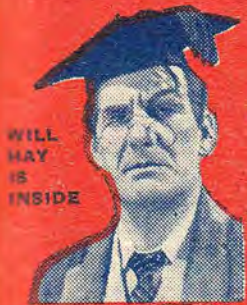


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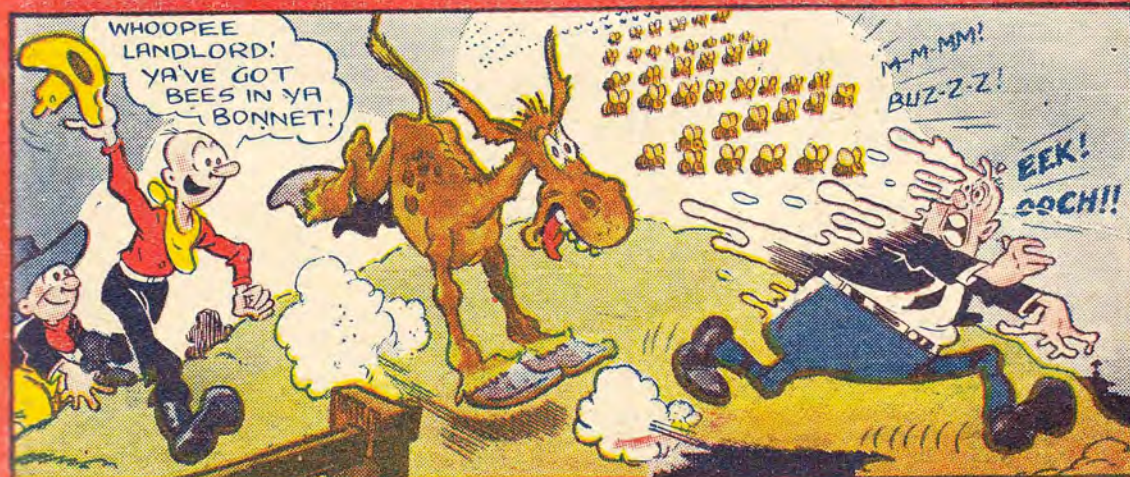
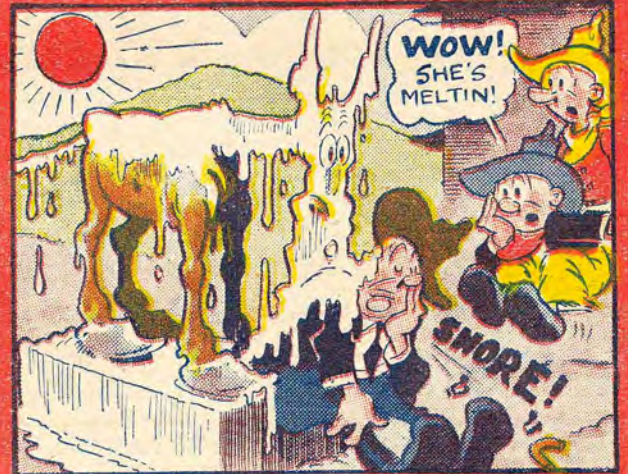
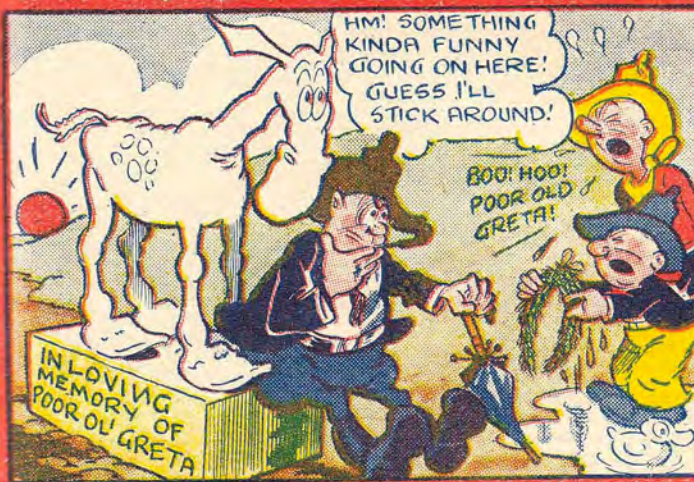
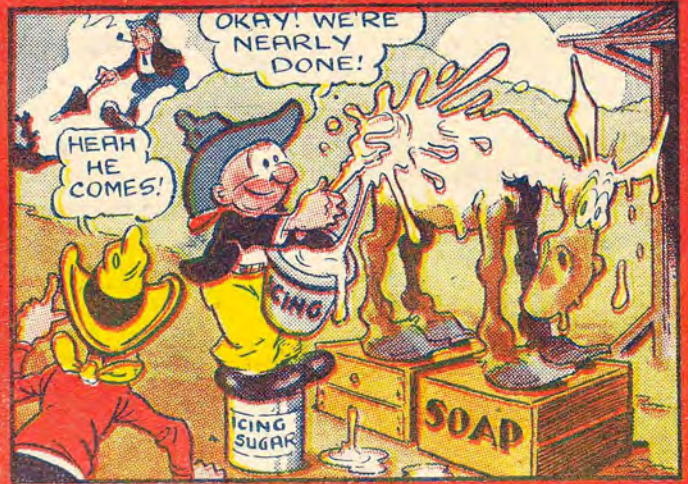
WILL HAY IS INSIDE

