

"WILL HAY AT BENDOVER!" Starts in this Issue!

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The PILOT 2^d

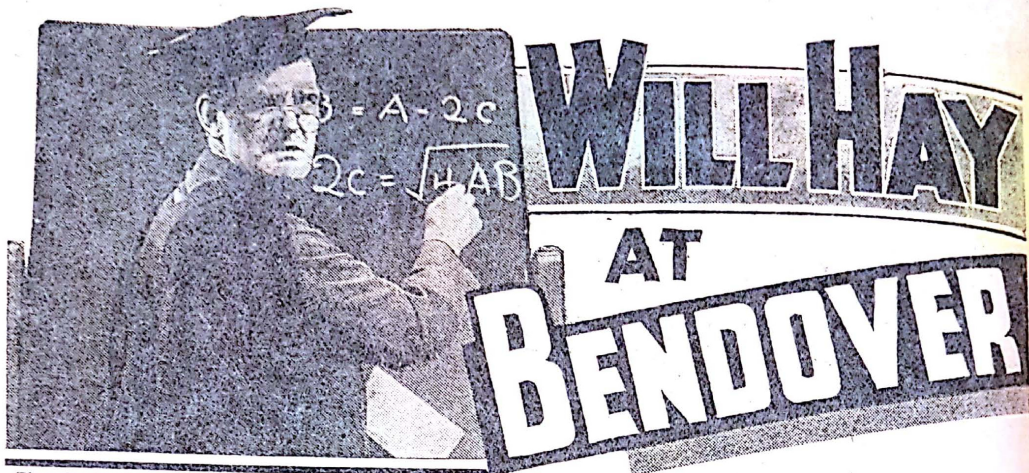
EVERY
FRIDAY.



GRAND NEW SERIES BEGINS THIS WEEK

WILL HAY

COMES TO THE "PILOT"



(Photo by Courtesy of Gainsborough Pictures, whose latest film starring Will Hay as a schoolmaster—"GOOD MORNING BOYS"—will shortly be showing at your local cinema.)

"DODDLEBURY! Diddlebury! Change ere for Bendover College!"

The window of a first-class compartment went down with a bang, and the head and shoulders of a solitary passenger popped through the aperture.

"Is this Diddlebury?" shouted the passenger, looking up and down the platform in short-sighted perplexity.

He clipped a pair of glasses on to the end of his nose as he asked the question, and then, very gradually, there dawned in his staring eyes an expression of almost painful bewilderment; for in that moment he caught sight of a spectacle which caused his forehead to crinkle like a miniature sheet of corrugated iron.

Drawn up on the wooden platform of the country station was a line of boys—boys wearing Eton jackets, school caps, and the most innocent expressions in the world.

It was these innocent expressions on their faces which caused the first-class passenger to blink through his nose-nippers. He knew schoolboys of old, and this parade of virtuous youth was, he felt, too good to be true. He peered at his pursed lips with finger and thumb, then, catching sight of the solitary porter, he let out another stentorian hail.

"Hi, stationmaster!" he shouted.

An untidy, shock-headed young porter, with a vacant expression in his gooseberry eyes, came ambling along the platform, and stared, mouth ajar, at the passenger.

"Did I hear you say that this is Diddlebury?" asked the latter cheerily.

"Couldn't tell you, mister!" answered the porter. "Ow should I know if you 'eard? All I know is I shouted 'Diddlebury! Diddlebury!' till I got 'oarse in the froat!"

"Wazat!" snapped the passenger, frowning. "Orse in the froat! I've heard of frog in the froat, but 'orse in the—Listen to me, Turnip-face! Do I alight here for Bendover College?"

"Please yerself!" answered the porter, without any sign of enthusiasm. "You can set yerself alight if yer like, but it's just as quick to get out in the ordinary way!"

The passenger lowered his head, screwed up his nose, and squinted at the porter over the top of his steel-framed nose-nippers.

"That remark is not funny!" he said severely.

"But it will be if you don't get out in half a tick!" said the porter. "She's just on the move!"

