

Everybody's Favourite: "MIKE, SPIKE & GRETA" Meet them in the comic strip below.



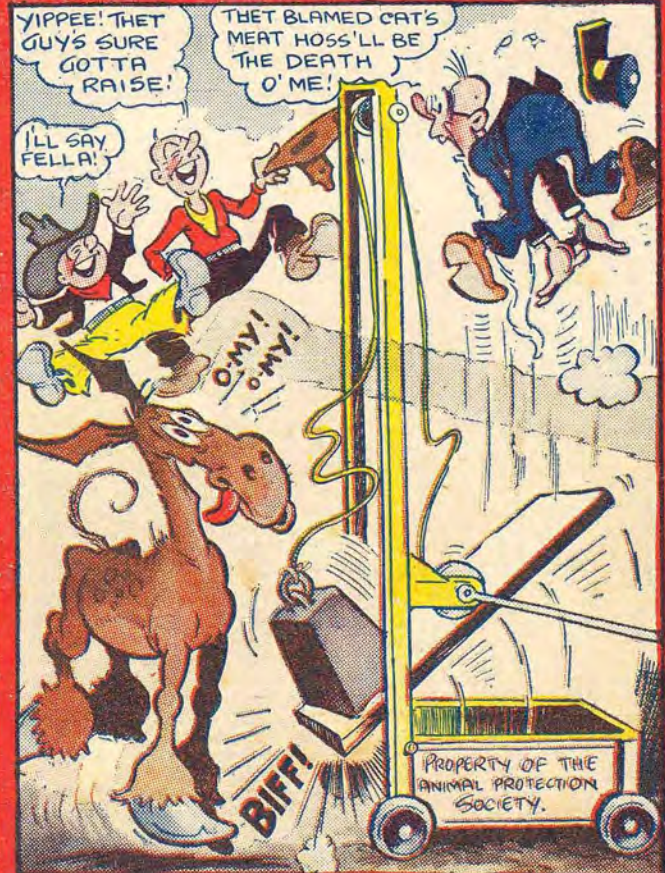
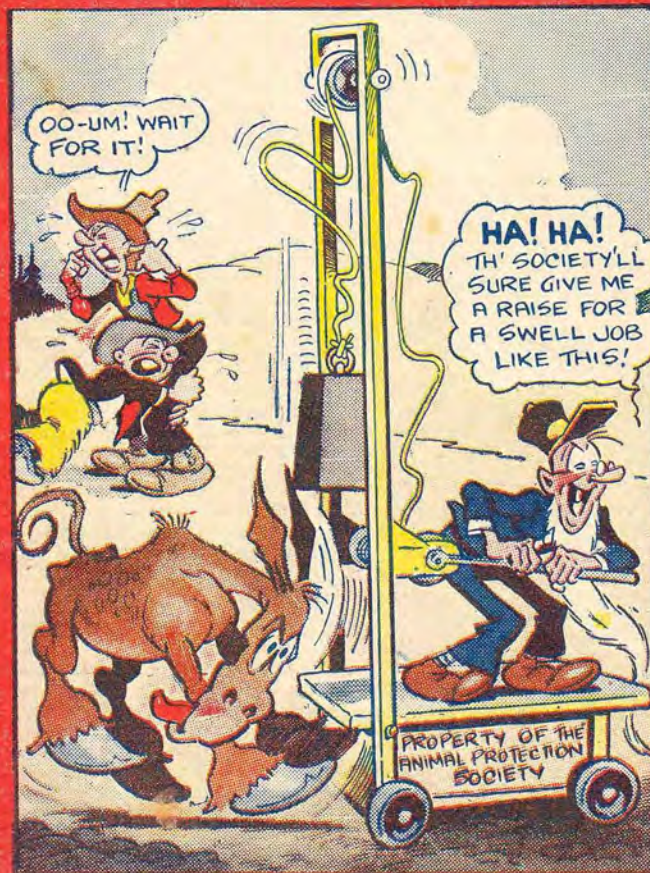
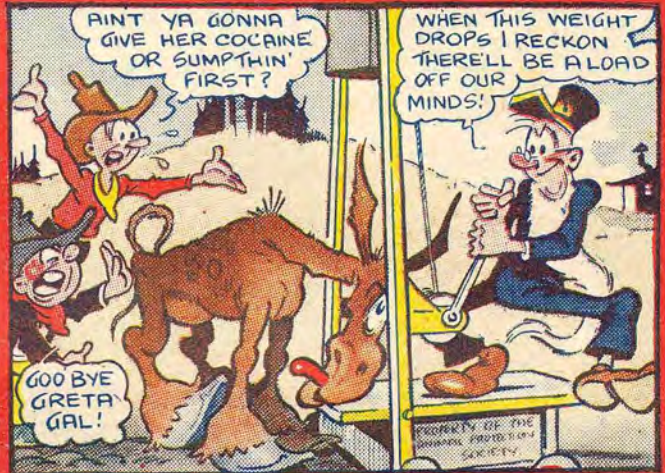
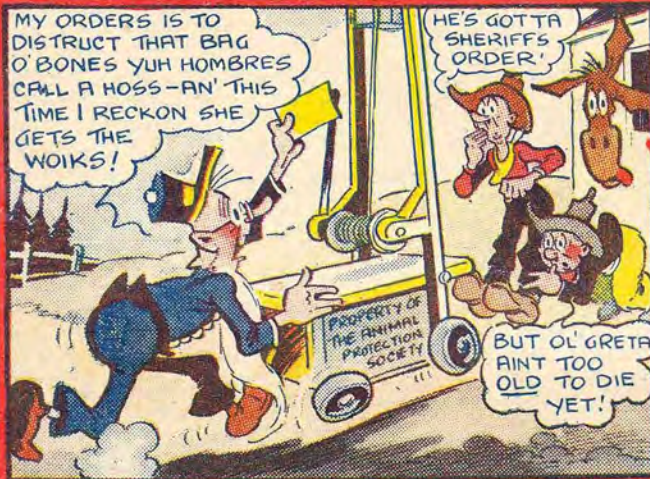
WILL HAY IS INSIDE