# The PILOT

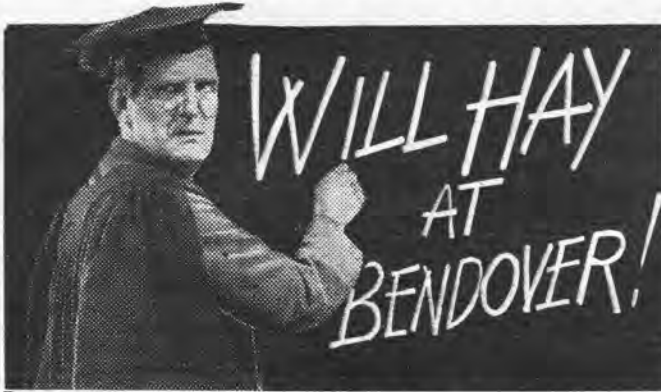
EVERY FRIDAY

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No. 93. Vol. 4. Week ending July 10th, 1937.



MIKE,  
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**EXTRA SPECIAL TO "The PILOT" ...**  
 Grand double fun feature ... comedy picture-strip and complete story ... of the amusing adventures of **WILL HAY**, master of the Fourth and master of mirth.

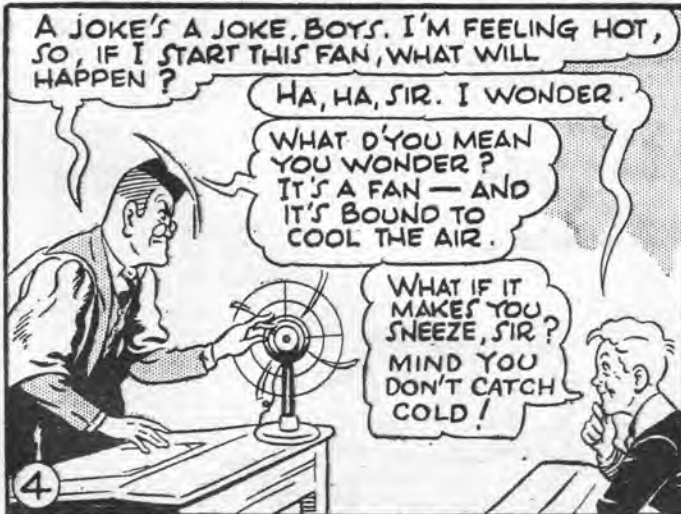


(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)

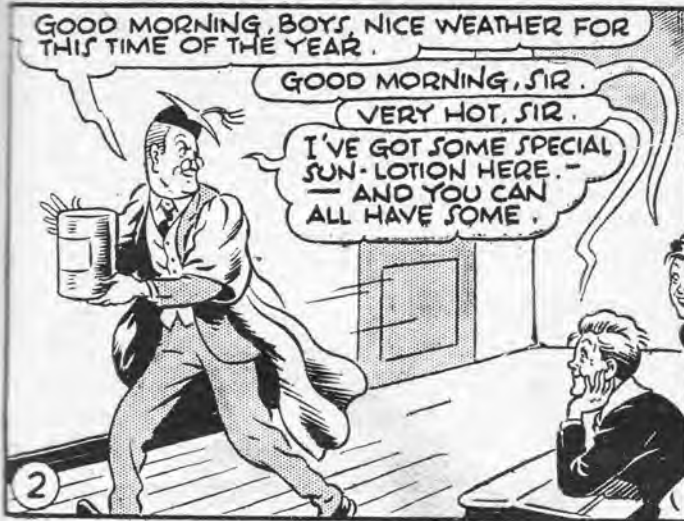
"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "You are responsible for the outrageous actions of these juniors!" bawled Mr. Pyke. Will shook his head.  
 "Not at all, sir! There are people who think that I am not even quite responsible for my own!"  
 "I order you, as headmaster, to come out of that at once!"  
 "Do you mean that you have withdrawn the order of the push, Mr. Pyke?"  
 "What? Certainly not! You are dismissed from Bendover."  
 "In that case," said Will cheerily, "I must point out that I am no longer under your orders, sir! You can't give orders to a man after sacking him! Be reasonable!"  
 "You, a Form-master, leading a rebellion of Lower boys—"  
 "But I'm not a Form-master now!" Will Hay pointed out. "You've sacked me! I'm just Will Hay, the World's Widest Samaritan. Merely that, and nothing more! Besides, I'm not leading the rebellion. The rebellion is leading me. These young sweeps persuade me to join up, by dripping blacking over my face. I could not resist persuasion—especially that kind! But I'm in it up to the neck now. We're out to win!"  
 "Bravo!" roared the Bendover Fourth. A score of grinning faces looked over the barricade at Mr. Pyke. Every man in the Fourth was backing up Will Hay—except Reggie Pyke. Reggie's face was rather dismal. He was the only unwilling recruit.  
 "Now, sir, suppose, instead of blowing steam, that you listen to reason!" suggested Will Hay. "You sacked me, and expelled some of my boys. Wash all that out, and refresh, what? We'll stand you, somehow."

