

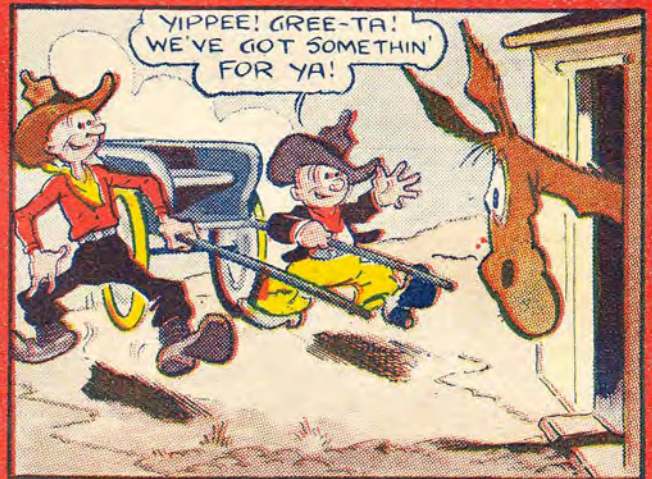
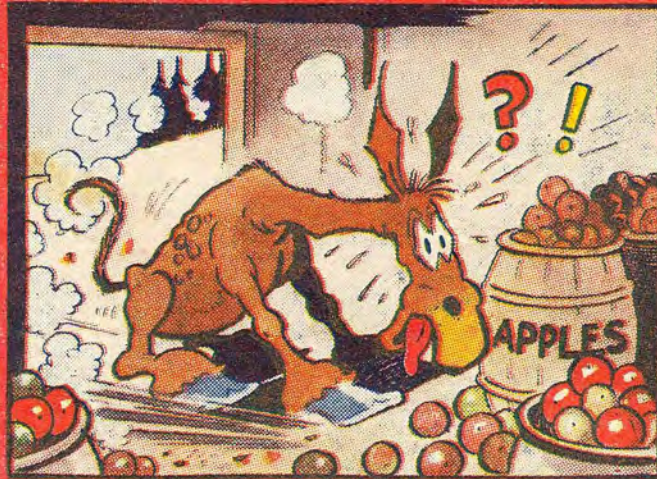
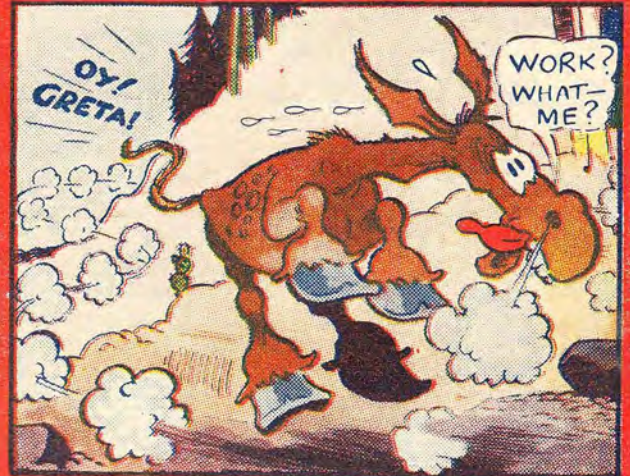
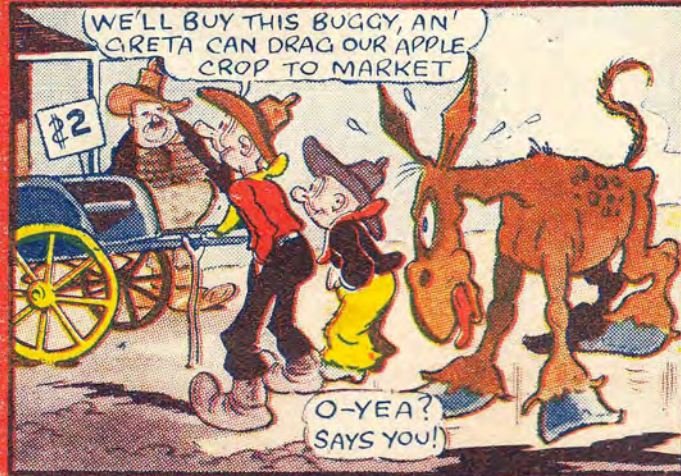
WILL HAY IS INSIDE