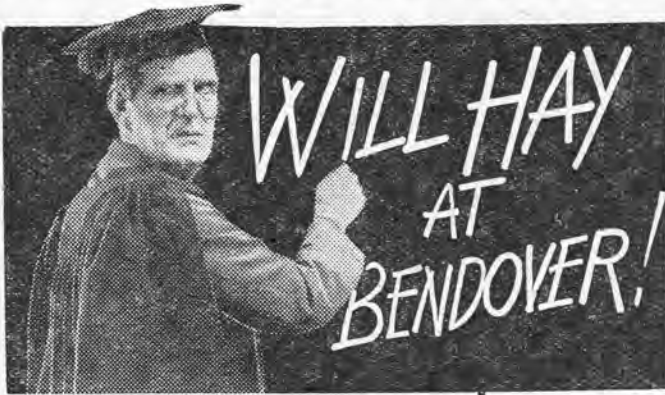
The PILOT

EVERY FRIDAY

2D

No. 105. Vol. 5. Week ending October 2nd, 1937.





WARNING! If laughing hurts you, then don't read this story. If it doesn't, then go ahead and have the laugh of your lives with the merry exploits of **WILL HAY**, master of the Fourth and master of mirth.

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



TURN out your pockets, Snell!" Will Hay, master of the Fourth Form at Bendover, towered over the shrinking figure of "Fruity" Snell. Will's mortar-board, as usual, was perched at a crazy angle on his head, his right eyebrow arched like a bow, and his nose-nippers seemed in danger of losing their moorings, so to speak.

"I'd—I'd rather not, sir, if you don't mind," quavered Fruity, casting an apprehensive eye at the cane which lay so conveniently close to Will Hay's right hand.

"I've not the slightest doubt, you little tick, that you'd rather not," said Will Hay, squinting his disgust at the shivering Fruity. "But an order is an order, and you must deliver the goods, you follow me. Turn out your pockets!"

Reluctantly—very reluctantly—Fruity turned out his pockets. The usual conglomeration of odd articles came to light—a length of string, with knots in it, a piece of toffee, covered in fluff, a broken-bladed penknife, a number of cigarette cards, a stub of pencil, and a handkerchief, which, once white, was now in heavy mourning.

"Is that all, you little tick?" demanded Will. "You have been reported to me by a prefect for smoking. Where are your cigarettes?"

"Oh!" Fruity gulped, coloured in embarrassment and reluctantly fished a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket. "Do you mean these, sir?"

"They will do," said Will Hay, and he picked up the packet with a critical eye. "Hem! An unusual brand. I must try them. Ahem! I mean, you know it is strictly against the rules for Bendover boys to smoke."

"Ye-es, sir!"

"You also know, Snail-Snell—that it is

wrong for junior boys to gamble and frequent undesirable haunts, such as the Three Fishers and—"

Fruity Snell shook with genuine alarm. How did Will Hay know of his surreptitious visits to the Three Fishers, at Didham, after lights out?

"I—I—I've never been to the Three Fishers, sir," he ventured.

"That will be another wallop, for lying, my little toad," remarked Will Hay solemnly. "You have been there, because I was in there myself—ahem! I mean, I have very positive information that you were there after lights-out, last night."

"Oh!"

"It is my duty, as your Form-master, to correct you in little matters of this sort," resumed Will Hay, tapping the side of his nose thoughtfully. "You have blackguardly tendencies, young Snell, and blackguardly tendencies in the young must be treated with a firm hand, if you get my meaning."

Fruity Snell "got" his Form-master's meaning, all right. He sighed as Will's hand closed on the cane.

"You will touch your toes, Snell. For smoking I shall give you six—"

"Wow! Oh, dear!"

"I shall also confiscate these cigarettes. For breaking bounds, after lights-out, I shall administer another six—"

"Groooough!" groaned Snell.

"For frequenting a low tavern for the purpose of meeting undesirable acquaintances, and for gambling I shall inflict another six—"

went on the master of the Fourth grimly.

"Here, I say, sir!" gulped the unhappy Fruity. "You can't do that! You're not allowed to give me more than six. It's against the rules. I'll tell my people. I'll tell the Head. I'll tell the police, see!"

Will Hay grinned with all his teeth.

