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AMAZING WESTERN STORY OF BUFFALO BILL INSIDE!



# The PILOT

EVERY FRIDAY

2<sup>d</sup>

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MIKE,  
SPIKE  
&  
GRETA  
ARE READY  
TO  
TALK  
STORE!







By courtesy of Gainsborough pictures.

WILL HAY was chatting with Mossoo Bong, under the Bendover heeches, when Dicky Bird of the Fourth shot by. Dicky came at such a rush that there was very nearly a collision on the line. Luckily, there was just room to pass between Will and the French monster, and Richard Bird shot through the narrow space, merely banging Will Hay with one elbow, and Monsieur le Bon with the other. Really, it was very lucky, for Dicky did not see them till he was right upon them, and he might have crashed into either or both.

As it was, Dicky Bird scraped by and hurtled onward. And both Will Hay and Mossoo Bong stared after him, in wrathful surprise. Juniors at Bendover School were not supposed to rush past masters in this wild and reckless way.

"Suffering snails!" ejaculated Will Hay.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Mossoo Bong, pressing a fat hand to an extensive and well-filled waistcoat. "Ce garçon—"

It was then that Stuckey of the Sixth happened!

Had Will or Mossoo had time to reflect, they might have realised that Dicky Bird's frantic flight indicated pursuit in the rear. But they had no time to guess that one. Standing there, staring after the fleeing Dicky, they were right in the path of Stuckey of the Sixth, as he came careering at top speed. This time there was a crash!

To Will Hay, it seemed like a runaway lorry catching him on his southern aspect. Mossoo Bong had a wild impression of air raids. Both of them went spinning. Will Hay crashed to the right, Mossoo Bong crashed to the left, and between them crashed Stuckey of the Sixth, spluttering; and then all three sat up, blinking dizzily at one another.



"Oh crumbs!" gasped Stuckey. "Sorry, sir! That kid—he got me with a pea-shooter!"

"You—you blithering idiot!" gurgled Will, struggling to his feet, wildly tangled in his gown. "You—you-you bighted burbler—"

Stuckey staggered to his feet. He was dizzy from the shock. So was Will Hay. But Mossoo Bong had suffered most. Mossoo was winded. Mossoo was stout. It was years since Mossoo Bong had seen his knees. The rim of his extensive equator had smitten the earth when he fell. He sat and moaned and moaned.

"Lend me a hand with him!" gasped Will Hay.

"Urrgh! Yes, sir! Urrgh!" gasped Stuckey.

They grabbed Mossoo Bong by his plump arms. They raised him, slowly and with effort, to his feet. Still moaning and moaning, Mossoo Bong stood unsteadily, holding on to both of them. They supported his weight manfully. For several long minutes, Adolphe le Bon continued to moo like a sad and mournful cow. Then recovery began to set in. He ceased at last to moo. He recovered his voice. He proceeded to address Stuckey of the Sixth in choice French.

"Jubeille! Niains! Sot! Bete! Mille fois niains! Mille, mille fois imbécile!"

"And then some!" said Will Hay encouragingly. "Carry on, Mossoo! You're expressing my feelings exactly and saving my breath! Go it!"

"Mille, mille, mille fois sot et bete!" spluttered Mossoo, getting more and more eloquent, as his breath came back. "Is it zat you zink zat I, Adolphe le Bon, shall be one vat you call skittle—"

"Skittle!" murmured Will Hay.

"Zat you zink me one ninety-pin—"



"Ninety-pin!" murmured Will.

"If zat is vat you zink, you, Stuckey, I ask to make you zink conceiving orzer. Je vous fraippo—comme ca—"

"Wow!" roared Stuckey, as a fat hand snote. "I say—"

Mossoo had been grasping Stuckey's shoulder for support. Now he changed his grasp to Stuckey's collar. With the other hand he snote. Along with his wind, he seemed to have recovered his energy. He wed up quite a lot in smacking Stuckey's head.

Smack, smack, smack, smack!

It was quite unheard of at Bendover for a Sixth Form prefect's head to be smacked. Still, it was very unusual for a Sixth Form prefect to rush into a couple of masters like a mad bull, and up-end them.

"That," said Will, "is a good idea, Mossoo! One of your best! You keep on with that ear, and I'll begin on the other!"

Smack, smack, smack!

"Oh! Ow! Wow! Chuck it!" roared the hapless Stuckey, struggling frantically as simultaneous smacks landed on both ears. "I say— Yaroooh! Look here—joo-ooop! Will you leave off?"