**A** BARRING-OUT!"  
 "Beak and all!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Bendover School was in a roar.  
 From the point of view of Mr. Dunkley Pyke, who had taken Dr. Shrubbs's place as headmaster of Bendover, matters were extremely serious. But nobody else seemed to think so. From the Sixth Form to the Second, Bendover roared.  
 It was not only that the Bendover Fourth were barring-out the new headmaster. But the rebellion was led by the master of the Fourth—Will Hay! A barring-out was no new thing. It was unusual; but not unheard-of. But a barring-out led by a beak was something new in history!  
 Fellows of all Forms came along to stare at the Fourth Form staircase—barricaded with chairs and tables, desks and bedsteads, all sorts of things—everything, in fact, that had come to hand. On the summit of the barricade sat Dicky Bird of the Fourth, pea-shooter in hand, with a pocketful of peas. He exchanged greetings, and badinage, with grinning fellows on the lower landing—evidently in great spirits. When Stuckey of the Sixth came up, with his cane under his arm, to clear off the sightseers, Dicky crammed his mouth with peas and prepared for action.  
 "Now then, clear off, the lot of you!" rapped Stuckey. "Head's orders—nobody's to come up here and speak to those young rotters! Get going! You hear me—Wow!"  
 Something stung Stuckey on the nose. He

clapped his hand to his nose, and something stung him in the ear. He clapped his other hand to his ear—and something stung him in the neck.  
 "Ow!" gasped Stuckey. "What—Oh, you young rascal!" He glared up at Dicky Bird. "If you dare to buzz peas at me, I'll—I'll—Wow! Ow! Oh, my hat!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Peas spattered over the prefect's features as fast as Richard Bird could eject them from the shooter. Then a hassock sailed over the barricade from the hand of Jimmy Carboy, and caught him on the head. Stuckey of the Sixth, with a yell, went over backwards, rolled off the edge of the landing, and did the lower stairs in one!  
 A yell floated up as Stuckey disappeared from sight. Another yell followed, and another. But the laughter died away as a bony, angular figure came up the stairs. Mr. Dunkley Pyke, the new headmaster of Bendover School, looked as black as a thundercloud. He gave Dicky Bird a petrifying glare—to which the cheery Dicky replied with a wink.  
 "Where is Hay?" roared Mr. Pyke.  
 "Adsum!" answered a cheery voice. Will Hay came billowing out of the Fourth Form passage. He put his nose-nippers straight, and blinked down at Mr. Pyke over the barricade.  
 "Villain!" roared Mr. Pyke. "Scoundrel!"  
 "The same to you, sir, with knobs on!" said Will Hay genially.



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Dr. Shrubb comes back! You're not nice—in fact, you're nasty!—but we'll do it! What about that?"

"Certainly not! Force will be used to put down this rebellion!" roared Mr. Pyke. "The ringleaders will be expelled from Bendover, and you, Mr. Hay, will be kicked out of the school with my own hands—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Will Hay rubbed his nose.

"I don't quite see how you'll do that, Mr. Pyke," he remarked. "However, get on with it!"

"Reginald!" hooted Mr. Pyke, glaring up at his hopeful son. "You, at least, will obey my orders. Come down at once."

"Stick where you are, Pykey!" grinned Dicky Bird. "We're all in this! No deserters in this Form!"

"You hear me, Reginald!"

Reggie Pyke made a sudden rush, and clambered over the barricade. Dicky Bird and Jerry Smart grabbed at him, and caught his ankles as he went. Reggie, sprawling over the barricade face down, struggled wildly. But his ankles were held, and he could get no farther.

"Leggo!" he howled.

"Carboy," said Will Hay, "fetch me my cane!"

Jimmy Carboy ran into a study and reappeared with a cane. Will Hay swished it in the air. Reggie, as he heard the swishes, howled in anticipation. He was nicely placed for a whopping. Whack, whack, whack! Dust rose from Reggie's trousers, and his frantic yells woke all the echoes of Bendover.

"Ow! Wow! Ow! Leave off!" yelled Reggie. "I—I'll come back. I say, I want to come back! Yaroo! Leave off, you beast! Wow!"

"Reginald, come down at once!" roared Mr. Pyke.

"Oh crikey! I kik-kik-can't!" stuttered Reggie. "They're holding my legs! Oh crumbs! Oh crikey! Ow!"

Whack, whack!

"Yoo-hoop!" roared Reggie, and he struggled back to the right side of the barricade. "Oh crikey! Leggo! Ow! I'm sticking to you! Wow!"

"That's right!" said Will Hay approvingly.

"United we stand, divided we don't! Sure you've made up your mind, Pyke? A few more, if you like—"

"Ow! No! I'm bib-bub-backing you up!" gasped Reggie. "Oh lor!"

"Force will be used!" gasped Mr. Pyke. And he breezed away down the stairs, evidently to gather his forces.

