball at the end of the rope—"

"Oh, quite, quite!" agreed Will Hay. "And you catch the subject round the leg with it and pull his leg—what? Please lend me that bola, Choot—the boys of my room are immensely interested in your lecture, and I would like to show them a bola—you would surely believe it, Choot, but there was a fellow in my Form-room who fancied that it was a bowler hat!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Choot. "What absurd ignorance—what unparalleled stupidity—"

"Oh, yes! Quite, with knobs on," said Will Hay. "Please lend it to me, Choot! I will return it when I have demon-

strated its use to Pyke, of my Form, who is very keen on the subject."

Will Hay breezed back into the Fourth Form-room, with the bola looped over his arm. The Bendover Fourth were not very busy with their Latin papers. They were grinning and chuckling.

"That silly ass," Pyke was saying, "didn't know what a bola was! Never heard of a bola! Thought it was a hat! Ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha!" echoed Will Hay, as he stepped in. "I am glad to see my Form so entertained by their Form-master's little jokes! Please stand out before the Form, Pyke. My boys, this is a bola—quite distinct, as you will observe, from bowlers as worn in this country. It is used by the gauchos on the South American pampas, as the lasso is used in more northern parts of America. They rope in the swiftest ostrich, galloping at full speed, on a foaming bronco, over the boundless paupus! Stand there, Pyke!"

Reggie Pyke stood out, looking a little uneasy, as if no longer enjoying the joke. Will Hay swung the bola.

"Now keep your eyes on me," he said, "and you will see how animals are caught in the bolas. They are not used for fishing, but in certain circumstances Pykes can be caught in them."

The iron ball at the end of the taut rope whirled round Reggie Pyke, and immediately enveloped his legs.

The momentum of the swing sent the ball whirling round too fast for the eye to follow it. Almost in a twinkling, the rope was wound round Reggie Pyke, imprisoning his legs in coil on coil, till the whole length was wrapped round him, and the ball clumped on his foot.

"I—I say!" gasped Pyke. "I say—"

"You need say nothing, Pyke," said Will Hay. "I am doing the talking. Now, my boys, you observe how animals are caught in the bolas—"

"I say, lemme go!" yelled Reggie.

"I say, lemme go!" yelled Reggie.



6. "Excellent suggestion, my smart young Smart!" grinned Will. "But youth before beauty! You first, if you follow me—what?—I mean, I follow you! Then we shall see what we shall see. What-ho!" "Gosh! The old ass isn't such a donkey as I thought!" muttered Jerry miserably.



7. You see, there was a surprise packet waiting for the climber, and Jerry won the prize—a luvverly bag of sooty soot. "H'm!" chuckled Will. "I'm not so dusty, after all!" And neither was he, as you will soon discover by reading of his further astonishing adventures in the story which starts on the previous page.

**F**IVE pounds, pater! Fisty Finch will do it for that! That beast Hay will give us both a rest afterwards."

Will Hay pursed his lips, as if about to whistle. But he did not whistle. He looked in at the open window of the Head's study, from the Bendover quad. Strolling in the quad, Will heard the voice from the Head's study, as he sauntered by, and he was interested. Dr. Shrubbs, he knew, had gone over to Duddlebury, and there was no doubt that some fellow had stepped into his study to borrow his telephone while he was absent. And the saw-like tones were those of Reginald Pyke, of Will Hay's Form. It was, therefore, Will's duty to barge in, and he barged.

Reggie was at the telephone, his flabby face and fishy eyes eager. He was going on: "You'll let me have the fiver, father? Thanks! I can tell you, it will be worth it! If I get it to-morrow—"

"A fiver," said Will Hay genially, "is rather a large sum for a Fourth Form junior, my dear Pyke."

Reggie Pyke jumped clear of the Head's floor. He jammed the receiver back on the hooks, and stared, with popping eyes, at the face in the window. Will Hay smiled reassuringly. He did not like that member of his Form; but he did not allow personal distaste to influence him.

"Naughty!" said Will, wagging a warning forefinger in at window at the dismayed Pyke. "I understand now Dr. Shrubbs's remarks about overcharges on the telephone bills! I must give you fifty lines, Pyke! Still, I have been a boy myself, and, on the whole, you may consider the lines done! See?"

