

THIS WEEK'S BIG BANG—The Life Story of GUY FAWKES—INSIDE!



The PILOT

EVERY
FRIDAY

2^D

No. 110, Vol. 5, Week ending November 6th, 1937.

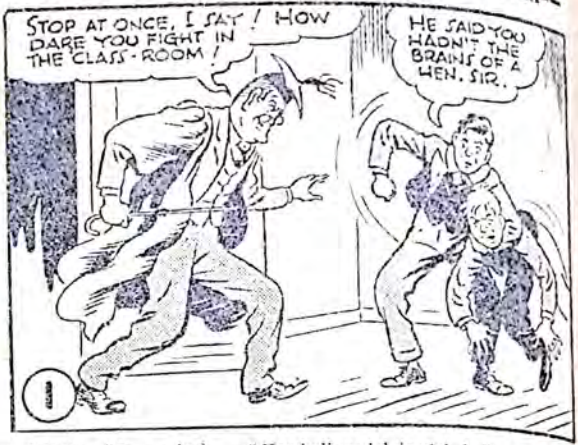
MIKE
SPIKE &
GRETA
AND KRAZY GANG
GRETA
GOES
"WEST"





YOU'D like to have a Will Hay at your school, but though that's not likely to "come off," here's the next best thing: Read and enjoy this latest "Will Hay Mirthquake"!

(By Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures.)



"KOO!" said Dr. Shrub, the venerable Head of Bendover. Will Hay, the master of the Fourth, started. So did Dicky Bird, of that Form. Both of them were surprised. Will was in the headmaster's study. Dr. Shrub had sent for him specially—he did not yet know why. Dicky Bird was outside the study, under the open window, among the laurels. Bird of the Fourth had been parked there some time, waiting for a chance to nip in at the window and use the Head's telephone—which, of course, he could not do till Dr. Shrub left the study. Dr. Shrub had a letter in his hand, and a thoughtful expression on his brow. He blinked at the letter as he addressed Will Hay. Will blinked at the Head. "Excuse me, sir!" gasped Will. "Did you say coo?" "Yes," said Dr. Shrub, with another glance at the letter in his hand. "Exactly, my dear Hay! Koo!" "You don't mean it, sir!" stuttered Will. "You don't mean coo?" "Eh! Certainly I do!" said Dr. Shrub. "My only hat and umbrella!" murmured Will Hay. Really, he wondered whether he was dreaming, or whether the Head was. "I—I'll try, sir! My nature, I believe, is dove-like, but I have never cooed before! But anything to oblige! Here goes!" Will cooed. No dove, probably, would have recognised the sound as a coo. But Will could only do his best. Dicky Bird, under the window, heard a sound that reminded him of the last gurgle of a soda-siphon. Dr. Shrub gave a violent start, and gazed at the master of the Fourth. "My dear Hay, what is the matter?" he exclaimed. "Are you ill? Are you choking? My dear fellow, what ails you?"

"Nothing, sir!" gasped Will. "You asked me to coo—" "I asked you to coo!" stuttered Dr. Shrub. "What the dickens— Oh, I see! A little misunderstanding! Ha, ha!" The Head laughed heartily. "You did not catch my meaning, Hay! I did not say coo. I said Koo." "That's frightfully lucid, sir!" said Will, blinking over his nose-nippers. "What I like about you, sir, is that you make things so clear to members of your staff. May I venture to inquire what is the difference between coo and coo?" "Koo with a K," explained Dr. Shrub. "Ah! I think I get you!" said Will. "You mean cook—" "For goodness' sake, Mr. Hay, try to understand me!" exclaimed Dr. Shrub. "What I said was Koo—K-O-O—Koo! Now do you understand?" Will Hay rubbed his forehead, in an effort to set the interior works in motion. "I'm trying, sir," he said. "I'm trying hard! I dare say I'll get your meaning in the long run—that is, of course, if you have any. Have you?" "I mean what I say, Mr. Hay!" rapped the Head. "Koo is the name—" "The—the name?" "The full name," said Dr. Shrub, referring to the letter again, "is Koo-kalinga-lalulo-lululo-la—" "And then some?" gasped Will. "No, that is all," said Dr. Shrub. "For practical purposes, while the boy is at Bendover, I think he may be addressed as simply Koo. There would be some difficulty, possibly, in using the full name on ordinary occasions. It might waste time in class." "It might!" stuttered Will. "Am I to understand, sir, that a new boy is coming to Bendover, named—what did you say?"

