

"WHO IS THE SCARLET LOTUS?" — GRAND ORIENTAL MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE STORY — STARTS TO-DAY!



WILL  
HAY  
IS  
INSIDE

# The PILOT

EVERY  
FRIDAY

2<sup>D</sup>

No. 126. Vol. 5. Week ending February 26th, 1938.

## "THE BEASTS OF TARZAN!"

Thrilling Picture Strip & Story Inside







By courtesy of Gainsborough pictures.

"BUCK up, Koo!" said Dicky Bird. "No likee buckee up!" answered Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la, the Kanaka junior in the Bendover Fourth. "Do you like old Hay's cane—six on the bags?" asked Dicky.

"No likee stick belong ole Hay! Plenty too much me no likee stick belong ole Hay, stop along trousers belong me." There was a chuckle in Study No. 3. Koo could read English, and write it, but when he spoke it, he spoke it in the manner of the happy South Sea Island from which he came. And it sounded funny to the Bendover fellows.

Koo was popular in the Bendover Fourth. His language was exotic; his manners and customs weird; he made a science of laziness, in the true Kanaka way, and he was as full of tricks as a cage full of monkeys.

He did not look like bucking up, at the moment. He was stretched in the study armchair, on his lazy back, with his brown hands clasped behind his lazy head, reading a newspaper!

No other fellow at Bendover could have read a newspaper in that attitude. But Koo could, easily. He held the newspaper in his toes, instead of his fingers, Koo's toes being as flexible and useful as the fingers of any other fellow in the Form. It had surprised the Bendover fellows, at first, to see Koo pick up things with his feet, instead of his hands. This saved the trouble of stooping, which was important, from the Kanaka point of view.

Dicky Bird and Tubby Green were mugging Latin, at the study table. Koo ought to have been doing the same. In all the studies in the Fourth they were hard at work.

Will Hay, master of the Fourth, had come down heavy!

Generally, Will was so good-natured and



easy to get on with, that the Bendover Fourth had a fairly easy time. But there are some things that no Form-master can stand. Hiding his crib was one of them! Somebody had snaffled Will's crib and left him to face a Latin class without a translation at hand!

This seemed fearfully funny to the Fourth—till Will came back at them. He came back emphatically. He gave the Fourth twenty lines of Latin to learn by heart, dismissed them to their studies to get on with same, and took a walk, in the spring sunshine, in the quad, while they got on with it. This was much pleasanter for Will than for his Form!

"You'll get six, Koo, if you don't get on with it," repeated Tubby. "I think you're mad."

"No tinkee!" said Koo, showing a dazzling set of teeth in a grin. "This feller Koo tink too much, brain belong him. Me savvy." He waved the newspaper at his studymates with his foot. "You feller look along paper belong me, you see! This feller Koo plenty too much clever for ole Hay."

In astonishment, Koo's friends looked at the newspaper. The Kanaka junior, apparently, had derived some idea from that newspaper, for dishing Will Hay. They could not begin to guess what it was, even after looking at the paper. Koo had been reading an account of some hapless person who had been found wandering, having lost his memory. What that could possibly have to do with the matter in hand was a mystery to Dicky and Tubby.

"What the dickens are you driving at, Koo?" asked Dicky Bird.

"Me dlive along big feller idea!" grinned Koo. "S'pose man along newspaper lose feller memoly, Bendover feller lose memoly alleo samee! Can do!"

"Wha-a-t?" stuttered Dicky and Tubby together.

"Ole Hay sing out, learn feller Latin along

memoly," said Koo. "S'pose lose feller memoly, samee feller along newspaper, no can do."

"You—you—you ass!" howled Dicky Bird. "Old Hay's rather a goat, but do you think he will swallow that, for a minute?"

"Me tinkee!" "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dicky Bird. "I'd like to see you get by with it. Bet you two to one in doughnuts you don't!"

"Allee light—me likee doughnut!" Koo remained in the armchair for the next hour, grinning cheerfully. Having thought of that brilliant idea for getting out of the difficulty, Koo was not likely to bother his lazy head about learning Latin lines. If a man in a newspaper could lose his memory, why shouldn't a boy in a school?

