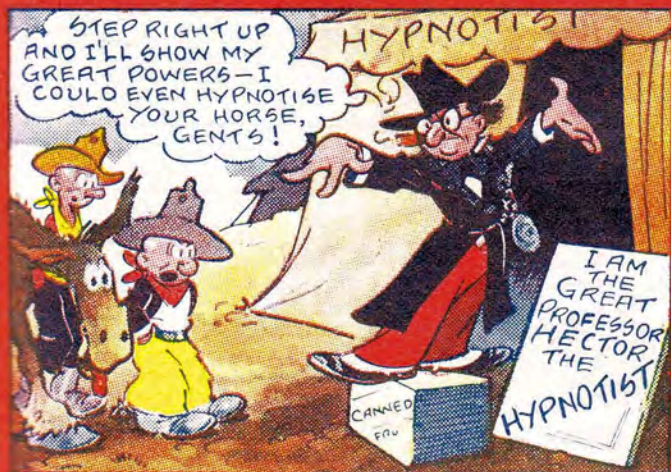


The PILOT

2^d

Every Friday

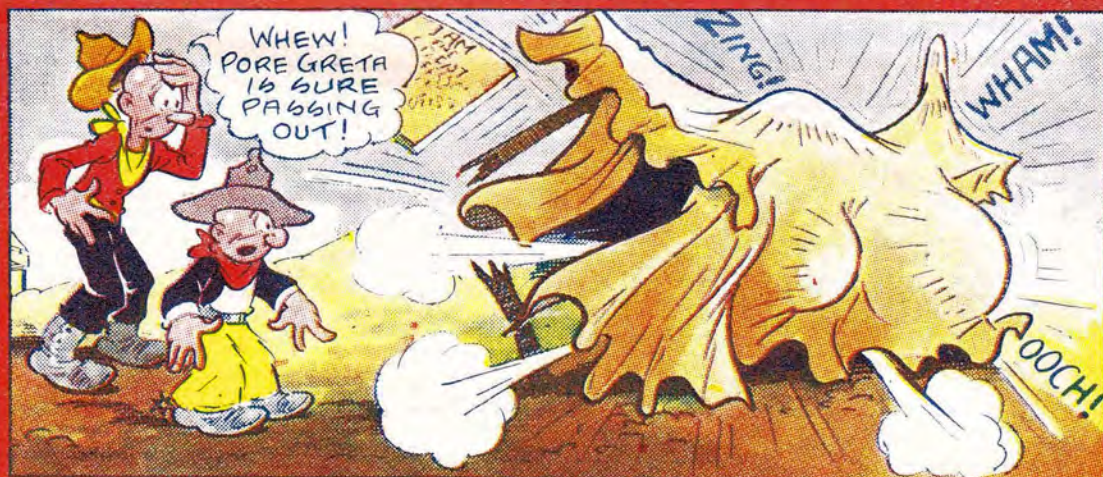
No. 82.
Vol. 4.
Week
Ending
April 24th,
1937.



The Three Gooks—

MIKE,
SPIKE
&
GRETA

—Are at it
again





WILL HAY, without a rival as a laugh-raiser, stars in another combined picture-strip and story.

READ THE PICTURE-STORY FIRST!

(By courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures, whose latest film, featuring Will Hay, will shortly be shown at your local cinema.)

WILL HAY was suspicious. When the new master of the Fourth Form at Bendover saw a grin on every face in that Form, it was more than enough to make him suspect there was something in the air.

Reggie Pyke, the bad hat of the Fourth, was grinning from ear to ear. Beefy Baster was gurgling with suppressed merriment. Jerry Smart was trying to look serious, but not succeeding. Something evidently was on.

Will glanced severely at his Form. He glanced at his desk. There was no bent pin or drawing-pin on his chair; and the volume he was going to use in that Latin lesson lay on his desk. For a moment a terrible mis-giving had smitten him. Had that volume been removed? No, there it was. That volume contained an English translation of Virgil, and, without it, Will would have been in a scrape. For Virgil, though written in Latin, was Greek to Will Hay.