"You can tell the marines, as well, you little tick; but don't think I'm fool enough to dust your pants eighteen times at one sitting—or rather, bending. No, Snell; Will Hay was not born yesterday. I shall give you six now and—"

"Wow!"

"And six to-morrow, you little wart," said Will, with a frosty smile, "and six the day after. It's a kill-or-cure method I'm going to use with you, Snell, if you follow me. Kindly place yourself in the requisite posture. Ah! Thank you! You know, my boy, it hurts me more to do this than it hurts you. Remember that!"

But, judging by the crescendo of howls which lofted ceilingwards, Fruity did not see eye to eye with his Form-master in that matter. When Will had laid on "six" with a heavy hand Fruity was squirming—and yelling—and blubbing.

"Now take yourself out of this apartment, Snell, and emulate the snail—go slow—what? Don't try any bounds-breaking to-night, because I'm going to look in at the dorm every half-hour after lights out."

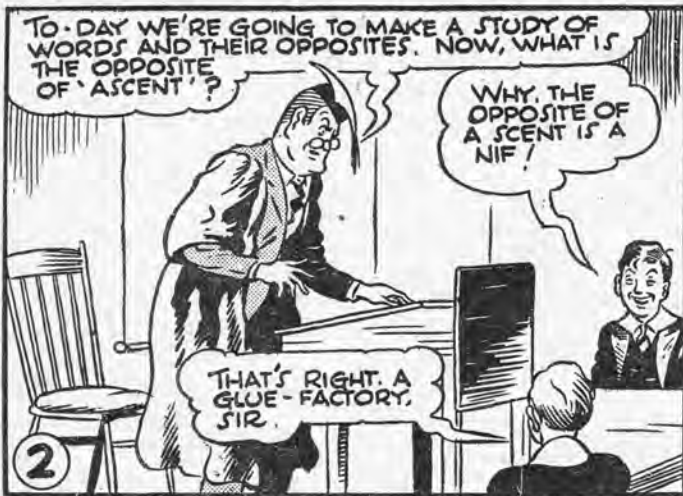
Fruity crawled away from his Form-master's study, wriggling and squirming, but he forced a watery smile as he leaned against the mantelpiece in his study—standing being much more preferable just then than sitting.

"Those cigarettes will make the old fossil sit up!" mumbled Fruity. "Wow! The beast did lay it on—groooough! Wait till he starts to smoke 'em!"

For very deliberately had Fruity Snell purchased those unusual cigarettes the moment he had known that a prefect had reported him to Will Hay for smoking.

But in trying to put a fast one over on his Form-master Fruity had forgotten the inevit-





able luck which seemed to follow Will Hay around, almost as faithfully as Mary's little lamb.

While Fruity squirmed and chuckled alternately as he leaned against the mantelpiece, Dr. Shrub, the venerable headmaster of Bendover, elected to "drop in" on the master of the Fourth for a chat and a smoke.

"Ah, my dear Hay! Taking a well deserved rest after the toils of the day, eh, Hay?"

"Oh, ah, quite!" mumbled Will Hay, stifling a yawn.

Old Dr. Shrub was the "boss," but he was also a tremendous bore, and Will wanted to complete his study of the next day's racing programme.

"Ah, Hay!" beamed Dr. Shrub, his eye catching sight of the packet of cigarettes. "An unusual brand of cigarettes you have there. Do you mind if I have one?"

"Not a bit, sir. As you say, they are an unusual brand. Help yourself!"

Beaming over his nose-nippers, Will Hay obligingly struck a match and held it out. Dr. Shrub took two long puffs at the cigarette—then things happened.

Bang! There was a terrifying explosion, a flash of flame, and the innocent-looking cigarette burst asunder and shot a spray of black powder all over Dr. Shrub's face.

"Good gracious!" gulped Will Hay, and so great was his agitation that his nose-nippers slid off his nose and finished up in his mouth. "That little tick, Snell!"

"Oooooooogh!" gasped Dr. Shrub. "What—what happened? Oh dear! I feel as if I've been shot! Groooooogh!"

He became conscious then that Will Hay was laughing. In fact, tears of merriment were streaming down Will's face; for the august and venerable Head of Bendover looked

like a Christy minstrel—his face was as black as the ace of spades.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ahem! Excuse me, sir. But you should see your dial—I mean your countenance, sir! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mr. Hay!" barked Dr. Shrub. "I have been the victim of a practical joke—"

"Right on the wicket, sir," gurgled Will.

"I am surprised at you, Mr. Hay! Disgusted with you, sir! A man of your years—of your attainments, stooping to play such a ridiculous prank on your headmaster! I must ask—nay, I insist, your resignation instantly!"

But Will was too doubled up with laughter to offer any explanations just then. He rocked with mirth as Dr. Shrub took one more horrified glance at his blackened reflection, then bolted from the study like a startled rabbit.

"Not bad for you, Snell, you clever little wart," ruminated Will Hay. "But you never guessed your esteemed and respected headmaster would get what was meant for me. I've half a mind to let you off those two licks, bless me if I don't!"

WILL HAY sat bolt upright, as if he had been released by a spring.

It was an hour after the "trick cigarette" incident, and Will had seen Dr. Shrub and given his explanations. But the Head had refused to be mollified, and now Will was sitting in his chair feeling decidedly blue.

