

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



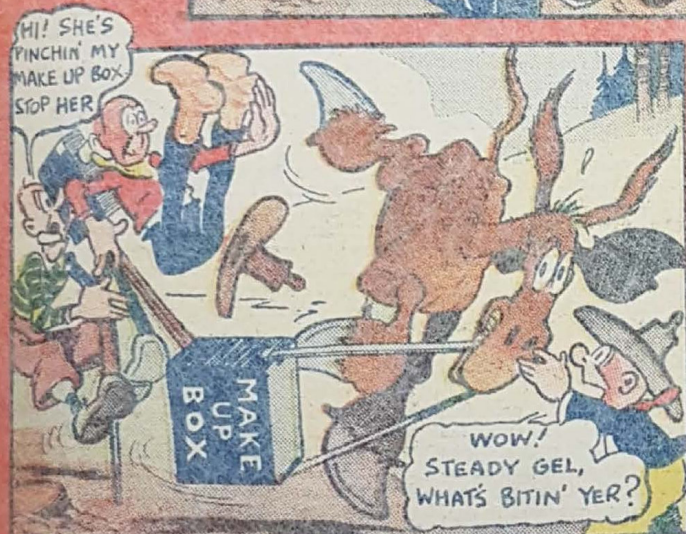
The PILOT

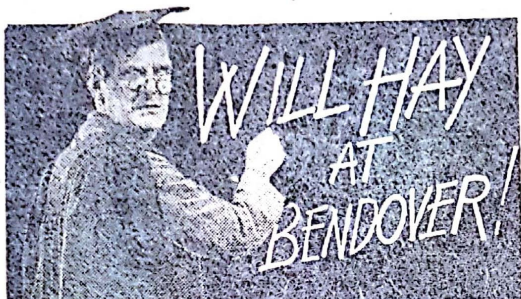
EVERY FRIDAY

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

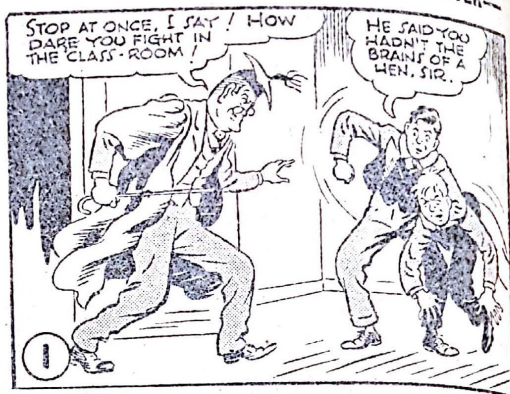
MIKE
SPIKE &
GRETA
OUR KRAZY GANG
GRETA
GOES
"WEST"





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. Shrubb, 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. Shrubb 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. Shrubb left the study.

Dr. Shrubb 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. Shrubb, 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. Shrubb.

"My only hat and umbrella!" murmured Will Hay. Really, he wondered whether he was dreaming, or whether the Head was.

"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. Shrubb gave a violent start, and gazed at the master of the Fourth.

"Mr 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. Shrubb.

"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. Shrubb.

"Ah! I think I get you!" said Will. "You mean coo—"

"For goodness' sake, Mr. Hay, try to understand me!" exclaimed Dr. Shrubb.

"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. Shrubb, referring to the letter again, "is Koo-kalinga-lalulo-ululo-la—"

"And then some?" gasped Will.

"No, that is all," said Dr. Shrubb. "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-ululo-la!" said Dr. Shrubb, with his eye on the letter. "I am 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 little exotic, perhaps."

"This boy," continued Dr. Shrubb, referring to the letter again, "is the son of a very great thief—"

"Th?"

"No, chief—the word is chief, but this legal gentleman's writing is so very indistinct," said Dr. Shrubb.

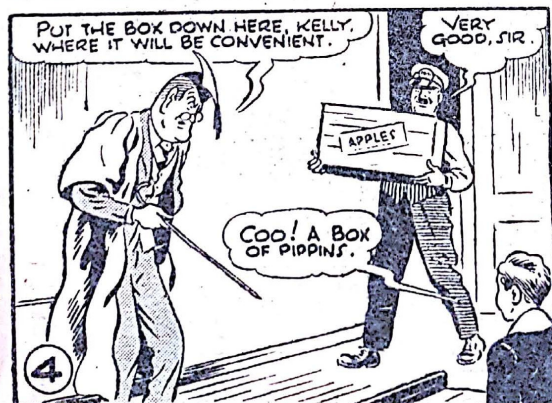
"He is the son of a very great chief, in the island of—of—of—Ulu, in the South Seas—I believe you are acquainted with the South Seas, Mr. Hay."

