

THE STARS ARE HERE AGAIN: WILL HAY MIKE, SPIKE & GRETA
STEELE OF STOKE BUFFALO BILL, etc., etc.



MEET
WILL
HAY

The PILOT

EVERY
FRIDAY

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EXCLUSIVE TO "PILOT"—

TARZAN

INSIDE!

MIGHTY LORD OF
THE JUNGLE, IN A
NOVEL, COMBINED
PICTURE-STRIP
and STORY





By courtesy of Gainsborough pictures.

KELLY, the porter at Bendover School, jumped. The sound he had heard was enough—more than enough—to make any porter at any school jump.

Will Hay, master of the Fourth, had just come in at the gates. He stopped to speak a cheery word or two to Kelly in the pleasant way Will had. That was quite usual, but what followed was not usual; what followed was strangely, surprisingly, and startlingly unusual. For what imaginable reason Mr. Hay opened his mouth to utter "Gurrrrrgh!" Kelly did not know and could not guess, but that was what Mr. Hay did.

"Gurrrrrgh!" repeated Will Hay cheerily. Kelly gazed at him, dumbfounded. Kelly's dog Biter, who was at his heels, gazed at him also. Biter seemed as surprised as Kelly. "What is the matter with your dog, Kelly?" asked Will.

"Eh?" gasped Kelly. "Nothing the matter with the dog, sir."
"Didn't you hear him growl?"

"Eh?"
"Listen, my good fellow!" said Will brightly. "Gurrrrrgh! Gurrrrrgh! There! Didn't you hear him then, Kelly?"

"I 'eard you, sir!" gasped Kelly.
"You—you heard me?" repeated Will. A shade of disappointment appeared on his face. "Perhaps I have not got it quite right. Yet I have been practising all the way back from Duddlebury Empire."

"Oh!" ejaculated Kelly. He thought he understood now. Mr. Hay had been to a matinee at the Duddlebury Empire that afternoon. What performance they provided there Kelly did not know, but he knew what they provided in the bar. He guessed that Mr. Hay had been sampling the same, not wisely but too well.



"Gurrrrrgh!" gurgled Will. "What about that, Kelly?"

"I'd go in and lie down for a bit if I was you, sir," said Kelly anxiously. "Jest go straight to your rooms, sir—I mean, as straight as you can walk. If Dr. Shrubbs was to see you like this 'ere, sir, or the boys—"

"Eh? Like what?" asked Will in surprise.
"Well, sir, I've been there myself, as you might say, and I know 'ow it goes to the 'cad, specially on a cold day," said Kelly. "P'r'aps you'd like to sit in my lodge a bit, sir, till it passes off."

Will blinked at him in astonishment over his nose-nippers.

"Till what passes off?" he asked. "I don't quite follow."

"We all push one back at times, sir. Course, I can see that you been a-pushing of 'em back," said Kelly. "You'll be all right, sir, if you sit down 'ere a bit and let it pass off. You come right in."

"Suffering sardines!" ejaculated Will Hay. "Kelly, you're an ass! Have you never heard of ventriloquism?"

"Ventriloquism?" repeated Kelly doubtfully. "I—I think I 'ave, sir. Is it one of them new breakfast foods?"

"Oh, no, not quite!" gasped Will Hay. "No, hardly! Ventriloquism, Kelly, is the art of throwing the voice. I have just witnessed a remarkable performance at the Duddlebury Empire, Kelly. Professor Tire-jambe gave a really wonderful ventriloquial show. It occurred to me while listening that I could cultivate this art. I think I have the gift. I have been putting in some practice while I walked home. Now, listen! Gurrrrrrrgh!"

"Oh, my eye!" said Kelly.
"Gurrrrrgh! Did you hear your dog growl then, Kelly?"

"No, sir. I 'eard you a-grunting."
"Tush!" said Will. "Tush! Pah!"

Will walked towards the House, feeling a little annoyed. He had listened with great keenness to Professor Tirejamb doing his ventriloquist stunts at the Duddlebury Empire. Will had watched the professor very keenly. He had felt convinced that he could pick it up. But it seemed that it needed some more practice; he had not quite succeeded with Kelly, at all events. It was rather disappointing. Still, Rome was not built in a day.