"Oh! Thank you, sir!" gasped Pyke. "But you must explain the five pounds," said Will. "I am surprised that Mr. Dunkley Pyke should send you such a sum. It is far beyond what is allowed to a Bendover junior. For what purpose, Pyke, do you desire your father to send you such a sum?"

"I—I—I—I want to give it to the Duddlebury Hospital, sir," stammered Pyke. "They—they're appealing for funds, and—and I thought of—of asking my father to let me have it, sir—"

"That," said Will Hay, "is generous—it is magnificent! I am delighted to hear this, Pyke! I have had a low opinion of you, Pyke. I shall have to change it. Splendid, my boy!"

Reggie Pyke left the Head's study by the door, and Will Hay turned away from the window. There was an extremely thoughtful expression on Will's face. He knew Dunkley Pyke, Dr. Shrubbs's rival for the headmastership of Bendover. His opinion of Mr. Pyke was that he was too mean to lend himself a bad sixpence. Was he the man to part with five pounds for a hospital? He was not! Was Reginald the fellow to ask him to? He was not! And who the dickens was Fisty Finch?

Will Hay sauntered in the quadrangle, pondering. Ten minutes later, Pyke of the Fourth passed, going down to the gates. Will's glance lingered on the weedy figure of the bad hat of the Fourth, as he disappeared. Then, spotting Mr. Choot, he bore down on that gentleman.

"Have you ever heard," he asked, "of a local resident of the name of Finch—with the addition of Fisty?"

"My dear Hay," said the Fifth Form master, "I trust you are making no such acquaintances. Dr. Shrubbs would be greatly displeased. Fisty Finch is a well-known bad character of Duddlebury—an ex-pugilist—"

"Ah!" said Will. "No man," said Mr. Choot, "is often inside Duddlebury Gaol. Generally, on a Saturday night, he is to be found scrapping at the Bird-in-Hand! His last sentence, I believe, was three months for biting a policeman's ear. Although it is some years since he retired from the Ring, he still has a punch like the kick of a mule."

"I gather," said Will, "that he is not what one would call a really nice man. What would he do, you think, for five pounds?" "Anything short of murder, I think."

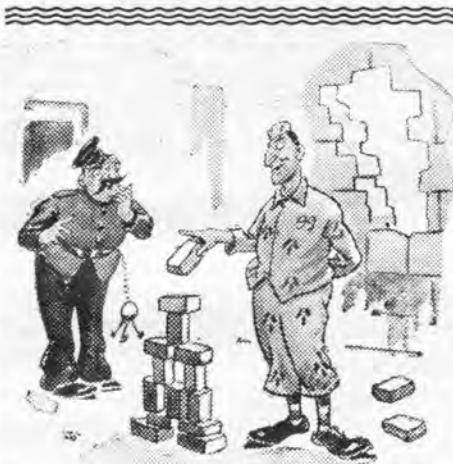
Whether he would go to that length, I am not sure, and could not say for certain."

Will Hay was looking more thoughtful than ever when the Bendover Fourth went into class that afternoon. Reggie Pyke was back in time for class, and there was a peculiar gleam in his fishy eyes, and a sardonic grin on his pasty face, as he took his place. Will Hay gave him a glance every now and then. He had guessed the intended destination of that fiver that was to arrive for Reggie on the morrow—certainly not Duddlebury Hospital. If Will's surmises were well founded, it was he, the master of the Fourth, and not the fiver, that was booked for the hospital.

Pyke was always keen on the end of lessons—but never had he been so keen as he was this afternoon. His fishy eyes wandered continually to the Form-room clock. He whispered to his pal, Fruity Snell, who grinned stealthily, and watched the clock also. They jumped up eagerly when Will Hay closed his book with a snap at the end of the lesson.

"One moment, my boys!" said the master of the Fourth, raising his hand. "I have something to tell the Form—something that will interest you all. Fix your eyes on this excellent boy Pyke!"