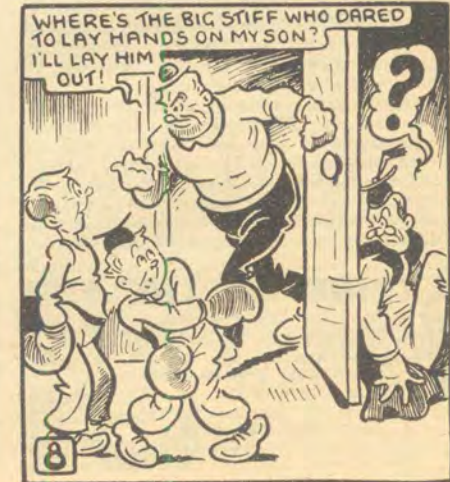
A bell rang, and a weary, exasperated, and indignant Fourth trooped down to the Form-room, to face a smiling Form-master. Will Hay breezed in from the quad, feeling much better for his saunter there, and thinking it very probable that his crib would not be missing again! He smiled at the Fourth with all his teeth.

"Good-morning, boys!" grinned Will. "Now let us see what progress we have made! You may begin, Bird!"

Dicky began, and Will listened to junior after junior reciting weary lines. Then it came to Koo's turn. A good many eyes turned on Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la, as he rose to his feet. News of his intended jape had spread in the Fourth, and the juniors were wondering what the result was going to be. They wished him luck—but they doubted!

"Begin!" rapped Will. Koo passed a brown hand over blue tattoo-marks on a brown forehead, with a bewildered air.

"No can, sar!" he stammered. "What?" roared Will. "Haven't you learned your lines, Koo? Suffering sardines—I mean, bless my soul!"







"Me learnee plentee too much, sar!" exclaimed Koo. "Me makeek work plentee too hard along feller lines, sar! Memoly no stop." "Memoly?" ejaculated Will. "Oh! Memory! You mean to say you don't remember your lines? Step out before the class!"

Koo looked round. "What think feller class, sar?" he asked. "Me no remember." "Humming haddock! What on earth's the matter with the boy?" exclaimed Will. "If you haven't learned your lines, Koo, I'm going to cane you! Got that?" "What thing feller cane sar?" Will Hay gazed at him. So did all the Bendover Fourth.

Where Koo got the nerve from to play a game like this, had all the Fourth guessing. Some of the fellows wondered whether he really had lost his memory. After all such things happened—or at least, they were believed to have happened. Will gazed at the Kanaka—hard! Then he grasped him by the collar with his left hand, and bent him over the desk. In his right he lifted the cane! It swished in the air.

"Now," hooted Will, "you've lost your memory, have you, Koo-kalangle-wangle?"

"Memoly no stop, sar." "I'm going to help you get it back! If caning can do it, it will be all right! I'm going to whop you till it comes back! Got that?"

"Yessar! Me tankee you plentee too much," said Koo humbly. "Me likee too much feller memoly comeek back along this feller."

Will paused. The cane circled in the air, but it did not descend. Will was smitten by a doubt. He scanned the brown face, and its meek, sad expression disarmed him. He hesitated. It is well said that he who hesitates is lost. Will Hay lowered the cane.

"If you're pulling my leg—" he hissed.



"What thing feller leg, sar?" asked Koo. "Suffering snails!" gasped Will. "I—I—I suppose I shall have to give you the benefit of the doubt, Koo-kaloodle-woodle. You'll have to see a doctor."

"What thing feller doctor, sar?" "A feller doctor, my boy, is a feller who gives you nasty stuff and sends in a bill," said Will. "If you're spoofing, I hope he'll give you the nastiest stuff he's got in stock! You can leave the Form-room, Koo. We will see the Head after classes."

"A SHOCKING occurrence!" said Dr. Shrub.

Will Hay looked worried. Dr. Shrub was a benign old bean; but if anything went wrong in a Form at Bendover, he held the Form-master thereof responsible. Often he seemed to think that it was Will's fault that he had the most unruly Form in the school—as if Will wanted them to be unruly! Now, staring at Koo in his study, the Head seemed to have the impression that Will was somehow to blame for the Kanaka junior having lost his memory.