The PILOT

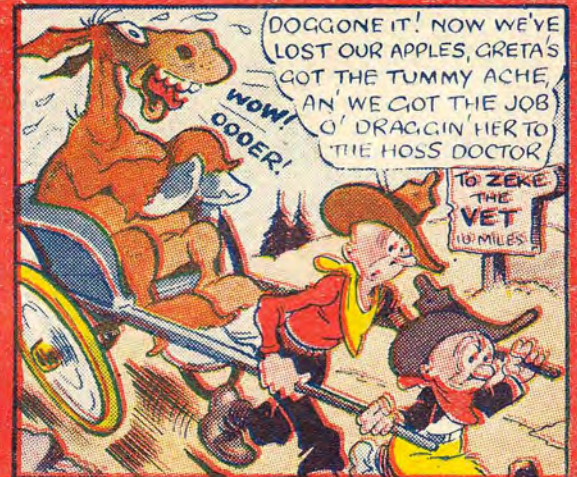
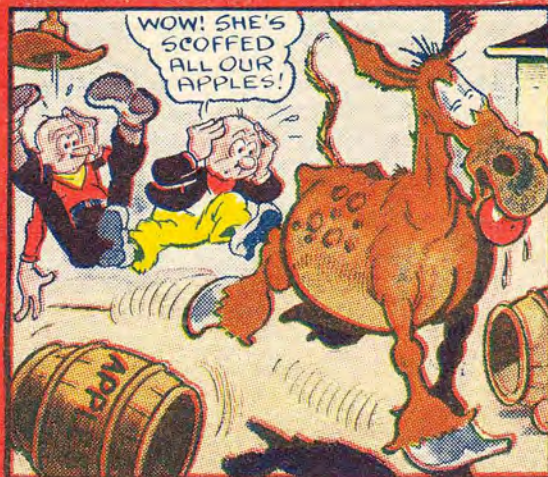
EVERY FRIDAY

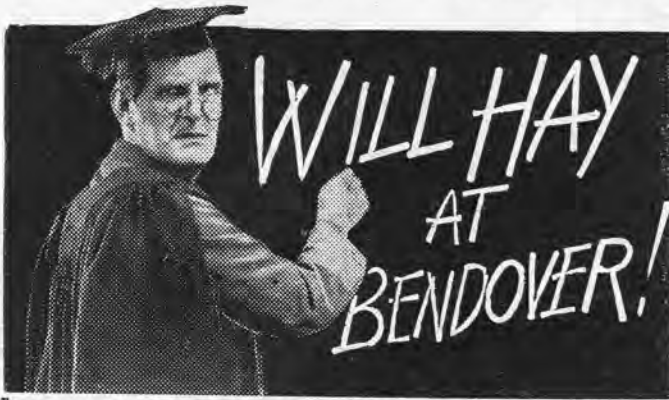
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No. 99. Vol. 4. Week ending August 21st, 1937.



MIKE,
SPIKE &
GRETA
Our Krazy Gang
IN
"Fed Up
to the
Gore"





A PERFECT COMBINATION—WILL HAY, the world's funniest Form-master, and Jerry Smart & Co., Bendover's champion leg-pullers. Together they keep the fun going for your entertainment, and you'll find a laugh in every line of this story.

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



"MILK-OH!"
 "Aha!" murmured Will Hay. The master of the Bendover Fourth cocked his ears as he heard that melodious call.

He was standing at a back window of the Head's house at Bendover School, gazing out over his nose-nippers into the sunny early morning. That window gave him a view of the tradesmen's gate, where the vans from Didham rolled in for morning deliveries.