"This whatter?" gasped Jerry Smart. "This which?" stammered Sammy Straw. "This excellent and meritorious boy Pyke!" said Will Hay. "Pyke, as I learned quite by



"It's all right, warder. I'm only playing with a few bricks!"

accident—for he would disdain to boast of his good intentions—has asked his father to send him a five-pound note—for what purpose do you think?"

"Backing a horse!" whispered Jerry to Sammy Straw.

"He is going to donate that fiver to the Duddlebury Hospital," said Will Hay. "I approve of this. I approve of it highly! I desire Pyke to have the credit that is his due. Do not blush, my boy," added Will kindly, as Reggie crimsoned under the unbelieving stares of the Fourth Form. "I congratulate you on your generosity, and on the munificence of your honoured parent Mr. Dunkley Pyke."

"Gammon!" murmured Tubby Green. "O boy! O boy!"

"Dismiss!" said Will Hay.

The Bendover Fourth marched out, most of them grinning. In the quad there was a sound of laughter, when the Fourth were out.

"I was beginning to think that that sportsman Hay wasn't such a fathead as he looks!" remarked Jerry Smart; "but if he lets Pyke pull his leg to that extent, he must be absolutely batty in the belfry!"

"Absolutely batty, and then some!" agreed Sammy Straw.

"I can see old Pyke squeezing out five quids for young Pyke to hand to a hospital!" chortled Havers. "Why, Hay must be as soft as putty, if he swallows that!"

"Find out!" grunted Reggie, and he walked down to the gates. There he leaned on the porter's lodge, his hands in his pockets, and watched the gateway. It was about twenty minutes later that a rather surprising figure slouched in at the gates. Five or six fellows, catching sight of the newcomer, uttered exclamations of surprise.

"That's Fisty Finch!" "That hooligan—"

"What's he here for?" Fisty Finch slouched in. He was a square muscular man, with a bulldog jaw, a heavy brow, and a frowzy cap on the back of a bullet head. Several of his front teeth were missing, and his pug nose had a list to port. Although his weakness for the cup that chess had caused Mr. Finch's retirement from roped ring, he was still a remarkably brawny man and looked as if he packed a very dangerous punch. Policemen in Duddlebury knew only too well that he did! He stared round him aggressively as he came in, and the Bendover porter came out of his lodge with a jump.

"Here, what are you doing here?" exclaimed Kelly. "You 'ook it!"

Fisty Finch gave him a glare. "I've called to see a bloke named 'Ay' who snapped. 'I got it in for that guy!' Who is he?"

"You can't see Mr. 'Ay! You 'ook it—Oh, 'oly smoke!" gasped Kelly, as Mr. Finch let out his left.

The Bendover porter sat down, and Mr. Finch walked on. Reggie Pyke grinned joyously at Fruity Snell.

"Wait till he gets at Hay!" he breathed. "What? It gave the pater a pain to come up that fiver, but I fancy he'll think it's worth it. We shan't see Will Hay at Bendover any more this term, when Fisty's through with him."

"I believe you!" chortled Fruity.

Fisty Finch tramped on towards the Home. From a study window Will Hay's smiling face looked out at him. It was not at his own study window that Will was standing. He was in Mr. Choot's study—no doubt for reasons of his own. Mr. Choot was in the quad. He came hurrying up to the ex-bruiser, bristling with indignation.

"What ever are you doing here?" he exclaimed. "Go—leave these premises at once—you will be given in charge! Go! I repeat—Whooop!"

A jolt of Mr. Choot's well-filled waistcoat interrupted the flow of his eloquence. He sat down with a bump.

"Now, where's that bloke 'Ay'?" roared Fisty Finch. "I've called to see that bloke 'Ay—"

"Little me?" inquired Will Hay gently from the study window.

The ex-bruiser glared up at him. "You 'Ay?" he roared.

"Ay, ay!" answered Will cheerily. "May I inquire what your name is on the register at Duddlebury Gaol?"

"If you ain't 'eard of Fisty Finch, you're goin' to 'ear of 'im now!" said the ex-pugilist. "I got it in for you! You comin' out to stand up like a man, or you want me to come in and 'ook you out?"

"My dear fellow, I will come out with pleasure!" said Will Hay. "Kindly wait a moment and I will be with you."

