

Win a prize with an entry to THURSDAY PIE!

In Matt's opinion he wasted all his time cooking a lot of fancy stuff. Things were going to change—but Matt knew he would have to go very carefully!

The thing was to be patient. With the prospect of plenty of real grub ahead, Matt could afford to wait. In the meantime he made friends with St Aubyn and got to know his way around the kitchen.

But one exceptionally fine day Matt's craving caught up with him. He was up early and that put an edge on his appetite. And breakfast did nothing to blunt it. By eleven he could have eaten a horse.

Fish Fun

MATT had a free period between eleven and twelve, and deciding that this was the time to see what he could do with the Frenchman, he found his way to the kitchen.

"Ah, Meester Crannis!" St Aubyn exclaimed. "'Ow do you do?"

"Fine, fine!" Matt said cheerfully, hiding his ravenous hunger. "What's for lunch today?"

"Feesh, Meester Crannis!" The Frenchman beamed and his long spiky moustaches went up to an angle of forty-five degrees to the horizontal.

"Feesh," he continued, "as only I, St Aubyn, can cook it. Turbot filleted—a spot of this, a dash of that. Do not miss ze lunch today, Meester Crannis. It will be magnificent!"

"I'll say! Matt thought. Good fish murdered by uncivilised fiddle-dee-dee!

He noticed a big dish of hot fat, smoking with the beautiful blue smoke he knew so well from the best-class fried fish shops.

"By the way," he muttered. "A pal of mine was telling me the other day of a most delicious way of cooking fish."

"How zo, Meester Crannis?" asked the chef. "What ees this recipe?"

"First the fillets of fish are cut into neat sections—each a good portion!" Matt exclaimed. "Then they are dipped in a delicious batter of the lightest and richest kind."

"After that," continued Matt, warming to his subject, "they are dropped into piping hot fat—of the very best variety. Food for kings!"

St Aubyn's moustaches, which had risen to nearly sixty degrees over the horizontal, drooped to a mere thirty degrees.

"Pah!" he said explosively. "Zat ees ze way you English murder ze food. For me, zat ees not cooking. Zat ees assassination!"

"Really?" Matt said coolly, arching his eyebrows and framing his lips into a sneer. "But then, perhaps it is because you can't do it, eh?"

St Aubyn gaped aghast.

The spiked moustaches shot up until both were vertical. The chef snatched a section of turbot and filleted it with the speed of light. He snatched a chopper and hacked off a large section.

The Frenchman barked an order and a kitchen hand dashed over with a bowl of batter. The portion of fish was dipped into the batter and came out thickly coated with goo.

With a master's dexterity, St Aubyn flicked the fish across to the smoking fat without so much as a drip escaping. The portion disappeared into the fat with barely a hiss, and Matt licked his lips.

This was too good to be true! Already he could feel his teeth

scrunching through the crisp batter and sinking into the delicious fish inside!

St Aubyn surveyed the kitchen with his gimlet eyes.

"See zat lazy lout over zere?" he snapped. "One day Meester Crannis, I take my boning knife to 'im!"

He indicated a lanky lad peeling potatoes.

Certainly Matt could see the lad's movements were about as near to immobility as was possible without actually coming to a halt.

"I wake 'im up in a minute, you see!" the chef snapped.

Now he grabbed a wire basket and began to search in the bowl. Matt held his breath!

He had not long to wait. St Aubyn found what he was looking for. Out came the portion of fish—and it looked a real picture. The batter was a deep brown, and nobbly like a crocodile's back. Cooked to perfection!

St Aubyn was in the wrong place. He'd have made his fortune in any decent fish and chip shop!

"Zere!" he announced, and with a flourish shot the steaming fish on to the stainless steel top of a table. "Zat is 'ow your friend thinks feesh should be cooked, eh?"

His moustaches rotated so that they pointed at Matt like a couple of sharp spears.

"Perfect!" Matt announced. "Quite perfect!" He licked his lips.

"And now I tell you what I thenk, Meester Crannis!" St Aubyn snapped. "Thees ees what I thenk of your way of cooking!"

In two shakes he shot a fish slice under the portion of fish and lifted it. Then with remarkable skill and superb dexterity born of years of cooking, he slung it across the kitchen.

It flew straight through the air and caught the lazy kitchen hand just behind and under the ear!

The lad let out a yell and jumped back. The fish ricocheted off his neck and fell with a plop into the water and potato peelings!

Kitchen Crisis

MATT staggered out of the kitchen and climbed back to his attic room. He was a defeated man! His joyous anticipation of eating that delicious morsel of fish had sucked him dry. He was determined to resign from his position as chairman of the Kitchen Committee.

