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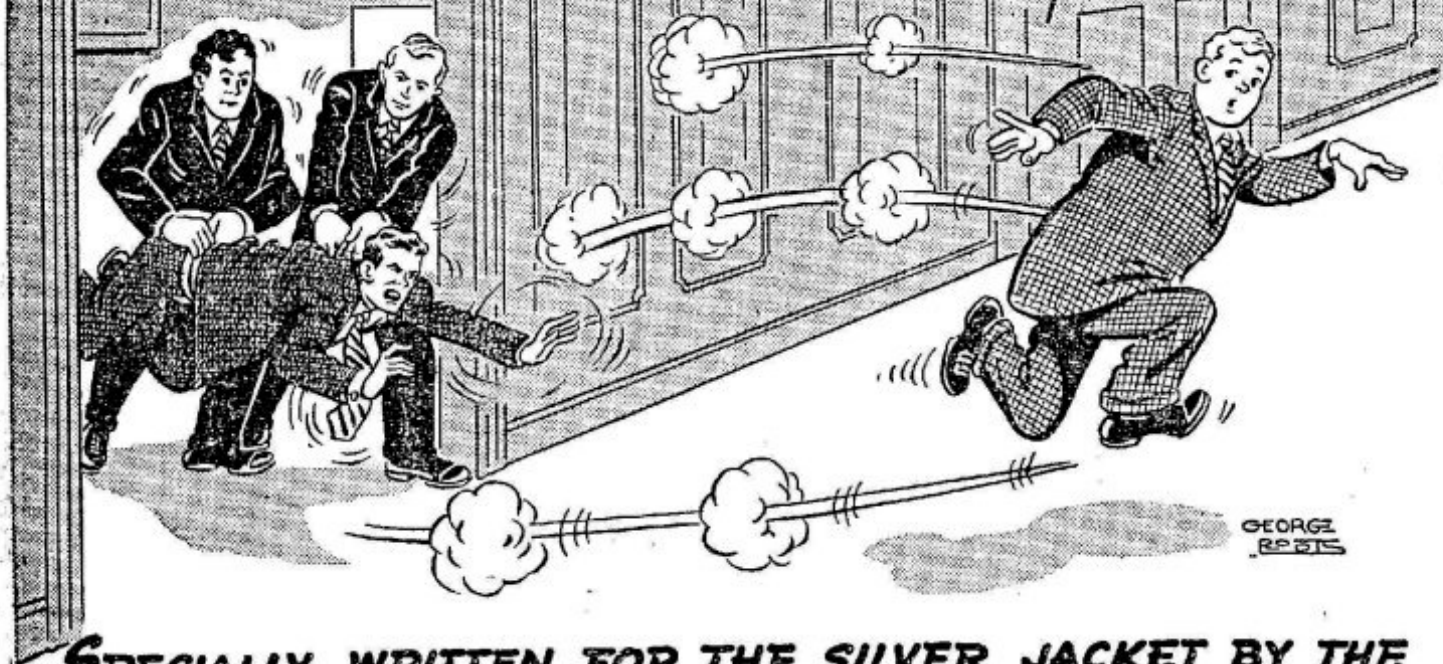
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THIS IS THE FOURTH ISSUE OF "THE SILVER JACKET" DON'T MISS IT!

Turkey Knows How!

By FRANK RICHARDS



SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE SILVER JACKET BY THE CREATOR OF BILLY BUNTER!

"RESCUE!" yelled Turkey Tuck.

Three fellows, in the corner study at Carcroft School, jumped.

Harry Compton, Bob Drake, and Duck Lee were talking cricket in their study, when Turkey happened. But they ceased suddenly to talk cricket, as the fattest figure at Carcroft hurtled in.

Turkey, evidently, was in haste.

He came in with a rush, and, unable to stop in time, collided with the study table. The table rocked, and papers, books and inkpot shot off in a shower. The inkpot landed on Bob Drake's knee, and shed its contents as it slid to the floor.

Turkey, spluttering for breath, clutched at the table for support.

"I say—rescue!" he gasped.