He disappeared from the study window. Mr. Finch pushed back his cuffs and spat on his hands. A buzzing crowd of Bendover fellows surrounded him—but at a respectful distance. Dr. Shrubbs gazed down from his study window in horrified dismay. No doubt Mr. Finch could be parked once more in a stone cell after this extraordinary performance, but at the present moment it was difficult to say what was to be done with him. Certainly there was nobody at Bendover who wanted to stop a jolt.

All eyes were on the big doorway, by which Will Hay was to emerge. Some fellows looked alarmed, some breathlessly excited, some grinning. Reggie Pyke was bubbling with gleeful anticipation. Will Hay might—might not—be a good man with his hands, but he was not in the same street with a

(Continued on page 40.)

Hannan, Gobo, and Leo the lion, he had journeyed to the coast on the first stage of his visit to the land of his birth.

Barney had previously visited the District-Commissioner, and had told his strange story. The D.C. already knew the early part of it, and had also met John Maynard, when he had arrived in the country. John Maynard, to whom the Commissioner had taken an instinctive dislike, had said that he was going to investigate the rumour that his nephew was alive; and so it was with no great shock that the D.C. learned of his treachery, or the retribution which had overtaken him. The commissioner was deeply impressed with Barney's story, and sent him to bring Wanda immediately; and as the white savage entered the office, the Commissioner's eyes opened with astonishment, for never had he seen such a man as this.

"Come in—er—Dick Maynard!" he said, rising, and thrusting out his hand. "I'm glad to meet you!"

Wanda held out his hand, grasped the Commissioner in a powerful grip, and shook as he had seen the white men do. Then the D.C., his admiring glance still on Wanda's magnificent proportions, sat down at his desk and motioned his visitors to be seated.

From a drawer he drew a large photograph, which he studied intently. Then his glance rose to the face of the white savage, and he gave a whistle of astonishment.

The face on that photograph was that of Richard Maynard, millionaire, but such was the resemblance that it could have been that of the man who now sat opposite the D.C. In the years gone by, the Commissioner had met Wanda's father many times, and he knew, without further proof, that the savage was, indeed, the son of the man who had crashed in the jungle twenty years ago. As a matter of form, he examined the log-book of Buckshaw's wrecked plane, and also the other papers that Wanda had brought, then he spoke slowly:

"There is no doubt at all," he said. "You are young Richard Maynard for a certainty, and I can't say how glad I am that you have been found. There is a boat calling here to-morrow which will take you to the coast; and, as there is nothing to hinder you now, I suggest that you take it. I will arrange your passages to England, and will gladly advance you enough money to keep you going until your claims are proved in the courts of law. I

will also arrange for someone to meet you and to look after you."

The next morning, Wanda, Barney Hannan, and the Commissioner walked along the landing-stage to where a river paddle-steamer was berthed. The Commissioner had spent all the previous afternoon cabling to London, arranging passages, and now everything was set for Wanda to return to his native land.

If Wanda was excited, he didn't show it. True, he looked at everything he saw with great interest, and was unconscious of the admiring glances that were cast at him by the passengers as they leaned over the ship's rail. Then, as he put his foot on the gang-plank to embark, there was a sudden hubbub.

Towards the landing-stage, lithe and fierce-looking, was racing a mighty, black-maned lion. It was the faithful Leo, and, racing up to his master, he began leaping around him like an overgrown puppy. At Leo's heels came Gobo the Kula man, and, throwing himself at Wanda's feet, he began to sob bitterly.

"Master, take us with you! Don't leave us behind—we will die with grief when you're gone!"

There was a great lump in Wanda's throat, and his eyes were misty as he patted the head of his faithful servant.

"Rise up, Gobo, and be of stout heart—you will not die!" he said. "You will go back to the forests with Leo and wait my return. I shall be gone many moons, but I will come back, for the forests and the jungles are my home."

With that, Wanda hurried up the gangway, his head averted to hide his grief. Then, as the vessel steamed out of the harbour, he waved his farewells to the man and beast.

Gobo could hardly see the master he loved for the blinding tears that cascaded into his eyes. Leo stood there fitfully flicking his tufted tail, and, as Wanda waved, he let out a mournful howl of farewell.

