

70 PAGES - PACKED WITH ENTERTAINMENT FOR BOYS OF ALL AGES.

# THE SILVER JACKET

№ 3 **1** 1953

A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS.

Registered at the G.P.O. Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.

CONTINUING OUR

**BIGGLES**   
SERIAL  
INSIDE!



**FROGMEN OF THE FUTURE!**

SEE PAGE 14

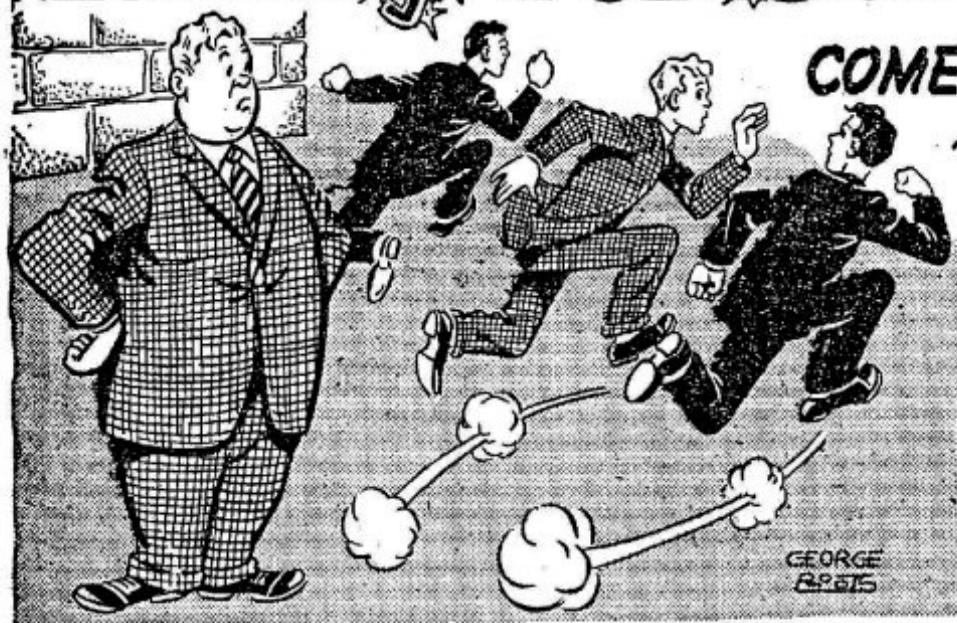


**THE MYSTERY  
OF THE MARIE CELESTE**

JOHN L. CURTIS

**THIS IS THE THIRD ISSUE OF "THE SILVER JACKET" DON'T MISS IT!**

# Turkey For Christmas!



COMEDY AT CARCROFT

By FRANK RICHARDS.

"ABOUT Christmas—!" said Turkey Tuck.

Then he broke off in surprise.

"I say, Lizard! Where are you going?"

But Lord Talboys did not pause to explain where he was going. He just went!

The fat Turkey stood in the Carcroft quad, staring after him. Then he stared round at Dudley Vane-Carter, who seemed to be amused.

"I say, V.C., what's the matter with the Lizard?" he asked. "What made him rush off like that?"

"You did!" chuckled Vane-Carter.

"Eh? I never did anything," said Turkey, puzzled, "I was just going to speak to him about the Christmas holidays—"

"That did it!"

"Dashed if I see why! But speaking of Christmas, old chap—Here, I say, what are you rushing off for, like that other silly ass?"

No more than Lord Talboys, did V.C. pause to explain. He merely departed. Again James Smyth Tuck, of the Carcroft Fourth, was left staring.

He was puzzled, and he was annoyed. Carcroft School was about to break up for the Christmas holidays. Turkey Tuck was feeling unsettled. Where he was going for Christmas was still on the knees of the gods. Only one detail was definitely fixed: he was not going home. Not if Turkey could help it.

The Carcroft Fourth was a numerous form: and among so many it should have been an easy matter for a pleasant, nice-mannered, attractive fellow to land himself in comfortable quarters for the hols. Fellows were asking one another right and left: yet, for some mysterious reason, nobody asked Turkey. Indeed, had not Tuck of the Fourth Form known beyond doubt

what a really attractive fellow he was, he might have fancied that Carcroftians had enough of him in term time, and did not want any more in the holidays.

If the mountain would not come to Mahomet, obviously there was nothing for Mahomet to do but to go to the mountain. So as other fellows did not raise the question of the Christmas holidays with Turkey, Turkey raised it with them. He had the bright idea of chattily bringing the subject under discussion—hoping for the best. But this idea, bright as it was, did not seem to work—at least with Lord Talboys and Dudley Vane-Carter.