**W**ILL HAY rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"Um!" he remarked.

Up the lower staircase came the tramp of feet. Ten big and hefty Sixth Form men appeared in sight. They were the whole body of Bendover prefects. Only Stuckey was keen, but the rest were prepared to carry out the orders of their headmaster—if they could. And there was no doubt that if they got to close quarters they could easily handle twice or thrice their number of juniors. Big and beefy, with their canes under their arms, they advanced across the lower landing, led by Crocker, the captain of the school. After them whisked Mr. Pyke, cane in hand. That cane was ready when the rebels were delivered into his hands. Dunkley Pyke's look showed that it was going to have plenty of exercise.

"Crocker," rapped Mr. Pyke, "you will remove that barricade! You will bring those

rebellious juniors to me. You may use any amount of force that may be required. Lose no time!"

"Yes, sir!" said Crocker of the Sixth—rather dubiously, however. It was not easy for Mr. Pyke to give orders. It was not so easy for his prefects to carry them out if the barricade was well defended.

Will Hay waved his cane above.

"Rally round!" he roared.

"Hurrah!"

"Back up!" yelled Dicky Bird. "Who cares for the prefects? We're going to beat them, sir!"

"I hope so!" said Will. Perhaps he had a lingering doubt. "We're for it, now, and we're sticking it out to the last lot in the shocker—I mean, the last shot in the locker! Give 'em beans!"

"That's for you, Crocker!" roared Jimmy Carboy, opening the ball by whizzing down a Latin dictionary, which landed on the nose of the captain of Bendover.

Crocker of the Sixth staggered back and went over. He threw out his arms wildly to catch at some support, and inadvertently landed a back-hander across Mr. Pyke's features.

Smack!

"Oh!" roared Mr. Pyke. "Fool, dolt, idiot, what are you doing? Are you mad, Crocker? Ow! My nose—"

"Blow your nose!" gasped Crocker, as he sat down, hard and heavy. "Ow!"

"What? How dare you! You clumsy dolt—" Mr. Pyke broke off, with a howl, as another dictionary sailed down and landed on his ear. He almost danced with rage.

"Crocker! Stuckey! Smith major! Barker! Get to work at once! Do you hear? You are wasting time! Get to it, I repeat!



Yaroooooooh!" shrieked Mr. Pyke, as an inkpot cracked on his jawbone and dropped on his toe. "Oh! Ow! Oh! Ah! Ooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from above. "Go it! Pelt the blighters! Give 'em beans!"

Quantities of ammunition had been stacked on the Fourth Form landing. School books and inkpots, cushions and chair legs—all sorts of missiles came raining down on the Bendover prefects.

They rushed to the attack. They had not, perhaps, been very keen on the enterprise on the new headmaster's account. But they were keen enough now to get at the rebel juniors and whop them right and left. School books and inkpots banging on their features had an exasperating effect.

They dragged and wrenched at the furniture stacked on the Fourth Form staircase, to clear a way. But it was not easy to shift. Chair legs and table legs were intertwined and poked through the banisters, and long nails had been driven in here and there, fastening chairs and desks to the stairs. And while they dragged and wrenched, missiles rained on them, banging and crashing. It was hot work for the Bendover prefects!

"Oh gum!" gasped Crocker, as an inkpot hit him on the chin, followed up by a ginger-beer bottle on his scalp. He jumped away.

"Go on!" roared Mr. Pyke. "Are you afraid, Crocker? I am ashamed of you! Are you afraid of junior boys? Pah! Go on at once!"

Crocker gave him a glare. He had a bruise on his chin and a bump on his head.

"Look here!" he roared.

"Silence! Go on! Go on at once!" barked Mr. Pyke. "I command you to bring those rebellious juniors to order! Do you hear me? Go on!"

Crocker, snorting, got going again; but he gave up the attempt to remove the barricade. The fire from above was altogether too hot. He clambered up over it, struggling among projecting chair legs and table legs, and the rest of the prefects followed his example.

Mr. Pyke's barking voice, from behind, urged them on; but they did not need much urging. They were wild with rage by this time, and only wanted to get at the enemy.

Up they went, scrambling wildly. Crocker was the first to get to close quarters. Will Hay, grinning with all his teeth, reached over and whacked with his cane. Swipe! Swipe! Swipe! The Bendover captain yelled and dodged, and slipped down among the furniture. His head and shoulders slipped between a table and a desk, and his long legs remained in sight, thrashing the air. His voice came muffled from the depths.

"Ooogh! Ow! Oh gad! Woogh!"

"Ha ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Stuckey. He came scrambling on, and one of Crocker's thrashing feet caught him under the chin. "Oh, you silly owl! Ooogh!"

"Come on, Stuckey, my young friend!" grinned Will Hay. "A little nearer, please! I cannot quite reach you. That is better! Thanks!"

Swipe! Swipe! Swipe!

Stuckey, yelling, scrambled back out of reach. Dicky Bird, with a mop dipped in ink, lunged over the top, and caught him in the middle of his features. Bill Stuckey went rolling back.

Two of the assailants were hors de combat. But eight good men and true were scrambling on, and they got to close quarters. There they found their last state worse than their first. Will Hay's cane put in some rapid work. Cricket stumps and bats, wielded by junior hands, did great execution. Sixth Form heads were banged right and left. Sixth Form features were sadly altered in shape. Sixth Form voices sent up a continual sound of yelling and howling.