Generally calm and quiet, the Head's house now swarmed with life. That building, standing detached in a corner of the old quad, had changed hands. Mr. Dunkley Pyke, the new headmaster, had taken possession of it when Dr. Shrubbs left for a nursing-home. But Mr. Pyke was no longer in possession. It was now the stronghold of the rebel Fourth Form, and Will Hay and his cheery pupils were barring the new Head out of his own house. Doors were barred and windows were barricaded, and a couple of dozen merry juniors formed a hilarious garrison.

The Bendover barring-out was going strong. But there was a fly in the ointment. The question of provisions was rather an urgent one. That was why Will Hay had a keen eye on the tradesmen's gate. That was why the morning milkman's cheery cry was music to his ears.

"Bird! Carboy! Smart!" rapped Will. "Here, sir!"

The Bendover Fourth were scrounging breakfast, but the three juniors named trotted up at once. Six or seven other fellows followed them, and the crowd looked out of the window where Will was standing. Will Hay beamed on them, and pointed from the window with his cane. In the distance, the milkman's van had stopped at a door. A number of milk-churns stood in that van.

"Open that window, Smart!" said Will.

"The enemy may be on the watch, and we had better not open a door. But a milk-churn can be lifted in at a window—if we can get hold of it—what?"

"They're watching at the front of the house," said Jimmy Carboy.

"But not, apparently, at the back!" said Will cheerily. "We're going to make a sortie, my little pippins, rush the van, and meet it with the bilk—"

"And what?" gasped Dicky. "I mean, beat it with the milk! You follow your leader, Richard; the early Bird catches the milkman! Smart—Carboy, stand here ready to lift in the churn! You follow me?"

Will Hay put a leg out of the window. He dropped, and after him dropped Richard Bird. He rushed for the milk-van, his mortar-board on the back of his head, his gown billowing in the breeze. After him rushed Dicky. The window was crammed with eager juniors, waiting for them to get back with the loot.

"Ere, wot's this?" ejaculated the Didham milkman, staring, as a Form-master and a Fourth Former dashed up, grabbed a milk-churn, and hooked it out of the van. "Ere, you let that there alone! You can't do that there 'ere!"

He rushed to grab the churn. Dicky Bird put a prompt foot in his way, and the Didham milkman sat down suddenly.

"Quick!" gasped Will Hay. He gasped the big churn by one handle; Dicky grasped it by the other. It was big, it was full of milk, and it was heavy. But they got it along. The milkman sat and blinked after them as they went.

They went at a rush, heading for the crowded back window of the Head's house. From that window came a yell of warning.

"Look out!"
 "Ware prefects!"
 "Oh, my only hat and sunshade!" gasped

Will Hay, as Stuckey of the Sixth came cutting round a corner of the house, cane in hand. After him came Kelly, the porter. The enemy were not quite so much off their guard as Will had happily supposed.

"Oh crikey!" gasped Dicky Bird. They rushed the big churn to the window. Jerry Smart and Carboy leaned out to grasp it and drag it in as Dicky Bird shoved it up from below. Will Hay faced the enemy, brandishing his cane.

"Yarooooh!" roared Stuckey, as that cane, sweeping the air, tapped the tip of his nose in passing. "Oh, my nose! Wow!"

Stuckey of the Sixth jumped back. He dropped his cane and clasped both hands to his nose. For the moment he fancied that the tip had been taken off. It hadn't, but it felt like it. Kelly rushed in.

"Gotcher!" gasped Kelly, as he grasped Will Hay. They struggled wildly under the window, while the juniors laboured with the heavy churn.

"Got it!" panted Jimmy Carboy, as the churn was heaved on the window-sill. It tottered there rather uncertainly.

Jerry Smart leaned out, with a cricket stump in his hand. Kelly, as he grasped Will Hay, did not realise that he was within reach from the window. But he realised it suddenly as the cricket stump cracked on his head.

"Ow!" roared the Bendover porter. He let go Will Hay, and staggered back.

"Quick, sir!" yelled Jerry, as three or four Bendover prefects came in sight round the corner of the building. "Get in—quick!"