"Good-morning, boys!" said Will, as he came on Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy in the quad. "That is to say, good-afternoon! Carboy, what are you doing with a mouse in your pocket?"

"A—a—a mouse in my pip-pip-pocket!" stuttered Jimmy. "I—I haven't got a mouse in my pip-pip-pocket, sir."

"Squeak!"

"Did you not hear that?" exclaimed Will. Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy gazed at him. They heard it certainly! Why Will Hay squeaked at them they did not know, but they heard him all right.

"Squeak!"
"There it is again!" exclaimed Will. "Did that not come from your pocket, Carboy?"

"From my pip-pip-pocket, sir!" said Jimmy faintly. "Oh, no!"

"Listen!" said Will a little crossly. He screwed up his throat, twisted his features in a rather alarming way, and his eyes seemed on the point of popping out of his face. "Now, listen!" Will emitted an agonised squeak, which—to his ears, at least—seemed to come from the required direction. "There! Did you hear that?"

"Oh crickey! Yes. Are you ill, sir?" asked Jimmy anxiously.

"What? Nonsense! Pah!"
Will walked on, very much annoyed. Dicky Bird and Jimmy Carboy gazed after him, and then gazed at one another. Richard Bird tapped his forehead significantly.





"Poor old chap!" said he. "Mad as a hatter! Now it's happened I don't mind saying that I've seen it coming on a long time."

"Will, walking on, met Jerry Smart at the doorway of the House. Jerry capped his Form-master respectfully.

"My dear Smart, is that a canary in your cap?" exclaimed Will. "Pheep! Pheep! There! Did you hear that? A bird of some sort—what?"

Jerry Smart staggered. "Wha-a-t?" he gasped. "No! Yes Wha-a-t?"

Will frowned and walked on. Evidently Smart did not suppose that a bird had chirped from his cap. Will had yet something to learn about throwing the voice.

Obviously it was a matter for practice—assiduous practice. Will, when he took up a new stunt, was enthusiastic and tireless. He was going to practise till he had it right: after which he was going to give them all sorts of entertaining surprises at Bendover.

"GOOOOOOHH!"

"Listen!" whispered Dicky Bird. "Goooooogh!"

"Poor old Hay!" sighed Jimmy Carboy pathetically. "Whoooo-hooooo-oooo! Are you there? Where are you? On the roof?" came distinctly to the ears of the Bendover Fourth, through the shut door of their Form-master's study.

A crowd of the juniors were there. They listened in awe, in alarm, and in distress. Jerry Smart had rushed off to ask Jimmy Carboy if he had noticed that old Hay had gone balmy—and Jimmy and Dicky Bird had to admit that they had both noticed it. Other fellows heard the alarming news—and when Tubby Green came scuttling up with the statement that old Hay was howling and grunting and moaning in his study, half the Fourth gathered in the passage. There was no doubt



9



about it—strange, weird, extraordinary noises were coming from that study.

They liked Will, in the Bendover Fourth. They ragged him without mercy; but they liked him all the same for that—perhaps, indeed, all the more for that. Nobody, really, could help liking Will. He had his little weaknesses, no doubt; but, as Dicky Bird said, if a man was born an ass, how could he help it? The Bendover Fourth would have sawn through the legs of Will's high chair in the Form-room—they would have put gun in his slippers, and ink in his mortar-board—they would have caught him in booby-traps, and put crackers in his study fire—they would, in fact, have led him the wildest of lives. But they liked him—and if he was down on his luck, the Bendover Fourth would have stood by him almost to a man.

So now they were distressed and sympathetic. Poor old Hay, clearly, had gone right off his rocker at last! This meant the sack for him, when the Head knew. They did not want to lose Will.

"Hark!" breathed Tubby Green. "Urrrgh! Gurrgrgh!" came from Will Hay's study. "Now, then, good dog, good dog! Don't growl, old fellow! Gurrgrgh! Tower, what do you mean by growling under the table? Gurrgrgh! Be silent, sir! Gurrgrgh!"