"You mad ass!" roared Bob Drake. He stared down at an inky trouser-leg, and glared at Turkey. "You potty rhinoceros—"

"I say, Gunter's after me!" spluttered Turkey. "I—I never had his pineapple—it's all a mistake—but he's after me—"

"You fat villain!" said Harry Compton. "You've been snooping in a Sixth-form study!"

"I—I haven't! I tell you it's all a mistake! Oh, haddocks! Here he comes."

Turkey Tuck dodged, round the table as a burly figure appeared in the doorway. It was that of Gunter of the Sixth. Gunter's rugged face was pink with wrath, and there was a fives bat in his hand.

"Oh, here you are!" exclaimed Gunter. "Got you?"

"Keep him off, you chaps!" yelled Turkey, "I tell you I never—"

Compton and Drake and Lee exchanged a glance, and lined up between Turkey and the Sixth-form man.

"Hold on, Gunter," said Harry.

Gunter gave him a glare.

"Get out of the way!" he bawled.

"The fat tick's been snooping in my study, and I'm going to give him a lesson."

"Hold on!" repeated the captain of the Fourth. "Let's have this clear! If you've been snooping tick in a senior study, Turkey, it's you for a whopping."

"I—I haven't!" gasped Turkey. "It's all a mistake! I never knew Gunter had a pineapple at all. I never saw him get it at the tuck-shop and I never knew he left it on his study table. Besides, Levett snatched it away from me in the quad—"

"What?"

"He—he did, really!" gasped Turkey. "Snatched it and bolted, and I expect he's scoffed it before now."

"Then you did snoop it!" exclaimed Bob Drake.

"Oh! No! Nothing of the kind! Never touched it! I—I haven't been near Gunter's study. I—I was in the tuck-shop when I went there—I mean when I didn't went there—I—I mean—"

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob. Harry Compton laughed.

"You'd better look for Levett, and ask him to cough up your pineapple, Gunter," he said.

Snort from Gunter.

"That fat tick snooped it! I don't care whether some other fag snatched it. He snooped it, and I'm going to give him the bat! And if you fags butt in, I'll give you the bat too! Get out of the way, sharp!"

With that, Gunter rushed.

But the Carcroft Co. did not get out of the way. Turkey, no doubt, merited the bat for his sins. But the three most strenuous members of the Carcroft Fourth were not to be hurled aside like troublesome insects. Neither were senior men allowed to throw their weight about in the corner study in the Fourth. Three pairs of hands grasped Herbert Henry Gunter as he rushed, and the next few moments were wild and whirling.

That was Turkey's chance. As the big Sixth-form man whirled in the grasp of the three juniors, Turkey shot past them to the door.

Turkey's movements, as a rule, were leisurely. He had unusual weight to carry. But an arrow in its flight had nothing on James Smyth Tuck as he shot out of the corner study, and careered away down the passage.

About a minute later, Gunter followed him out—landing on his neck! Three rather breathless juniors grinned at him from the doorway as he sprawled. It was a breathless Gunter who resumed the chase of

the elusive Turkey. But he did not find him. Turkey Tuck had vanished, and, like a wise Turkey, he stayed vanished!

"OH! haddocks!" breathed Turkey Tuck.

He breathed that ejaculation inaudibly.

He dared not be heard.

It was after tea. Harry Compton and Co. and most other fellows in the Carcroft Fourth were at cricket nets. But there were at least two members of that form for whom cricket had no appeal. One was Levett, who was probably smoking a cigarette in some corner; the other was Turkey Tuck, who, without any desire whatever to "urge the flying ball" preferred to lean his extensive weight on the trunk of one of the old Carcroft oaks, with his fat hands in the pockets of his plump trousers. It was a voice on the other side of the oak that startled Turkey—the unmistakable loud voice of Herbert Henry Gunter of the Sixth Form.

"I've looked everywhere for that fat little tick, Wilson. You've not seen him anywhere?"

"Not the ghost of him!" came Wilson's voice in reply.

Turkey trembled.

Gunter and Wilson were coming along the path, passing under the branches of the very oak against which the fat Turkey leaned—luckily, on the other side. Had they looked round the tree, they must have seen him. Turkey fervently hoped that they wouldn't. In deep trepidation, he waited for the two seniors to pass on.