"Go it, my pippins!" roared Will Hay, warning to the work. "Stand up to them! Britons never shall be slaves! Take that, and that, and that, and—"

"Ow! Mind what you're doing with that cane!" shrieked Jerry Smart, as he caught a terrific swish with his ear.

"Did that hit you?" gasped Will. "Never mind; all in the day's work! Never mind a

knock or two. Yaroooh! Keep that cricket bat away from me, Smart, you young lunatic! Do you want to knock my brains out?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give 'em beans!" bawled Dicky Bird. "Go it!"

It was too hot for the Bendover prefects. Once across the barricade they would have had things all their own way. But they were not across it, and couldn't get across. They backed and dodged from swiping bats and stumps, and one after another rolled off the barricade, back to the lower landing, where Dunkley Pyke stood raging.

"Go on!" roared Mr. Pyke. "Do you hear me? Go on—at once! This instant! Go on! Immediately!"

But the hapless men of the Sixth did not go on. They stood rubbing bruised heads and streaming noses and darkened eyes, and panting for breath. Only one man remained on the barricade, and that was Crocker, who remained because he was stuck in the furniture and could not extricate himself. His long legs were still thrashing the air, as he wriggled and struggled to get out.



"Look what I got, Bill—a real genuine burglar alarm!"

He scrambled out at last, crimson and panting. A squirt of ink caught him, and his crimson face became suddenly black. Spluttering, the Bendover captain scrambled down to the landing.

"My only hat and sunshade!" trilled Will Hay. "Beaten, by gum! Beaten, by gosh! Three cheers for us!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" roared the Bendover Fourth.

"Fools! Cowards!" Mr. Pyke was roaring, on the lower landing. "Go on! Go on at once! Instantly! I order you! Crocker, I order you to go on! If you do not go on this instant, you are no longer a prefect—you are no longer captain of the school! Do you hear me, Crocker?" He grabbed the gasping Sixth Former by the shoulder and shook him. "Do you hear me?"

That was the last straw. The Bendover captain turned an inky and infuriated glare on the new headmaster.

"You silly old chump!" he roared.

"Wha-a-t?" gasped Mr. Pyke. "What did you say, Crocker?"

"Silly old chump!" bellowed the Bendover captain. "I'm fed-up with this, and with you, too! Go and eat coke!"

With that, Crocker of the Sixth tramped

away down the lower stairs. The rest of the prefects followed him. Mr. Pyke was left in sole possession of the landing, dancing with fury.

A sardine-tin whizzed down the Fourth Form staircase. Mr. Pyke gave a wild howl and followed his prefects. He followed them fast.

Will Hay chuckled.

"Are we downhearted?" he inquired. "No!" roared the Bendover Fourth. "Hurrah!" And all Bendover School echoed to the roar.

"A HA!" murmured Will Hay. The shades of night had fallen on Bendover School. Downstairs, in hall and day-room, seniors and juniors were chortling over the Bendover barring-out, led by a beak. On the Fourth Form landing, the rebels were at supper, in merry mood. Dicky Bird & Co. had expended all their available cash at the school shop to lay in provisions for a siege. For the present, at least, peace and plenty reigned.

Will Hay, standing at the passage window, was looking forth to the starry summer night, wondering what was coming next. That was how he came to observe something that whizzed down from the dormitory window above and landed in the dusky quad.

"Aha! Do I spot a rodent?" murmured Will, as, leaning out, he discerned a bony figure that bent down and fielded the "something" that had dropped from the window of the Fourth Form dormitory.

Grinning, Will strolled back to the landing and surveyed the merry company there. All the Fourth were present except Reggie Pyke. Will was no whale at arithmetic, but he could put two and two together with a correct result. It was Reggie who had pitched down something from the dormitory window for Mr. Dunkley Pyke to pick up below.

Will breezed up the dormitory stairs. As he blew in, Reggie Pyke spun round from the open dormitory window. Will gave him a genial nod as he grinned at his startled face in the starlight.

"Sitting at the window watching for pa," bleated Will—"what?"

"Oh! I—I—no—I—" stammered Reggie.

"You buzzed out a pillow just for fun?" grinned Will. "You did not tie a note to it for the information of the enemy—what?"

"Oh, no! I—" gasped Reggie.

How Will had spotted him, he did not know; but he could see that Will had.

Will Hay stepped to him and grasped a large ear with his left hand. With his right he flourished his cane.

"Cough it up!" said Will encouragingly. "Spill it, my merry lad! Uncork it! Let it rip! What's the game? What was in the note? Say on!"

"Nothing!" gasped Reggie. "I— Yaroooh! Ow!"

Whop, whop, whop! "Oh! Ow! Stop it!" raved Reggie. "Yarooooh! Ow, ow! I'll tell you! Ow!"

"I thought," remarked Will, "that you would if I persuaded you, Pyke! Go it!"

"I—I just dropped out a note to the pater, to—say that—that I feel bound to stand by the Form, sir. And I said— Yarooooooop!"

Whop, whop, whop!