"There isn't any dog in the study, you know!" whispered Dicky bird.

"Mad as a hatter! Listen to him!"

"Of course he is," said Jimmy Carboy. "Just wandering in his poor old mind, that's all. After all, all schoolmasters are a bit batchy. You fellows must have noticed that."

"We're not going to let him down!" said Dicky Bird firmly.

"Hear, hear!"

"I mean to say, it's the sack when the Head spots this! Well, you fellows keep mum—not a word outside the Form. And, look here! No more rags, till he gets over it, poor old chap.



10



I dare say he'll be all right again, after a time. We can make it up in ragging then, see?"

"Oh! Listen to him!" gasped Sammy Straw.

"Where are you, Percy?" came from Will Hay's study. "On the roof? What are you doing on the roof? I'm a hatter! Well, what business has a hatter on the roof? Proper place for a hatter among the tiles! Ha, ha!"

"Oh jiminy!" murmured Jerry Smart. "He—he—he thinks he's talking to somebody named Percy! And—and there's nobody there—nobody but old Hay!"

"Hoo, too, boo!" chuckled Koo, the Kanaka junior. "Brain belong that ole feller Hay no walk about any more, altogether."

"Shut up, Koo! This ain't a laughing matter. Oh, listen!"

"Have I got it right at last?" came Will Hay's voice from the study. "Patience, William—patience! A Hamlet is not built in a day, as Shakespeare might have remarked! It will come. I think it's coming right! Hallo, Archibald, fancy meeting you! How do you do, Mr. Hay? Quite well? Oh, quite! You're well? Yes! Then draw the water! Ha, ha!"

"He—he thinks he's talking to somebody named Archibald now!" moaned Tubby Green. Oh crikey!"

"Don't take away that chair, George!" went on Will Hay's voice. "Give me that chair back! Eh? What's the good of the back without the rest of the chair? Ha, ha!"

"I—I say, I—I'm going in to speak to him," said Dicky Bird resolutely. "If the Head came along and heard that sort of thing, it would be the boot for old Hay, right on the spot. He ought to be kept quiet."

"Look here! Don't contradict him, whatever he says!" exclaimed Jimmy Carboy. "Lunatics have to be humoured, or they get fearfully excited."

"I know that! I'll humour him, of course—soothe him, if I can. He's simply got to stop



11

talking that rot before some beak happens to hear him."

Richard Bird advanced to the door of the study, and tapped. His comrades remained at a little distance, watching him anxiously. It was clear now, beyond a doubt, that poor old Hay had bats in the belfry. They were all deeply concerned for him; but, on the other hand, with a lunatic you never could tell! If he was calm, it was all right—but if he got hold of the poker, it wasn't! Richard Bird really required some nerve to go into that study.

"Come in!" sang out Will Hay's voice, and Dicky Bird opened the door and stepped in—not very far!

Will, to his relief, looked perfectly calm; indeed, genial. He gave Dicky a smile, and a look of inquiry at the same time.

"What is it, my good Bird?" he asked. "I—I—I— Will you help me with some deponent verbs, sir?" asked Bird desperately.

That was really noble of Dicky. If there was anything he loathed, it was deponent verbs. Fortunately for Dicky, Will Hay shared that loathing.

"Another time, my good Bird, another time," said Will genially. "I am rather busy at the present moment! By the way, can you see a cat in the room?"

"A—a—a kik-kik-kik-cat, sir!" gasped Dicky. "No, sir! I—I mean," he added hastily, remembering that lunatics have to be humoured, "Yes, sir! I—I think there's a—a—a cat in the—the room, sir! I shouldn't wonder."

"Probably under the table," suggested Will. "Listen! See if you can hear it mew, Bird! Miau-au-au-ow! Did you hear that?"

"Oh crikey! I—I mean, yes, sir!" gasped Dicky.

"Did it seem to you to come from under the table, Bird?"

"No—I—I mean, yes, sir! Under the—the table, of course, sir. There's—there's a cat under the table, sir!" groaned Dicky. "I—I—wonder how a—a cat got into your study, sir!"