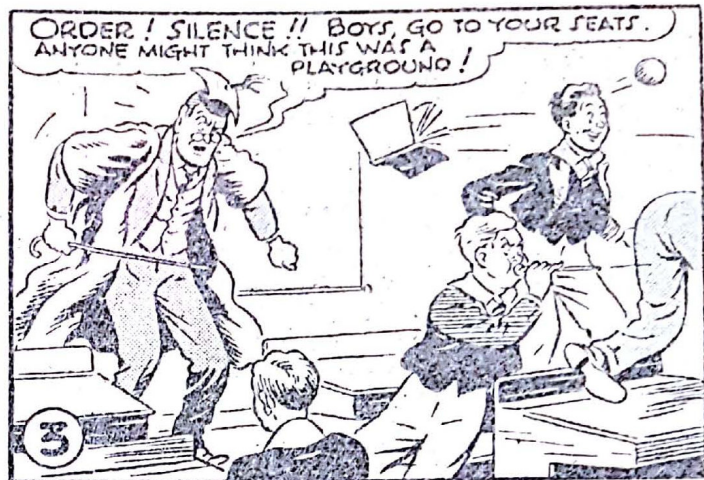
"Oh, quite!" said Will. "At least, I have had holidays at Southend—"

"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 Ulu 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. Shrubb, "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, you





doubt you would like to meet him at the station. Mr. Hay, and conduct him to Bendover. 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-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—camomile! 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 see—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 study 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—"

"Oh crikey!" gasped Dicky Bird breathlessly. He sprawled over Will Hay, and sat up dizzily, on something that wriggled and squirmed. He did not notice, for the moment, that it was Will Hay's face. Will noticed it at once.

"Gurrgrggh!" came from under Dicky Bird. "Wurrgh! Gerroff! Yuurrgh!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Dicky.

He jumped up in quite a hurry. Will, staggering to his feet, grasped him. With the other hand he picked up his mortar-board, and set his nose-nippers straight. He glared at Bird over slanting glasses.

"You!" he gasped. "You little tick! You think it funny to jump on your Form-master's

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 painfully at dinner—wriggling—and he was still wriggling—but he grinned from ear to ear.

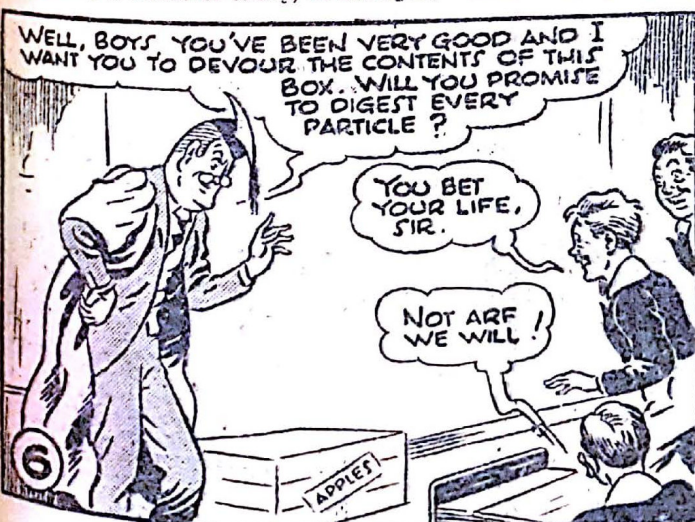
"We've got him on toast!" he said. "The blithering old ass gave me six, and every one a swipe—"

"Well, you jumped on his head!" grinned Jimmy.

"Bother his silly head! Nothing in it to damage, that I know of! Wow!"

Will Hay, walking in the quad after lunch, had an eye on that group of members of his Form. He saw their grins—and he caught their chuckles. Will had not the slightest doubt that they were plotting mischief, and that some jape was planned for that half-holiday. The Bendover Fourth liked Will Hay—but not so much as they liked japing him.

"You see, the old ass doesn't know I know anything about it," breathed Dicky. "But I heard the lot under the Beak's window. And I got the telephone call from the Johnny in



surprise 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—hey! Me no like your ugly face!"

"Wha-a-a?" gasped Will. "What about your own dial—you twopenny-coloured tick?"

"I would stop a clock! Oh, come on, I'm for come on! Let me get you out of sight, before you're run in for escaping from the Zoo! This way!"