Koo stood meek and mild, looking as if butter would not have melted in his mouth. Perhaps he had felt an inward tremor when he was taken to the headmaster for his strange and distressing state to be reported. But, having started that peculiar game, Koo had to carry on. He could hardly recover his lost memory on his way to the Head's study. That would have been a little too palpable. But he placed great reliance on the Head's unsuspectingness, and his own artfulness. Besides, he was by no means anxious to recapture that lost memory. A fellow who had lost his memory looked like having an extremely easy time in class.

But the Head was deeply disturbed.

"This boy, Mr. Hay," he said, "was sent



to us, placed in our care, from a distant island on the extreme limits of our far-flung Empire. Every care should have been taken of him. I trusted him in your hands. And now—he has lost his memory!"

"Not my fault, sir," ventured Will. "I'd find it for him if I could! If he'd lost anything else, I might spot it lying about. But a memory—"

"Possibly you have over-taxed his capacity, in Form work," said the Head. "Perhaps you have put too great a strain upon a brain, which is, after all, only that of a native of the South Sea Islands. Doubtless you have set him some task under which his weak mentality has broken down."

"Twenty lines of Latin to learn by heart, sir—"

"Injudicious, Hay, in the circumstances." "But I didn't know the circumstances before they happened, sir!" pleaded Will.

"I wish you would not argue, Hay! Futile argument cannot alter facts," said Dr. Shrub severely. "The boy has lost his memory. We must do what we can for him. I will telephone for the school doctor. In the meantime, place no strain on the boy's mind, Hay. No work of any kind— Bless my soul! Are you laughing, Koo?"

"No savvy, sar!" said Koo hastily.

"Dreadful!" said Dr. Shrub. "He has forgotten the meaning of the commonest words. A shocking occurrence! Nothing of this kind has ever happened in any Form but yours, Hay."

"Mine's the only Form with a Kanaka in it, sir—"

"Your proneness to argument, Hay, is irritating. Please say no more. Take care that matters do not go from bad to worse. Koo, can you remember nothing at all? Say, the name of the South Sea Island from which you came?"





"What thing feller island, sar?"  
 "Awful!" said Dr. Shrub. "Most distressing! I am sorry to find fault with you, Hay, but really this is most serious. I will call in Dr. Paynem. If necessary, I will send for the great specialist Dr. Fillmore Graves. But we will see what the school doctor can do first. Send the boy to my study at four, Hay. The doctor will be taking tea with me here, and he can see him then."

"Very well, sir," sighed Will, and he led the Kanaka junior away.

That afternoon, Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la sat in class, the envy of all the Fourth. He sat and smiled.

Every fellow in the Form was at work—excepting Koo. Koo, as lazy and happy as if he had still been under the nodding palms of Ululo, enjoyed life. Will Hay gave him a dubious and suspicious glance every now and then. Dr. Shrub was quite convinced, but Will was only half-convinced, that Koo had lost his memory. He was still less convinced when he spotted Koo in the act of winking at Jimmy Carboy!

"Koo!" thundered Will.  
 Koo did not answer. He did not even look at Will Hay. Will stepped up and gave him a poke with the pointer. Koo gasped.

"Why don't you answer me, Koo?" roared Will.

"What name you call this feller Koo, sar?" asked the Kanaka.

"Wha-a-at! I call you Koo because it's your name. Are you going to make out now that you've forgotten your name?" yelled Will.

"What thing feller name, sar?"  
 "Slithering slugs!" gasped Will. "Don't you know what a name is?"

"Me no savvy, sar, along memoly belong me no stop," answered Koo calmly.

"I saw you wink at Carboy!" hissed Will.  
 "What thing feller wink, sar?"

Will Hay breathed hard and deep, and gave it up. Koo sat and grinned, while Will and the Fourth dug into Roman history. On the fat and obtuse countenance of Tubby Green there sat deep reflection. Tubby was thinking—at least, he was going through the mental processes which he dignified by the name of thinking. The result of Tubby's deep cogitations startled the Fourth when it came suddenly to light.

"The name of the emperor who followed Nero?" rapped Will. "You, Green!"