"Drive it out, Bird!"

"Oh crumbs!" gurgled Dicky. He wanted to humour the lunatic—he knew that that was advisable. But how was he to drive an imaginary cat from under the table, he did not know.

"Look for it, my boy, and drive it out!" said Will encouragingly. Will was feeling greatly bucked. If Bird of the Fourth fancied that mew came from under the table, it showed that he was getting on with his ventriloquism.

Dicky Bird stooped and looked under the table—carefully keeping that article of furniture between him and his Form-master. In the circumstances, he preferred the table between them, calm and genial as Will looked.

"Miau-miau-au-au-ow!" came from Will Hay. He laughed. "I think it has gone behind the armchair now, Bird! Didn't you hear it?"

"I—I—I heard it, sir."

"Didn't it come from behind the armchair?"

"Oh! Yes! Exactly!"

"Look for it, Bird!" grinned Will Hay.

Dicky Bird carefully circumnavigated the armchair, to keep it between him and Will, and looked behind it.

"Gone, what?" asked Will.

"Oh! Yes! It—it's gone, sir."

"A very elusive cat, Bird, what?" chuckled Will. "Giving you quite a hunt, my boy! I fancy it's got on the bookcase."

"D-d-d-do you, sir?"

"Well, listen!" said Will. "Miau-au-au-ow! Didn't that mew come from the top of the bookcase, Bird?"

"Oh! Yes!" gurgled Dicky.

"Stand on a chair, and see if it is there."

Dicky eyed him a little doubtfully. Will looked calm and good-tempered—still, if he broke out suddenly and knocked the chair from under him! Dicky resolved to risk it. Keeping the chair as far from his Form-master as he could, he stepped on it and looked.

"Gone again?" grinned Will.

"Ye-es sir!" gasped Dicky. "It—it's gone!"

"I thought so! You may get off the chair, Bird! Now, where do you think the cat has gone?" asked Will.

Dicky gazed at him. If Mr. Hay really believed that there had been a cat in the study, obviously he was batchy. It seemed that he did!

"Up the chimney, what?" asked Will. "Listen, Bird! Miau-au-au-ow! Where did the mew come from, Bird?"

"Up—the chimney, sir!" moaned Dicky.

"Exactly! Well, the cat is gone now!" grinned Will. "Ha, ha, ha! We shall not hear any more from that cat, Bird! Hark! Is that Mossoo Bong calling you! Vere is zat garcon Bird? Venez! Do you hear Monsieur Le Bon calling from the passage, Bird?"

"Oh! Yes!" stuttered Dicky.

"Better go to him!" chuckled Will. "Shut the door after you, Bird!"

Richard Bird left the study and shut the door, meeting the horrified eyes of his Form-fellows in the passage. They had heard it all!

Will Hay, in the study, chuckled, and chuckled again. It was success at last—overwhelming success! That junior, Bird, had fancied that he had heard a cat mewling all over the study, and that the French master had called him from the passage! Will wondered what Mossoo Bong would say, when Bird went to ask him what he wanted! It was quite amusing!

But Dicky Bird did not go to Mossoo Bong! He gazed sadly at the other fellows in the passage. They gazed sadly back at him.

WILL HAY was surprised, the next morning. Seldom, if ever, were the Bendover Fourth very good. That morning they were as good as gold! Bent pins on the Form-master's chair, gum in his inkpot, missing pages from his books, treacle in his desk, were things of the past. The Bendover Fourth looked as if they had never heard of ragging. Nearly every fellow in the Form was ready to play up, in seeing poor old Hay through this trouble. Fellows who were not willing, had been persuaded. Koo, the Kanaka, who was too funny to live, had been booted into a proper state of seriousness. Fruity Snell, who was malicious, had had his head held under a tap, till he swore fervently to back up old Hay. Like one man the Bendover Fourth were going to back up, and save Will, if they could, from the inevitable boot when Dr. Shrubbs found out that he was batty!

