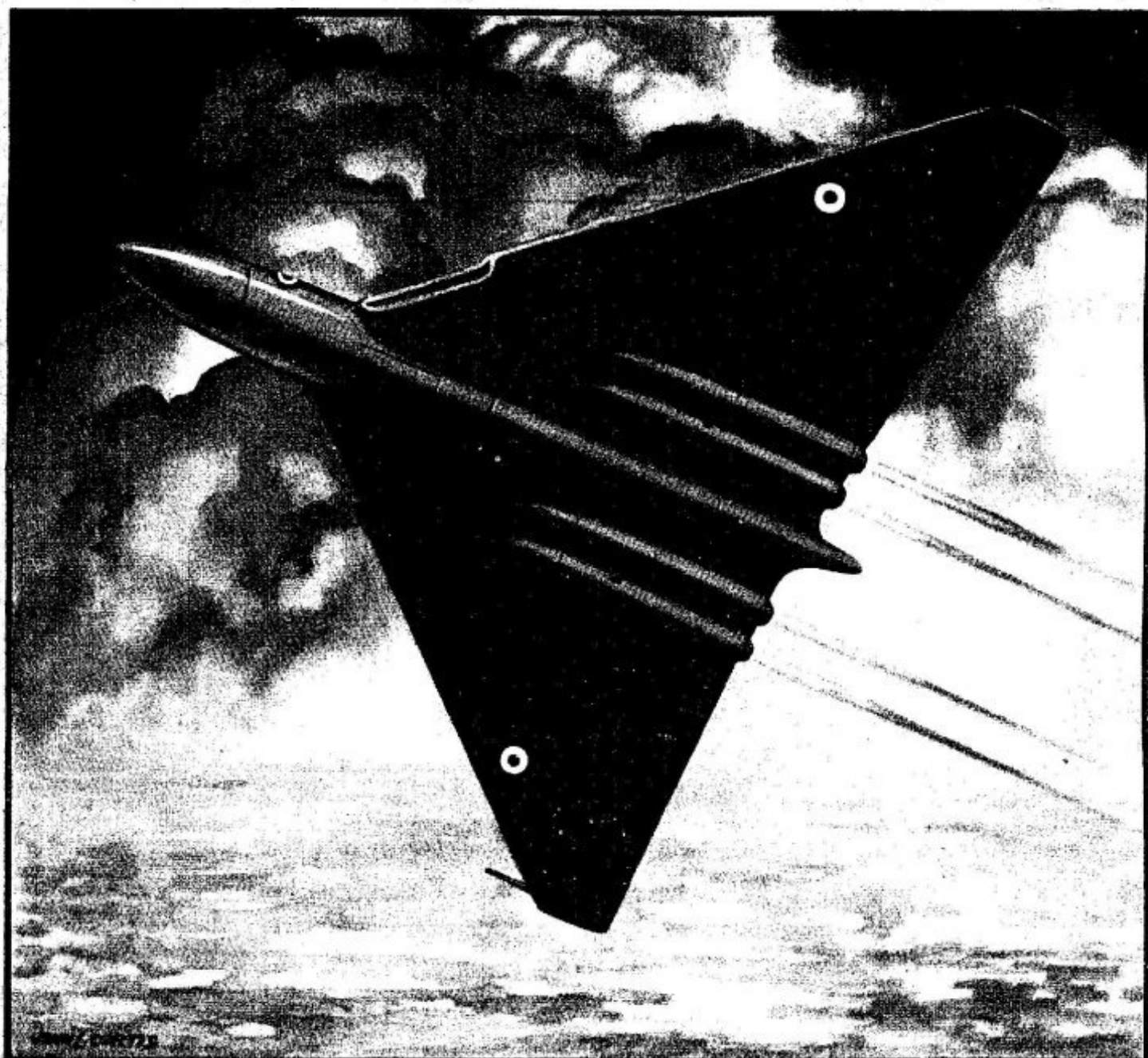


INSIDE! A SCHOOL STORY BY FRANK RICHARDS!