"Koo-kalinga-lalulo-lululo-la!" said Dr. Shrub, with his eye on the letter. "I was about to tell you the boy's name, Mr. Hay, when you interrupted me by misunderstanding me so absurdly. The boy is not English—" "I guessed that one!" grinned Will toothily. "The name sounds slightly foreign. A trifle exotic, perhaps." "This boy," continued Dr. Shrub, referring to the letter again, "is the son of a very great chief—" "Eh?" "No, chief—the word is chief, but this legal gentleman's writing is so very indistinct," said Dr. Shrub. "He is the son of a very great chief, in the island of—of—of Uluho, in the South Seas—I believe you are acquainted with the South Seas, Mr. Hay." "Oh, quite!" said Will. "At least, I have had holidays at Southend—" "It has been arranged for the boy to be placed at Bendover School, and he will enter your Form, Mr. Hay. He arrives to-day. He will be under your special care while he is at Bendover. His education, I am given to understand, has been cared for, to some extent, in his native island, and he speaks English, not, I gather, correct English, but you will correct it in the course of time. You will also correct any native, or savage, habits he may have retained. I believe that Uluho is a cannibal island—" "Suffering sardines!" gasped Will. "Anything of that kind, sir, must be put down here with a gentle but firm hand. I am sure you will agree with me that anything in the nature of cannibalism must be sternly prohibited. The parents of the other boys would object strongly." "He arrives," said Dr. Shrub, "by the three o'clock train at Didham. As it is a half-holiday to-day, and you will be free of your duties in the Fourth Form Room,





about you would like to meet him at the

school, Mr. Hay, and conduct him to Bend-

over. No doubt you will recognise him easily

enough by his colour—

"Quite!" agreed Will. "If I find a boy at

Didham black, or brown, or blue, or green,

or pink—any old colour, in fact—I will rope

him in and bring him here. Let me see, what

did you say his name was? Koo—canoodle—

can—canister—was that it?"

"No! No! Koo—kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la!"

replied Dr. Shrubb, with his eye on the letter.

"You will remember it when you get used

to it, Mr. Hay."

"It wants some getting used to, sir! But I

think I've got it now. Koo—calendar—hulla-

balloo! No, that doesn't sound right! Koo-

collar-bone—cackle—canonille! That's it!

My dear sir, the boy will feel quite at home

when I walk up to him and address him by

his name, like the old folks at home—let's

try—Koo—camel—tootle-tootle-too! Yes, I

shall remember it all right!"

Dr. Shrubb and Will Hay quitted the study

together. A minute after the door had closed

on them, Dicky Bird's grinning face rose at

the studr window. Another second, and

Richard Bird had whipped into the study and

was stepping across to the Head's telephone.

Just as he reached it, the bell buzzed.

Dicky Bird snatched off the receiver in a

hurry. He did not want the telephone bell

to summon Dr. Shrubb back to the study while

he was there.

"Dr. Shrubb!" came a voice over the wires.

"Mr. Hookem speaking! Mr. Hookem, of

Lincoln's Inn Fields! Referring to the boy

Koo-kalumpo—kick-kack—no, I mean Koo-

keroodle—kong—that is to say, Koo! You

know whom I mean, at all events, Dr. Shrubb

—the Kanaka boy. Owing to a delay in the

delivery of his outfit, he will not be able to

travel down to Bendover to-day, as arranged;

he will arrive at the school to-morrow. You

understand me, Dr. Shrubb—the Kanaka boy

will arrive at Bendover on Thursday, instead

of Wednesday, as previously arranged. Good-

bye, Dr. Shrubb!"