There were plenty of fellows in the quad after third school, and Turkey, looking round, eyed Harry Compton and Co. meditatively. His first choice would have been Christmas at Talboys Hall: his second, Christmas with V.C. whose father was a millionaire. Baronial halls and millions appealed to Turkey. But a fellow who could not get what he wanted, had to make the best of what he could get: and for third choice, he decided on the captain of the Fourth. So he rolled off to join Harry Compton and Co., who, as it happily happened, were discussing the very subject that was uppermost in Turkey's mind.

"We can fix it to be together," Bob Drake was saying. "A week with you, Compton, and a week with Lee, and a week with me, what?"

"That's the idea!" assented Harry Compton, and Lee nodded.

"Talking about Christmas, dear old chaps?" said Turkey Tuck, breezily, "All going off together, what?"

"Yes! There's time to punt a footer about before class," said Bob, "Come on, you men."

"Hold on, old chaps!" said Turkey,

hastily, "Talking about Christmas, I was going to say—Yah!"

Turkey said "Yah" as the three departed—in haste, whether anxious to punt a ball about before class, or to escape a talk about Christmas with Turkey. For the third time, James Smyth Tuck was left standing in the Carcroft quadrangle on his lonely own—his arrangements for the Christmas vacation still unsettled.

TURKEY TUCK grinned.

He was the only fellow in class who felt like grinning. The Fourth Form were suffering under Mr. Roger Ducas and Roman history. Both form and form-master had that end-of-the-term feeling: when schoolboys feel that school-masters are more than ever intolerable superfluities, and schoolmasters feel that schoolboys are sent by some inscrutable power to try their patience to the very limit.

Roger was instructive, but grim. His form continuously stole surreptitious glances at the form-room clock, and longed for the hour to strike. Yet Turkey Tuck was grinning, as if well pleased with a thought in his fat mind.

It was not his form-master's grim brow that amused Turkey. Neither was it Roman history. He had in fact forgotten Roger and Rome. Turkey was thinking of something much more important than the Augustan Age. His fat thoughts were following a line two thousand years ahead of Mr. Ducas's. So far from bothering about the grandeur that was Rome, Turkey was concentrating on the feasting that was Christmas. And another bright idea had evolved in his powerful intellect. Turkey was the man for ideas.

"I say, Compton—!" he whispered.

"Tuck!" came a deep voice. Turkey had forgotten Roger: but it appeared that Roger had not forgotten Turkey.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" stammered Turkey, "I wasn't speaking, sir! I never opened my mouth. I was only saying to Compton—"

"You will be silent in class, Tuck!" boomed Roger, "and you will immediately tell me who was the great patron of letters in the reign of the Emperor Augustus."

"Yes, sir! Pontius Pilate, sir!" said Turkey at a venture.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Turkey's answer had at least provided the bored and weary Fourth with a spot of comic relief.

"I—I mean Mark Antony, sir!" hastily amended Turkey: apprised by the chuckle round him that he had, so to speak, backed the wrong horse.

"Pontius Pilate! Mark Antony!" stuttered Mr. Ducas. "Tuck! you will remain in the form-room after class, and write the name 'Maecenas' fifty times."

"Ob, haddocks!" groaned Turkey.

Tuck of the Fourth did not grin again: neither did he whisper. When the Fourth Form were, at long last, released, Turkey Tuck remained behind in the deserted form-room, writing "Maecenas" over and over again, till he was as fed up with Maecenas as the polished literary circles of Augustan Rome must have been.

"ABOUT Christmas, you chaps—"

"Help!" gasped Bob Drake.

"Avaunt!" hooted Dick Lee.

"Scoot!" exclaimed Harry Compton.

But Turkey had them this time. They were in the corner study after class, and they were cornered. Turkey rolled into the doorway, his ample figure almost filling it. There was no escape from Turkey and and talking about Christmas, unless by the drastic resource of hurling him bodily across the passage.

"I want you fellows—!" resumed Turkey.

"Yes, we know what you want!" assented Bob. "Forget it! Wash it out! Try next door! Not today, baker!"

"I want you fellows to come home with me for Christmas," said Turkey, with dignity. . . .

"WHAT!"

Three astonished juniors exclaimed together. They had not had the slightest doubt about what Turkey wanted—nor the slightest doubt that Turkey was not going to get it. They had enough of James Smyth Tuck at school—indeed, too much. A little of Turkey went a long way. And there was a lot of him. So, not doubting what was coming, they were quite astonished at what came.

"We're having rather a splash at Tuck Lodge this Christmas," said Turkey, brightly, "but I shouldn't feel that it was a real genuine Christmas without you fellows. You'll come, won't you?"