"Good-morning, boys!" grunted Will, less affably than usual.

Something was on, and that little tick, Reggie Pyke, was at the bottom of it—he felt sure of that. But what was it?

"Good-morning, sir!" grinned the Bend-over Fourth.

"Pyke, you will begin!" snapped Will, as he took his seat at his desk.

That was one for the little toad, anyhow. Pyke was a slacker of the first water—in class and in games. Pyke hated to be put on construe. But on this occasion, to Will's sur-

prise, Reggie seemed to like it. He grinned more widely with satisfaction.

"Yes, sir," grinned Reggie.

Will glared at him, more suspiciously than ever. There was a "rag" on. A blind man could have seen that. It had something to do with the Latin lesson. Will saw that now. But what? Reggie's look, if it meant anything, meant that he had his Form-master on toast.

"Let me see—where are we?" said Will Hay, opening the volume on his desk.

"Second book of Virgil, sir," chortled Jerry Smart.

And the Fourth Form all chortled. It might really have been supposed that there was something funny in the second book of Virgil. So far as Will Hay knew, there wasn't. It seemed sad stuff to him.

"You will go on, Pyke!" he rapped sternly.

And Reggie started burbling Latin phrases.

"Construe!" rapped Will Hay.

He had his volume open now. He gave a start. All the Fourth were watching him like cats—in fact, like Cheshire cats. Now he knew the reason. A page had been torn out of his volume. It was the first page of the second book of Virgil. No translation was available.

Will gazed at the place where the missing page ought to have been. Certainly, any Form-master ought to have been able to play up without a translation to help him. But Will Hay was no common Form-master. Will was flummoxed.

He collected himself with an effort. The young scamps had him on toast. They could construe that morning just how they jolly



1. "Hey-hey!" chortled those merry Fourth Formers, as they balanced a pail of water over the door through which Will Hay, their master, would shortly make his appearance. "This'll make the beak (meaning Will) sit up!"

well liked, because Will wouldn't know the difference. All Will could do was to put a grave face on the matter.

"Construe, you little toad!" snarled Will. "I—I—I—mean, proceed, my boy."

Reggie proceeded.

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem—the infant of the queen renovated the doll—"

Reggie paused, and looked at his Form-master. Will Hay was not going to confess ignorance. That would never have done. He gave Reggie an encouraging nod.

"Very good," he said. "You are improving, Pyke. Go on."

Reggie Pyke did not go on. He couldn't. He fairly doubled up, howling with laughter. The rest of the Fourth howled. It was quite a hurricane.

"Silence!" thundered Will Hay.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fourth.

"The infant of the queen!" sobbed Jerry Smart.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Renovated the doll!" moaned Sammy Straw.

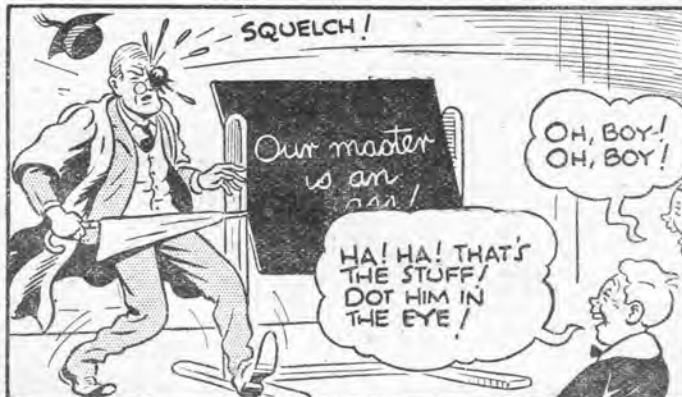
"Ha, ha, ha!"

