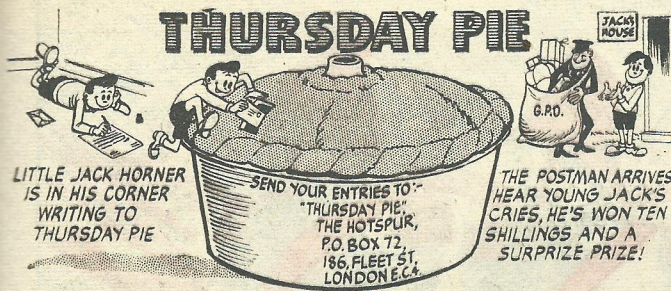


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LITTLE JACK HORNER IS IN HIS CORNER WRITING TO THURSDAY PIE

THURSDAY PIE

SEND YOUR ENTRIES TO: "THURSDAY PIE", THE HOTSPUR, P.O. BOX 72, 136 FLEET ST, LONDON E.C.4.

THE POSTMAN ARRIVES HEAR YOUNG JACK'S CRIES, HE'S WON TEN SHILLINGS AND A SURPRISE PRIZE!

Famous Regiments

After reading "FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS" in "The Hotspur" recently I thought that I would write something about Scotland's only tank regiment, The Royal Scots Greys.

In 1678, three troops of dragoons were formed to augment the army in Scotland. Three years later they amalgamated with three others to form the Greys. The battle honours they have gained include Waterloo, Dettingen and Paardeburg. Apart from their battle honours, the Greys have the honour to fly the Royal Scottish Standard, which no other regiment has permission to fly.

—John Johnston, 42 Vesoluis Street, Glasgow, E.2.

Good Friday!

Robinson Crusoe, so to speak, Began the forty-hour week. He lived on an island neat and tidy, And all his work was done by Friday!

—Richard Sands, Cotes-de-Val, Lutterworth, Rugby.

Truffle Snufflers!

Pigs are used to smell out truffles, the expensive delicacy much in demand in French luxury hotels. The pig has a delicate sense of smell and soon leads its master to the spot where truffles are growing! The truffle is a kind of mushroom and it grows about a foot underground near the

roots of the oak, chestnut, birch and beech trees.

—John White, 77 Nappers Wood, Fernhurst, Nr. Haslemere, Surrey.

Gambling For Guns

During World War Two the leader of the Greek resistance, underground fighters, was a great gambler. As his secret was not suspected by the Germans, he gambled with the rich German Generals and won lots of money from them. This money was used to buy equipment for the resistance forces, and thus the Germans were paying for their own destruction!

—A. J. Molbrook, 37 Abbey Close, Cuckoo Hill, Pinner, Middlesex.

Dry Fly

There was an old man of Wapping, Who fell in a tub and got sopping.

He was hung out to dry, But the wind blew him high,

He now orbits the earth without stopping!

—Jimmy Todd, 21 Westbourne Ave., Tillicoultry, Clackmannanshire.

This week's TRIPLE PRIZE WINNER

Peak Cavern

During the Easter holidays I went with a school party to Derbyshire to a village called Castleton. While we were there we visited Peak Cavern. This cavern is the second largest in the world. A long time ago, the actual village of Castleton was built in the front part of the cavern. Visitors can still see the soot from the fires on the roof of the cavern.

The old art of ropemaking is still carried out by an old man who works in the entrance of the cave. He has been making ropes for 71 years!

About half-way through the cave there is an opening into a large "room"! In olden days it was here that prisoners were left, and it was said that 99 out of every 100 went mad with the darkness.

—Charles Miller, City House (T.A.), Dorset Rd., Merton, London, S.W.19.

THE SECRET EATER OF ST MIKE'S

(Continued from Page 9.)

"I put a nice dishful away for you in the oven, Mister Crannis," Ginger said. "When you're ready, I'll get it out."

So at last the great moment arrived! Ginger opened the big oven doors and brought out a dish heavily loaded with fish and chips. He cleared a place at the table, set it down, and set a knife and fork.