Will Hay hurried his charge off the platform—leaving porters and passengers staring. Outside the station, he howled to a taxi. His one 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! Yow-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—yaroo-cooh!" 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—wharrer you at—groooooooogh!"

Crocker jumped away, yelling. "Koo!" gasped Will Hay. "Stop it! 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—but 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, Pilot pals, Stainless calling, and tother day when beetling down a boulevard I spotted a notice. Coming to a full-stop 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 under everywhere, the pearls stayed put. Just then there came a terrific banging from a coppers' charabanc.



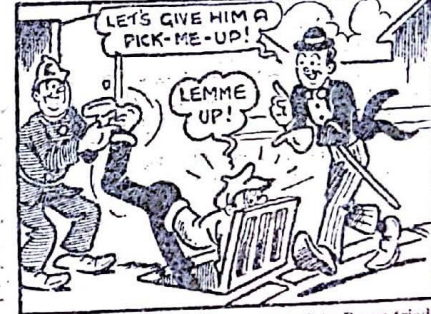
3. I ambled over in time to see Percy, the petty pilferer, doing a belt from the bluebottle's Black Maria. "Sorry, cop!" bleated the bad lad, using the rozzers' napper for a door-mat. "But I've gotta date with Fred, the Fence."



4. When the copper was seeing semi-comets and such, Percy spotted me, and with a snarl that made his teeth curl told me to buzz, scoot, or scam. But was your Stainless pal downhearted? Nossirs, I meant to stop that bird and stop his little larks.



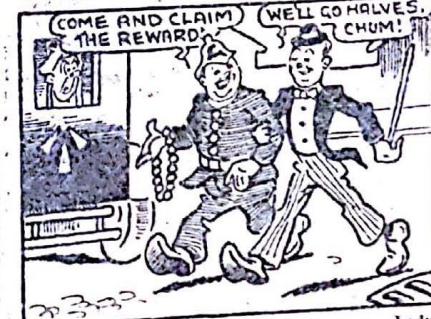
5. The first item was to hook my cane on the grating and yank it up. Thus Percy parked his grating on nothingness and would have done the himself on nothingness and would have done the disappearing trick into the wide open spaces had not his boko put on the brakes.



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



7. "Keep your chin up," I burbled, chucking Percy under the chin and chucking him up into the air at the same time, plus assistance from the rozzers. 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 quids 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 stick away! I'm sorry the Head's gone out—frantically sorry—I'll hand you over to him with pleasure. Now—"

"You talk 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. "Wha-a-a-t?"

"Likee long-pig!"

"You—you—your awful little cannibal!" stuttered 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! Me 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 rules! Oh, crickey!"

Will Hay bounded round the table. After him bounded Koo, his feathers dancing, his necklaces rattling, and the bread-knife flourished in his sooty 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! Yarooooooop!"

He darted 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-nippers 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 carers—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 ask you!"

"Frightfully funny, my good Bird," said an unexpected voice, as Will Hay stopped with Study No. 3, grinning with his whole set of teeth. "And, as you justly remark, old Hay never had a suspish—and might never have had one if he hadn't come up here looking for appeared from downstairs!"

"Oh!" gasped Dicky. He turned a streaming face, with half its complexion gone, towards his Form-master. "Oh, scissor!"

"Oh, lor!" gasped Tubby Green.

Will Hay swished his cane.

"May I trouble you?" he grinned. "You first, Bird—thank you—over that chair! Come six! You next, Smart! I shan't keep! I'm waiting long, Carboy—be patient, my boy! All in good time! There, I think that will do for you, Smart—now you, Carboy—thank you! 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 raiser.

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, Jerke Merchaut. Tilly Tappett, The Typist. Lightning, the office-boy, and his dog.

LISTEN, fellers! Professor Barnacle using 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 burlings! Talk about gratitude! As Shakespeare truly says, "How sharper than the serpent's child 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 half the money he got from the Ed.—just to teach 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 Edith go to, if that man's one of his schoolmates?"

"Borstal, I should think," grinned Lightning.

"Nothing of the kind," I said severely. "The poor man happens to be down on his luck, 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. Keen—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 picked himself up and seized a ruler. "You old fool!" he bawled, smashing me on the crown of the head. "He's been looking for J. J. Taylor because he owes him a jolly good 'iding. J. J. Taylor played him a low-down trick the day he left school, or somefink, and that Editor's 'ad in for him ever since. Now I've been 'ad 'ad 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)