The window was half-open, and through the window came the murmur of voices. Sitting, as he was, in the depths of the chair, Will couldn't see the owners of those voices, but he knew they were members of his Form by the caustic references to himself.

"We've got the grub in. That old idiot Hay won't interfere; he'll be sleeping his head off."

"Rather! The old fossil's always dozing." "And we'll have the dorm feed exactly half an hour after lights out. It's about time the Fourth got back to their old reputation of being unamiable. I'll tell the fellows."

Quietly Will rose from his chair and crossed to the window, little dreaming that his moving shadow, thrown against the quad, betrayed his movements. When he peered out into the darkness, there was no sign of the speakers; they had vanished like shadows.

Arching his eyebrows, and tapping his nose thoughtfully, Will Hay returned to his chair.

"Ah! So I'm a sleepy old fossil, am I?" He smiled frostily. "An old idiot—eh? Always dozing, what? I'll learn the little ticks! If I don't put the kybosh on that dorm feed my name isn't Will Hay."

He pondered a while, and then grinned. Half an hour after "lights out" that dorm feed was going to be confiscated. And Dr. Shrub, who, at the moment, held to the belief that Will was too lenient with his Form, was going to be present to see the fun.

While Will Hay allowed his imagination free run, Fruity Snell and Gaston, his study-mate since Reggie Pyke had been booted out, were clucking hugely.

"It'll work, Fruity!" gurgled Gaston. "He swallowed it—hook, line, and sinker!"

"And we didn't give ourselves away, either," chuckled Fruity. "I'll make that beast sit up. I'll teach him to come snooping round the dorm every half-hour. Come on, give me a hand with a pail of soot."

For the next twenty minutes Fruity Snell and Gaston were exceedingly busy. In theory, they should have been engaged on prep., but the preparation of a No. 1 size bobby trap for Will Hay's especial benefit was more to their liking.



Into a large bucket went the nastiest-looking mixture conceivable—soot, ink, red and black, water, treacle, and gum. Then the two conspirators took turns to stir this fearful compound until it was well and truly mixed.

No flicker of guilt betrayed them when Will Hay popped his head round the door of the Fourth Form dorm to say good-night and switch out the lights, despite the very intent glare he cast in their direction.

"Good-morning, boys!" boomed Will, from force of habit, as he turned out the lights. "And no larks!"

"Good-morning, sir!" chirruped the Fourth solemnly.

There was a frosty smile on Will Hay's face as he trod downstairs. In half an hour's time the little ticks were going to pull a fast one over him, were they? Well, they were booked for a shock—but so was Will, if only he knew it!

For exactly ten minutes after he had left the Fourth Form dormitory, Fruity Snell and Gaston scrambled out of bed.

"Wharrer you up to?" came Jerry Smart's sleepy voice.

"Mind your own business!" growled Fruity. "Well, if you're going out on the tiles, I hope the beaks pinch you!" yawned the captain of the Fourth, as he turned over and slept again.

But Fruity Snell had no intention of "going on the tiles" that night. With Gaston assisting him, he rigged the booby-trap which had been prepared with such loving care, above the door of the passage which led to the dorm. Anyone opening that door now was certain to get the contents of the bucket!

Chuckling to themselves, the two young scamps of the Fourth scuttled back to bed and lay awake—listening. Sharp at half-past ten, they knew, Will Hay would give them a look in.

And sharp at half-past ten the master of the Fourth, accompanied by Dr. Shrubbs, trod quietly up the staircase, coming to a halt outside the closed door of the dorm passage.

"You first, sir," beamed Will Hay toothily, standing aside for his chief to pass. "After you, sir!"

The door was pushed open, and Dr. Shrubbs began to walk in, when—
Clang! Splash! Swoooooosh!

The clatter of the tilting pail was drowned in the Dervish-like yell which proceeded from Dr. Shrubbs. For swamping him from head to foot, black, clinging, sticky, and horrible, was the result of Snell's and Gaston's handiwork.

"Gugggggg! Groooooo! Ooooooop!" "What's happened, sir?" queried Will Hay, knowing nothing save that his chief was yelling and gurgling his head off. Then he switched on the electric light, and the sight which met his horrified gaze sent his nose-nippers zooming off his nose. There was Dr. Shrubbs, drenched, breathless, and totally unrecognisable. Ink and gum and soot and water streamed off him, but most of it clung to him with almost that tendency of ivy clinging to a wall.

"Groooooogh! Moooooo! Woooooo!" gurgled Dr. Shrubbs.

"Oh, my only elastic-sided boots!" gasped Will Hay. "Oh—oh—oh, my only Sunday mortar-board!"

"Gugggggg!" gasped the hapless headmaster of Bendover. "Goooooo! Ooooooooh! Woooooo! Oh dear!"

"What a lucky escape for me," remarked Will Hay, arching an eyebrow very critically at the now emptied tilted pail. "Very ingenious, don't you think, sir? Let me thank you, sir, for shaving my wife—I mean, saving my life an' all that, if you know what I mean. Every bullet finds a billet—what? But sometimes the bullet hits the wrong billet, yes! Yes, indeed, a lucky escape! A thousand thanks, doctor! A thousand—"

But this was more than the long-suffering headmaster could stand. He pushed past Will Hay, collapsing him against the wall, and, incidentally, smarming him with a goodly portion of that horrible mixture, and, wheezing like an old war-horse, tottered off for the nearest bath-room.

