

"I liked it better down at the old church school in Keepers Green than stuck 'ere with all them toffs. Every time I boot one of 'em I wonder if some day 'e'll be the Prime Minister!"

"I can understand that!" Matt said soberly. He often wondered why 'e had left the grammar school where he was teaching to come to St Michael's, considering what a stuck-up place it was. "But what made you say 'fish and chips' just now, Budd?"

"Sorta password, guv," Charley said. "I thought perhaps you came from down Alma Terrace ways. These toffs don't know what fish and chips means. Not out of a newspaper, anyway."

"You see, I saw you eating some one night when I was nipping down town for a plateful meself!"

This was a real body blow to Matt. He thought his visits to the sort of cafes in the town where he could get the kind of food his craving demanded had been unobserved. However, he had prepared an answer.

"Nonsense, Budd!" he snapped. "That'll be my brother you've seen. My twin brother. Old mackintosh and battered cap, I expect. That's what he usually wears. He's a musician—a composer, that is,

poor fellow."

"Cor, Mr Crannis," Charley said wide-eyed. "I'd 'ave taken my oath it was you! Cor, lucky ol' Granite Chippings ain't seen 'im—you'd get it for sure!"

"Dr Granite has met my brother Ned!" Matt said icily, remembering a dangerous situation a week or two back when only his quick wits had saved him from being caught by the Dean with a parcel of fish and chips right in his hand. "Now, Budd, back to the game and let's have no more of it!"

Nevertheless, Matt was worried. He would have a great deal more trouble trying to pull the wool over young Budd's eyes than in fooling the staff of St Mike's.

**Starvation Diet.**

**T**HE following Saturday Matt was given a heavy responsibility! The Junior XI was playing Belchester Juniors—and the prize was the Governors' Cup.

It was an annual game between the two famous schools, and whichever school won had possession of the cup for the following twelve months.

Usually the game was attended by the Dean, all the school and most of the masters.

But this year both the Senior First and Second XI's had home fixtures at St Michael's, and consequently only Matt was available to go with the boys to Belchester.

He took a great interest in his team, and selected it with care. There was every possibility of a win for St Mike's, and he hoped that they would bring the cup back in triumph from Belchester, where it had rested for at least a couple of years.

Much as he would have liked to leave Charley Budd out of the team, Matt had to recommend to Todhunter, the captain, that the lad be included! The trouble was that Charley was a very good wicket-keeper and well worth his place in the team.

It was, therefore, with quite a lot of pride that Matt stood by the motor coach early on the Saturday morning, and watched the team loading their cricket bags.

Dr Granite himself came to see them off. In close attendance was Van Post, the sports master, who had represented England at cricket, rugger, rowing, boxing, ski-ing, and croquet.

"Remember, Crannis!" the Dean thundered. "The eyes of St Michael's are on you and your team! A thousand years

of glorious history look down on the playing fields of Belchester today."

After such a send-off, what could they do but win? Matt felt exalted throughout the coach journey and his heart thrilled when he saw his team, neatly clad in white flannels, file into the pavilion at Belchester.

The Belchester boys, he noticed, were quite a different kettle of fish from the flinty-eyed fraternity of St Michael's.

While at St Mike's everyone was either titled, or the son of somebody with a handle, the Belchester style was to be the son of a famous poet or writer, or B.B.C. disc jockey. Art, it seemed, was the thing.

Belchester boys had a lazy, tired manner, and the thing to do was to loll in the sun and read poetry out loud to admiring friends. Nevertheless, under this apparently soft exterior, they were every bit as tough as their opponents.

St Michael's won the toss, and elected to bat. The opening pair went in bang on eleven o'clock and settled down nicely.

By the lunch interval there were a hundred runs on the board, and six wickets to fall!

Still filled with pride at his position as a master of St Mike's, Matt joined the team in the pavilion for the midday

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