On the steamer's deck, Wanda answered with the roar of the lion, but his call was charged with hope. From now on he would be known to civilisation as Richard Maynard, millionaire; but deep in heart he would always be Wanda of the Wilds. Some day he would cast off the shackles of this white man's civilisation, and return to his home in the jungles, and to the primitive, savage friends he loved.

THE END.

WILL HAY AT BENDOVER.

(Continued from page 28.)

redoubtable Fisty; he was going to be beaten up, hushed and smashed, knocked into a cocked hat, and left in a scorable state to be taken on a stretcher to Donalby's Hospital. It was worth five pounds of anybody's money, in Reggie's opinion. Without Will Hay backing him, the old Head would not be able to keep his end up against Mr. Donalby Pyke's underhanded scheming—there would soon be a new headmaster at Bendover! No wonder Reggie clattered with glee.

"Here he comes!" gasped Jerry Smart. Will Hay, in rag and gown, his nose-supper perched against his nose, his hand behind him, stepped out onto the quad.

WILL HAY smiled. Nobody else thought it a smiling matter for Will, but he smiled cheerily as he stepped peacefully out.

He seemed to be enjoying the situation as much as Reggie Pyke. With his hand behind him, he walked towards Fisty Finch, nearly all Bendover watching him breathlessly. Fisty spat on his brawny hands again, with a ferocious grin.

Will's hand came suddenly up from behind him. There was something in it. He waved it round his head. Fisty Finch stared at him blankly. The Bendover fellows stared. A rope flew from Will's hand—with an iron ball at the ends of it keeping it taut. Jerry Smart gave a howl.

"That! the bola—old Choot's bola!" "Wat's the game?" ejaculated the amazed Fisty. "You leave it to me to stop your circus tricks!"

He rushed towards Will Hay. What happened next, Fisty Finch hardly knew. Something curled round him. It felt like a snake whipping round him, but it was the top of the bola. It curled round his arms, clamping them to his sides, and pinning them there. It curled, and curled, at the top speed of the whirling ball—round his arms, round his body, round his legs, jamming the thick legs together, and fastening them as in an iron band!

Fisty Finch lurched wildly. With his legs fastened together, it was not easy for Fisty to keep his footing. He roared, and raved, and wrenched at the winding rope; but he wrenched in vain. Like an ostrich of the pampas, caught in the winding bola, Fisty was a helpless prisoner. There was a sudden bang as the iron ball clumped on Fisty's bulging jaw. He staggered, he tottered, he reeled and lurched, and as Will Hay gave a tug at the rope, he went over headlong and hit the Bendover quad with his features. The quad did not seem to be damaged by the impact, but, to judge by Fisty's frantic roar, the features were.

"O boy! O boy!" yelled Tobby Green.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Got him!" yelled Jerry Smart.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Reggie Pyke, gazing on with distended eyes. "Oh, scissors! The beast—the rotter—he's got him! Five pounds for nothing. Oh, jiminy!"

The ex-bruiser rolled on the quad, struggling madly with the rope. But he would have had to roll over and over and over any number of times, to unwind it. Will Hay did not give him a chance of that. He sauntered up to the struggling, raving Fisty, and gave him a cheery nod. Fisty, wound round with rope from his neck to his knees, his arms and legs imprisoned, unable to move a limb, hardly a finger, glared up at him in foaming fury. His hefty jolt was no use to him now. He had to keep it packed. He gurgled rage and fury as Will smiled down at him.

"Upon my word!" gasped Mr. Choot. "My bola—my dear Hay, what presence of mind—what wonderful presence of mind—"

"Quite!" said Will Hay. "I owe this, really, to Pyke of my Form—a most useful boy! But for Pyke, I should never have known that you owned a bola, Choot, and should

(Continued on page 47.)

Meet—KEN  
MAYNARD



FAMOUS STAR  
OF COLUMBIA ★  
PICTURES

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STARTS IN—  
"The PILOT" NEXT WEEK!

## WILL HAY AT BENDOVER.

(Continued from page 40.)

certainly never have learned its use. Pyke, I thank you!"