"Something seems to have upset the old boy!" murmured Will Hay, setting his mortar-board askant, and replacing his nose-nippers at their customary crazy angle. "Now, lemme see, what ought I to do? Carry on with my duty and confiscate that feed, or go to the assistance of our good doctor." He considered

the point, arching his eyebrow, and decided: "Duty first, Hay, eh? Yes, sir! Three bags full! On your way, Form-master Hay; never shirk the call of duty."

But it was very gingerly indeed that he proceeded. There might be more booby traps about. You never could tell with the young ribs of Bendover. However, he approached the main dorm door without further mishap, and swung it open dramatically, taking good care not to cross the threshold until he knew that it was safe to do so.

"Now, you little warts—" he was beginning, as his hand switched on the light. Then he blinked, and his nose-nippers slipped askew, for there was no sign of any feasting. Every boy was in bed, apparently fast asleep.

Only Fruity Snell and Gaston peered cautiously at their Form-master from beneath lowered lids, and they wondered mightily what had gone wrong with the works. They had heard the clang of the bucket and the terrific yell which followed it. Someone had got the full benefit of that tophole booby-trap.

But that somebody wasn't Will Hay. His luck had held again!

"My only hat and sunshade!" gurgled Will Hay faintly, as he leaned against the door-post. "I've been done—dished, diddled, and done brown! Now, I wonder if the little wart who tricked me answers to the name of Snell." He raised his voice and yelled smartly: "Snell!"

Snore! Fruity Snell wasn't having any. Snore!

But Will Hay got something in exchange for that yell. He got a boot—a boot which was hurled with unerring accuracy by Jerry Smart. It caught the master of the Fourth a fearful wallop on the head.

"Gerraway!" came Jerry Smart's sleepy voice, as he blinked in the light. "Put out that light!" Then he became aware of the identity of the recipient of that boot, and very promptly closed his eyes and began to snore lustily.

Will Hay breathed hard and deep. For a moment he was tempted to charge into the dorm and lay about him with the cane. But the unfairness of that proceeding came home to him in time and stayed his hand. Instead he pursed his lips, switched out the light, and began his descent of the stairs, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"Boys will be boys!" he murmured to himself. "But won't there be high jinks to-morrow, when old Shrubbs starts inquiries?"

"OLD SHRUBBS," however, didn't get very far with his inquiries. The Fourth were loyal. Soon it was rumoured that Fruity Snell and Gaston had been responsible for that prize booby-trap, but no one thought of giving them away. And the Head of Bendover, feeling that he was losing dignity by pursuing his inquiries, and failing to find the real culprits, wisely decided to shift the responsibility on to other shoulders.

Will Hay, naturally, came in for a scathing ten minutes. What Dr. Shrubbs thought of the boys of his Form, and of Will's management of them, would have filled volumes. Will Hay's ears were tingling when Dr. Shrubbs had finished.

"I will give you a week in which to find out the culprits—these young hooligans who obviously creep around the school after lights-out. If at the end of that time they still remain undiscovered I shall seriously think of dispensing with your services, Mr. Hay."

Rueful of countenance, Will Hay took that threat to heart, and promised himself that he would speedily discover the culprits. But, like Dr. Shrubbs, he met with little success. Not even when he made a lightning inspection of all the boys' hands, looking for traces of ink which might point to the guilty party or parties, did he achieve anything. For Jerry Smart, quicker to see that this means of identification might be employed by the "beaks," gave swift instructions that every boy should smear ink on his hands, so that they matched Fruity Snell's and Gaston's.

"Clever little warts, aren't you?" glared Will Hay, tapping the side of his nose thoughtfully. "Jerry Smart! Stand up! Do your

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By
MARTIN
CLIFFORD

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best to define to the class the meaning of the American term 'sucker.'

"Sucker, sir? Yes, sir!" grinned Jerry obligingly, and he cleared his throat. "A sucker, sir, is a Hay, sir."

"A what?" roared the master of the Fourth. "I mean it's made of hay, sir—or is it straw? You put one end of it in your lemonade, the other end in your mouth, and you suck, sir. See, sir?"

"No, I don't, Jeremiah Smart!" rasped Will. "A sucker is an idiot!"

"Is he, sir? Not hay or straw, sir?"

"No. A sucker is a fool—a goomph—a nitwit. Write that out a hundred times. And, Jeremiah Smart, you had better sit down in comfort before I dust your pants!"

The captain of the Fourth hurriedly sat down.

"Now, young Snell," rasped Will, squinting over his nose-nippers, "you're supposed to be a clever person. Answer this simple question. 'If I had five pounds in my jacket pocket—ten shillings in my waistcoat pocket—and fifteen shillings in my trousers pocket, what would I have?'"