Dicky Bird had no time to utter a word, if

he had wanted to, before the legal gentleman

in Lincoln's Inn Fields rang off.

However, he rang off, and that was what

Richard Bird wanted. Dicky proceeded to

put through his own call to the Didham Stores

on the subject of tuck; and then, as he

replaced the receiver, he heard a heavy tread

outside the study door. He knew that tread!

Possibly the Head had caught a sound of the

telephone-bell from a distance. Anyhow, he

was coming back to the study for something.

Dicky Bird shot across to the window like

an arrow from a bow. He made a flying leap

out of that window, a split second before the

door opened.

Crash! Bump! Someone was walking on

the path under the window!

"Suffering cats!" yelled Will Hay, as he

crumpled up. "What the dickens—what the

thump—is the school falling down? What—

what—who—which—"

head—what? Come with me to my study.

Bird! I am going to demonstrate to you that

these episodes are not so funny as you

suppose!"

"I—I say, sir—" gasped Dicky.

"You need say nothing, Bird! Don't waste

your breath—you will need it all shortly."

Dicky Bird found that he did. Six of the best

brought the dust from Dicky's trousers, and

fearful yells from Dicky Bird. He wriggled

away from Will's study like an eel—leaving

Will rubbing his head tenderly.

"WHAT larks!" breathed Jerry Smart.

"He, he, he!" chortled Tubby

Green.

"No end of a jape!" grinned

Jimmy Carboy.

Dicky Bird wriggled—but he grinned while

he wriggled. Great ideas were working in the

active brain of Richard Bird. Dicky had sat

rainfully at dinner—wriggling—and he was

still wriggling—but he grinned from ear to ear.

"We've got him on toast!" he said. "The

blithering old ass gave me six, and every one

a swipe."

"Well, you jumped on his head!" grinned

Jimmy



London. See! They think that nigger's coming to Bendoover this afternoon; the three o'clock train at Didham. I jolly well know that he ain't coming till to-morrow. Old Hay's going off to the station to meet him. Well, he will meet a nigger all right."

"Ha, ha, ha!" chorled Richard's allies, in great glee.

"He goes to Didham, expecting to meet a nigger there," went on Dicky. "The real nigger won't be there—as I happen to know, and old Hay doesn't. But there'll be a nigger all right, waiting for him—and I fancy he won't know the nigger's name is Richard Bird. What? I've made up as a nigger for private theatricals—and I can do it again."

"Where are you going to get the make-up things, though?" asked Tubby Green.

"That's all right. Old Hay's going to lend them to me."

"Old Hay is!" gasped Jerry Smart. "Without knowing it, of course. He's got tons of stuff in his study—you know, he's a screen star when he isn't a schoolmaster, and he's got bagsful of theatrical gadgets. I'm going to borrow what I want."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dicky Bird's comrades. The idea of borrowing Will Hay's own theatrical gadgets, to make up, for the purpose of pulling his leg, made the juniors howl.

Will Hay, passing the group at a distance, turned back, and strolled past again. That yell of merriment made him more suspicious than ever. Will would have given a good deal to know what the young rascals were discussing. Anyhow, he was going to keep a watchful eye on them.

"You fellows have got to keep him off the grass, while I burgle his study," went on Dicky Bird. "It wouldn't do for him to catch me there. He might guess who the nigger was, if he caught me at his make-up box."

"We'll lead him up the garden all right," grinned Jimmy Carboy. "Leave that to us."

Dicky Bird nodded, and left his friends. He went into the changing-room, thus artfully giving his Form-master the impression that it was football he had in mind for that afternoon. Carboy, Smart, and Tubby Green continued to whisper and chuckle—with an eye on the

hovering Form-master in the quad. But after a few minutes they walked away, passing Will Hay without appearing to observe him. And as they passed, Carboy's whisper reached Will's alert ears.

"Kelly's woodshed will do. Nobody will disturb us there."

"First rate!" agreed Jerry Smart.