But he had 200 thoughts on this point—and he was very glad he had. For a few days

later, the chef sent a note to ask if he could see Matt on important business.

And when Matt heard just how important the business was, his heart leapt. For here was the opportunity he had longed for.

It seemed that St Aubyn wanted an evening off. It had to be the following Friday night, for he was attending a rally of French chefs at a local high-class restaurant.

The trouble was that the under-cook, who usually stood in when St Aubyn was away, also had to go out on the Friday night. He wouldn't give way, and neither would St Aubyn.

It was up to Matt to say who was to stay and cook the school's evening meal.

Matt reached a quick and easy answer. They could both go! He would arrange for a substitute cook to come for the evening and prepare the meal for the school.

It was as easy as that—and both St Aubyn and the under-cook were delighted. They went back to work, and Matt laid his plans for an evening that was going to shake up St Mike's, if he knew anything about it!

There was a tricky bit of business to be done first, and Matt sent for Charley Budd.

Charley, like Matt, had a history that didn't include ancestral homes and belted earls. Charley's dad had won a fortune on the football pools—and had sent his son to St Michael's.

"Ah, Budd!" Matt said, when the boy came to his room. "I need your help."

"Anything I can do, guv, will be done right proper!" Budd answered.

"I want a cook for next Friday night," Matt explained. "A real cook!"

"Well, guv, there's old Busty Briggs, who runs the cafe down by the station," Budd said thoughtfully. "He makes the finest jellied eels in the business."

Matt shook his head. "Not him," he shuddered. "His language would deeply shock the Dean."

"Huh! We could always tell him that Busty was speaking Bulgarian!" Charley replied. "Well, what about Ginger Bacon, down at the Linga Longa Fish Bar and Restaurant? A dead smart cook old Ginger is!"

"I think he might do!" Matt said. "Yes, I think Ginger's our man—if we can get him. Let's try him!"

So Charley was sent down to the Linga Longa with a note, asking Ginger Bacon to see Matt as soon as possible.

In next to no time the restaurant proprietor was waiting at Matt's door, and the two got

STAMP COLLECTORS.

TRIANGULAR - SHAPED, diamond-shaped packet, 30 free! Hungary World Football Cup 1962, diamond-shaped; cavemen, beetles, flowers, triangulars, 30 stamps free! Send 3d postage and request approvals. Rosebery Stamp Service (Dept. A), 37 Rosebery Road, Epsom, Surrey. **350** mixed stamps free when you first apply for our special approvals and enclose 6d postage. Birch, "Shenstone," Wimborne Road, Lychett Matravers, Poole, Dorset. **AEROPLANES**, triangles, trains, animals, birds, butterflies. Free. Wonderful new gift scheme. Request approvals. Enclose postage. McManus, 79 Cartvale Road, Glasgow.

THREE mint New Zealand health sets free. Write for colonial approvals from Canmore Approvals, 22 Chamberfield Road, Dunfermline, Fife.

FREE packet commemoratives, jubilee, coronation, U.P.U., Royal visit, pictorials. Request low-priced British Colonial approvals. Postage essential. Delaney, 30 Owenvarrugh Park, Andersonstown, Belfast, 11. **FREE!** 10 triangulars, 10 rocket and 10 Olympic stamps, 10 Empire commemoratives and 10 other large pictorials. Just write requesting our approvals and enclosing 4½d stamp and we will send this wonderful packet to you, entirely free. Chiltern Stamps, 31 First Avenue, Amersham, Bucks.

FREE gifts, including space, multi-colours, giants, diamonds, triangulars, latest issues. Send 4½d postage for Commonwealth and foreign approvals. Fraction catalogue prices. Generous discount. Roberts, 8 Feversham Close, Shoreham Beach, Sussex.

OPPORTUNITY. — Selling off, ex-dealer's stamp stock. Full booklet of £1 worth of good, desirable, all-different stamps for 5s. Clements, Ashburton, Newton Abbot, Devon. **200** different stamps free. Request wonderful approvals. Monthly free gifts, 6d postage. Adventures, Ltd., Gussiford Lane, Exmouth, Devon.

A MILLION STAMPS FREE!

Yes, we are giving away regularly all these stamps. Have you had your share? Write today for 200 plus 2 Russians—all absolutely free. Request discount approvals and enclose 5d for return postage. **BAYONA STAMP COMPANY (BF)**, 291 London Rd., Lefwich Green, Northwich, Cheshire.