Will Hay jumped from his desk. He knew that he was caught, though he did not quite know how. It did not occur to him, for the moment, that Reggie had deliberately made his translation absurdly wide of the mark, in order to catch him out and show him up. But if he had been caught once, he was not going to be caught again.

"Silence!" he thundered. "If this Form cannot keep serious, I shall not give the lesson. Take out your exercise-books. You will write out Virgil till the bell rings for break. Every boy who has not written three hundred lines by that time will be caned!"

"Oh!" gasped the Fourth.

Will Hay strode about the Form-room.



4. Whereupon—squelch! The eyes were dotted all right with a nice, over-ripe tomato, thrown by one of those lads. Only Will Hay wasn't a bit happy 'cos it happened to be his eye. Wow! Was Will Hay icy, after that?



5. Wiping his eye free of tomato-juice, he peered over his nose-nippers at his grinning class. "Who threw that bad tomato?" he snorted. Whereupon, Beefy Baster, the bully of the Fourth, owned up.



2. But Will wasn't willing for a wetting, it not being his bath-night, so he was careful to put up his broly before he opened the door. So the wetting was a wash-out. But the merry young scamps of the Bendover Fourth had another card up their sleeve.



3. The whole gang of them fairly chuckled when Will read what was written on the blackboard. "Our master is an ass!" it said. Well, Will thought he had to say something bright. He pointed at the offending inscription with his umbrella. "Not such an ass as the boy who didn't dot an 'I'!" he breezed.

his gown billowing behind him, while Bendover Fourth sat and wrote Virgil. Every now and then he heard a chuckle, or a whistle, to which he turned a deaf ear. The bell rang for break at last. Reggie hid his Virgil under his arm as he marched. He winked at his pal, Fruity Snell. While the rest of the Form scampered out into the sunny quad, Reggie and Fruity slipped in the passage. Will Hay, stepping on the door, caught a chuckling whisper:

"I'm going to the Head, Fruity, to ask him about that translation. A fellow has a right to ask—what? I say, what will he think of that old goat Hay as a Form-master? Ask for him—what?"

"He, he!" cackled Fruity. Will Hay came billowing down the passage and the two young rascals scuttled. Fruity went into the quad; Reggie cut off Dr. Shrubbs' study. Will Hay came to a standstill in dismay. He rubbed his nose thoughtfully, knocked off his nose-nippers, picked them up, and jammed them on again. He understood now. To the rest of the juniors it was a joke, but to Reggie Pyke it was a chance to land Will into trouble with the Form-master; to get him in the sack, and thus make it easier for Mr. Dunkley Pyke to go on with his scheme of ousting the old

head. Will had contrived to keep his end as master of the Fourth. But it looked as if Reggie had got him now. He saw the door close behind Pyke, and drifted slowly away. Too deep in thought, as he rounded a corner, to see Mr. Choot coming from the Fifth Form Room, he bumped into him, and Mr. Choot, with a startled expression, sat down in the corridor quite suddenly.

"My dear Choot!" exclaimed Will, when

his colleague resumed the perpendicular. "Just the man I was looking for! I have often envied your classical attainments, Choot. They say in Common-room, Choot, that you could answer any question in Latin without stopping to think."

"I trust so, my dear fellow—I trust so," said Mr. Choot.

"I'm jolly well going to put it to the test," declared Will Hay. "Now, then—Indandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem—construe, Choot."

"Unspeakable, O queen, the sorrows you bid me renew!" answered Mr. Choot. "That is a very easy one, Hay."

"I thought I'd give you an easy one," explained Will. "Not sporting to catch you with a really hard one—Hallo! What do you want, young shaver?" he asked, as Toots, the House page, came up.

"The Head would like to see you in his study, sir."

Will Hay, smiling, billowed away to the Head's study. He found Dr. Shrubbs seated at his table with Reggie Pyke's Virgil open before him, and his finger on a certain line. Reggie stood with a suppressed grin. Dr. Shrubbs looked puzzled and worried.