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A MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

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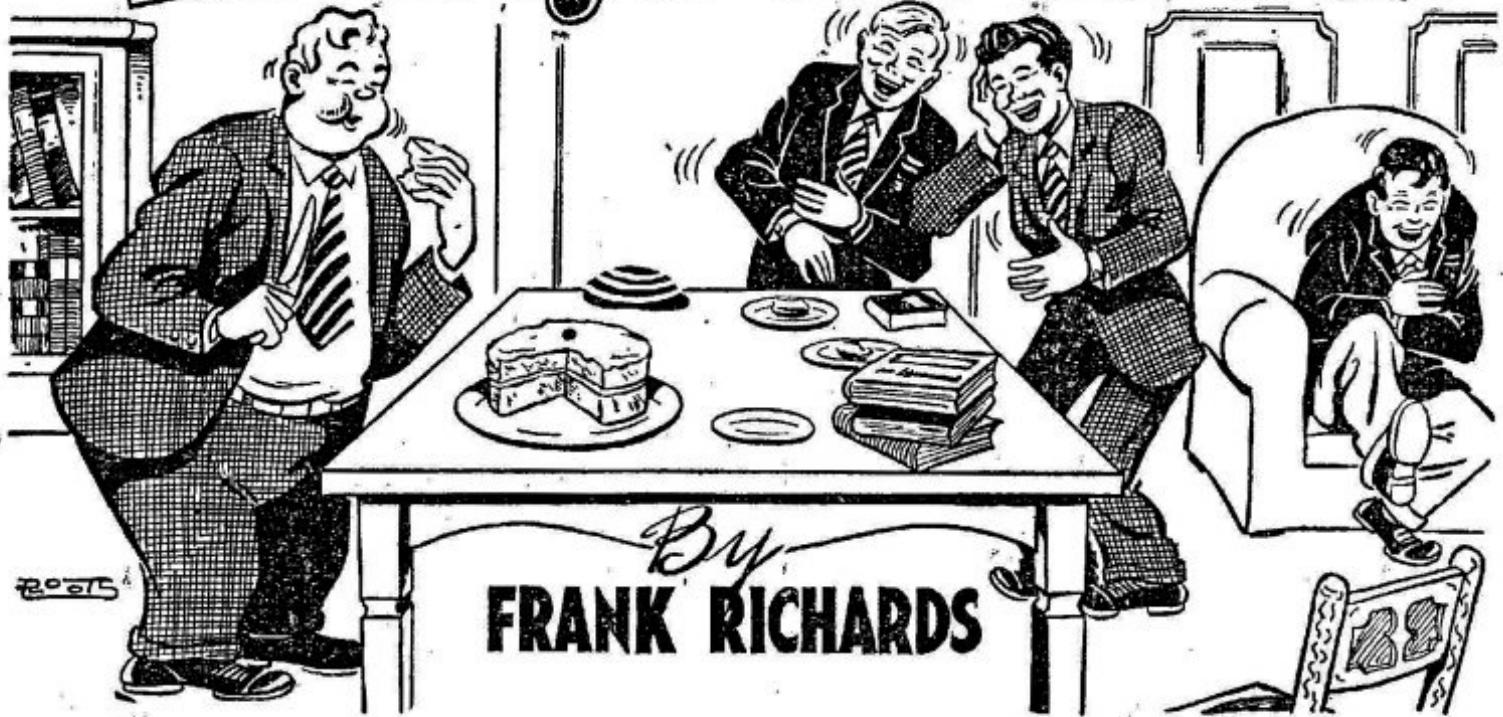


● **THE AVRO-VULCAN 4 JET DELTA-WING BOMBER** See PAGE 14

**THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!**

CARCROFT CAPERS.....

# Turkey's 100 Lines



By  
**FRANK RICHARDS**

SNORE!

It was a surprising sound, considering the time and place.

They were getting bored, in the Fourth-form room at Carcroft. Last hour was drawing to its close—but it drew slowly: and to many eyes it seemed that the hand on the form-room clock had ceased to move at all. Probably the only pair of eyes in the form-room that did not wander to the clock were those of Mr. Roger Ducas, the master of the Fourth. Roger was not bored. Roger was keen, dutiful, and conscientious. Many of the Carcroft Fourth would have been well satisfied with a less conscientious form-master.