"What do you mean by Green, sir?" asked Tubby.

"Wha-a-at?" howled Will. "What did you say, Green? Don't you know your own name?"

"What's a name, sir?" asked Tubby.

"Wha-a-at?" gurgled Will, linking at him over his nose-nippers.

"I—I think I've lost my memory, sir," ventured Tubby. "I—I don't seem to remember anything, sir! Ain't—ain't it awful, sir?"

Will Hay gazed at him. He goggled at him. From all the Fourth Form came a howl of laughter. Tubby, evidently, was trying it on. If Koo had got by with it, why not Tubby? Such were the mental processes of Tubby Green.

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fourth.  
 "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" chortled Koo.

"You—you—you—" gurgled Will Hay.

"You—you—you've lost your memory, too, Green? Oh, humming haddock and scented sardines! I can see that this is catching! You've caught this from Koo, Green! Now you're going to catch something from me! Look at this!" He held up the pointer. "Do you know what this is, Green?"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped Tubby. "Having—having lost my memory, sir, I—I don't know that it's a pointer, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you don't know that it's a pointer!" babbled Will. "Then I daresay you've forgotten, too, what it feels like when rapped on the knuckles! What? We'll ascertain, without delay!"

Rap!  
 "Yaroooh!" roared Tubby Green, with a roar that awoke all the echoes of the Form-room. "Oh, my knuckles! Yaroooh!"

"Now do you remember that your name is

Green, Green?" demanded Will ferociously. "Don't be in a hurry—I'll keep this up as long as you do!"

"I—I remember perfectly, sir!" howled Tubby. "Oh! Quite! Oh, yes, sir! Now—now I come to think of it, I—I haven't lost my memory, sir! Not at all! Ow!"

Will Hay grinned cheerily.

"It's very sad about Koo," he remarked, "but I think I shall be able to prevent that distressing complaint spreading in the Fourth! We can't have it going about like measles! I'm quite determined to keep it from spreading! I'm prepared to wear out this pointer in such a good cause!"

But Will had no further need to handle the pointer!

"EXTRAORDINARY!" said Dr. Paynem.

He was taking tea with Dr. Shrub, in his study. Before them stood Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la, with sad and innocent earnestness in his brown face. He had stood there for some time, with the doctor shooting sudden questions at him. But no question took the artful Koo off his guard! The medical man did not believe that it was a case of lost memory! He strongly suspected that it was a case of leg-pulling. Still, he failed to catch Koo out.

"Another cup of tea, my dear sir?" asked Dr. Shrub.

"Thank you, yes! This is a very curious case, sir—but I think I can deal with it! Medicine is required—and I regret to say, my boy, that the medicine is very nasty to the taste! Very nasty indeed!" added Dr. Paynem, with a penetrating look at Koo. "I have some in my bag! You shall take the first dose in my presence! I am sorry that it is extremely nasty."

Koo's cheery grin faded for a moment. Getting out of work was very attractive; but nasty medicine had no appeal for him whatever! The school doctor did not fail to note that momentary change in his look.

"This stuff will cure him!" said Dr. Paynem grimly. "When you told me over the telephone, sir, what was the matter with the boy, I selected a certain special medicine, which, I feel assured, will cure him in a single dose! Otherwise, larger doses are to be taken regularly three times a day."

The wineglass was filled to the brim. The doctor handed it to Koo, who took the stem in his brown fingers.

"Don't spill it, my boy!" said the doctor. That medical man seemed to be a thought-reader. "I have more at hand."

Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la decided not to spill it! Evidently he had to think of a better one than that! Dr. Paynem watched him grimly, over his tea-cup—and the Head, with a benevolent smile. Koo raised the wineglass slowly—very slowly—to his lips. Then suddenly he lowered it again, his dark eyes fixed in a startled stare on the window.

"Ole feller Hay fall down!" he gasped.

"Tinkee breakee leg belong him. That poor ole feller Hay!"

"What?" exclaimed the Head and the doctor together, in alarm. They rose as if moved by the same spring, and stepped to the window to look out.