Reggie could not speak. He could only stare.

"Urrrighh!" gurgled the writhing, wriggling fiver. "Take this 'ere rope off! Take this 'ere rope off of a bloke, and I'll knock your front teeth through the back of your 'ead! I'll bash your blooming nose flatter'n a pancake! Take this 'ere rope off, and see wot I'll do!"

Will Hay shook his head. "The inducement, my fisty friend, does not tempt me!" he answered. "I think you're over as you are! Now, a few knots in the rope, and I think you will be able to interview a policeman without biting his ear off—which, I understand, is one of your favourite forms of sport. Permit me, Mr. Finch—a knot here, and a knot there—Quite so!"

Dr. Shrubb leaned from his study window. "Splendid, Hay—splendid!" he chirruped. "Secure the ruffian, while I telephone for a constable from Duddlebury."

The constable, sir, will be able to take Mr. Finch in charge, with his ears intact!" said Will Hay. "Mr. Finch, I am sorry to see you using language to which I object! Will you be silent? No? Pyke, give me your back-kneel! Dear me, it is rather grubby, but perhaps Mr. Finch is not particular! Now, perhaps, you will cease to use objectionable expressions, Mr. Finch."

There was no "perhaps" about it! With Reggie's grubby handkerchief crammed into his mouth, Fisty Finch gurgled into silence. He was still silent, though his looks were somewhat eloquent, when the constable arrived from Duddlebury to take him in charge—and

the constable very carefully snapped on the handcuffs before he unwound the bola!

"ONE for you, Pyke!" said Will Hay genially, when he handed out the letters to boys of his Form, the following morning.

Reggie Pyke took the letter. He knew what that letter contained. So did Will Hay; but the receipt of a fiver from Dankley Pyke did not seem to afford his hopeful son a great deal of satisfaction. Will Hay, so far from being turned into a hospital case, was as breezy and genial as ever; and, in fact, seemed particularly merry and bright that morning. Fisty Finch had not only failed to pull it off, but he was booked to retire from further activities for the space of three months. Reggie wondered whether his pater would let him keep the fiver in hand, to stir Finch to renewed activities next term. But he need not have wondered!

"Open your letter, my boy!" said Will Hay breezily. "I have no doubt that it contains the munificent donation intended for the Duddlebury Hospital. Let your schoolfellows see it, my dear Pyke; let them feast their eyes upon it and admire your generosity, and that of your respected parent."

Reggie sulkily opened the letter. A crisp five-pound note was revealed to view!

"Excellent!" said Will Hay. "I was sure of it! Now, the Head must know of this! Come with me!"

Reggie followed him sullenly to the Head's study. Dr. Shrubb looked sharply at Reggie's sullen, sulky face, and inquiringly at Will Hay's smiling one.

"My dear sir, perhaps you can spare us a few minutes!" said Will. "Pyke, of my Form, desires to make a donation of five pounds to the Duddlebury Hospital. He has received that sum from his father for that especial purpose. Would you be so kind, sir, as to write a cheque

for the hospital and hand it to Pyke to post, and take the five-pound note in exchange?"

"Certainly!" said Dr. Shrubb heartily. "Pyke, you have risen very much in my opinion. You may hand me the banknote. I will write the cheque immediately."

Pyke's face fell. He stared almost wildly at Will Hay. His grubby fingers clutched the banknote.

"I—I—I—" he stammered.

Dr. Shrubb took out his cheque-book. Will Hay gave the bad hat of the Fourth an encouraging smile.

"Play up, Pyke!" he grinned.

"I—I—I've changed my mind!" gasped Pyke desperately.

"Have you?" smiled Will Hay. "Better not, Pyke, better not—or I may change my mind also, and let Dr. Shrubb know what you were going to do with that fiver, you wretched little tick! One moment, sir—"

Will raised his voice, and Dr. Shrubb glanced round from his desk.

"Oh! No!" gasped Reggie. "I—I haven't changed my mind. How did you know? I—I mean, I—I never meant—that is, I—I—I want to send this fiver to the hospital! Oh crikey!"