They walked on, and disappeared round the buildings. Will Hay gazed after them, and grinned, with all his teeth.

"So the jolly old porter's shed is the headquarters, is it?" murmured Will. "I fancy, my young friends, that you will not be so undisturbed as you suppose—I have a sort of impression that your Form-master will be looking in, to spot what is going on in Kelly's woodshed. Just a few."

And the master of the Fourth breezed away in the direction taken by Carboy & Co. Kelly's woodshed was behind the school buildings, and Will, as he followed on the track of the japers, was far from his study, and out of sight of the study windows. Unaware that Richard Bird had left the changing-room by the interior door, and was heading for Masters' studies, Will breezed happily on the track of Carboy & Co. The coast was clear for Dicky Bird.

Will Hay arrived at the woodshed. The door stood half-open. Carboy, Smart, and Green were not on view. Evidently, they had gone into the woodshed. What the game was Will could not begin to guess. But he was going to know. Grinning, he hurled the door wide open, and billowed in.

"Aha! Caught, I fancy!" bleated Will triumphantly. "What's the lark? What's the merry jest? Confide it to your Form-master, what? I—Great Scott!"

Will stood thunderstruck. He gazed. He blinked.

Carboy, Smart, and Tubby Green were seated in a row on a bench in the woodshed. Each of them had a Latin grammar open on his knees. Each of them was deeply, seriously and solemnly studying Latin.

"The ablative absolute—" said Jimmy Carboy. "Oh, sir! Is that you?" Get up, you chaps—it's Mr. Hay!"

The three juniors rose respectfully to their

feet. Will gazed at them. He gazed at their Latin grammars.

"What—what—what are you doing here?" gasped Will.

"Swotting Latin, sir," said Jimmy Smart. "Nice, quiet spot, sir, for a bit of extra study—don't you think so?" for a lot of boys about to interrupt a fellow.

"Oh!" gasped Will. "Ah!"

"We're a bit tied up, sir, about the absolute!" said Jerry Smart blandly.

"Oh! No! Yes! Quite! The absolute!"

Will, wondering what the absolute was, "I've forgotten more than most schoolmasters know about the ablative absolute. Chief thing to remember about the absolute is that it is—the ablative, and—tell you more another time—just now I'll go to get my hat and coat and walk to Didham."

Will Hay faded out of the picture. A chuckle followed him. Will walked away, rubbing his nose, and wondering what the master was still wondering when Richard Bird bag in his hand.

WILL HAY nearly fell down.

Prompt to time, he walked on to platform at Didham Station. The

three o'clock train was rolling in.

That that train stopped at Doddlebury, before Didham, Will knew. That it had picked up a member of his Form at Doddlebury, he had very carefully selected an empty carriage Will did not know. He was not thinking about Richard Bird of the Bendoover Park.

He was thinking of the new boy for his Form, and wondering what Koo-kalinga-lalala it might be like, and whether he would remember half his name.

He looked along the train windows for a coloured face—and saw one. Whether the new fellow was black or brown, Will did not yet know—a Kala's

might be either, according to whether he was Polynesian or Melanesian. Anyhow, he was coloured—and a coloured face looked out at Will as the train stopped.

Will gazed at it.

It was black at the ace of spades—as black indeed as the blackest charcoal in Will's make-up box. But that was merely a detail. A vast mop of fuzzy hair surmounted it, which were perched a cluster of bright red feathers. Scarlet lips seemed to extend the mouth almost from one ear to the other.

Round the sooty neck were a number of coloured glass necklaces—green and blue, red and yellow. That amazing vision burst suddenly on Will, and almost knocked him over.

Passengers getting out of the train stared at it—porters blinked at it—a newsboy, starting back in amazed alarm, dropped his newspaper, staggered, and sat down in a heap of "Daily Telegraphs," gasping.

"My only hat and sunshade!" moaned Will Hay. "Is it—can it be—do my optics deceive me? Great pip! Do I sleep, do I dream, do I wonder and doubt—are things what they seem, or is visions about? Fan me, some body!"