"Someone else's suit on, sir!" answered Fruity innocently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, you little ticks!" commanded Will Hay. "I seem to have seen that joke in the PILOT, young Snell, and as you've obviously been reading the PILOT, I'll let you off a tanning. Sit down. The class will now proceed to write an essay on English History since the reign of Alfred the Great. Get busy. Maybe"—he added under his breath—"I shall be able to learn something I don't know. Much easier than teaching out of one's head. Now I wonder what's going to win the three-thirty?"

And while the boys of the Fourth, in effect, changed places with their master and taught him something about English History, Will Hay devoted the rest of the morning to a brief and concise History of the Turf in general, and the probable winner of the three-thirty in particular.

THE old clock in the tower was solemnly chiming the hour of midnight, and its echoing clangour awoke Will Hay with a start.

It was the night following Fruity Snell's booby-trap.

Hearing a faint sound as of moving feet in the passage, Will Hay hastily scrambled out of bed, jammed on his mortar-board from force of habit, and without waiting to don his dressing-gown over his night-shirt, darted into the passage.

Fruity Snell, who was returning from a nocturnal visit to the Three Feathers, saw him first! But the wily Fruity had prepared for an emergency of this sort, and had pulled his pyjamas over his outdoor clothes.

As Will Hay thumbed down the switch in the passage and flooded it with light, a gasp of triumph passed his lips. He recognised Fruity at once.

"Caught in the act, you little tick, eh? Now what have you got to say for yourself?"

There was no reply. For Fruity was playing a part. Slowly and steadily he advanced towards his Form-master, his arms outstretched, a dreamy, far-away look in his wide-open eyes. If Will Hay hadn't darted aside, Fruity, it seemed, would have tried to walk right through him.

"What's this little game, eh?" demanded the master of the Fourth. "Stop, do you hear?"

But Fruity Snell did not stop, neither did he turn his head or open his mouth to speak. Still with hands and arms outstretched before him, he continued his way along the passage, making for the dormitories, slowly and eerily.

"My only umbrella!" gasped Will. "The kid's sleep-walking. Would you believe it?"

And so well was Fruity putting over a stunt he had seen at the pictures the week before that he completely deceived Will Hay. He was a sleep-walker to the life. Up the stairs he went, without turning his head—his pace the same, steady, careful stride. Behind him, scratching the side of his nose, came Will Hay, blinking.

Straight to his bed went Fruity and tucked himself in.

"Well I'm—" began Will; then he remembered that the boys were asleep so he trod softly out and made his way back to his own bed. "I wonder if that little tick was pulling my leg—I wonder!"

And the master of the Fourth was still wondering half an hour later when sleep overcame him. All the same for that, the artful Fruity got the benefit of the doubt.

"Easy" he confided to Gaston. "The dosey old fool fell for it like a kid. I'm going to try the same stunt again to-morrow night."

Success, like wine, easily went to Fruity's head, and half an hour after lights-out the following night he slipped out of the dormitory and made his way down to the Three Feathers.

Unaware that his most troublesome pupil was again breaking bounds, but still brooding, even in his sleep, over the probability of Fruity having pulled a fast one over him, Will Hay dreamed of sleep-walkers and the danger of awakening them. His sleep was so troubled that a few minutes before midnight he awoke with a violent start. Some sound—some unnatural sound for that hour of the night had awakened him.

He slipped out of bed, donned his battered mortar-board, and still only half-awake, began to grope his way out into the passage, feeling for the light-switch. The sight which met his startled eyes as the light flooded on sent cold shivers down his spine. Pressed flat against the wall were two burly men, the upper half of their faces masked. Their "profession" however, was easily identified for steel jemmies protruded from their jacket pockets, and their feet were encased in rubber-soled shoes.

In the hands of both men were squat-nosed automatics, and that first terrifying glance Will Hay got of them left a very clear impression that they wouldn't hesitate to use them.

Will did the quickest spot of thinking of his life. He knew what these men had come for—Dr. Shrubbs' collection of gold coins. Much had been written of Dr. Shrubbs' collection in the local paper and, quite obviously, this publicity had aroused the interest of these nocturnal visitors.

Even as Tough Alec and Slim Jim rasped a command to Will Hay to "stick 'em up," the master of the Fourth remembered Fruity Snell and his sleep-walking.

Would that stunt work twice—would it deceive these desperate ruffians? Will decided to take a chance—it was the only thing he could do against two armed men.

Taking no heed of that order, he stretched out his arms before him, threw his head back, opened his eyes wide in a steady fixed stare, and began to move down the passage in majestic strides, just as if Tough Alec and Slim Jim didn't exist.

"Gaw!" breathed Tough Alec hoarsely. "Look at him, Slim—sleep-walkin'!"

"Sure?" quavered Slim Jim suspiciously.

"Course I'm sure. Look at his eyes. Look at him. He hasn't seen us, yet he's walking straight towards us. Listen"—he raised his voice a little—"Stand still, Mr. Schoolmaster, or I'll plug you—stand still d'you hear?"

Will Hay heard all right, and his heart leaped a pulse or two, but he kept on walking, rather like Felix. Tough Alec's brutish voice rose again in a triumphant, hoarse whisper.

"There you are, Slim. He's sleep-walkin', all right. Naw, don't wake him, or else he'll yell. Let's follow him a bit, an' see where he goes."