Snore.

There was quite a stir in the form at the unexpected sound. Roger's voice, which had gone on and on in a steady drone that a B.B.C. announcer might well have envied, ceased suddenly. There was silence—a silence that might have been felt! Fellows looked round, curious to know who had yielded so completely to the influence of Roman history propounded by Roger.

"That ass Turkey——!" whispered Bob Drake.

Mr. Ducas's eyes fixed upon a fat face with closed eyes. It was the face of James Smyth Tuck—who was called 'Turkey' because he was fat, and gobbled. Roger gazed at

him as if he could hardly believe his eyes—as, indeed, he hardly could.

"Tuck!" said Mr. Ducas, in a deep voice.

Snore!

There was a suppressed chuckle in the form. Turkey, in the mists and shadows of sleep, was deaf to the voice of his form-master. He answered only with a snore.

Other fellows had been feeling a little drowsy. The form-room was warm, and a trifle stuffy: Roman history interested few. Lord Talboys had yawned, several times, behind his hand, and might perhaps have nodded off, had not Harry Compton revived him with a dig in the ribs, which made him sit up and take notice. Only the fat Turkey had gone over the limit. But Turkey had gone right over: he had not only nodded off: he was fast asleep: and when Turkey Tuck slept, he snored.

"Tuck!" Roger's voice was deeper.

Still no reply.

"TUCK!"

It was almost a roar. It had the effect on Turkey of the dread figure that drew Priam's curtains at dead of night. It startled him suddenly out of happy slumber.

"Ooooooh!" gasped Turkey.

His eyes opened, and he squinted round him with a startled squint.

"I say, I wasn't asleep—I heard all you fellows were saying!" mumbled Turkey. Evidently he did not quite realize, for the moment, where he was.

"Tuck!" thundered Roger.

"Oh, crumbs!" Turkey realized. He blinked at his form-master in alarm—as well he might. Roger might, or might not, have known that his invaluable instruction had a soporific effect on his form. But no form-master could be pleased to see such an effect produced to such an extent.

"Were you asleep, Tuck?"

"Oh! No! Not at all, sir! I—I haven't been asleep—I heard every word you said, sir—I listen better with my eyes shut, sir," gasped Turkey.

"What?"

"I do, really, sir! Ever so much better. I heard every word!"

Mr. Ducas gazed at him. The fabled basilisk had nothing on Roger at that moment. His hand strayed to the cane on his desk. But, to Turkey's great relief, he did not pick up the cane.

"You heard every word I was saying, Tuck?" inquired Roger, in a grinding voice.

"Oh, yes, sir! Every syllable."

"Very well! I was speaking of the last hours of Nero, Tuck. You will now tell me what it was that Nero said, while his attendants were preparing the last rites in the

garden of the villa in the suburbs of Rome."

Turkey, having been asleep, hadn't heard a word for the last ten minutes, and he had not the remotest idea what the bronze-bearded tyrant had said, in his last hours, in the garden of the suburban villa. He did not know, and he did not want to know. But he had to answer. A form-master, like an obstinate horse, had to be given his head. But Turkey was not without resources.

Instruction had not been wholly wasted on Turkey. There remained a residue of vaguely remembered things, even in the thickest head at Carcroft. Turkey had this store to draw upon. Hurriedly he strove to remember what Nero might have said, as it appeared that the brute had said something or other. Possibly, whatever it was, it might be among his hazy collection.

"If you do not immediately repeat the words of Nero, Tuck——!" rumbled Mr. Ducas.

A dozen fellows would willingly have whispered to Turkey, "Qualis artifex pereo." But it was not feasible to whisper under the eye of Roger. Roger had the eye of a hawk.

"Oh, yes, sir! I'm just going to!" stammered Turkey. "He—he—he said——"

"What did he say, Tuck?"

"He—he—he said, 'Kiss me, Hardy!'" gasped Turkey, making a desperate shot at it, and hoping that he had got it right. Turkey had a hopeful nature.

"What?" roared Roger.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a trill from the Fourth. They really could not help it. Turkey was famed for his howlers. It was Turkey who had construed, "Est in conspectu Tenedos" into "He is expecting a tenner." But this was unusually good, even from Turkey Tuck.