The carriage door opened, and the coloured youth jumped actively out. Then the rest of him burst on Will Hay. He was dressed in a suit of red-striped calico, with bright yellow shoes. He carried a bag in one hand, and a spiked club in the other. He stared up at Will down the platform—evidently expecting to meet. His eyes fell on Will Hay, and he came across to him with a bound.

Will backed away. He waved him off. He could not—he would not—believe that that was the new boy for Bendoover. What did they mean by sending him to the school, that rig? It wasn't—it couldn't be—

"Go away!" gasped Will. "Avant! Fads out! Go back to Pulyulo—I mean Gulywulo! Avant! Keep avunting!"

"You schoolmaster chief, belong over!" demanded the coloured boy.

"You schoolmaster chief, belong over!" demanded the coloured boy. "Koo—new boy come along you. You speak my language? Tick-tack-worry-gotreech! You savvy?"

"You—you—you're Koo!" moaned Will Hay. "Oh crumbs and crusts! This will be a

Galleon's Gold



Charles Hamilton's Book-Length Adventure Yarn for 4d only!

Ken King, young skipper of the Ketch Dawn, is known throughout the islands of the South Seas for his pluck and daring. In this splendid tale of breezy adventure he is out to find the treasure hidden in a mysterious galleon of old-time days. This book is one in a million—treat yourself to a copy today!

Ask today for No. 594 of

BOYS' FRIEND Library 4d
Now on sale at all Newsagents

scribble for Dr. Shrub! They ought to have sent your photograph. But I suppose they couldn't take it. It would have cracked the camera! You—you—you're sure you're Koo?"

"Come along school!" grinned the coloured boy. "Stop along Bendover. You take me for. Me no like your ugly face!"

"Who-a-ah?" gasped Will. "What about your own dial—you twopenny-coloured tick? It would stop a clock! Oh, come on, I'm for you—come on! Let me get you out of sight. Before you're run in for escaping from the school. This way!"

Will Hay hurried his charge off the platform—leaving porters and passengers staring. Outside the station, he bowed to a taxi. His idea was to get that awful vision out of the public view.

"Get in!" he gasped. "Quick!"

"Ugly ole schoolmaster get in first!" said Koo, stepping back. "Me son of very great chief, very polite!"

Will stepped into the taxi. As he did so, the new boy helped him with a shove from the spiked stick. The spikes were sharp! Will Hay uttered a fearful roar, and nose-dived into the taxi.

"Ow!" roared Will. "Wow! My only check trousers—yow-ow! You've punctured me, you mad cannibal! Yew-ow! I'll jolly well—"

He squirmed to his feet. The coloured boy followed him in, grinning.

"You wait till I get you to Bendover!" gasped Will. "If I don't give you six, and six more, and then some, my name isn't Will Hay! Driver, get off—drive as hard as you can—cover the ground—never mind speed limits—hit Bendover, and hit it quick!"

The taxi buzzed away down Didham High Street. But if Will Hay hoped to keep his charge out of sight, he was disappointed. The new boy leaned from the window, waved his spiked stick, nodded his fuzzy feathered head, and howled what was, perhaps, a South Seas war-cry at the top of his voice. Crowds stared at the taxi—all Didham lined up to watch Will Hay pass, as if it were a royal procession—small boys scuttled after the taxi.

Will was glad when the taxi got out of Didham. He wiped the perspiration from his brow as it buzzed along the country road to Bendover School. When it stopped at Bendover, Kelly stepped out to open the door—and staggered at the sight of Will's fellow-passenger.

"Who—who—what—what—" stuttered Kelly, like a man in a dream. "Ere, stop that—keep that blooming stick away—yaroooh!" Kelly jumped back from a lunge of the spiked stick not quite in time. It caught him where he had lately parked his dinner, and he folded up over it like a pocket-knife and sat down.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from a crowd of Bendover fellows. There was a rush of the Fourth to meet the taxi. Foremost came Jimmy Carboy, Tubby Green, and Jerry Smart. "Is that a new kid? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who on earth's that, Mr. Hay?" exclaimed Crocker of the Sixth, coming up in amazement. "Who the deuce—what the dickens—here, young shaver, keep that stick away—warrior you at—grooooooogh!"