"My dear Hay," he exclaimed, "Pyke has made a most extraordinary statement. An incredible statement. That a member of my staff should be unable to translate a line from Virgil—"

"What line, my dear sir, what line?" bleated Will.

"Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem—" said Dr. Shrubbs.

"Unspeakable, O Queen, the sorrows you bid me renew!" said Will Hay. "I see no difficulty there, sir. That is an easy one."

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Dr. Shrubbs. "And this boy—this young rascal—has had the

impudence, the audacity, to state that you could not translate it."

"I am glad to find him here, sir!" said Will. "You would hardly believe it, sir, but that line—that simple and easy line was construed in the most ridiculous way by this boy Pyke! I feel bound to report such dense ignorance on the part of a member of my Form. Can you believe, sir, that this boy translated that line: 'The infant of the Queen renovated the doll'?" Such abysmal ignorance of the Latin tongue, sir—"

Reggie Pyke's jaw dropped. Dr. Shrubbs picked up his cane.

"Pyke! It is clear to me, that you can have done no preparation, if you made so absurd a translation in class! Bend over!"

"O Will!" gasped Mr. Choot. "Oh!" ejaculated Reggie Pyke.

Mr. Choot had walked down to Duddlebury, after class. He stepped into Gudgey's Stores, where he had to make some purchases. Pyke of the Fourth was coming out of the doorway, at the same moment, with a packet under his arm. They nearly bumped into one another. Reggie jumped aside, his packet slipped from under his arm, and clumped on Mr. Choot's foot.

It was not a large packet. It was wrapped in paper, and looked as if it contained tinned goods of some sort. But it was heavy! It was very heavy—and it was very hard! It landed on Mr. Choot's foot, just where he kept his favourite corn! The pang that shot through that corn was simply excruciating.

"Ow! Oh! Ah! Howl!" howled Mr. Choot. He hopped, stork-like, on one leg. "Oh! Wow! You young rascal! Woough! You did that intentionally, Pyke! Oooh!"

"Oh, no, sir!" gasped Reggie, "I never—Smack!"



4. Well, Will wanted to tell him that he couldn't do that there 'ere. But Beefy didn't give him the chance. For, showing the beak to the rest of the fruit, he asked Will if and where he'd like it. Now, Beefy didn't agree with Will at all. So he didn't say yes, and he didn't say no, but just had a quick think.



7. And by this time Will thought it was his turn, so fastening the crook of his broly under the lower edge of the blackboard, he jerked it hard and—slosh!—it was Beefy's turn to get an eyeful. Which shows that Will's got bright eye-deas! Now read his astonishing adventures starting under his picture on the previous page.

"Yoo-hoop!"

Yelling, Reggie stooped to clutch up his parcel and bolt out of the shop with it. He did not stop till he reached the end of the street. His pal, Fruity, was waiting for him there.

"Got it?" asked Fruity. "I say, what's the matter?"

"That old ass Choot!" gasped Reggie. "I dropped it on his pet corn, and he made out I did it on purpose."

"And you didn't?" chuckled Fruity.

"Well, the old blitherer nearly ran into me, and it was a chance," grunted Reggie. "I thought he'd think it an accident! Ow! My ears! Anyhow, he got it on his corn! Old Choot's too jolly friendly with that beast Hay, to please me."

"Well, you've got it!" said Fruity, grinning. "Let's get back! Better shove it under your jacket so's Hay won't see it. I know he's a fool, but he seems to tumble to things, somehow."

"The brute has fool's luck!" growled Reggie. "I thought I'd got him fairly shown up this morning, in Latin; but he must have been pulling my leg, when I thought I was pulling his. He knew the Latin all right, when I got him up to the Head. I fancy he knows more than we thought. But I'll jolly well fix him this time! If this doesn't land him in an awful row with Old Shrub, I'll jolly well eat what I've got in this parcel."