"Come on, you fellows!" shouted Stuckey. "We've got him now!"

"Oh, jumping haddock!" gasped Will Hay. He leaped at the window. Dicky Bird scrambled in actively on one side of the churn, and Will Hay scrambled in on the other.





Stuckey, plunging forward, grabbed his ankle and jerked him back.

"Yoo-hooop!" spluttered Will, as he went. He clutched for support, and his frantic clutch fastened on the milk-churn.

"Look out!" shrieked Dicky. But Will had no chance of looking out. Grabbed from behind by Stuckey of the Sixth, he went, and the milk-churn, grabbed by Will, went after him. It tilted over, the lid shot open, and the contents poured out in a milky torrent!

Stuckey let go, and jumped back in time. He just missed the milk. But Will Hay did not miss it. Will was just under it. It splashed on him; it poured on him; it streamed on him!

"Ooooooooooooooh!" came in spluttering accents from the master of the Bendover Fourth, as he got the milk. "Gooooooh! Woooooh! Gug-gug-gug!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Crash went the churn, rolling. It was empty now. Will had had the milk. He stood, spluttering wildly for breath, drenched and almost drowned.

"Buck up, sir!" gasped Dicky Bird. "You can't pick up that milk, sir! Buck up, old thing!"

Will Hay, scattering milk, plunged headlong in at the window. Stuckey and Kelly jumped at him and grabbed a leg each. But the Bendover rebels grabbed his arms and his collar, and dragged with all their strength.

"Get him in!" panted Dicky Bird. "Pull, you lads!" gasped Jimmy Carboy. "Get hold, you chaps! Grab him! They'll get him!"

"Ow! Wow!" yelled Will Hay. "Let go my ears, you little ticks! Yaroooooh! Leggo my nose, Green, you blithering young idiot! Stop pulling my hair out by the roots, Smart! Yaroooooop!"

But the Bendover rebels did not heed. With a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, they dragged their Form-master in, and Jimmy Carboy slammed the window shut.

Will Hay sat on the floor, streaming milk and gurgling wildly. He felt his nose, his ears, and his hair to make sure that they were still there. He glared at his merry pupils over his slanting nose-nippers.

"We got you in all right, sir!" grinned Dicky Bird.

"You did!" gasped Will Hay. "Where's my cane?"

But Will's cane had disappeared, and his affectionate pupils took care that it did not turn up again, till Will had had time to recover a little from the effects of the sortie!

REGGIE PYKE grinned, and Mr. Pyke glared at him.

Sitting in the old Head's study, after morning school, the new head-master of Bendover was making one more attempt to think out his problem. But it had him beaten!

Having sacked Will Hay and expelled four members of the Fourth Form, Dunkley Pyke had expected to have that unruly Form feeding from his hand! Instead of which, the sacked Form-master and the expelled juniors were barring him out, backed up by the rest of the Fourth; and matters were going from bad to worse.

With Bendover in this uproarious state, Mr. Pyke could hardly hope to turn his temporary post into a permanent one at Dr. Shrubbs's expense! He had to get this rebellion under, somehow—before the governing board came down on him like a wolf on the fold!

"Is this a laughing matter, Reginald?" he thundered, glancing round for his cane. "Are you amused?"

"What-ho!" grinned Reggie. "I say—he,

he, he!—I say, pater— Yaroooh! Keep that cane away! Whoop!"

Whack, whack!

"Yarooop!" roared Reggie, jumping away.

Mr. Pyke bounded up and jumped after him. "I shall endeavour," gasped Mr. Pyke, "to make you take a more serious view, Reginald!" Swipe, swipe! "This is not a laughing matter!"

Reggie, yelling, dodged round the study.

"Stop it!" he howled. "I say—yaroooh!—I came here to tell you I've thought of a way—wow!—of getting at that beast Hay!"

"Oh!" Mr. Pyke ceased to swipe.