Pocketing their guns, the two burglars began to follow in the wake of the "sleep-walker," and it was when Will Hay caught a glimpse of their reflection in the corridor mirror, and noticed that two loaded guns no longer menaced him that he hit on a daring, though desperate, plan.

Slowly, majestically he led the way to the Head's study.

Tough Alec whooped his excitement. "The room we're after. Didn't the papers say the old fossil kept his coins in his study safe? We're in luck, Slim!"

Arms outstretched, Will Hay reached the

door of Dr. Shrubbs' study, his hands groped for and found the handle, turning it. In he went—straight for Dr. Shrubbs' desk, not even troubling now to switch on the light, Tough Alec and Slim Jim a couple of paces behind him.

It was the suspicious Slim Jim who thoughtfully switched on the light, and then a howl of rage escaped both Slim and Tough Alec. For, with a lightning move, Will Hay had opened the drawer of Dr. Shrubbs' desk and snatched out a pistol. It was an old pistol, of the Webley type, but it was enough to put the breeze up the crooks.

"Stick 'em up!" barked Will, in the approved gangster fashion. "Stick 'em up pronto, or I'll let daylight into you, and I don't mean maybe!"

Slowly the hands of the two burglars went aloft.

"Curse it! Beaten by a bloomin' school-master!" growled Tough Alec. "Taken in

(Continued on page 12.)



BANG—boom—whiz! Up they go! All the colours of the rainbow splatter the sky. What a thrill! Yes, you'll have a real rip-snorting "Fifth" if you hurry up and join BROCK'S Club. And it's so easy. Simply go to a shop displaying BROCK'S FIREWORK CLUB Notice in the window and ask for a Club Card. Give the shopman a penny or whatever you can spare and he'll enter it on the card. When you have saved a lot of pennies, no doubt Dad and Uncle Bill will add a bob or two. Then what a thrill you'll have choosing a grand selection of BROCK'S latest wonderful firework surprises.

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TARZAN

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By **EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS.**

EXCLUSIVE TO "The PILOT"—The greatest jungle epic of all time, presented for the first time in this novel combined picture-story of the thrilling adventures of a white boy whose foster-parents were apes of the African forests.



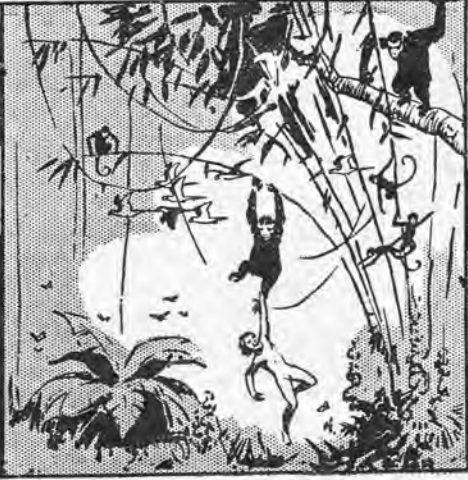
All the following day Jane thought fast and furiously. She had felt the purpose for which Tarzan had asked a few words with her. She knew she must be prepared to give him her answer. What was it to be? Did she love him. . . . She did not know now.



She realised the spell that had been upon her in the depths of the far-off jungle. Here there was no spell of enchantment. Nor did Clayton, to whom she was engaged, appeal to the primal woman in her as had the stalwart forest-god. Why, he had not even a name!



Tarzan held in his hand a cablegram from Paris. He tore it open, almost dreading to know its contents. The message was from his friend D'Arnot. It read: "Finger prints prove you Lord Greystoke. Congratulations." At last he knew the truth. The mystery was solved. His great chest heaved with emotion.



Tarzan turned towards the window. But he saw nothing without. Instead, in his mind's eye he beheld a patch of greensward in the African jungle matted with tropical plants and flowers. Above, the waving foliage of mighty trees and over all the blue of an equatorial sky! It was HOME!



A lovely girl sat upon a mound of earth. Beside her was a young giant. They ate pleasant fruit and looked into each other's eyes and smiled. . . . They were very happy—and they were all alone. He heard her voice: "I hope your message bears no bad news?" Jane asked gently.

Tarzan came towards Clayton and the woman. He was very happy. AND JANE his noble a

WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!

(Continued from page 9.)

like a coupla suckers, by a mug in a nightgown an' a mortiss-board!"

"Shocking English, gentlemen!" remarked Will, in his natural voice. "I will have you know that this is a nightshirt, not a nightgown, and that this is a mortar-board, not a mortiss-board. But kindly keep your hands where they are! I'm a desperate man, like—like lightning on the trigger, I guess!"

Keeping both men covered, Will jabbed his finger on the bell-push in Dr. Shrubb's desk and kept it there. The incessant din soon brought the headmaster himself and a number of servants on the scene.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Dr. Shrubb. "What has been happening? Who are these men?"

"I have been doing a spot of sleepwalking, sir," grinned Will toothily, "and in the doing of it have saved your collection of gold coins, for gold coins, I'll bet my only summer bonnet, these tough gentlemen of the night trails came to collect. Correct me, gents, if I am wrong."

"Gaw! Pack it up, mister! We know when we're beat!"

"Kindly oblige me, Dr. Shrubb, by removing their weapons. You will, I think, find both loaded. Ah, thank you!"