Reggie took Fruity's tip, and kept his parcel out of sight, when they arrived at Bendover. Will Hay was sitting at his study window, and his eyes fell on those two members of his Form, but he saw nothing of the packet Reggie Pyke had brought from Duddlebury.

Will, just then, was not bothering about Pyke. He had other matters to think of. He was putting in some swotting. With a Latin Principia, Dr. Smith's Larger Latin Dictionary, and a Virgil, Will was hard at it—all he needed was a wet towel round his head!

The fact was, that scholarship was not Will's long suit! From his window he watched Dr. Shrub going out for a walk, and he would have been glad to join him. But he stuck to it. He was not going to be caught again in the Form-room, if he could help it.

Then he felt that flesh and blood could stand no more. He pitched Virgil into one corner of his study, his Principia into another; and, with a neat drop-kick, landed Dr. Smith's Larger Latin Dictionary across the room. Feeling better, he strolled out to take the air. Games practice was going on, on Big Side, and Will went to watch it, never guessing that his study was going to have a visitor while he was gone.

He guessed that, when he came back for another whack at Virgil. He sat down in the chair at his table, and gave a jump. There was something damp and sticky on the chair. He whisked off it, and stared at it.

"Pip-pip-paint!" stuttered Will, "Gig-gig-green pip-pip-paint!"

His gown was sticky with it! Some surreptitious hand had lathered green paint over his chair. Will breathed hard and deep. He dabbed the chair with a newspaper, dabbed his gown, and removed quite a lot of the wet paint—getting a good deal on his hands in the process. The more he dabbed at that wet, clinging paint, the more it seemed to stick to him—and when he paused to rub his nose, he left a streak of green paint on that member.

"If I find out the young villain who has done this," gasped Will, "I will dust his pants for him! I—I—I'll—"

DR. SHRUBB jumped.

He fairly bounded.

"Gracious goodness!" gasped the Head of Bendover.

He gazed into his study, as if he could scarcely believe his eyes! In fact, for some moments, he couldn't!

There were ragers at Bendover. Fellows ragged one another—and sometimes they ragged the masters. But the Head, never! But this was a rag—an extraordinary rag! The Head's study window faced the door. It

met his eyes as he stepped in! On that window was traced an inscription, in large capital letters, in green paint! Dr. Shrub gazed at it! He goggled at it! His face became crimson—with anger and indigestion.

"YOU OLD ASS!

IT'S TIME YOU WERE SACKED!"

Such was the message, from an unknown hand, that met the bulging eyes of the headmaster of Bendover!

For a long, long minute, the headmaster goggled at it. Then his face set grimly. He stepped across the study to the window. The paint was still wet. It had not been there long. The letters were traced irregularly, as if by a finger dipped in paint. Dr. Shrub's eyes glittered.

The culprit could be traced. A fellow who handled paint with his fingers was very likely to have some trace of it about him. Dr. Shrub whisked out of his study. Any man at Bendover who was found with traces of green paint about him was booked for trouble! It seemed hardly possible that any boy at Bendover could have had the nerve to do it.

Was it some disgruntled member of his staff—tampered with, perhaps, by that schemer Dunkley Pyke? If so, that member of the staff was booked for instant dismissal. Dr. Shrub was going to know.



Smart Alec: "Fainted, has he? Then shove his head between his knees!"

In the corridor, Dr. Shrub almost ran into Reggie Pyke. He paused a second, to glance at Reggie's hands. But they were quite clean—in fact, unusually clean!

"Pyke, have you seen anyone enter my study?" thundered the Head.

"I think Mr. Hay did, sir; but I'm not sure," said Reggie innocently.

"Mr. Hay!" repeated the Head.

"I can't be sure, sir, but it sounded like his footstep," said Reggie. "He was gone when I turned the corner, but I heard him. I think it was Mr. Hay—"

"Nonsense!" snapped the Head.