Matt took a deep breath—and heard a cough, an unmistakable cough, right behind his back!

It was Dr Granite, in person, walking down the kitchen towards the group.

"Ah, Crannis!" the Dean announced. "Not too late for supper, I hope? The staff tell me that your stand-by cook has prepared an excellent repast, and I must admit I'm somewhat peckish!"

The truth was that the Dean had hung back until he had assured himself that none of the masters was assailed with signs of food poisoning.

"Well, I see you've kept some back for me!" he went on. "Very thoughtful, Crannis! I'll have it in my study. You boy!" he snapped at one of the hands. "Take this to my study immediately! Good night, Crannis!"

Thoughts of horrible violence swept over Matt. Before his

agonised eyes he saw the plate of fish and chips being borne away behind the Dean.

The meal he had plotted so much for, the grub he had thought about for four long days! Someone else was going to eat it!

Desperately he turned to Ginger. "More!" he panted. "You've got to cook some more! Now! Quick, Ginger, just a plateful!"

Ginger regarded him sorrowfully. "Sorry, guv!" he said. "Not a spud left. Them toffs 'as scoffed the lot! Not so much as a fishbone left!"

Matt felt weak. With grasping hands he scraped up the little bits of crisp batter that had been left on the tables, and pushed them into his mouth.

The crumbs were only enough to remind him of what he had missed—and the memory was bitter! Empty and depressed, he went to bed!

The next morning Matt received a note from Dr Granite, and immediately his flagging spirits soared. Like most of the Dean's notes, it was terse and to the point.

"Chairman, Kitchen Committee," it ran. "Friday supper excellent. Pray instruct the chef to repeat recipe every Friday until further notice!"

It was the sweetest piece

of writing Matt had ever read! How he got through the first lessons without blowing up the laboratory and the classes, he couldn't guess. But at eleven o'clock sharp he was in the kitchen and facing St Aubyn. He showed the Frenchman the note from Dr Granite.

"So!" St Aubyn snapped. "And what ees zees recipe ze Dean wishes, Meester Crannis?"

"Why," Matt said sweetly. "It is the one I told you about. Portions of fish fried in batter, with chipped potatoes fried in deep fat."

"Name of a name of a name!" St Aubyn exploded. "As you English say, my sainted uncle! Well, if ze Dean wants zees stuff, I give it heem. Good day, Meester Crannis!"

This time, Matt felt, nothing could go wrong. He could rely on St Aubyn to carry out the Dene's orders to a T—the chef had that amount of sense.

Friday night came round after what seemed like a month of Sundays. Matt was first into the hall, first at the table, and first to sit down.

He saw the hatch door open as the rattle of the lifts ceased. Everything looked perfect. He saw what looked like piles of gold on the chip dishes, and bloated balloons of fish in batter going down the table.

The waiter stood at his elbow. Matt shut his eyes. What wonderful food! He heard rather

than saw his plate bang the table in front of him. He raised his knife and fork.

Chips! Chips? Ghostly little flat things, cut as thin as wafers! Fried until they were as fragile as glass, so that a thousand of them wouldn't weigh an ounce!

Matt groaned! But the fish? That was all right, surely! He stared at the fat balloon of batter, fried golden brown, that encased his portion of fish.

Down stabbed his fork—and there was the faintest of pops! The balloon of batter exploded with a faint puff of steam. It collapsed on to the plate. And inside the balloon was a piece of fish the size of his thumbnail!

St Aubyn had got his revenge! He had the batter under the electric mixer for about three days, until it was lighter than a feather!

Then, with all his experience behind him, he had cooked each portion so that the batter rose to unprecedented heights.

As a meal, it had about enough weight in it to satisfy a baby!

After that, St Aubyn had no more trouble from the chairman of the Kitchen Committee.

Matt realised that if he was ever to satisfy his great appetite, he must do it outside the dining-hall. That is, if his appetite didn't die from sheer starvation in the meantime!

A great occasion for Matt NEXT THURSDAY—he enters for an eating contest!