Crocker jumped away, yelling. "Koo!" gasped Will Hay. "Stoppit! Behave yourself! Do you think you're on a cannibal island now? Quiet! Follow me! Carboy, take his bag. Koo, come with your Form master. Oh, my hat! Oh, my silk socks! Follow me, Koo!"

"Me follow ugly ole schoolmaster!" Koo followed Will Hay towards the House. He did not walk. He danced, waving the spiked stick, his feathery headdress fluttering in the breeze. All Bendover gathered to gaze at him. Dr. Shrub was out that afternoon—and all the rest of Bendover stood at gaze. Masters rushed to their study windows—fellows of all Forms gathered from all quarters—roars of laughter accompanied Will Hay and the new boy across the quad.

"Oh, holy smoke!" moaned Will, as he led the new boy into his study. "This is a prize-

The COMIC CAPERS OF STAINLESS STEPHEN

FAMOUS RADIO STAR



1. Hallo, Ptoor pals, Stainless calling, and Ptoor day when beetling down a boulevard I spotted a notice. Coming to a full-top I saw that Lady Posh had lost a neckful of pearls and was offering a hundred quidlets for their recovery.



2. The odds looked a hundred to one, but I determined to be the one to get that hundred. But although I looked it under everywhere, the pearls stayed put. Just then there came a terrific banging from a coppers' clubhouse.



3. I ambled over in time to see Percy, the petty pilferer, doing a belt from the bluebottle's Black Maria. "Sorry, cop!" bleated the bad lad, using the rozzer's napper for a door-mat. "But I've gotta date with Peed, the Fence."



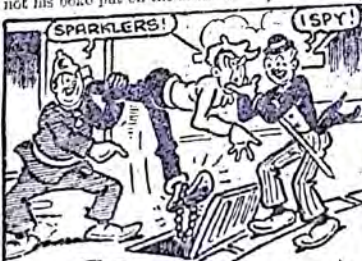
4. When the copper was seeing semi-counts and such, Percy spotted me, and with a snarl that made his teeth curl told me to lozz, seect, or-serrate. But was your Stainless red downhearted? Nossirra. I meant to stop that bird and stop his little larks.



5. The first item was to hook my cane on the grating and yank it up. Thus Percy parked himself on nothingness and would have done the disappearing trick into the wide open spaces had not his beko put on the brakes.



6. Gurgling through his dental plate Percy tried to grab the copper, now all smiles, just a hand on the grating and the bad lad's foot. But he nearly finished Percy (semi-dial), for over he went again and repeated his nose-smacking biz on the grating.



7. "Keep your chin up!" I hurled, chucking Percy under the chin and chucking him up into the air at the same time, plus assistance from the rozzer. Then suddenly I dodged the glint in the bad lad's optics as I caught another glint.



8. Yessirs, you're right. They were Lady Posh's missing pearls, and in two and a half ticks we had Percy parked again in the wagon with the prospect of quidlets for the copper and me. So that's that, and so long, lads, until next time.

packet to land on a harmless and necessary Form-master! But down, Koo! Put that stiel away! I'm sorry the Head's gone out—triflingly sorry—I'll hand you over to him with pleasure. Now—"

"You talked too much! Me wantee tea!" Will rang the bell for Toots. The House page eyed the new boy very uneasily as he brought in tea. He was glad to get away again. Will Hay sat down to tea with his new pupil. He had to keep charge of him till the Head came in. He hoped that tea would keep him quiet. He was disappointed. It didn't!

"No likee!" announced Koo, glancing over the tea-table, and, taking the tray by one end, he up-ended it. "No likee! Me wantee long-pig!"

"What?" yelled Will Hay. He was aware that long-pig was the fancy name given by South Sea cannibals to their feasts when they disposed of unnecessary relatives by way of the cooking-pot. "Whin-a-act?"