"Try again!" suggested Will.

"Ow! You beast!" howled Reggie frantically. "Ow! I said I'd let down the rope ladder—yow-ow!—the fire-escape ladder—wow!—so that they could get in at this window— Yoo-hooooop!"

"Now we are getting down to brass tacks!" grinned Will. "Quite a neat little idea, Pyke! Bright—in fact, brilliant! Where's the ladder?"

"Ow! Under my bed!" groaned Reggie. "I put it there ready! Wow!"

There was a scamper of feet on the dormitory stairs. Dicky Bird and three or four more rushed in. Reggie's wild howls had warned them that something was going on in the dormitory.

"What are you up to?" exclaimed Dicky.

"Snuff it!" answered Will Hay cheerily. "Sort out a rope ladder from under this little toad's bed, Richard!"

Will grinned as the rope ladder was dragged into view. It was a long ladder, with wooden

ings, coiled up, with grappling-hooks at the end to fasten at a window. Usually it was parked on the dormitory landing, ready in case of fire. Reggie had trundled it into the dormitory, unobserved by the rebels on the landing below. Had not Will Hay spotted him, there was no doubt that the enemy would have gained admittance by the dormitory window and taken the rebels in the rear.

"Smart! Green! Havers! Take that little head out into the passage, and sit on him there!" directed Will Hay. "He is superfluous here! You need not worry, Pyke! I will lower the rope ladder for your respected pater! He shall not be disappointed!"

Three juniors bundled Reggie out of the dormitory. They sat on him in the passage, to keep him quiet. Reggie was not going to have a chance to tip his pater that the garrison were on their guard.

Will Hay peered cautiously from the dormitory window. Below, dim forms were visible, but they were very quiet. Evidently, Mr. Dunkley Pyke had read Reggie's note, and was preparing to act on it. Exactly who they were, Will could not make out in the gloom, but he thought he could discern the bony figure of Dunkley Pyke, Kelly, the porter, Stump, the gardener, and several of the Bendover prefects. He stepped back from the window, grinning.

"Our friends below are waiting!" he remarked. "We shall not keep them waiting long! Bird, get a wash-basin—the largest you can find! Carboy, you will take a shovel, and rake soot down from the chimney! Straw, you will root through the studies for all the ink and gum you can find, and bring it here! Sharp's the word!"

Will's orders were promptly obeyed.

The Bendover rebels watched him as he filled the basin with soot, ink, and gum, and mixed them up into a thin paste with the shovel.

Having prepared that horrible mixture, Will placed the basin by the dormitory window. Then he picked up the rope ladder and stepped to the window with it.

"You're not letting that down, sir?" gasped Dicky Bird.

Will blinked at him over his nose-pincers.

"Why not, Bird?" he asked. "If Mr. Pyke desires to give us a look-in, why should he not? The ladder is going to be let down first. Then, I think, Mr. Pyke is going to be let down! We shall see."

The master of the Fourth slid the end of the rope ladder over the sill. It slid away into the dusky gloom. Keeping carefully out of view within, Will uncoiled it till the whole length hung from the dormitory window into the quad.

Then he fastened the hooks securely. All was ready now for the ascent. The rope-ladder shook, as it was pulled from below to make sure that it was safe.

Will chuckled softly.

"Gather round, my merry men!" he murmured. "Keep quiet—don't give the alarm to the jolly old enemy!"

Breathlessly, the juniors waited, while a faint rustling sound from below told that someone was ascending the rope-ladder.

A head, topped by a mortar-board, rose into view against the stars. The bony face of Dunkley Pyke looked in. There was a whisper.

"Reggie! Are you there?"

The mortar-board and the bony face were inserted at the open window. Head and shoulders, Mr. Pyke came in. Half in the window, he peered round in the gloom, expecting to spot Reggie.

He did not see what he expected. What happened was quite unexpected by Mr. Pyke.

A hand grasped the window-sash, and jammed it down! It came down across Mr. Pyke's back, pinning him.

"Oh!" gasped Dunkley Pyke.

"Good-evening, sir!" bleated Will Hay. "Happy to meet you! Take one of his wrists, Bird—take the other, Carboy! That's right! Switch on the light, some of you! Let us have a good look at our visitor! Let us read in his face the pleasure I am sure he feels at seeing us all on this happy occasion! I trust you are enjoying life, Mr. Pyke?"

(Continued on page 359.)

# The COMIC CAPERS of STAINLESS STEPHEN

FAMOUS RADIO STAR



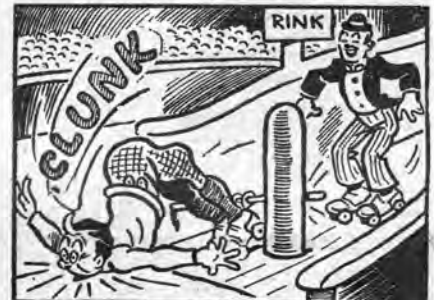
1. Hallo, lads, your old pal's Stainless again, so roll up and I'll give you the low-down on what happened when I went roller-skating. It was a poster that took my eye (I got it back), and, sez me: "Stainless, get your skates on."