Will Hay beamed, and sighed in deep relief.

"Now kindly advise the police over the telephone that an early call here might allow all of us to get some sleep before the night has waned. Thank you again, Dr. Shrubb!"

Kelly, the porter, and other servants arriving on the scene, soon saw to it that 'tough Alec and his colleague were roped

securely, in readiness for the arrival of the police. Again Will Hay sighed his relief.

"Thank you, Kelly!" he remarked to the porter. "You've made a good job of trussing those two birds. You see, this gun I held them up with isn't loaded—"

"What!" There was an explosive howl from the two prisoners. "Not loaded?"

"Nary a bullet," smiled Will toothily. "Still, I was ever a one for long shots—and that was a long shot, if you follow my meaning."

"Goodness gracious!" gasped Dr. Shrubb. "My brave fellow—my plucky fellow—my dear fellow! You had the courage to hold up these desperadoes with an empty gun—all to save my collection of gold coins?"

"Well," grinned Will Hay, "we won't quarrel with that verdict."

He did not add that he had done what he had done to save himself from being used as

TARZAN, SON AND HEIR OF AN ENGLISH LORD, BUT BROUGHT UP FROM CHILDHOOD BY BEASTS OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE RETURNS TO THE CIVILISATION TO WHICH HE RIGHTLY BELONGS!



thought of Clayton. Here was a man of position, culture, and wealth. She knew she was the sort of love a civilised woman could crave. Clayton sought her in the garden. "Won't you say 'Yes,' Jane?" he asked. "I will devote my life to making you happy." What could she say?

That evening Tarzan caught Jane alone. For the first time, she realised the depths of his love. "You do not love me, then?" Tarzan asked quietly. She was miserably silent. . . . "You will be happier without me," came her faint reply. "Civilisation will bore you. Soon you will long for freedom."

"I'd rather see you happy than be happy myself. I know now, you couldn't be happy with—an Ape." Bitterness tinged his voice. "Don't say that!" she cried. "You don't understand. . . . Forgive me, for I may never see you again." Tarzan heard his name called. Unmindful, he felt something pressed into his hand.



to with a start. He looked at Clayton, the man who had Tarzan's fate. He was going to marry Clayton loved. One word from Clayton take them all from him. . . . Tarzan made his decision, made of self-renunciation.

Then he answered Jane. "It means I must return to Africa." He heard her half-choked sob. . . . "We owe you our lives," said Clayton humbly. "How'd you get into that bally jungle, anyway?" "I was born there," said Tarzan quietly. "My mother was an ape. I never knew who my father was!"

THE END.

STARTING NEXT WEEK—

"THE RETURN OF TARZAN!"

Exclusive to "The PILOT"; another colourful picture-story of jungle peril, intrigue and full-blooded adventure starring

TARZAN

Tell your pals . . . tell all Tarzan fans . . . but order your own copy of "The PILOT" now!



THERE WILL BE A RUN ON IT!

a target. If old Shrubbs liked to think that all this had endured solely to save his collection of gold coins, let him think so. There was no harm done.

"How can I thank you, my dear Hay? Consider that little tiff we had the other day a thing forgotten, I beg of you! Such bravery—such resource—such courage! Why, sir, Bendover is proud of you!"

Dr. Shrubbs would have continued in this vein for a couple of hours or so, as he dearly liked the sound of his own voice. Fortunately, however, the arrival of the police saved Will Hay from further embarrassment; and soon Bendover went back to its slumbers.

Will Hay could not sleep, however, which was not surprising. Thus when he heard the soft footfall of a person moving along the corridor he nipped out of bed, this time armed with one of the fully loaded guns he had taken from the burglars. Who could the prowler be this time?

Click! went the thumb switch of the electric light in the passage.

"Stick 'em up!" hissed the master of the Fourth; then he blinked. For striding along the passage, his pyjamas over his outdoor clothes, came the wily Fruity Snell.

Alarmed as he was at the sudden order, alarmed as he was at sight of Will Hay in nightshirt, an automatic in his hand, Fruity kept his nerve. Arms outstretched before him, eyes wide open, he began his slow perambulation of the passage-way, prior to mounting the stairs to the dorm.

"The little tick!" breathed Will Hay. "He pulled that one on me last night, but he doesn't get away with it again!"

He moved behind the slowly moving Fruity and swung back his right foot.

Wham! No penalty kick ever carried more power behind it than Will Hay's drive at Fruity Snell's pants.

"Yarooooooh!" yelled Fruity, completely forgetting his role of sleepwalker; and he pitched forward a dozen yards on hands and knees. Then he scrambled to his feet and rushed to the dorm stairs, taking them three at a time.

Will Hay arched his eyebrows, squinted over the top of his nose-nippers, and chuckled.

"Often fatal to give a sleepwalker a sudden shock—eh?" he murmured. "Well, that's the second long shot that's come off to-night." He yawned. "I guess, Mister William Hay, you've deserved your sleep to-night. Yes, sir!"

Another breezy story of the inimitable Will Hay and the merry wags of Bendover in next week's fine number of "PILOT." Tell your pals about Form-master Will Hay, also remind them that only in "PILOT" can they read the picture strip and the story of "The Return of Tarzan."