"Likee long-pig!"
"You—you—you—awful little cannibal!" stammered Will. "Do you think you can cannibalise here? It's strictly prohibited! The school diet is plain but healthy—see prospectus!"

"Ole schoolmaster very ugly, but he makee nice long-pig! Mo killy and cookee!"

"What! Which! Help! Rescue!" yelled Will Hay, as the new boy grabbed the bread-knife from the table and brandished it in the air. "Keep off! Sit down! Blow away! My only hat and sunshade! Think you can eat your Form-master! Help! I'm a Bend-

over master—I'm not going to be an Eton master! I object—it's absolutely against all the school Oh, crakes!"

Will Hay bounded round the table. After him bounded Koo, his feathers dancing, his back-knives rattling, and the bread-knife flourished in his rooty hand.

"Wow! Help!" yelled Will, as he circled the table. "Here we go round the mulberry-bush! Keep off! Help! Call in the police! Call out the military! Bring along the Air Force! Yaaaaaah!"

He dashed for the door, tore it open, and flew out of the study. He did the passage at about seventy miles an hour. As he burst into the quad, with his gown billowing behind him, his mortar-board on one side of his head, and his nose-moppers slipping down his nose, there was a yell from all Bendover: "Ha, ha, ha!"

DICKY BIRD chuckled explosively. In Study No. 3, in the Fourth, he leaned over a basin of hot water on the study table, washing off the dark complexion of the new boy, at Bendover. Jerry Smart, Jimmy Carboy, and Tubby Green stood round him, chortling. A fuzzy wig, with feathers in it, lay on the table.

"Have I pulled old Hay's leg?" chortled Dicky. "What? Not a suspish, my beloved ears—he took me for Koo all right; he won't know till the chap comes to-morrow that he never came to-day. Poor old Hay! You should have seen his face when I got hold of the bread-knife!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the three.

"Was it funny?" gasped Dicky. "I tell you!"

"Frightfully funny, my good bird!" said an unexpected voice, as Will Hay stopped at the Study No. 3, grinning with his whole set of teeth. "And, as you justly remark, old Hay never had a suspish—and miraculously old Hay had one if he hadn't come up here looking for that black fellow, who has mysteriously appeared from downstairs!"

"Oh!" gasped Dicky. He turned a smiling face, with half its complexion given towards his Form-master. "Oh, schoolmaster!"

"Oh, boy!" gasped Tubby Green.

Will Hay twisted his cane. "May I trouble his cane."
"First, Bird—thank you?" he gringed. "You six! You next, Smart—what that chair! Come waiting long. Carboy—I shan't keep you. All in good time! There, I think that's do for you, Smart—now you, Carboy—please Just a minute. Green. Now, Green, please bend over that chair—thank you, Green."
They were still yelling in Study No. 3, not, now, with laughter! Will Hay tucked his cane under his arm, and billowed to the door. He was heard to chuckle as he breezed away. In Study No. 3 they did not chuckle. Will, after all, had the last laugh!

The new boy arrives at Bendover and, though he has a lot to learn, there is nothing about japing he doesn't know. That means that the fun is faster than ever, so meet him next week, in another mirthquake starring WILL HAY, the world's champion laughter raider.

MEET THE STAFF!

Address your letters to: The Editor, The PILOT, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

YOUR EDITOR. Harvey Keen, Sub-Editor. Prof. Barnacle, Jake Merchant. Tilly Tappett, The Typist. Lightning, the office-boy, and his dog.

LISTEN, fellers! Professor Barnacle used the ink this week. Those jokes you've been sending me are making me wear out my whiskers by laughing. That's better than wearing out my brain thinking out jokes off my own bat, so send 'em in, lads, and save the Barnacle brain from doing overtime. There are plenty of top-hole adventure story books to be won, and also good half-crowns for overseas readers.

What do you think of our star attractions? Good, aren't they? I don't mind telling you that I do practically all the work of fixing up "The PILOT's" programme, so the credit belongs to me. Of course, the rest of the staff make out that I never do anything but sleep, and think out ways of getting money out of 'em, but that's only jealousy. I never sleep more than six hours a day, and as for getting money—I hate the sight of it!