Stuckey of the Sixth felt as if both his ears were being knocked inward, and would meet in the middle of his head. He gave a terrific wrench and tore away, leaving his collar in Mossoo's grasp. Once loose, he shot off like a stone from a catapult.

"Hold on!" gasped Will. "We haven't finished yet!"

Stuckey was not likely to hold on, or to come back. He disappeared at 50 m.p.h.

DICKY BIRD stepped quietly into his Form-master's study and closed the door after him. There was a vengeanceful gleam in Dicky's eyes—and a box of drawing-pins in his pocket! Dicky, like







the rest of the Bendover Fourth, liked Will Hay, but just at the moment he liked him less than usual. Dicky was wriggling painfully as he moved. Whoppings not infrequently came Dicky's way, but that afternoon he had bagged something like a record.

It had seemed quite amusing to Dicky to get a Sixth Form prefect with a pea-shooter. It seemed less amusing when that prefect spotted him in the act, and got after him. Dicky's escape had been only temporary. He had hoped that, given time, Stuckey's temper would cool down. Instead of which, Billy Stuckey, with his head ringing and singing from innumerable snacks, had been in the worst temper ever.

Having run Dicky down west temper ever. Having run Dicky down west temper ever. Having run Dicky down west temper ever. Having run Dicky down west temper ever.

It was rather dark in the study, but Dicky did not venture to turn on a light. There was light enough for his purpose, which was to arrange a set of drawing-pins, business end upward, in Will Hay's armchair. It was very probable that when Will came back from his talk to Dobham, he would plump in that armchair for a rest.

Dicky, while he wriggled, grinned as he arranged the drawing-pins. He had arranged half a dozen; but he had a dozen in the box, and he was going, generously, to let his Form-master have the lot. But he stopped suddenly. As swiftly as a rabbit bolting into its burrow, Dicky Bird shot behind the armchair and crouched there, breathless. It was the sound of the door handle turning that caused the sudden jump for cover.

Dicky hardly breathed. As the door opened without a knock, he could only suppose that it was Will Hay coming in—apparently having turned back from his walk! It was fearfully unfortunate for Dicky, who had supposed that he had plenty of time to get on with the good work.

But, the next moment, he knew that it was not Will. The door had opened quite stealthily—it had shut just as stealthily—and no light was turned on. It dawned on Dicky that the newcomer was, like himself, a surreptitious visitor to the study! If it was Jimmy Carboy, or Koo, or Jerry Smart, or some other japper of the Fourth, there was no need for Dicky to keep in cover. He peered round the armchair cautiously, and jumped as he heard a muttering voice.

"Where does the old ass park it?"

It was the voice of Stuckey of the Sixth! He was rooting round the study, apparently in search of something. A glimmer from the window fell on his face, as Dicky peered round the armchair. Richard Bird popped back quickly. He did not want to be spotted there by a prefect—especially after his recent experiences with that particular prefect! He only hoped that, whatever Billy Stuckey was looking for, he would not look behind the armchair for it!

"Oh! Here it is!" came the mutter again, in tones of relief. There was a rustling sound.

Once more the amazed Dicky ventured to peer. Stuckey of the Sixth was taking down Will Hay's gown, which was hanging on a hook inside the door! What a prefect of the Sixth could possibly want with a Form-master's gown was an utter mystery to Bird of the Fourth. No doubt Stuckey felt sore over that snacking of his head; and Stuckey was rather a malicious fellow, too—but a prank of this sort was miles below the dignity of the Sixth!





Mosso went backwards, with a gurgling smack—winded for the second time that day! He staggered, gasping, and sat, with a bump that almost shook the quad.

Smack! Smack!  
Right and left came smacks on Mosso's ears; Mosso reeled to the right, then to the left—then to the right again, then to the left again, under those hefty smacks which banged on his ears in turn.

"Eh!" shrieked Mosso, as the figure turned and fled. "An secours! I am attack—I am smack—I am keel—je suis assome—an secours—elp!"

Then, realising that his assailant was gone, Mosso Bong tattered dizzily to his feet, and leaned on an ancient bench, to gasp for breath. He gasped, and he gurgled, and rubbed his burning ears, wondering whether all this was a fearful dream.

Why Will Hay had attacked him in that extraordinary manner, he could not begin to guess—but he was almost sure that it was Will! Anyhow, it was one of the Bendover staff, from the cap and gown; and proof would be forthcoming, for that gown would be muddy from the puddle!