Swinging open the door of the carriage, the passenger flung out a bulging suitcase and took a flying leap on to the platform; then, with a start, he caught sight again of that line of boys, their inquiring, curious eyes upon him.

"Hi, superintendent!" he shouted, as the shock-headed porter went ambling off along the platform.

The porter turned back and waited, mouth ajar, for the stranger to open the proceedings.

"Pray be so good as to satisfy my curiosity!" said the latter, waving a hand towards the row of boys. "Tell me, in strict confidence, what is the idea of the waxworks?"

No sooner was the question out of his mouth than something soft, cold, and clammy smote him in the back of the neck, clinging there like a poultice with pips in.

"Bless my soul!" he cried, claving the overripe tomato from its moorings and staring down at the mess in wide-eyed bewilderment.

THE LAUGH OF THE YEAR!

You've heard him on the radio. You've seen him on the films. Now Will Hay, the world-famous "schoolmaster"-comedian, makes another "mirthquake" in this special "PILOT" story!

Write the sort of schoolmaster you'd be tickled to death to have at your school. Meet him in this super yarn.

"Extraordinary! Inexplicable! Now, how did it happen?"

Then, as though struck by a bright idea, he swung round upon his heel and stared hard at the row of boys. He was plainly suspicious—but no sign of guilt showed upon those angelic faces.

"Strange!" he muttered, pushing his hat over his eyes. "Must be one of those forced tomatoes!" Then, turning to the porter:

"Well, go on—answer my question! What's the idea of the—er—" He looked round sharply, and was just in time to see one of the boys hastily stuffing back a tomato into his trousers pocket. "I mean," he ran on, fixing the tomato merchant with a gimlet glare,

"why the deputation, or reception committee, or whatever it is?"

"These young gents are from the college, mister," explained the porter. "They're 'ere to welcome a new master wet's due to-day."

"E was supposed to come by the morning

train, but it looks as though 'e's gone and lost 'imself. All schoolmasters is nutty."

"Really!" said the stranger, with a frigid grin. "You don't say! Now, I'm glad to tell you something, my lad! If I have any more lip from you, you'll think the London Express has hit you in the pants! I am the new master, and I haven't gone and lost myself!"

Beaming toothily, he turned his back upon the porter and strode across to the deputation. "Well, boys!" he cried jovially. "Welcome to Bendover College! That is, I am glad to welcome myself to Bendover College! And I must say I am deeply touched by the kindly thought which brings you here this morning. I repeat, boys, I am touched!"

"You look it!" came in an undertone from the end of the row.

There was an explosive snigger, but the new master was not quick enough to catch the culprit. Getting on with his inspection, he paused in front of the tomato-thrower and regarded him fixedly.

"And what might your name be, young man?" he asked, peering over his nose-nippers.

"Sammy Straw, sir!"

"Sammy Straw, eh?" echoed the new master. "Sammy Straw! I'm Will Hay! Straw—Hay—you sound like a relation!"

Screwing up his nose, he squinted hard at the junior, suspicion in his stare.

"Are you quite sure your name is Sammy Straw?" he demanded severely.

"I didn't say it was, sir," answered the junior. "You asked me what my name might be, and I said Sammy Straw."

"Quite so!" agreed Will, smiling as though he'd swallowed a mouthful of red pepper.

Carrying on down the line, he came to a halt in front of another boy, whose super-innocent expression attracted him.

"And what might—er—I mean, what is your name, young man?" he asked unthinkingly. "And remember that I don't want any funny stuff this time!" he added darkly.

"Izzy Cumming, sir!" piped the boy.

"Is who coming?" demanded Will explosively. "And how should I know if he is coming? I ask you a sensible question, and I expect a sensible answer! Now, then, what's your name?"

"Izzy Cumming, sir!"

"Haven't I just told you that I don't know if he's coming?" shouted the new master.

"What's the idea of pestering me with a darned silly question like that?"

"Coming, sir?" he mocked, in tones of disgust.

"That's right, sir," piped the junior.

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