He realised that he had been a little hasty. Reggie, it seemed, had been grinning, not at the disastrous state of affairs that worried his father so deeply, but over some scheme that had occurred to his artful brain for getting the upper hand of the rebels!

"Ow! Wow!" Reggie wriggled. "Look here—ow! I've a jolly good mind not to tell you now! Wow! Ow!"

"I misunderstood you, my dear Reginald!" said Mr. Pyke, laying down the cane. "If you have thought of any means for getting at that villain Hay, tell me at once! It is useless to order the Sixth Form prefects to make another attack on the building those young rascals have seized. They would refuse to do so—"

"They wouldn't have an earthly if they did!" grunted Reggie. "Old Hay and his gang could hold that House against all Bendover! But suppose half a dozen of the Sixth got inside without Hay knowing—"

He lowered his voice, and for the next five minutes outlined a scheme which caught his rascally father in a wave of excitement.

"Reggie," exclaimed Mr. Pyke, "it's a whale of an idea! It's a winner! Listen! Once inside, everything will come our way! It is only a question of getting in! Reginald, this is a winner!"



"Just a few!" grinned Reggie.
 "I am sorry I caued you, Reginald! Forget all about it!"
 "Ow!" Reggie wriggled. It was not so easy for him to forget all about it. "If you'd listened to a chap—"
 "That will do! Call Crocker here, Stuckey, Parker—all the prefects! Tell them I want them at once! I will get on the telephone to Dishwater's Dairy, and arrange everything. Nothing must be seen or suspected by those iniquitous young rebellious rascals, or that unspeakable villain Hay! Go at once, Reginald, and summon the prefects here!"
 Reggie, grinning, left the study. Mr. Dunkley Pyke jumped to the telephone! He grinned over the instrument as he rang up the dairy at Didham! At long, long last Mr. Dunkley Pyke felt that he was backing a winner!

"MR. HAY!" gasped Dicky Bird, and jerked at Will Hay's sleeve.
 Will was standing at a front window of the Head's house. There was a thoughtful wrinkle in his brow. He had a clear view of the quad, and the School House, the porter's lodge, and the gates. From the School House he had seen Mr. Dunkley Pyke emerge, with half a dozen Sixth Form prefects, and walk away to the gates. They disappeared out of gates; and ten minutes later Mr. Pyke came back alone. Now he was seated in a deckchair under a beech, watching the rebels' stronghold from a distance. Under that shady beech were also gathered the remaining prefects. Which puzzled Will Hay! He wondered why Mr. Pyke had led half the prefects out of gates and left them out. If this was a new move on the enemy's part, it had Will guessing!
 "Mr. Hay!" exclaimed Dicky, jerking at his sleeve. "I say—wake up!"
 Will Hay glanced round at him.
 "What is it, my good Bird?" he inquired.
 "Are the enemy in sight at the rear?"
 "No fear!" grinned Dicky. "Come and see, Mr. Hay! It's the biggest chance ever for us!"
 "All the milk we want, and some over!" grinned Jimmy Carboy. "Come and take a squirt from the back window, sir."

Will Hay billowed after the two eager juniors to the window at the back of the house. A crowd had gathered there, staring towards the tradesmen's gate.
 "Look, sir!" exclaimed a dozen eager voices.
 "My only check trousers!" ejaculated Will.
 He looked—he stared! It was, so far as appearances went, the biggest chance ever, as Richard Bird declared. The milkman's van had driven in, and unloaded six tall milk-churns. Now the van had driven away, leaving that ample supply near a back door that had not opened.
 Eager eyes were turned on Will Hay from all the Fourth.
 With grub beginning to run short, that ample supply of milk was a windfall for the besieged garrison—if they could get hold of it! And nobody was in sight! It looked not merely a good thing, but really too good to be true! Perhaps it was!
 "Chance of a lifetime—what!" grinned Dicky Bird. "I suppose Mrs. Mumble didn't know the milkman was coming so early this afternoon. Anyhow, there's the milk!"
 "A dozen of us, sir," said Jimmy Carboy. "Two to each can, and we can get them in, in a jiffy!"
 "Let's!" urged Jerry Smart.
 Will Hay rubbed his nose! He scanned the surroundings. Not a soul was to be seen. He billowed away to the side-windows, and blinked from one to another. No one was at hand. He looked from the front window again. Mr. Pyke and the prefects were still under the beech, at a distance across the quad. They had not stirred. They were too far off to intervene in time, if the garrison made a rush for the milk-churns! No one else was to be seen, except Kelly, leaning on his lodge, at a still greater distance.
 Will billowed back to the back window. There stood the milk-churns, in an enticing row, unwatched and unguarded. Will rubbed his nose harder.
 "We're going to bag them, sir!" exclaimed Dicky Bird.
 "Um!" said Will dubiously.
 "I say, we're not getting enough grub, sir!" urged Tubby Green. "A quart or two of milk every now and then would keep a fellow going."