He whisked on, heading for Will Hay's study. He was going to consult Will Hay about tracing the perpetrator of that outrage. Certainly he did not expect to find Will Hay with any trace of tell-tale green about him.

He knocked at Will's door, and hurried in.

"Mr. Hay!" he exclaimed.

"One moment, sir!" came a cheery bleat, through the half-open door, from the bedroom. "One moment, while I find a towel."

Dr. Shrub gave an almost convulsive start as his eyes fell on the wastepaper-basket! Crumpled sheets of newspaper, stained with green paint, had been crammed into it. The headmaster of Bendover gazed at those traces of green paint.

He had been going to search all through Bendover for such traces! There was no need to search! They leaped to the eye—in Will Hay's study!

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Dr. Shrub.

He strode to the communicating doorway. He glared into the adjoining room. Will Hay was standing at a washstand, scrubbing his fingers. He turned in surprise towards the Head. A streak of green paint on his nose glistened in the sunlight from the window.

"My dear sir!" ejaculated Will, staring at the Head's crimson, excited face. "Why the excitement? Whence the perturbation?"

"You!" gasped the Head. "You! Wretch!"

"Eh!"

"Scoundrel!" roared the Head.

"The same to you, sir, with knobs on!" said Will cheerily. "Is anything the matter? I gather, sir, that you are not in your usual bonny temper."

"I have found you out!" roared Dr. Shrub. Will Hay raised his eyebrows.

"Not at all, sir!" he expostulated. "You have found me in! Here I am, sir! Always at home to you."

"You—you—" stuttered the Head. "You are dismissed, Mr. Hay! You are discharged! You leave Bendover this night! Do you understand me, Mr. Hay? You have painted up an insulting inscription in my study. I find you with the traces of guilt on your very hands! I find that I have nursed a viper, sir! Dunkley Pyke is at the bottom of this, I have no doubt. He has bribed you to join in this dastardly campaign against me. Is that it?"

"No, sir!" said Will. "That one doesn't ring the bell! Try again."

"A member of my staff! A member whom I have trusted! But my eyes are opened now!" roared Dr. Shrub. "You go at once, Mr. Hay! You leave Bendover!"

"If I go," said Will Hay, "I shall certainly leave Bendover—I could not possibly take it with me. But—"

"Enough! Go!"

Dr. Shrub turned and whisked away. Will Hay whisked after him. Will could not make head or tail of this so far.

"My dear sir," warbled Will "what's the rumpus? Put a man wise! I really can't guess this one! Hand out the solution."

Unheeding, the Head swept back to his study, with Will at his heels.

"Oh, my summer hat!" gasped Will Hay as he spotted the startling inscription on the Head's window. "Who—who—who did that?"

"You!" roared Dr. Shrub. "Do you dare to deny it when I actually found you washing the paint from your hands? Not another word! Go!"

"MY dear Hay—" said Mr. Choot. Will Hay did not speak. He gazed at the Fifth Form master with a lack-lustre eye.

Luck seemed to have failed Will. He was landed this time. It was an hour since he had seen Dr. Shrub. He was cruising dismally in the quad, trying to think. Somebody had done this! Somebody had painted up those outrageous words in the headmaster's study, and ladled out green paint in Will's—and the Head had put two and two together! Really, Dr. Shrub was hardly to blame. Will admitted that. The thing looked clear enough!

Dr. Shrub refused to listen to another word; but if he had listened, what had Will to say? If green paint could have been traced to the possession of any fellow at Bendover, it would have been different. But Will had not been able to hear of anybody who had any green paint.

"I feel that I ought to explain," went on Mr. Choot, "that I acted somewhat hastily this afternoon in dealing with a boy in your Form. I trust you will excuse me when I explain. I snatched Reginald Pyke's head—"

"I hope," said Will, with feeling, "that you snacked it hard!"