"Well, my only bowler hat!" said Bob, blankly. "If you mean it, Turkey—"

"Mean it? Of course I mean it. I'm asking you fellows home for Christmas," said Turkey, "I want you! I just shouldn't enjoy Christ-

mas at all without you. Do come!"

They gazed at him. What Tuck Lodge was like—or whether there was a Tuck Lodge—they did not know—no fellow at Carcroft knew. Never before had Turkey asked a fellow home.

He had asked himself to Talboys Hall and other places, and sometimes had got by with it. But this was the first time in history that James Smyth Tuck had proposed taking fellows home with him for the vacation. The chums of the Fourth, in fact, could hardly believe their ears.

They exchanged rather guilty looks.

They could not help feeling a spot of remorse. For days and days they had been guarding with their left, as it were: and now it transpired that Turkey wasn't after an invitation—he was generously offering one! It was quite discomforting

changed eloquent looks. The Carcroft Co. generally had a fairly good opinion of themselves. But Turkey had made them feel "small". They had been stalling him off: and all the time he wanted them for Christmas! The same thought was expressed in three faces. They had misjudged Turkey, and they owed him reparation. There was only one thing they could do—they all felt that. Turkey had heaped coals of fire on their heads—and they simply could not turn him down.

"It's a go, Turkey!" said Harry Compton, at last. "We—we'll come."

"Pleased!" murmured Bob.

"Delighted!" said Lee, as heartily as he could.

"Oh, good!" said Turkey, brightly. "That settles it, then. We'll all be together for Christmas—sounds good, what? I'll ask Roger's leave to phone home at once."

And Turkey rolled off, evidently



"We're having rather a splash this Christmas," said Turkey.

Not that they wanted to go home with Turkey. That would have been no better than Turkey going home with them. But they did feel that they had done Turkey an injustice.

"Well, you see, we're fixed up, old chap!" said Bob, haltingly.

"That's all right," said Turkey. "You want to be together in the hols. Well, you'll be together—at Tuck Lodge."

"Ye-es, but—"

"You see," explained Turkey, "I don't want to lose sight of you for such a long time. I like you too much."

"So long as we're together, what's the odds where we are?" argued Turkey. "I don't care whether I come with you, or you come with me, so long as we're together. Do come! Say you'll come, old chaps, and I'll phone home at once, and fix it with the pater. Do say yes! I've been looking forward all the term to Christmas with you fellows at—at Tuck Lodge. You can't let me down, can you?"

Harry Compton and Co. ex-

highly satisfied. The chums of the corner study exchanged glances again.

"Who'd have thought it?" murmured Bob.

"Must play up!" said Harry.

"Must!" agreed Lee.

And that was that!

TURKEY TUCK, in the Burrow that evening, had a thoughtful expression on his fat face. When Harry Compton and Co. came in, they joined Turkey—feeling bound to bestow a spot of their valuable company on the fellow with whom they were going home for Christmas. They could not help noticing how very thoughtful Turkey was.

"Oh, here you are, you chaps!" said Turkey. "I say, it's topping that we're to have Christmas all together, ain't it?"

"Top-hole, old fat man!" murmured Bob.

"So long as we're together, it doesn't matter where we are, what?"

"Oh! Yes! Quite."

"I'm glad you fellows look at it

like that! The fact is, I had rather a shock, when I phoned home about it," said Turkey, confidentially. "Mind, the pater would be jolly glad to have you—he—he said so. Quite joyful about it, only—only as it happens, he's got the painters in."

"The painters!" ejaculated Bob.

"Yes—turning out the whole place—workmen and paint and ladders and things all over the shop. So—so—as it happens—there—there won't be any Christmas doings at Tuck Lodge after all. It's too bad, ain't it?"

"Oh!" gasped the three.

"But it's all right," said Turkey brightly. "As you can't come with me, after all, I'll come with you. Same thing really! O.K., so long as we're all together, what? So long as we're together it doesn't matter where we are, as you said, Bob."

"Did I?" gasped Bob.

"Yes! So that's settled——"

The Carcroft Co. gazed at the fat Turkey. He had taken their breath away for a moment or two. But now they grasped it. Bob Drake was the first to recover.

He closed one eye at his friends, unseen by Turkey. Then he spoke in his heartiest tone:

"My dear chap, that's all right—we don't mind painters."

"Eh! Don't you?" stammered Turkey, rather taken aback.

"Not at all! Do we, you fellows?"

"Oh, no!" gasped Compton, catching on at once, "not in the least."

"Not the least bit in the world," declared Dick Lee, catching on in his turn. "We shall enjoy it all the more with the painters there, Turkey."

Turkey's fat face fell.

He had not foreseen this! His latest and brightest idea did not seem to be working out according to plan. Turkey's bright ideas often didn't.

"But I—I say," he stammered. "The place will be all upside down——"

"We'll help to set it right-side up!" said Bob.