It was a wonderfully peaceful morning for Will. Dicky Bird & Co., like the schoolboys in the song, said "Yes, sir" and "No, sir" and "Please, sir" and "No, sir." Nobody banged a desk-lid. Nobody dropped a book. Will was pleased, but puzzled. At first he suspected a jape; but no jape came along. In the afternoon, to his further surprise, it was the same. Lord Chesterfield would have been pleased with the Bendover Fourth that day. Their manners were irreproachable. Will did not guess that they were all being awfully careful not to excite him—in dread of what might happen if they did! He did not realise that he was regarded as a harmless, but possibly excitable, lunatic! He just wondered.

"My dear boys," said Will, beaming at the Fourth when the hour of dismissal came. "we have had a very pleasant day. I feel that I must reward you. Before I dismiss you, I will give you a little entertainment."

"Oh!" gasped Dicky Bird. "Thank you, sir."

"Not at all!" beamed Will. He gave a little cough. His ventriloquism being now an established fact, there was no reason why he should not entertain the Fourth herewith, as a reward for their good behaviour.

"Now, can any of you little ticks—I mean, any of you nice boys—see Mrs. Mumble's parrot in the Form-room?"

At that peculiar question, the juniors exchanged glances. They realised that it was coming on again.

"Cackle! Cackle! Polly wants sugar! Cack-cack-cack! Do you hear him, boys? In the cupboard, what?"

"Yes, sir!" gasped Dicky Bird.

"Oh, yes, sir, in the cupboard, sir!" chorused the Fourth. Poor old Hay seemed to want them to say so, so they said so.

"Bzzzz! Do you hear the wasp?" asked Will brightly. "Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!"

"A—a wasp, in February—I—I mean, yes, sir!" stuttered Jimmy Carboy. "Oh, yes, sir, what—what—a loud wasp, sir!"

"Poor old Hay!" breathed Jimmy Carboy. "Madder than ever!"

"Bzzzzzz! Catch him yet, Bird? Ha, ha! Bzzzzzzzzzz!"

The Form-room door opened, and Dr. Shrubbs looked in. He wanted to speak to the Fourth Form-master, after class. But he did not speak. He gazed, dumb, at what he saw! He listened—in amazement. Will did not notice him in the doorway for the moment. He carried on brightly.

"Bzzzzzzzz! Hear him? Bzzzzzz. You don't seem to be able to get that wasp, Bird! Bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz!"

"Mr. Hay!" gasped the Head, finding his voice.

Will spun round.

"Oh! Yes! What—"

"Will you have the kindness to follow me to my study, Mr. Hay?" said the Head of Bendover grimly. "Boys, dismiss!"

Dr. Shrubbs swept away. Will Hay followed him. The Fourth Formers trooped out of the Form-room, and went dimly into the quad.

"The game's up!" said Dicky Bird sadly. "The Big Beak's spotted him now! He knows he's mad! Well, we did all we could!"

"Poor old Hay!" sighed Jimmy Carboy. "Well, he can't say we didn't stand by him. I say, there he is—in the Head's study!"

The light was on in the Head's study, and the blind drawn; but a shadow was seen on the blind. The master of the Fourth was on the carpet there.

Dicky Bird & Co. hurried to the study window. It was shut, but the small ventilating pane was open. They hoped to learn Will's fate. They were very anxious about Will now that the Head had fairly caught him in the act of lunacy. Silently and sadly, under the study window, they listened for the falling of the chopper!

"**M**R. HAY, explain yourself!"

"Oh, certainly, sir! You see—"

"If you are in your right senses, Mr. Hay—"

Dicky Bird & Co., under the window, exchanged sad glances. The Head was wise to it, evidently!

"Oh, quite, sir!" answered Will cheerily. "The explanation, sir, is quite simple."

"I shall be glad to hear it!" said Dr. Shrubbs grimly. "I saw you in your Form-room, sir, making strange buzzing noises and uttering absurd and incoherent remarks! What—"

"A simple ventriloquial exhibition, sir!" explained Will. "I find that I am a born ventriloquist."

"A—a—a ventriloquist!" gurgled Dicky.

"Isn't he mad?" breathed Tubby Green.

"I—I say, he must be batchy if he thought that was ventriloquism he was doing—"

"Quiet!" whispered Jimmy Carboy.