By the way, I hope you fellers won't talk about your schooldays when you grow old. Forget 'em—that's my advice. The subject's a rotten swindle, and I ought to know.

The other day I went in to see the Ed. and found him staring at an old photo.

"Our school footer eleven," he told me. "That's me—third from the right. This was just after we'd won the Shield—when J. J. Taylor scored the winning goal. That's J. J. Taylor—third from the left."

Now, as it happened, I'd looked in with the forlorn hope of touching the Ed. for a quid, so I let him burble on about his schooldays, thinking it would put him into a good humour. I even peered at the photo, and

said I thought the Ed. a nice-looking young feller.

"That's J. J. Taylor you're pointing at," frowned the Ed. "I'm third from the right, not left. I wonder what happened to J. J. Taylor," he went on absently. "I've not seen him since we left school. I bet I shouldn't recognise him now. My word, I'd give pounds to run across him again. There's nobody I'd like to meet so much."

"Quite so—quite so," I coughed. "Talking about giving pounds, I suppose you couldn't manage to lend me—"

The Ed. sat up like a startled rabbit.

"You're quite right, I couldn't," he said hastily. "Good-bye, I'm busy!"

"It's only for a week—"

"Shut the door as you go out," said the Ed.

And that was after I'd listened to his school burblings! Talk about gratitude! As Shakespeare truly says, "How sharper than the serpent's chuld it is to have a thankless tooth."

At lunch-time I ran across a friend of mine, named Albert, who sweeps a very neat crossing in the City. Like me, Albert was short of money. He went so far as to offer to strangle his own grandmother for a quid.

"I'm sorry to hear you talk about strangling people, Albert," I said severely. "Now, if I was in your place, and I wanted some money, I'd call to see our Editor, tell him my name was J. J. Taylor, say I was down on my luck, and touch him for five quid. And then, Albert," I said, "I should split it half-and-half with the person who suggested the idea."

Albert said it was money for jam. Of course, I had only made the suggestion in joke, and I was therefore very surprised when Albert called at our office that afternoon.

"I want to see the Ed.," he announced. "Tell him it's an old school friend of his—J. J. Taylor."

I was surprised and pained to see Albert stoop to this deception. Being the soul of truth and honour myself, any kind of fraud makes me feel sad, and I almost decided to tell the Ed. that the visitor was really a crossing-sweeper named Albert. But then I felt that the best punishment I could give Albert would be to make him hand over all the money he got from the Ed.—just to test him.

I saw Albert go into the Ed.'s sanctum, and heard the Ed. say:

"Great Scott! Are you J. J. Taylor?"

"That's me, old sport!" said Albert—and the Ed. shut the door.

"May goodness!" sniffed Tilly. "Whatever school did the Edital go to, if that was one of his schoolmates!"

"Borstal, I should think," gringed Lightning.

"Nothing of the kind," I said severely. "The poor man happens to be down on his hands that's all. I know the Editor's keen to see him, because he told me this morning he'd been hoping for years to run across J. J. Taylor one day."

"Sounds like it," chortled Mr. Koo—and I was startled to hear noises like a Bolshevik bomb-feast coming from the Ed.'s sanctum.

Suddenly the door opened, and a bundle of rags shot into our office and crashed on the floor. Looking closer, I perceived Albert inside the rags.

"Whoop!" roared Albert. He pitched himself up and seized a ruler.

"fool!" he bawled, smashing me on the crown.

"He's been looking for J. J. Taylor because he owes him a jolly good trick the day he played him a low-down trick the day he left school, or something, and that Editor's in for him ever since. Now I've been 'nd the 'iding he owed J. J. Taylor. That's that, you old idjit!"

And he bashed me over the dome a second time.

So mind what I say, fellers—never talk about your schooldays after you leave school. It gives people wrong impressions.

Yours mournfully,

BARNABAS BARNACLE (Professor)