"Certainly," said Lee. "We're handy fellows, Turkey—that's all right."

"Rely on us!" said Compton.

"B-b-but I—I—I s-s-say——!" stutted Turkey, helplessly.

"My dear chap, don't say any more," said Bob. "We shouldn't dream of letting you down for a little thing like that. We'll come."

"Oh, haddocks!" breathed Turkey.

Harry Compton and Co. strolled out of the Burrow: and did not laugh till they had shut the door. Turkey, inside that apartment, did not feel like laughing. He was feeling rather like the engineer who was hoist by his own petard!

ABOUT Christmas, you chaps——"

When Turkey Tuck began with that, there were only three fellows in the Carcroft Fourth prepared to give him a hearing. But Harry Compton and Co., unlike the rest of the form, seemed to welcome the subject. They gave Turkey cheery smiles, as he rolled up to them in the quad the next day, and started.

"Those painters out yet?" asked Bob.

"Oh! No."

"Glad to hear it! We love seeing painters on the job."

"The—the fact is—there's been a fearful accident," said Turkey. "I—I had a letter this morning. The—the house caught fire——"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob, while his comrades turned away their faces to hide their emotions. "House on fire! So bad as that?"

"My dear chap, don't you worry! So long as there's enough of it left to put us up——"

"But—but there isn't!" stammered Turkey. "It was—was burned to the ground! Not a room left! My—my people have to go into an hotel for—for Christmas."

"How jolly!" exclaimed Bob. "It's too bad about the house—I'm sorry for that—but you can have quite a ripping time in a hotel at Christmas, I've heard."

"Anyway, we shall all be together," said Lee, solemnly. "That's the main point."

"The whole thing, really!" agreed Compton.

Turkey gasped for breath. By this time, he was wishing from the bottom of his fat heart that that bright idea had never struck him at all.

"But—but—what I really mean is, my people ain't going into an hotel—they're going to stay with relations!" stammered Turkey.

"Now that sounds really good!" said Bob. "Jolly to meet Turkey's relations at Christmas, you fellows."

"Topping!" said Lee.

"Splendid!" declared Compton.

"O.K., Turkey—bank on us!" said Bob, heartily. "Whatever happens—short of an Atom Bomb—we're not letting you down."

Turkey rolled away in despair. He was beginning to feel about the three fellows as Sinbad the Sailor felt about the Old-Man-of-the-Sea. And when Turkey had rolled out of view, the three young rascals doubled up with merriment.

BREAKING-UP day found everyone at Carcroft—with a single exception—merry and bright. Only Turkey Tuck's face was full of troubled thought.

Time was getting close: and Turkey was getting desperate. The bare thought of those three fellows

landing themselves, with him, at the small suburban villa where dwelt the Tuck family in extremely close quarters, made him feel quite dizzy. His bright idea was a hopeless frost—he had not after all been able to put that Christmas visit in reverse, as it were. But who could have foreseen that these fellows would stick like this?

After breakfast, Turkey resolved to make one more effort. If he told them that his father had been run over by a motor-car, or gored by a mad bull, surely even that sticky trio would come unstuck; and Turkey would go home with them instead, or at the very least would be able to go home by himself!

"About Christmas, you chaps——"

"Carry on!" said all three, encouragingly. They were really interested to hear what Turkey had invented this time.

"I've had rather bad news! My pater—my poor old pater——"

"Anything wrong with your pater?" asked Bob, sympathetically.

"Yes! It—it's awful! He was gored by a motor-car——"

"What?"

"I—I mean, run over by a mad bull." Turkey realised that he was getting a little confused. "I—I mean to say, he was bulled by a mad gore—that is, he—he was motored by a gore bull—I—I—I mean——"

"I say, that sounds serious!" said Bob. "Sounds to me as if he will want a lot of nursing, and so on, after all that."

"Yes, that's just it," said Turkey, eagerly, "so you see——"

"Oh, yes, I see. We'll all help!" said Bob. "Of course, we shouldn't think of holiday-making, or festivities, or anything like that, at such a serious time. But we'll all help look after your poor old pater, Turkey——"

"And cheer him up all we can——!" said Compton.

"It's up to us!" said Lee.

"B-b-b-but——" stammered Turkey.

"O.K., old man! We're not letting you down!" said all three together, reassuringly.

Turkey gave it up!

TWO hours later, when the school bus rolled off to the station crammed with Carcroft fellows, one fat figure was missing that should have been there. It transpired that Turkey Tuck had asked Mr. Ducas for leave to catch an earlier train—and had caught it! Turkey had taken to flight—his last resource! And Harry Compton and Co. chuckled as they rolled away from Carcroft—without Turkey for Christmas!