When Pyke of the Fourth dropped a letter in at the school box, a few minutes later, containing a cheque for five pounds, addressed to the Duddlebury Hospital, he might have been expected to wear a cheerful smile, like a fellow who had done a good deed! But he didn't! He looked like a demon in a pantomime! And all through that day, whenever Reggie's eyes turned on Will Hay, he looked as if he would have liked to bite the bright and breezy master of the Fourth.

*How do you like this new idea of picture-strip and story, lads? Great stuff, isn't it? Look out for another of these great fun-features, next week, starring the one and only WILL HAY.*

## ALEX JAMES' SCHOOLDAYS!

(Continued from page 36.)

but even that failed to blot out the awful din.

That this hullabaloo was being made for his special benefit did not cross his mind. He did not know that Dod Jarvie had called in his youngsters from the Third Form to help his campaign against Alex James. He did not know that the youngsters, neither did they know they were being used to prevent their wrangling.

They thought it something of an honour to be asked to form a "band" under Dod Jarvie's leadership, and the promise of a reward spread in Jarvie's study after "band practice" was sufficient inducement for them. They were told. Up and down the school passage marched Jarvie and his band, playing a hideous din.

With more force with the cymbals, Jarvie advised Jarvie. "I can hardly

hear the fat boy of the Third, was all Jarvie would comply; already he was visualising "band practice" that was to follow this afternoon, and he wanted to earn his money to speak. More lustily than ever he played the two saucepan lids together.

Jarvie winced at the row they were making. Moggles, red in the face with treble, was Treloar. His improvised band was not exactly a success, from a musical point of view, but what his efforts lacked in music was made up for with noise. He glared at Jarvie, his cunning

eyes watching James' door alertly. "Louder, and—"

From within the study came the sudden roar of a person who had reached the limit of his patience and endurance. The door suddenly clicked open, and, wrathful of face, Alex James confronted his tormentors.

"Chuck it!" he began, and then he caught sight of Jarvie. "Oh, it's you, is it? What's the idea of making this infernal row outside my door? How can a fellow mug up Latin with that awful din?"

"Does your Highness want the entire academy to yourself, just because you're mugging up Latin?" sneered Jarvie. "We're forming a band—see? And we're having a little practice!"

"I get you!" muttered Alex, between his teeth. "It's your caddish idea of trying to muck up my chance of winning that schol, is it? Well, if you don't take your band somewhere else I'll knock your silly head against the wall. Now hop it, before I lose my temper!"

He slammed the study door and went back to his studies, but if he thought Dod Jarvie would take the hint and depart, he was mistaken. From outside there now came a more tumultuous din than ever.

"Jeminy! This is driving me scats!" howled Alex, throwing down his Latin text book. "I'll—"

In a white heat of rage, he suddenly snatched up the poker and rushed to the door. One swift tug at the door, and it flew open. Just one glance the startled Moggles and Treloar took at Alex's red and wrathful face, then they turned tail and bolted. Jarvie

turned sharply, too. He had no desire to come into physical contact with his enemy at that moment. In his eagerness to retreat, however, he slipped. One leg sprawled one way, the other shot off at a tangent. Down crashed Jarvie, his head striking hard against the wall.

"You rotter!" howled Alex James. "You awful cad! I'll—"

He became aware then that Dod Jarvie had badly hurt himself. The cad of the Fourth lay still and silent, just where he had fallen, and a thin trickle of crimson was oozing from a cut on his head. Forgetful of the fact that he was still carrying the poker, Alex stooped over his tormentor; and at that precise moment a tall, elderly figure swept round the corner of the passage.

It was Mr. Bailie Jarvie, who had called to see his grandson, but in that moment Alex did not notice the old man's arrival.

"Great gad!" A startled bellow came from Bailie Jarvie as he saw his grandson stretched unconscious on the floor, and Alex James standing over him with upraised poker.

"You murderous young villain!" he roared, and, reaching out, he grabbed Alex by the collar and started to lam into him with his walking-stick. "You dangerous young scoundrel! I'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

*Alex James has been caught in a desperate position and Fate seems to be piling the evidence against him. What will he do now? You simply must not miss next week's enthralling adventures of this wizard footballer and his pals at Cranston.*

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