"I did," said Mr. Choot. "I will explain the circumstances, my dear Hay. Going into Gudger's Stores, I met Pyke in the doorway, and he dropped a packet on my foot. It was a heavy packet, Hay—a tin, I think."

"A tin of something?" repeated Will Hay.

"Precisely so, Hay! It fell on the toe when I have a corn, Hay. I admit I—"

(Continued on page 95.)

WILL HAY AT BENDOVER.

(Continued from page 86.)

"Choo," said Will Hay, taking him automatically by the arm. "I have always had a very high opinion of you, but never so high as now. Never mind Pyke's head! Smack it as often as you like—the offender, in fact, the better! But did you say that you thought Pyke's packet contained a tin of something?"

"It certainly felt like it, Hay! Possibly—"

"Or paint?" suggested Will Hay.

"Or paint," said Mr. Choot, with a smile. "If a Fourth Form boy could be supposed to have visited Gudger's Stores to buy paint! I express my regret, Hay, for having acted hastily and given him three smacks—"

"I regret that also," said Will Hay. "Please spare your time on another occasion, and give him three dozen! Or three hundred! But excuse me now, my dear fellow. I have to come to a man at Duddlebury."

Will Hay cut into the House! He bounded into his study! He tore the receiver off the telephone.

"Studgers Gores!" gasped Will Hay. "I mean, Gudger's Stores! Duddlebury toot-toot—I mean, two-two-two!"

Will Hay was a couple of minutes on the telephone. Then he hustled out of his study. He arrived like a cannon-ball at the Fourth Form studies.

"Pyke!" trilled Will.

"Yes, sir!" grinned Reggie. "I'm sorry to hear that you're going, sir—"

"You will be sorrier," said Will Hay. "to hear that I am not going, Reginald! Come with me to the Head, please!"

Taking Reggie by the ear, Will Hay led him to the Head's study. He tapped with his free hand, and marched in, leading the wriggling Reggie.

Dr. Shrubb started up.

"Mr. Hay! You again! Have I not said—"

"One moment, sir! Pyke has a confession to make!" said Will Hay.

"What?"

"I haven't!" howled Reggie.

"Your mistake, Reginald! You have—you have!" said Will Hay genially. "Dr. Shrubb, suppose this boy—this Pyke—this toad—this amazing tick—had a tin of green paint in his possession this afternoon—what?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Dr. Shrubb.

"I hadn't!" yelled Reggie. "The brute wants to put it on me, sir! I haven't touched any paint this term! Make him prove it, sir!"

"If this boy had green paint in his possession—certainly!" said Dr. Shrubb. "Pyke, do you confess—"

"No!" yelled Reggie. "I hadn't!"

"You did not buy a tin of green paint this afternoon?" thundered Will Hay.

"No!" hooted Reggie. "Nothing of the kind! You can't put it on me, you beast, because the Head's sacked you for insulting me!"

"The boy denies it!" snapped Dr. Shrubb.

"What evidence—?"

"Evidence?"

"It was the telephone bell."

"Take your call, sir!" bleated Will Hay.

"Mr. Gudger, at Duddlebury, has something to mention to you, sir."

"Cricket!" gasped Reggie.

"He made a jump towards the door. But Mr. Hay still had hold of his ear!"

Dr. Shrubb took the receiver.

"What Dr. Shrubb, at Bendover?" came a voice. Mr. Gudger speaking from Gudger's Stores, Duddlebury! It seems that there is

some doubt about the ownership of a tin of green paint. I understand from Mr. Hay that there is some dispute, on the subject. I am very pleased to testify, sir, that it belongs to Master Pyke."

"Eh?"

"Master Pyke, sir! I sold Master Pyke a tin of green paint this afternoon, sir, in these stores. I remember it all the more particularly because he dropped it on a gentleman's foot, going out, and there was a bit of a scene. You can take it from me, sir, that Master Pyke is the right owner of a tin of green paint."