"Silence!" rumbled Roger. "Tuck! What—what did you say?"

"I—I——!" Turkey stammered. He realized that his shot had gone wide. Nero evidently hadn't said, "Kiss me, Hardy!" What else could the brute have said? Again Turkey hurriedly raked over his store of historical knowledge. "I—I mean, sir, he—he—he said, 'If I had but served God as I have served Pontius Pilate——'"

"WHAT!"

"Oh, lor!" groaned Turkey. He could see that he had got it wrong again. "What I really meant to say, sir, is—is—is that Nero said, 'Take away that bauble!' That—that was it, sir!"

"Take away that bauble!" repeated Mr. Ducas, dazedly.

"Yes, sir! And—and he never smiled again!" said Turkey, hopefully.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence! Tuck, you are not only the most careless and inattentive boy in my form, but you are the most hopelessly obtuse, and the most incorrigibly lazy. But even you, Tuck, would not perpetrate such blunders if you would take the trouble to think. After class, Tuck, you will write out that Nero said 'Qualis artifex pereo,' a hundred times."

"Did—did he, sir?" ejaculated Turkey, in surprise.

"He did, Tuck, as you would be aware, if you had been listening to me!" thundered Mr. Ducas. "You will bring your imposition to me in my study at six o'clock Tuck. If you are late with it, you will be caned."

"Oh, I won't be late with that, sir!" said Turkey, quite cheerfully.

Turkey seemed quite relieved—from what cause, was not apparent to the rest of the Fourth. A hundred lines was a hundred lines—not a light task: and Turkey was generally slow and late with the lightest of tasks. But the fat and fatuous Turkey seemed to be quite relieved and satisfied. The contented grin that wreathed his podgy face puzzled the other fellows and perhaps Mr. Ducas as well.

But there was one cause of satisfaction, at least, for the whole form. Turkey had taken up time: the minutes had passed much more rapidly with Turkey than with Suetonius. By the time Mr. Ducas had finished with Turkey, the hour was nearly up—and a few minutes later the Fourth Form were dismissed: much to their relief, and possibly to their form-master's also.

"How did Turkey know we had a cake?" asked Bob Drake, as a fat figure and a chubby face loomed in the doorway of the corner study in the Fourth, at a quarter to six.

"Oh, I say! I didn't know you had a cake, old chap!" Turkey rolled in. "Still, if you've got one, I'll have just a spot. Lots of time for my impot."

Drake, Compton, and Lee were gathered round the study table, on which reposed a cake and a bread-knife. They had just started on the cake when Turkey blew in. If any man needed assistance in disposing of a cake, Turkey was the fellow to give first aid. The fat junior cut himself a generous slice, which left the cake with a rather filleted look, packed his mouth to

capacity, and proceeded: "You fellows remember what it was that brute Nero said? I've forgotten, and I've got to write it out, you know."

"Qualis artifex pereo!" answered Harry Compton, laughing.

"Um! I suppose it means something?" suggested Turkey.

"Sort of!" assented the captain of the Fourth. "It happens to mean 'What an artist perishes!'"

"Does it?" Turkey blinked at him dubiously. "I never knew Nero was an artist. I thought he was an emperor or something."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nothing to snigger at, is there? Anyhow, it doesn't matter what it means—I haven't got to construe, only just write it out. You chaps lend me a pen, and I'll do it here. I say, this is a jolly good cake, I'll have some more, if you fellows don't mind."

Turkey had some more, without waiting to ascertain whether the fellows minded. His voice came muffled through cake as he went on: "Not a bad old bean, Roger, really. I thought he'd come down jolly heavy—chap going to sleep in form, you know. He looked shirty—I don't know why he let me off so lightly. But he did."

"You haven't left yourself much time to do a hundred lines!" remarked Dick Lee.

Turkey squinted at him.

"A hundred lines!" he repeated, "who's doing a hundred lines?"

"Aren't you?"

"No fear. Didn't you hear what Roger said? I've got to write out, 'Nero said, 'Qualis artifex pereo' a hundred times.' Not that I believe he did, added Turkey, with a shake of the head, "why should he?"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"I mean to say, people do repeat themselves—old Roger often does in the form-room. But a hundred times—that's thick! As if he would, you know!"