2. But it wasn't as easy as all that. Nossirs. There was a cheap skate there (poor fish) who thought he could skate, too, and he poked me in the earpiece. "Here, gerroutoffit!" he growled. "Go and lose yourself, I'm winning this."



3. Believe me, I was simply semi-quavering with wrath at this treatment. "Bonk me with a balloon!" I wuffed, slipping the stick through his boot tabs. "This is where the stick makes you come unstuck."



4. And he certainly did! Down the alley he shot, and then—alleyoop!—over he went, doing a sort of aerial trip as the stick tripped him up. Then—clunk!—he parked himself chin first on the floor (semi-conscious).



5. So after that knock-down I ambled into the arena to get a "knock-down" to the crowd. "You're a hot kid, Stainless," I said to myself. But I got hotter when that fag-end was dropped down my back.



6. Gosh, I nearly went semi-frantic after that—in fact, I felt all burned up. "Holy smoke!" I howled, trying to get at that smoke, and all the time I was sizzling my skates were shooting all over the place.



7. Whiz! Whoopee and what-not, I did a couple of loops that nearly drove me loopy, and I drove full pelt at the judge's table. And judge that judge's surprise when the Stainless boot, plus skate, shot out and punted the cup from his mitts.



8. But listen, lads, they all thought it was part of my performance—and I got the prize. As for my rival, he got the sur-prize of his life, for the cup came to a full stop—on his head. So, 'scuse me while I skate off and spend my cheque.

WILL HAY AT BENDOVER

(Continued from page 341.)

"Ooogh!" gurgled Dunkley Pyke, wriggling madly. He glared furiously at the master of the Fourth and the grinning juniors. The... held him pinned helplessly, with his legs... the air outside.

"Release me!" shrieked Mr. Pyke. "Release me at once! What—what—what is that have there?"

Will Hay picked up the basin of mixture. He stirred it with the shovel. Dunkley Pyke stared at it in horror.

"If—if you dare—" he gurgled. "If you gurrgh! You—wurrgh! Ooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fourth Formers. Will ladled out the mixture with the shovel. He spread it like butter on toast over the statures of Mr. Pyke.

"Gurrgh! Urrrgh!" spluttered Mr. Pyke. "Villain! Wurrgh! Keep that away—I tell you—oooch!"

"If you open your mouth too wide, sir, I hear that some of the mixture will go in—"

"Groooogh!" "I told you so! Keep it shut!" advised Will.

"Ooooooch!" "A little more on the chivvy, sir? You are much better looking with your face covered up, that's any comfort. A little in your hair—specially mixed! A dab or two on your ears? Some down your neck? Quite so! We're setting on fine! You may have the lot, sir! It's all for you—nobody else wants any—"

"Gurrgh!" "That's the lot!" said Will Hay, at last. "Give us another look-in, sir, another time—always pleased to see you!"

"Urrgh! Let me go!" Wurrgh! I will—oooch! Ooooooogh! Release me! gurrgh!"

"Tired of our company?" asked Will Hay. He pushed up the sash. "Careful, my dear—if you do that ladder in one, you will require piecing together afterwards, and it will need a very skillful surgeon, and one used to jig-saw puzzles! Slow and steady does it,—"

Mr. Pyke wriggled away down the rope-ladder. The window was crammed with grinning faces, watching him as he went. Mr. Pyke had been very eager to get at that window! He was still more eager to get away from it! He slithered down, and landed spluttering in the quad. Sounds of laughter floated up, as he landed. Mr. Pyke, at close quarters, seemed to strike his followers as funny! His voice was heard on its top note!

"Ooogh! Kelly, how dare you laugh? I shall discharge you! Crocker, I shall cane you—Stuckey, I shall—yaroooooooh!"

The rope-ladder, unfastened at the window above, dropped. It coiled over Mr. Pyke's head as it dropped, enveloping him, and he was down with a bump, the coiling ladder heaping over him. From under the heap came muffled howls.

Will Hay closed the dormitory window. "I think," he remarked, "that we win the first round! What?"

"We do!" grinned Dicky Bird. "We does!" chuckled Carboy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "And there was no doubt about that! So far, at least, the Bendover barring-out had proved too big a problem for Dunkley Pyke to tackle.

As the barring-out at Bendover goes on, so the laughs get bigger and bigger. Will WILL HAY and his cheery rebels stand the strain? The answer is supplied in another side-splitting story, next week—don't miss it.

G-MAN BALDY

(Continued from page 344.)

Roy was holding his sides, for the spectacle of tough Scar Mulligan in a baby's bonnet, his knobby knees bare above a pair of green socks, was certainly a sight for sore eyes.

"The Mulligan kid," said Baldy. "All ready for Squint, but I don't reckon Squint'll give ten grand for this one."

Baldy had been so quick that not many minutes later they were both outside in the street, hidden in a convenient doorway. Even at that distance the language of Scar Mulligan drifted from the garage.

"I wonder where the kid is?" said Baldy suddenly.

"How could he have got out if Tony was watching all the time?" asked Roy.

"I dunno," said Baldy. "But look out; here comes Squint!"

He was right. A big car drew up outside the yard, and Squint Baldaro got out, followed by Tony Zucco and two of Squint's men.