"Gracious goodness! I—I mean, thank you, Mr. Gudger!" gasped Dr. Shrubb.

"That settles the matter satisfactorily, I hope, sir!"

"Oh, quite! Quite! Very satisfactorily indeed!"



Sentry: "It's all right, sarge. I'm only having a game of darts to pass the time!"

Dr. Shrubb replaced the receiver. He turned to Reggie Pyke. His eyes almost bored into Reggie.

"Mr. Hay," said the Head of Bendover, "I beg your pardon! This boy has denied having had green paint in his possession, but Mr. Gudger testifies that he sold him a tin this very afternoon. That settles the matter beyond all doubt! You, sir, and I, have been victims of a trick—a wretched trick! Your pardon, Mr. Hay, for my hasty judgment."

"Granted, sir, and then some!" said Will Hay genially.

"Thank you, Mr. Hay! Add to your kindness, sir, by assembling the school to witness a public flogging!" said the Head.

"Certainly, sir! Anything to oblige!" smirked Will, and billowed away.

There was a wide grin on his face, and, later, it became wider that evening when he noticed that Master Reginald Pyke had to do his prep standing up!

Look out for another riot of laughs in next week's rollicking yarn of Will Hay at Bendover.

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THE KID WITH A GOLD-MINE!

(Continued from page 77.)

"It wasn't my fault, Ken," said Larry. "I didn't quit school. Tarzan didn't like school any more than me. This afternoon he started raisin' Cain. Jus' now he kicked the whole side o' that dame's stables out, an' made for yuh. There was such a racket I naturally had to come with him."

"It's O.K.," I said, then I remembered the 4,000 dollars an' yanked Tarzan round again.

"What's up?" the kid asked.

"That dough," I told him.

He caught me by the arm.

"Ken," he pleaded, "leave that money there. We don't need it. Do me a favour. I did yuh one jus' now."

I went back in the office an' tore the place to pieces. I found my money. We rode down the street 'till we came to the Rio Grande Cafe.

I was gun-crazy now an' I swept into that joint with my guns out. I went straight through to the kitchen. It was empty. I looked out through the window, and there was that darn Chink runnin' like stink across the prairie. He had seen me come in.

When I got into the street, the place was alive with guys all lookin' purty dangerous.

"We got to move, Larry," I told him as I hopped on to the ol' hoss. "See that guy runnin' over there?"

"Sure!" he said, as he galloped along beside me.

"That's the jasper that knows yore name."

"We haven't got time to stop now," he said, lookin' back at the Canyon City citizens gittin' warmed up to come after us.

"Ride to his left," I told Larry, an' spurred Tarzan. We went learnin' across that prairie like smoke. We came up with the runnin' Chink, and I leaned over an' grabbed his right arm. Larry saw my drift an' leaned over to grab his left. We picked that guy up without losin' speed, an' there he was danglin' an' yellin' like a maniac.

"What's the kid's name?" I shouted at him.

"No savvy," he screamed.

I lowered him so his feet bumped the ground.

"All light," he yelled. "All light. Him Larry Atwood Grainger. His father ranch Two Circle, Windy Mountain, Nevada."

"Let go," I shouted, an' the Chink dropped, bounced a few times, an' sat up. We looked back an' saw him in the distance.

"Mr. Larry Atwood Grainger," says I, "I guess we'd better keep movin' for a few days."

"So long as I'm ridin' with yuh, what do I care?" he says.

Well, boys, you've sampled another long installment—and picture-strip—starring famous Ken Maynard, and I'll wager you're all mighty keen to follow up his amazing adventures. With young Larry Grainger, as his side kick, Ken is booked for a life of red-hot excitement. Tell all your pals about this unique combination of picture-strip and story . . . tell 'em about the grand "celebrity" programme which always appears in "The PILOT" . . . the paper which is "different." One final word—mind all of you order your "PILOT" in advance; there's a rush to get hold of a copy these days.—Editor.

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