But they did not pass on. Gunter came to a stop, and leaned on the oak. Only the thickness of the massive trunk was between him and Turkey. The fattest member of the Carcroft Fourth tried to still his breathing.

"I'm not wasting any more time on him!" went on Gunter's voice, which was glad news to Turkey's fat ears. If Gunter was tired of looking for him, there was no doubt that Turkey was tired of being looked for.

"He wants a lesson about snooping in the studies," said Wilson.

"He's jolly well going to get it!" answered Gunter. "He's going to have a full dozen from a knotted towel. That will do him good."

Turkey suppressed a gasp. He dared not gasp with Gunter so near.

"I chased him up to the studies this afternoon," went on Gunter, "and that gang in the corner study set on me and chuckled me out—what are you grinning at, Wilson?"

"Oh! Nothing! I——"

"Well, I owe him that, as well as the pineapple," said Gunter. "He's

got it coming, but I'm not rooting all over Carcroft for him. I've thought it out. He can't dodge me after lights-out to-night."

"After lights out!" repeated Wilson. "The fags will all be in bed after lights-out——"

Gunter chuckled.

"That's the big idea!" he explained. "They go to rest at nine-fifteen. Well, I leave 'em time to settle down—I don't want a mob of fags on my neck when I whop that fat tick. About nine-forty I go to their dorm——"

"Oh!" ejaculated Wilson. "But if you turn on a light——"

"I go quietly and take a knotted towel with me," went on Gunter. "I know which is his bed—that's all right. I shan't need to turn on a light. I make straight for that fat snooper's bed, lay it into him with the towel, and give him a good

apple, and Turkey was going to get the knotted towel! The fact that he deserved it was no comfort to him whatever. It was a dismal and apprehensive Turkey that leaned on the old oak after Gunter and Wilson were gone.

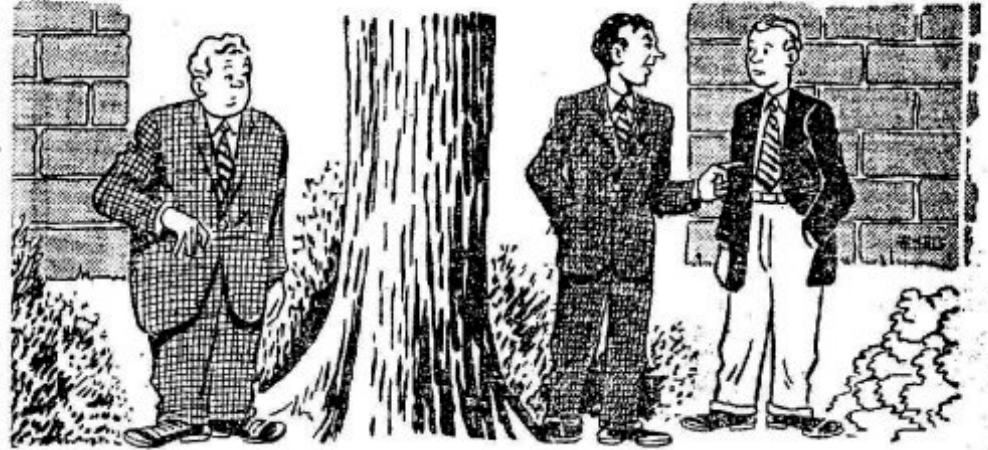
At supper that night, Turkey Tuck ate hardly more than enough for three fellows. The worry on his fat mind was affecting his appetite!

"HE, he, he!"

Thus Turkey Tuck!

Lights were out. The Fourth Form at Carcroft were in bed in the long dormitory. The was chatting from bed to bed before the juniors settled down to slumber. That unmelodious cachinnation from Turkey's bed interrupted it.

Turkey, generally the first to go to sleep, was widely wakeful. Gunter and his knotted towel haunted Tur-



"He's going to have a full dozen from a knotted towel!"

dozen before anybody knows who's who or what's what! See!"

"Oh, crumbs!" breathed Turkey, inaudibly.

"I fancy he will steer clear of my study afterwards!" said Gunter. "I'm going to lay them on! Hard!"

Gunter chuckled again, in anticipation. Wilson chuckled, too. The fat junior on the other side of the big oak did not feel like chuckling!