The instant their backs were turned Koo emptied the wineglass into the doctor's half-empty tea-cup! The next instant he raised the empty wineglass to his lips! It was there, and Koo looked as if he had just drained the contents, when they turned back from the window.

"Nonsense, Koo!" snapped Dr. Shrub. "I see nothing of Mr. Hay in the quadrangle!"

"Me tinkee see that feller fall along ground, sar—"

"The boy seems to be a fool!" said Dr. Paynem, staring at Koo. "How can he fancy he saw anything of the kind?"

"Possibly his vision may be affected, as well as his memory!" suggested the Head. "It is a very strange case."

Grunt, from Dr. Paynem.

"If it is, I will give him some more medicine for it!" he yapped, sitting down and picking up his tea-cup. "How did you like the medicine I gave you, Koo?"

Koo smacked his lips.

"Likee velly much, sar!" he answered. "Plenty too nicey taste belong that feller medicine."

The doctor grunted again. The dose he had mixed for Koo was one that might have made a hippopotamus jump, and he had fancied that it would "cure" a young rascal who was spoofing—with the prospect of three more doses every day until he owned up! But it seemed to have absolutely no effect on the Kanaka! That, really, was not surprising, as Koo had tipped it into the doctor's tea-cup instead of swallowing it. But the medical man, unaware of that little circumstance, was puzzled.

He raised his tea-cup and drank off the tea!

The next moment there was something like a volcanic eruption mixed with a Japanese air-raid, in the Head's study!

Crash! went the tea-cup, smashing the saucer as it smashed. The tea-table rocked under the impact of the doctor's knees, as he bounded to his feet.

"Ooooooh! Woooooh! Oh, holy smoke! What was in the tea?" shrieked the doctor. "Something awful was in the tea! Something horrible! Gurrgrgh! It tasted like—like—like the medicine I had prepared for Koo—Ooooooogh! Gurrgh! Ooooh! Great St. Bartholomew's! Woooooooh!"

Dr. Paynem grabbed open the door of the study and rushed out! He wanted to get his mouth under a tap, and he wanted to get it there quick! Dr. Shrub gazed after him in helpless bewilderment.

"Goodness gracious! What—what—what—You may leave my study, Koo! Good gracious! I fail to understand—"

"Groooh-oooh-ooooogh!" died away down the passage.

Koo left the study. Two minutes later the Four Form studies were in a roar!

"HAVE you told Koo to do no preparation this evening, Mr. Hay?"

"I have not mentioned it to him, sir."

"Really, Mr. Hay! I am surprised! I have already warned you to place no strain—no strain whatever—on the boy! I have great hopes from Dr. Paynem's medicine, which he appeared to like; but, in the meantime, no strain—no exertion—nothing of that kind, Mr. Hay! Kindly inform Koo immediately that until he is completely recovered he is to do no preparation."

"Very well, sir!" sighed Will.

Will Hay breezed up the staircase and billowed across the landing. The Bendover Fourth were in their studies at prep—but Study No. 3, at least, appeared to be devoting more attention to hilarity than to prep! From that study floated the sound of happy boyish laughter as Will drifted up the passage.

"Ha, ha! Ain't it a scream?" came Dicky Bird's happy chortle. "Ain't it a real shriek! That old ass Hay really thinks Koo has lost his memory. What larks!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came like an echo from the passage, and the three juniors jumped as Will Hay smiled in at the doorway. "As you remarked, my dear Bird, what larks! What tremendous larks! Ha, ha! Though not an early riser as a rule, I am up with the lark this time! Ha, ha! Feeling better, Koo!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Dicky.

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Tubby.

Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la eyed his Form-master warily.

"Tinkee no bettee, sar!" he answered. He was not sure yet how much had reached Will's ears as he came!

"The medicine hasn't cured you?" asked Will sympathetically. "We'll try another kind, Koo!" He slipped his cane into his hand. "I've got some medicine here that I really think will be efficacious! I am prepared to administer it in as large doses as may be required! Bend over that table!"

"What thing feller table, sar?" Will grinned genially.

