celebration, sir?"

Matt decided he'd better let Regency Road House. them have their way. He aptimes greater.

Not that he was likely to get a fill-up at the Regency. by the boys and their parents

on visiting days.

The coach pulled up, and

the boys got out.

quarters of an hour," Matt said firmly. "We must be back at the school by eight. Don't forget there's prep to be done, chaps!"

There were groans, but the boys took it in good part. Off they went into the Regency. "Excuse me, guv, but I'll slip off, too!" the coach driver

said gruffly. "There's a little eating 'ouse just round the corner where I can 'ave a plate of tripe an' onions."

For two pins Matt would have joined him. It was only his blazer and white flannels that made him think twice.

So Matt stayed by himself in the coach, nursing his hunger.

But he was not alone! Charley Budd's ferret face appeared over the front seat.

"Ear that — sir?" he said huskily. "Tripe an' onions round the corner! Wot about

"Don't be ridiculous!" Matt complained, wishing Budd anywhere but where he was, tor-menting him. "Out of the question!"

"Tell you what," Charley felt for the pointed l said. "Places what sell real cup and pulled it off. food are always ready to put In two shakes the some up in paper for gents who can't stay. I'll slip round and get some, guv."
"No!" Matt snapped,

"No!" Matt snapped, fighting his inner man. "No!

No! No!"

But he was losing his battle! "On second thoughts, I have an idea," he said, trying to be calm. "My poor brother—the composer, you know—never composer, you has a square meal for days on end. Perhaps it would be a charitable thing if I took him a little-er, sustaining food. Some faggots, or perhaps a really rich meat pie."
"Done!" Charley

already half out of the coach. "I won't be long—sir!"

The Drop Kick.

ATT sat back, feeling to cheer. him. Budd would do the job all right! Budd knew food a hungry fellow wanted.

But Charley was gone for "The cup!" the cry went quite a while! Matt looked up. "Let's see the cup!" anxiously at his wrist watch. Any minute now the chaps to Todhunter, who unlaced it

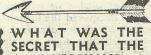
preciated their need for food, tripe and onions. Another few for a moment just what was gardens, His own need for food was ten minutes and it would be too inside the silver vessel! late!

Regency opened to disclose and raised the cup high above ing his heels in the starlight.

Todhunter leading his team his head, that Matt re- "Sir!" The gruff whisper It was a smart place, patronised Todhunter leading his team his back, Charley raced up, a membered. newspaper parcel in his hand. If the to

"Sorry, guv!" he whispered. e boys got out.

"When I saw their chips, all about!
"You can have three-frying, I just 'ad to eat 'em Every

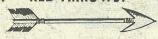


CHIPPEWAY INDIANS GUARDED SO CLOSELY?

It was something that the Chippeway braves meant to keep to themselves at all costs—as a raiding party of Blackfeet found out! It was also the thing that made the Chippeways one of the most feared tribes in North America!

You can read about this amazing secret in NEXT WEEK's all-action cover

"THE ISLAND OF RED ARROWS!"



there and then. But I got what you want in 'ere. Where can we hide it?"

Matt's eye fell on the green baize bag with the cup in it. Quickly he loosened the string, felt for the pointed lid to the

In two shakes the newspaper parcel was securely stowed in the cup, the lid was back on, and the green bag laced and tied. But it was only just in time! The young aristocrats were filing into the coach and up in that Governors' Cup! the driver was revving the

engine.
"Couple o' meat pies!" Charley whispered. "About ten inches of black pudding and two cold faggots. Will that do

replied.

He smiled happily.

They were soon back at the cried, school, but their good news had travelled even faster. As the coach passed under the memorial arch and into the outer quad, the rest of the school inside to grasp the finest meal burst out of prep and gathered he had thought about for days.

Soon a great crowd of boys were gathered round the coach. Even the most senior boys had what sort of decided to raise a lofty acclama-

Matt handed the baize bag headed for the door.

would be coming out of the and took out the cup. Matt was going back to his room. He set The driver returned, full of reception that he quite forgot path through the ornamental

If the top came off the cup you, sir?" -! It didn't bear thinking

headed for Big Hall.

was ever likely to be. The of the darkness, a dark object doors were flung wide and the in his hands. "Take it, quick. cup went on into the hall.

cheers, it was placed on a ledge of boys who had done well for themselves!

Then the meeting broke up. All, that is, except Matt. Matt went up to his room. He wanted to think out how he was going to recover the precious contents of the cup without being spotted.

He must wait until all was That would leave the field clear for him.

He noticed that Fossil, his splash in the swimming bath. school servant, had laid out his black master's gown for him, in case he wanted to go to the common room.

Funny, though. His mortar board was missing! Fossil was usually so careful about things like that. Perhaps he had taken it away to clean it.

Matt wanted that night was a gown and mortar board. All

The bell rang for bed, and Matt gave the boys quarter of an hour to get away. Then he crept down the stairs, across the quad, and into Big Hall by the side entrance.

for the poor beggar, sir?"

The cup glinted in the light
"It certainly will!" Matt from outside. Silently Matt crossed the wide floor, climbed the dais, and reached for a chair. Then, standing on the seat, he reached up and lifted down the cup.

His hands were trembling as he removed the top. He reached

The cup was empty! Not a shadow of a doubt! The priceless contents of the Governors' Cup had gone! Some scoundrel had stolen his grub!

He stuffed the cup back on the shelf, climbed down, and

Outside, he did not feel like

so excited by this wonderful off morosely, following a gravel

He came to the side of the It was only when Todhunter open-air swimming bath and Even as the door of the was hoisted up on to shoulders, followed the paling fence, kick-

came out of the darkness. "That

It was Charley Budd! Oh, wonderful boy! He must have Everyone joined in singing removed the grub—and brought the school song, and they it to Matt. Matt's mouth began to water.

On the steps they were met by "Ere, guv. I got something Dr Granite, as near smiling as he for you!" Charley appeared out I gotta get back before the There, amidst thunderous dorm prefect spots I'm out !"

He thrust the object into all ready to receive it, flanked Matt's outstretched, trembling on either side by honours lists hands. Matt could see little in the darkness, but the outline of the object was unmistakable!

It was the missing mortar Everyone went off to prep or board! The one that Fossil had back to the common room, not laid out in his room with the gown!

Matt was furious.

He took two sharp steps forward, dropped the board, and let fly with his foot.

It was a beautiful kick! The quiet. The boys would soon toe of his shoe came fair and be going up to their dormitories, square into the board part of the hat. It sailed up in the air like a comet and landed with a

"What did you want to do that for, guv?" Charley asked hoarsely. "Doesn't your brother need any grub tonight? It'll keep, you know."

"Grub!" Matt said, startled. What do you expect me to do? Eat my mortar board?"

"I put the grub in it!" It No matter. The last thing was Charley's turn to sound fatt wanted that night was a annoyed. "I 'ad to put it in something like your 'at. Then he wanted was the grub locked if I got caught by a prefect I'd say I was just taking your 'at back to you.

That was not quite the end of the night's events for 'Matt. But after what he had been through that day, death by drowning seemed a little thing.

He went round to the pool and tried to fish his mortar board out. Otherwise they would connect him with the two heavy pies and the faggots they would find disintegrating at the bottom of the pool.

He ended up by wading out to recover his hat, and that was that. He went back to his room cold, hungry, and thoroughly fed-up. But at least there was one consolation.

In Charley Budd he had found a kindred soul at St Mike's. Here was a boy who knew what real eating meant. Perhaps Matt could use him!

NEXT THURSDAY his dream job-chairman of the school kitchen committee.