And Mosso, at last, tottered away to the House, to lay his grievance before Dr. Shrubbs. Stuckey of the Sixth watched him come in—with a smiling face!

Billy Stuckey had replaced cap and gown in Will Hay's study, while Mosso was gasping and spluttering under the benches. Billy Stuckey smiled—he felt that he had reason to smile!

"B OTHER!" said Will Hay. He wrenched the clothes-brush with a vigorous hand. How he had got that mud on his gown. Will did not know—but he supposed that he must have done so somehow, as it was there! He had not noticed it before he went out—but he noticed it when he came in, and slipped on the gown and moriar-board.

Having spotted it, he sorted out the clothes-brush, and started brushing. The mud, still damp, did not brush off easily. Will brushed, and brushed, getting more and more irritated. He wanted to rest, after his walk, before seeing the Fourth in to prep; but brushing that mud kept him busy, and he had not had a minute to sit down, so far.

Tap! His study door opened. "Oh, suffering haddock, don't come bothering now, blow you!" exclaimed Will, testily. "Oh! Ah! I did not see that it was you, sir—pray come in, Dr. Shrubbs—such a pleasure to see you, sir—do come in!"

Dr. Shrubbs sailed majestically into the study. There was a severe frown on his majestic countenance. He gave a start, as he saw how Will was engaged with the clothes-brush.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "Are you—are you brushing mud off your gown, Mr. Hay?"

"Just that, sir—"  
"Then it was you!" gasped the Head.

"Eh!"  
"I have visited each member of my staff in turn, after hearing Monsieur le Bon's complaint," thundered the Head. "And I find you brushing mud—fresh mud, too—from your gown! No other master's gown was muddy!"  
"Really, sir!" exclaimed Will, in astonishment. "I fail to follow you! I don't quite recall how my gown got so muddy, but surely, sir, it is not a matter for your personal inspection and intervention."

"Do not bandy words with me, Mr. Hay! It was you—obviously, you! I repeat that yours is the only muddy gown at Bendover—"

and Monsieur le Bon distinctly stated that the man who attacked him fell in a puddle—"  
"Wha-a-?" stuttered Will Hay.

"It was you! Are you out of your senses, Hay? For what reason did you smack Monsieur le Bon's head?" thundered Dr. Shrubbs. "Is that, sir, conduct worthy of a member of the staff of this ancient foundation?"

"But I—I—I didn't!" gasped Will, in bewilderment. "I should be very sorry to smack Mosso Bong's head, sir! He's a friend of mine! What makes you think—"

"You can have nothing to say in your defence, Hay!" said Dr. Shrubbs sternly. "Still, I will hear you!"

And Dr. Shrubbs sat down in the study armchair, prepared to give Will a hearing. The Head of Bendover reposed in that armchair for about the millionth part of a second! Then he bounded!

There was a roar in Will Hay's study, as if the celebrated Bull of Basban had got loose there!

"My dear sir—" gasped Will. "What—" "Oh! Ah! Gooogl! Woogl!" yelled Dr. Shrubbs, wriggling frantically. "I am punctured—ooogl!"

"Sorrowful snails!" gasped Will. "What the dickens—"

"Oh! Owl! Wow! I am injured—in several places. Pins, or needles, or something! Owl! Bless my soul! Woogl!"

"But what—what— Oh, crikes!" gasped Will, as he rushed towards the armchair and spotted the drawing-pins sticking in the Head's gown. "Oh, humming haddock! Some young villain must have placed them there for me. How fortunate that you sat down first, sir—"

"What?"  
"I—I mean, how unfortunate—how very unfortunate! I—I mean—" babbled Will.

"Did you know that those drawing-pins were there, Mr. Hay?" thundered Dr. Shrubbs. "Have you seen them before?"

"No; I've only seen them behind—on your gown, sir! I should have sat on them myself, had I not been busy brushing mud from my gown! How very fortunate—that is to say, unfortunate—"

"I will waste no more time—wow!—time here, Mr. Hay! Owl! Wow! You have been guilty of a wow!—unprovoked and ruffianly attack upon another member of my—owl! owl—staff! You're dismissed, Mr. Hay! Do you hear me? Dismissed from Bendover!"

"But—but I haven't—"  
Snort! Dr. Shrubbs stalked out of the study, wriggling as he stalked. Will Hay blinked after him, over his slanting nose-nippers, dumbfounded. Dr. Shrubbs went wriggling down the passage. He wriggled, and wriggled. Bendover fellows gazed at their headmaster in amazement as they saw him on his way back to his study. He seemed to be understudying a contortionist. Wiggling, he reached his study, and sank into a chair there—and then bounded up, as if the seat of that chair had been red-hot.