"Oh, lor," breathed Turkey.

For several minutes, the two seniors remained there, under the oak. They walked on, at last. Turkey blinked dismally round the trunk at their departing backs.

"Oh! haddocks!" groaned Turkey.

He had escaped Gunter—so far! He was going to continue to escape him—until nine-forty that night—after which there would be no escape! The way of the transgressor was hard! Turkey wished, from the bottom of his fat heart, that he had never snooped that pineapple from Gunter's study, especially as Levett had snatched it! Really, it was tough on Turkey. Levett had had the pine-

key. Had he not overheard Gunter, behind the oak, his eyes would have closed as soon as his fat head touched the pillow, and he would not have awakened again till the knotted towel happened. But now that he knew what was coming, he did not close his gooseberry eyes. Gunter, like Macbeth, had murdered sleep!

Turkey had been thinking hard that evening. Thinking was not his long-suit, but peril spurred on his fat brain to unusual exertion. It was no use asking the other fellows to sit up and handle Gunter when he came. All Turkey's form were down on Turkey's snooping, and nobody would have cared a bean if Gunter had given him a dozen, or two dozen, or three, with the knotted towel, for his sins. But Turkey had thought it out at last. Turkey knew how!

His fat chuckle was followed by the sound of scrambling out of bed.

"Hallo! Who's that getting up?" called out Harry Compton.

"Me!" answered Turkey. There was a scratch of a match, as he

lighted a candle-end. Three or four fellows sat up, and stared at him.

"What the dickens is that?" exclaimed Bob Drake as Turkey opened the lid of his box, at the foot of his bed, and drew a large bottle therefrom—evidently placed there in readiness.

"Gum!" grinned Turkey.

"You frabjous ass!" exclaimed Vane-Carter. "What do you want a bottle of gum for, in the middle of the night?"

"Levett!" answered Turkey, coolly. "Levett snatched my pineapple—"

"Yours?" grinned Bob Drake.

"Well, he snatched it!" said Turkey. "Now he can have this gum as well—I've got about a pint here—"

"He, he, he!"

"You take Turkey's bed, Levett!" said Leath.

"I'm jolly well going to!" howled Levett. "That fat chump can sleep in a gummy bed if he likes! I'm not going to. You try to stop me, you fat fathead, and I'll burst you all over the dorm."

Levett plunged into Turkey's bed. But Turkey did not try to stop him. He couldn't have anyway. But he did not seem to want to.

"You fat, fooling fathead!" exclaimed Bob Drake. "You'll get pretty sticky in Levett's bed. Are you off your rocker?"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey.

The juniors could only stare at him. Levett's bed was swamped with

bound as that sudden frantic roar woke the echoes.

"Oh! Ow! Yaroooh! Whoooop!"

It was Levett's voice, yelling at its top note. It was accompanied by a sound of whooping.

Whop! whop! whop! whop!

"Ow! Stoppit! Yaroooh! Oh, crikey! Ow!"

Whop! whop! whop!

Every fellow in the dormitory started up in bed. They stared through the gloom, in wonder and alarm. Something was happening, in the dark, that was clear, but what it was, nobody knew for the moment.

"What the dickens—" exclaimed Harry Compton.

"Who's that yelling?" gasped Bob Drake.

"I say—there's somebody—!" exclaimed Dick Lee, catching sight of a burly dim figure in the shadows.

"Yaroooh! Wow! Ow!"

Whop! whop! whop!

Then came another voice.

"Take that; and that! and that!"

It was the well-known bawl of Gunter of the Sixth. "Perhaps you like it as much as you liked my pineapple! What? Take that—and that—and that—and that—"

Whop! whop! whop!

"Gunter!" yelled Bob Drake.