The Head was speaking again:

"A ventriloquist! Ventriloquism! Nonsense! If you cannot give any reasonable explanation of your actions, Mr. Hay, I must conclude—"

"My dear sir," said Will, "if you will allow me to give you a little demonstration here and now, I will convince you!"

"Pray listen, sir!" urged Will. "I will make the growl of a dog come from under your chair! Gurrrrrrrrgh! You heard that, sir?"

"Kindly do not make that ridiculous noise in my study, Mr. Hay! Whether this is impertinence, or whether your wits have failed you, I can hardly say; but, in either case, I shall expect you to resign—"

"Give me another chance, sir!" gasped Will, in dismay. "It—it—it doesn't seem to come now as—as it did! I will make a voice call in at the window, sir. Now, listen, sir! Are you there?" called Will, addressing the blind on the window.

Dicky Bird had an inspiration.

"Here!" he called back, through the small ventilating pane, in a deep, deep voice.

Dr. Shrubbs started violently. So did Will Hay. Will, at least knew that that was not his own ventriloquial answer. Dr. Shrubbs did not. Unaware of the three anxious juniors parked under the window, Dr. Shrubbs could

only be amazed at this startling spot of ventriloquism.

"John James Brown!" answered Dicky cheerfully.

Jimmy Carboy and Tubby Green suppressed their chuckles.

"Amazing!" came Dr. Shrubb's voice. "Mr. Hay, I apologise! I must admit that I have never believed in ventriloquism before!"

"But—but—but—" stuttered Will dizzily.

"Don't keep on butting like a billy-goat!" came the voice from the window. "Shut up, and stay shut up!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Dr. Shrubb. "Very

amusing—very amusing indeed! Really, Mr. Hay, I congratulate you! This is amazing—astounding! You are too modest about your many gifts, my dear Hay; you have never mentioned this before! I have heard so-called ventriloquists more than once, but never anything like this—never! Do you know, Mr. Hay, that I could almost swear that that voice came from outside the window! Indeed, I should really suppose that someone was there if you had not told me that it was ventriloquism—"

"W-w-would you, really?" gasped Will.

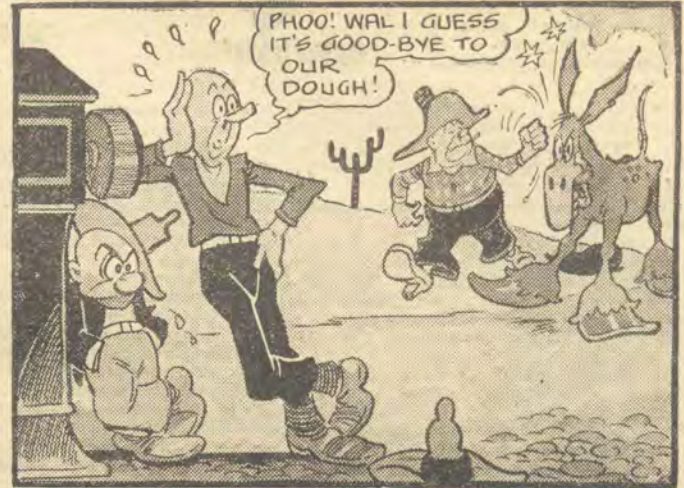
"I should, really! Of course, there is no one there. I will glance from the window—"

Dicky Bird & Co. disappeared at 60 m.p.h.!

Will Hay dropped ventriloquism like a hot potato after that. And the Bendover Fourth dropped goodness like another hot potato. Once they knew how the matter really stood, they howled with merriment over it—and absolutely, completely and totally gave up being on their best behaviour.

A convict bursts out of prison and meets Will Hay . . . and you'll nearly burst your sides with laughter at the merry adventures that follow. Meet this merry master in another laugh-a-line story next Friday.

HERE THEY ARE, BOYS!—OUR KRAZY GANG.



**MIKE,
SPIKE
& GRETA
IN—
"THEY'RE
TOUGH,
MIGHTY
TOUGH
IN THE
WEST!"**