"Ow!" was heard from the Head's study. "Wow!"

After that he was heard walking about, for quite a considerable time.

"S ACKED!"  
"Old Hay?"  
"Great pip!"  
"What's he done?"  
"Smacked Mosso's head—"  
It was all over Bendover School before the fellows went in to prep.

Will Hay, master of the Fourth, was zacked! The Bendover Fourth heard it with consternation! They did little prep in the Fourth Form studies. They discussed this startling news instead—bad news for the Fourth! They did not want to lose Will Hay! He added so much to the gaiety of existence at Bendover!

"Poor old Hay!" said Dicky Bird, in Study No. 5, for the umpteenth time. "Poor old ass! Sacked, you know! What on earth did he want to smack Mosso's head for? I've wanted to smack it often enough, but why should old Hay?"

In view of this disaster, Dicky was quite sorry that he had planted those drawing-pins in Will's study armchair. His only consolation was that Dr. Shrubbs had sat on them, instead of Will!

"Must he oil his crumplet!" said Tabby Green. "I've heard that he smacked Stuckey's head this afternoon; now he's smacked Mosso's! He's making a habit of it!"

"I can't make it out!" said Dicky. "I hear that old Hay says he never did it. That old goat Mosso Bong may have made a mistake! He's not a cat, to see in the dark, anyhow! Look here, if old Hay says he never did it, he never did! Bet you there's a mistake somewhere."

After prep, Dicky Bird cut down to his Form-master's study. Will Hay greeted him with a frosty smile.

"Ah! I was going to send for you, Bird, to ask you whether you knew anything about some—hem!—drawing-pins," he remarked. "But never mind! Never mind! I will not leave you a whopping to remember me by, Bird!"

"You're not really going, sir?" exclaimed Dicky.

"Going—going—nearly gone!" answered Will sadly. "I shall make one more appeal to Dr. Shrubbs before I leave, but I'm giving him time to recover from the effect of the hem!—drawing-pins! They seem to have had a deleterious effect on his usually sunny temper! He was in far from a honny mood when I last saw him!"

"But why do they think you smacked Mosso Bong's head, sir, if you didn't?" asked the anxious Dicky.

Will sighed. "The evidence, my boy, is complete," he answered. "Some member of the staff smacked Mosso's head—someone, apparently, who had no objection to contact with hair oil! It seems that he got mud on his gown at the time. By a remarkable and unfortunate coincidence, my gown was muddy, Bird! No other master's gown at Bendover shows such traces! And yet, my good Bird, I never smacked Mosso's head—though, in the circumstances, I think I shall smack it before I go! If I am to be sacked for smacking his head, it seems rather hard to go without having handed over the smack!"

"Your—your gown, sir!" stuttered Dicky. Back into his head came what he had seen, in that study, peering round the armchair. "Is that all, sir? Mosso doesn't say he saw you—"  
"No; even that pernicious devourer of frogs does not claim to have recognised my classic features in the dark, Bird. But—"  
"Oh crikes!" gasped Dicky Bird.

He shot out of Will Hay's study, leaving Will blinking.

Will rose sadly to his feet. He was going to have one last interview with Dr. Shrubbs and endeavour to convince him that he was not the head-smacker! But he had little hope! Slowly and sadly Will trailed away to Dr. Shrubbs's study, hoping that he had, by this time, recovered from the drawing-pins.

Meanwhile, Dicky Bird, with a wildly excited face, was hurtling into the Sixth. He hurled open Stuckey's door, and hurled in, without knocking. Stuckey of the Sixth stared round at him. Stuckey had been smiling cheerily. He had killed two birds with one stone—Mosso smacked, and Will Hay zacked! But he ceased to smile as Dicky Bird hurled in, and grabbed up his cane.

"You cheeky little tick!" he roared. "Have you come here for another whopping? All right—bend over that chair!"

"You rotter!" roared back Dicky, shaking his fist in the face of the astonished prefect.

"You worm!"  
Stuckey gazed at him.

"You skunk!" howled Dicky. "I saw you bag old Hay's gown from his study while he was gone to Didham! Hear that? I saw you, you rotter! I jolly well know who smacked Mosso's head, in the dark—and made old Hay's gown muddy to stick it on him! I saw you—"

"You—you saw—" gasped Stuckey. He

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