"Of course, you don't remember what a table is, or a cane, either!" he agreed. "But I have great hopes of curing this singular lapse of memory, Koo—very great hopes!" He grabbed Koo's collar. "That, Koo, is a table—"



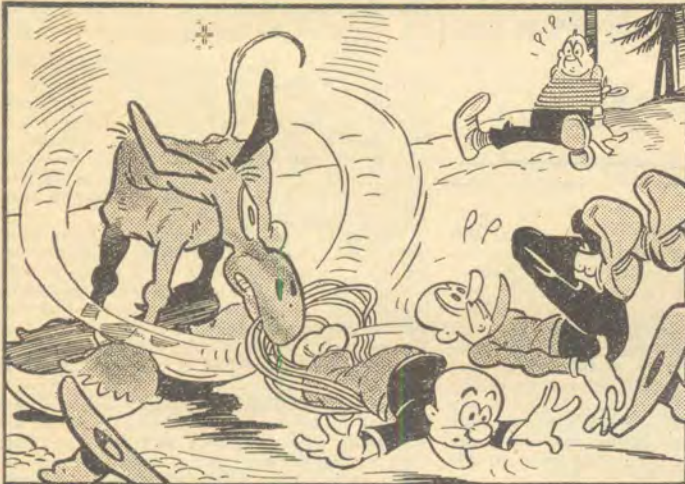
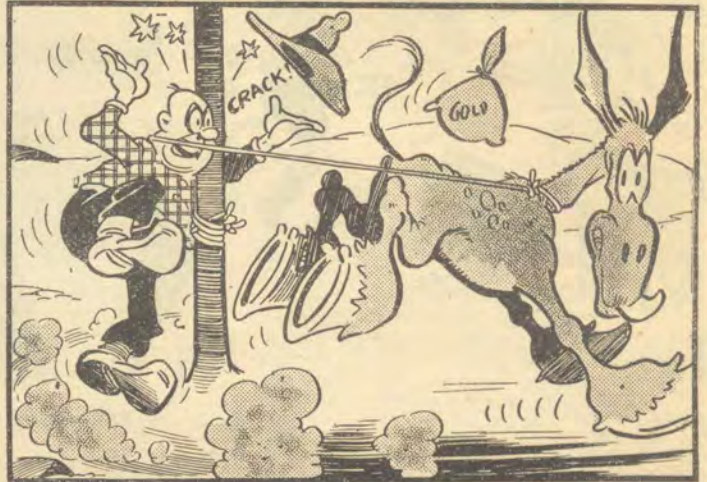
that object upon which I am now banging your head!"

Bang!  
"Yooooooooooooo!" roared Koo.  
"Do you remember what a table is now, Koo, or shall I demonstrate again?"  
"Me savvy!" yelled Koo. "Me savvy plenty too much!"  
"Good! We are getting on!" said Will.  
"And now—" Whop, whop, whop, whop, whop, whop! The cane rang like a series of pistol-shots on Koo's trousers. "Now do you remember things?"  
"Me allee light!" yelled Koo. "Me plenty too much allee light altogether! Yaroop! No

likee cane stop along feller trousers belong me! Oooooop! Me altogether too much allee light!"  
"Fine!" said Will, tucking the cane under his arm. "If you feel loss of memory coming on again, Koo, inform me immediately! I will administer further doses of the same medicine! I guarantee a complete cure every time! Let me know at once if that distressing trouble comes back."  
"No tinkee comey back any more, sar!" groaned Koo.  
"In the circumstances I think it improbable!" agreed Will, and he billowed out of the study and went down to report to Dr. Shrubbs.

"A great relief—a very great relief, my dear Hay!" said the Head. "I have great faith in doctors, Hay! A wonderful medicine to have cured so serious a complaint in a single dose! I assure you, Hay, that the doctor gave him only one dose!"  
"I gave him another, sir!" said Will. "I think it was the second dose did it! A wonderful medicine, as you say, sir!"  
*There's another mirthquake in store for you next week when Will Hay is told to pack his bag and clear out of Bendover. But can you imagine Bendover without Will? No, sirs; so look out for surprises and you won't be disappointed.*

### HERE THEY ARE AGAIN!... OUR KRAZY GANG!



MIKE,  
SPIKE  
and  
CRETA,  
IN  
"PENNIES  
FROM  
HEAVEN!"