"It's a topping chance, sir!"
 Carboy.
 "Perhaps," remarked Will thoughtfully, "a little too topping, my good Carboy!"
 "A rush would do it before old Pyke spotted that anything was on!" urged Smart.
 "There is a proverb, Smart, that goes in where angels fear to tread!" remarked Hay, shaking his head. "This looks, altogether too good! There's a catch somewhere."
 "Look here, sir, it's safe as houses—"
 "Timeo Danaos!" said Will.
 "Oh crikey! Don't bung Latin at us, sir!" remonstrated Tubby Green indignantly. "Tain't fair!"
 "On the other hand, Green, we will do a little Latin!" said Will Hay sternly. "I shall give you a sentence from Virgil, to cane the boy who fails to construe!"
 "Oh lor!"
 "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!" said Will. "Construe!"
 "I fear the Greek and the gifts they bring!" translated Dicky Bird, in a hurry, as Will flourished his cane.
 "Exactly!" bleated Bill. "A wise old Troian made that remark, my boys, when the Greeks who were besieging Troy, made them a present of a wooden horse. There was more in that horse than met the eye! Welcome as the supply from the Didham Water Company may mean, the Didham Dairy—would be to our present straits, let us remember to cane the Greeks when they bring gifts—and leave alone! There's a catch in it somewhere."
 And Will Hay billowed back to the front of the house and resumed watching the fellows from the dining-room window, while his lowers exchanged exasperated glances.
 "Look here, we're having that milk!" whispered Dicky Bird. "Somebody may come after it any minute. If old Pyke spotted it he would be after it like a shot, before he could snaffle it. Blow old Hay—"
 "Bless his little heart!" said Jimmy Carboy. "He can talk all the rot he likes, but we're having that milk!"
 "I should jolly well think so!" bleated Tubby Green. "A gallon of milk would do out a meal—"
 "But if old Hay barges in—" murmured Sammy Straw.
 "He won't!" grinned Dicky. "Wait a tick!"
 The Fourth Formers, grinning, waited, while Richard Bird crept up the passage to the dining-room door. He peered in, and had a view of Will Hay seen from the south. The Form-master stood looking into the quad. Softly and silently Dicky reached in and abstracted the key from the lock. He slipped it into the outside of the lock, drew the door shut, and turned the key. Will Hay was a prisoner in the dining-room now!
 But at the click of the key, he turned from the window and came breezing across the door. He dragged at the door handle and roared:
 "What's this? Who's locked me in? My gun, I'll dust all the pants in the house. Let me out of this, you cheeky little twit. Hear me?" He thumped on the door in great wrath.
 "Hear me, you mooching microbe!" Richard Bird heard—but he did not look. He scuttled to his comrades.
 "O.K.!" he grinned. "We'll let old Hay out when we've got the milk in! Get the back door open!"
 Thump, thump, thump! came across the dining-room. Will Hay, in the dining-room, seemed to be getting excited. But the chuckling rebels did not heed.
 "The old bean will be jolly pleased when he finds that it's all right!" chuckled Dicky Bird. "Get a move on!"
 The back door was opened. Half a dozen fellows, posted at windows, kept watch; there was no move from the enemy. It was clear to all the Bendover Fourth that the Form-master was over-cautious; for nothing could have been easier and safer.
 A dozen fellows kept guard in the hallway! A dozen more, led by Dicky Bird,



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rushed out to secure the plunder. It was quick work! Nobody was at hand—nobody approached the spot—the thing could not have been easier if Mr. Pyke had specially desired to make the rebels a present of that immense supply of milk!