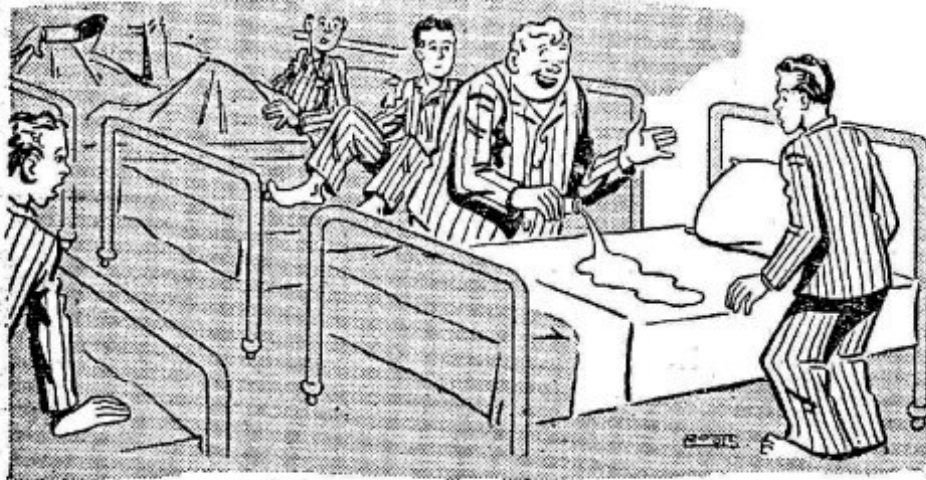
"Ow! Keep off! Stoppit!" yelled Levett. "I say—wow! ow! Oh, crumbs! Oh, crikey! Yaroooh!"

"—and that—and that—and that!" continued Gunter, each word accompanied by a terrific whop from the knotted towel. "I'll teach you to scoff my pineapple! Take that—and that—and that—"

Levett yelled and howled and squirmed under the knotted towel. Finally he squirmed out of bed on the further side, and Gunter's last whop landed only on the bedclothes. Levett rolled on the floor and roared, and Gunter, satisfied that he had given Turkey Tuck the thrashing of his life, left it at that, and stalked out of the dormitory. Not till the door had closed on him was a fat cachinnation heard from a fat junior rolled in a blanket on the edge of a sticky bed.

"He, he, he!"

TURKEY TUCK was much easier in his fat mind the following day. Gunter of the Sixth, passing him in the quad, merely gave him a disdainful stare, which Turkey did not mind in the very least. Gunter was satisfied that Turkey had had what was coming to him: he had whopped the fellow in Turkey's bed, and that was that! He had done with Turkey, and Turkey was very satisfied to be done with. The fellow who was not satisfied at all was Levett, but in an imperfect universe it is impossible to satisfy everybody!



"You fat idiot! You've smothered my bed with gum!"

Levett made a bound, in his bed, as Turkey approached, with the big bottle in his hand. He sat up, staring blankly at the fat junior.

"If you bring that gum near me—" he gasped.

"You think you can snatch my pineapple, and nothing done?" jeered Turkey. "You're going to get the lot!"

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Drake. All the juniors were sitting up now, staring at Turkey in the glimmer of the candle. Turkey Tuck on the war-path was rather a new phenomenon.

But evidently he was in earnest. The gum bottle was within a foot of Levett's head when Levett bounded out of bed, hurling back the bedclothes. The next moment, the gum bottle was up-ended over the bed, streaming out its contents on the under sheet.

Levett glared at the fat Turkey across the bed, almost like a tiger.

"You—you—you fat idiot!" he stuttered. "You've smothered my bed with gum!"

"He, he, he!"

"Think I can sleep in it after that?" yelled Levett.

gum, but Turkey did not seem to mind. Levett glared at him, quite prepared to defend his new quarters with his knuckles if Turkey raised objections. But Turkey raised no objections. He submitted quite tamely to the change of beds.

He rolled himself in bedclothes, on the edge of the sticky bed, and, and blew out the candle. He curled up his little fat legs out of the way of the pool of sticky gum, as well as he could. It was rather cramped quarters, and it was not very comfortable. Turkey was not likely to enjoy his night's repose in Levett's bed. But he was likely to enjoy it much more than if he had been in his own bed when Gunter of the Sixth came with the knotted towel!

"YAROOOHH!"

That sudden wild roar woke all the echoes in the Fourth-form dormitory at Carcroft.

Every fellow in that dormitory was fast asleep at nine-forty. Even Turkey Tuck, precariously perched on the edge of a bed the middle of which was swamped with gum, was fast asleep, and snoring. But every fellow came out of slumber with a