SCAR MULLIGAN, his face red with fury and humiliation, had tried hard to shake off the baby's cap, but the ribbons had been tied too skillfully; and when he suddenly heard voices in the yard he redoubled his efforts, but without avail.

"You sure the Vandam kid is here, Tony?" It was Squint speaking.

"Yes, sure," said Tony, opening the shed door. "I reckon Scar is in with him."

A shaft of light struck across the dirty floor of the garage as the door was flung wide open. It revealed the ridiculous figure of gang leader Scar Mulligan, complete with rattle, teddy-bear, and what-not. Squint opened and closed his mouth like a fish.

"Hey!" he managed to gasp out at last, rubbing his eyes. "Hey, what's this?" He came nearer and stared into the rage-distorted features of Scar Mulligan. "For the love o' Mike," he bellowed, and anger blazed in his eyes, "is this a game you guys is havin' with me?"

"Tony"—the voice of Scar, trembling with emotion, cut in on Squint's speech—"cut these cords—an' be quick, or I'll cut you up!"

"Where's the Vandam kid?" demanded Squint; but Scar waited until Tony had hacked him free before replying.

"I don't know!" he shouted back. "An' don't talk that way to me, you cock-eyed runt!"

With a wild gesture, Scar tore off the bear and the rattle; furiously he hurled them straight at Squint's face. Baldaro's two men streaked for their shoulder holsters.

"Don't be crazy!" cried Fat nervously. "There ain't no need to serap!"

"Sure, we'll fight 'em!" roared Scar. "That rat's too free with his mouth!"

"O.K., Mulligan!" cried Squint. "Take this in yer ribs!"

He aimed straight at Scar's body, and his finger was crooked around the trigger, when Tony Zucco, quick as lightning, darted forward. With a swift upward blow of his hand he knocked Squint's gun just as the finger contracted.

And above the sound of the shot came the frightened cry of a child—a shrill cry that silenced every man in the garage and froze them into immobility!

Get all set for thrills when Baldy steps into this gangster "party" and read how he fights the six gun-men—with his bare fists! That's only one high-spot in next week's chapters—there are many more! Order your 'PILOT' now to avoid disappointment.

The LAUGHING BUCCANEER

(Continued from page 347.)

the speedboat billowing around his waist as the craft took the water, and as he sat in the cockpit of the gliding speedboat, the Buccaneer grinned at him impudently.

"Lovely day for a sail!" he called. "Cheer up, Bugle-blast, you idiot! I'm just going to catch Troxy Berger for you—"

Next instant, the speedboat was creaming down the canal in the wake of the grey motor-launch which was shooting along with a white V of foam billowing on either side.

But this time the Buccaneer had a craft which was twice as fast as the motor-launch. As he roared along, he saw Berger crouching in the cockpit, and he swung the speedboat closer. Berger, he saw, was alone. And then Berger's arm went up suddenly. Over the few yards of water separating the two boats racing side by side, there came two staccato cracks. A bullet chipped the windscreen of the speedboat; another crackled past the Buccaneer's head.

Then suddenly the Buccaneer swung the wheel of the speedboat over, and the two craft raced side by side. There came a squeak as their sides touched. With one hand on the gunnel of the speedboat, the Buccaneer vaulted, leaping clean over the rail of the motor-launch.

He landed with a breath-taking thud smack on top of Troxy Berger, as Berger was raising his gun. Troxy went down with a punctured sound wheezing between his lips. The Buccaneer kicked the gun out of the way, hauled Troxy up by the scruff of his collar and said genially, "Lend me your eye, brother," and hit Troxy scientifically in that place. A second wallop on the chin put an end, temporarily, to the gangster chief's suffering.

Swiftly the Buccaneer grabbed up the two suitcases and tossed them into the speedboat alongside. A stentorian yell astern made him throw a quick glance over his shoulder, and he grinned.

There was Inspector Bugle, doggedly standing up in the bows of an ancient motor-boat which was chugging along valiantly towards the two stationary speedboats. Swiftly the Buccaneer scrawled on a sheet of paper, which he carefully pinned on to Berger's heaving chest.

Then, as the police motor-boat got within a dozen yards of the two craft, the Buccaneer leapt lightly aboard the speedboat. Bugle caught a glimpse of that lean, brown face, the bright blue eyes gleaming at him mischievously.

"So-long, Bugle-blast—I'll be seeing you—"

A groan left Bugle's lips. It was hopeless to pursue that swift craft that sped like an arrow through the waters. One of the police was already aboard the motor-launch, yanking up Troxy Berger's unconscious figure. The note pinned to his chest fluttered in the early morning breeze.

"Here's Berger, the ringleader of the Blue Leaf killer gang. I've got his loot. When I've taken my slice, I'll distribute the rest of it among the families of the men who were shot by him. Good-morning."

And as Bugle read those words, there came faintly, as from a great distance, the cheerful, mocking laughter of the Laughing Buccaneer.

The Buccaneer and Bugle will be back again in another super-thrill yarn, next week. Thrill follows thrill in this fast-action yarn of the latest dare-devil exploit of the outlaw everybody likes.

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