Two fellows to each churn, grasping the handles, trundled them swiftly away. The weight showed that they were full. Indeed, they seemed unusually heavy. But many hands made light work. Swiftly the raiders trundled them to the back door of the rebels' stronghold. Swiftly they trundled them in. Churn after churn trundled in, amid chuckles of glee and triumph, till all were inside, and the back door was slammed, locked, and bolted again. In the passage the churns stood in a row—safely and effectively snaffled by Dicky Bird & Co.

Thump, thump, thump! came from the dining-room. And Riehard Bird cut along to let Will out, nothing doubting that he would be delighted with the success of that masterly raid!

WILL HAY billowed out of the dining-room. His face was pink with wrath—his eyes gleamed over his slanting nose-nippers. He brandished his cane as he came.

"Yarooop!" roared Dicky Bird, catching the first swipe.

"I say, hold on, sir!" roared Jimmy Carboy. "We've got the stuff! Look! We've bagged the whole lot! Yoo-hoop!" He dodged round the row of tall churns as Will swiped with the cane. "I say, look what we've got—"

"I can see what you've got," yapped Will—"which is more than you moss-headed microbes can! Bird, Carboy, Smart, Straw, Green, sit on those churns!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Sit on them!" bawled Will Hay. He sat himself on top of the churn at the end of the row and brandished his cane. "Do you hear? Jump to it, or there won't be half a pound of dust left in your pants!"

The Bendover Fourth blinked at him in amazement. But the flourished cane enforced obedience. Bird, Carboy, Green, Smart, and Straw, each lodged himself on the lid of a churn and sat there.

"But I say—what—" gasped Dicky Bird.

"Sit tight!" snapped Will Hay. "If you move, I'll give you something to make you move quickly! Now, Podger, draw a bucket of water. Put a shovelful of soot in it, and stir."

"Oh crikey!" gasped Podger.

He jumped to obey.

"But what do you mean, sir?" yelled Carboy.

"Mean?" snorted Will Hay. "I mean that when I said 'Tineo Danaos' to you little ticks, I remembered the stunt of the wooden horse at Troy! I mean that I was just thinking of it when that bold bad Bird locked me in the dining-room! I mean that I'm only just in time to save your bacon! Buck up with that bucket, Podger."

"Here you are, sir!" gasped Podger.

"Sit tight, the rest of you!" snorted Will.

He slipped from the top of the churn, and took the bucket of sooty water in his right hand. With his left, he whisked off the lid! Up went the bucket, to be tilted into the churn. The Bendover Fourth fairly gaped at that amazing action!

"You'll spoil the milk!" shrieked Tubby Green, as the torrent of sooty water shot into the milk-churn. "You'll— Oh crikey!"

There was a sudden, fearful yell from the interior of the churn! A head shot up into view! The Bendover Fourth gave a howl of amazement as they stared at that sudden apparition.

"Stuckey!" shrieked Dicky Bird.

"In the chick-chick-churn!" stuttered Jimmy Carboy.

Drenched with sooty water, Stuckey of the Sixth poked his startled head out of the churn and blinked sootily round. The juniors gaped at him. But Stuckey's head was seen only for a few moments. Then Will Hay smacked it, and it disappeared again into the churn

like a jack-in-the-box! Will Hay jammed the lid tight.

"Sit on that lid, Podger!"

"Oh crikey! All right!" gasped Podger.

He sat on the lid, effectually imprisoning Stuckey of the Sixth inside the churn.

"Another bucket of water—and lots of soot!" said Will Hay.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh lor!" said Tubby Green. "'Tain't milk at all—it's prefects! Oh crikey!"

"They'd have got out all right if old Hay hadn't made us sit on the lids!" gasped Dicky Bird. "I—I suppose there's a chap in every churn, like the Forty Thieves in the oil-jars in the Arabian Nights—"

"Precisely!" grunted Will Hay. "Hand me that bucket! This is where I do the Ali Baba stunt!"

Another churn was uncovered—and sooty water sluiced in! The head of Crocker, the captain of Bendover, popped up, yelling—to disappear again, as Jimmy Carboy made a lick at it with a cricket-stump! Crocker, in his turn, did the jack-in-the-box act!

"Sit on that lid! Now the next!" bleated Will Hay.

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Bendover Fourth.

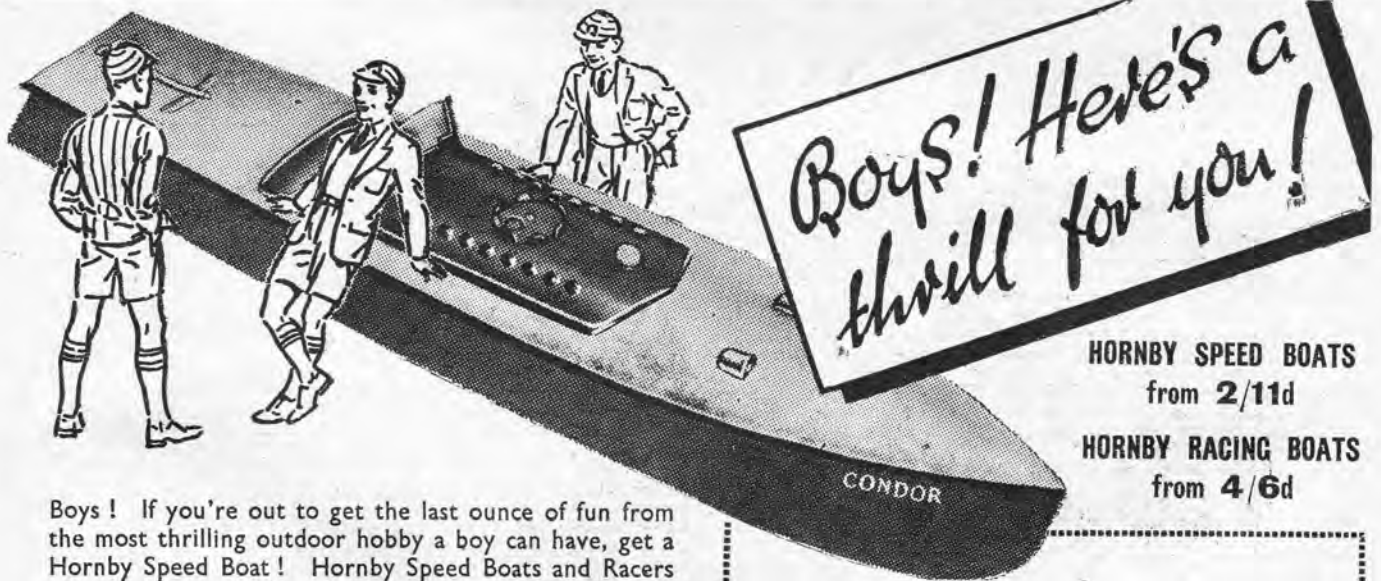
They were enjoying this! From churn to churn went Will Hay, and into each in turn a bucket of sooty water was tipped!

With the hapless prefects squirming and spluttering within, the milk-churns were trundled along the passage and out of the front door by the swarm of chortling juniors.

Mr. Pyke gazed transfixed! The lids flew off the churns and from the interior crawled half a dozen breathless, furious, drenched and sooty prefects! They tottered away, followed by a howl of laughter!

And Will Hay, grinning with all his teeth, kissed his hand to the staring Mr. Pyke, and banged the door.

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