"What is that blithering ass getting at now?" asked Bob, blankly.

"Well, saying that Nero said the same thing over and over again a hundred times is rot, in my opinion!" said Turkey. "I don't believe Nero did anything of the sort."

The Carcroft Co. gazed at him.

"Roger makes out that I'm dense," went on Turkey. "You've heard him say so, I daresay. He actually said 'hopelessly obtuse' in the form-room to-day. You fellows heard him. Me, you know! But I'm not dense enough to believe that Nero said Qualls artifex pereo a hundred times, and chance it. Two or three times, perhaps!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Well, look at it!" argued Turkey. "Why should he?"

"Fan me, somebody!" gasped Bob.

"The truth is, that Roger's got it wrong," said Turkey, blinking at the astonished juniors, and devouring cake. "Roger don't know so much as he makes out—lots of beaks don't. They're rather a dense lot, if you ask me. Not that it matters, of course—I've simply got to write out what he told me, though, mind you, I don't believe a word of it."

"You howling ass!" roared Drake. "Roger told you to write out what Nero said a hundred times."

"I'm going to write it out, fat-head! What I'm saying is, that I don't believe he really did say it a hundred times."

"Oh, help!" gasped Bob.

"You've got a hundred lines to write!" shrieked Compton, "Roger said—"

"I know what Roger said—not that I believe he had it right. Nero must have been a queer fish, if he said things over a hundred times. I mean to say, even the Head doesn't do that, in his sermon on Sundays, or anything like it. But that's what Roger said."

"Ye gods!" gurgled Drake. "Do you mean that you're thinking of taking only one line in to Roger?"

"Of course! That's what he told me, isn't it?"

"He gave you a hundred lines!" roared Bob. "That's what he meant, you frumpious chump!"

"He jolly well didn't! You're a bit dense, Bob, old chap, if you don't mind my mentioning it. A bit slow on the uptake, you know. I say, give a fellow a chance with that cake."

Turkey gobbled again.

It was quite a race. Three fellows, all doing their best, raced Turkey in the consumption of cake. But James Smyth Tuck was an easy first. In his keen interest in that spirited contest, Turkey forgot, for the moment, his imposition. Not till the last crumb and the last plum had disappeared, did Turkey come down to less important matters.

"Five minutes to six," he remarked, squinting at the study clock. "Lend a fellow a pen and a spot of impot paper, will you?"

"Are you going to do a hundred lines in five minutes?" grinned Bob.

"Eh? I'm going to write what Roger told me—catch me doing ninety-nine lines more'n I'm told!" said Turkey, derisively. "Think I like writing lines?"

Turkey wiped a crumbly mouth

with a sticky sleeve, and grabbed a pen and a block of impot paper. The chums of the corner study watched him, as if fascinated, while he proceeded to write out his imposition. It did not take him long.

Nero said "*Kivalis artifecks pereo.*"

"Have I got the spelling right, you chaps?" asked Turkey, anxiously. "Roger's made out more than once that I can't spell. I want this to be quite all right, as he let me off so lightly, you know. Might have given a chap fifty lines for nodding off in class. Some beaks would."

"He gave you a hundred!" yelled Bob.

"Oh, don't be an ass," said Turkey, peevishly. "I say, Compton, is the spelling all right? What do you think?"

Harry Compton chuckled.

"Qualis might be spelt q-u-a-l-i-s, as a matter of choice," he answered.

"Oh, blow!"

"And I shouldn't wonder if Roger would prefer to see artifex spelt with an 'x' at the end."

"Oh, rotten! Now I shall have to write my impot out all over again," said Turkey, crossly. "Still, I've got time."

Turkey scrawled through a second edition. He blotted it, picked it up, cast a last glance at the plate to make sure that there remained not a single crumb or a lonely plum, and rolled to the door. The chums of the corner study gazed after the fat figure as it rolled.

"Are you really going to take that to Roger?" yelled Bob.

"Eh? Of course. It's just on six."

And Turkey rolled out of the study.

Compton and Co. gazed at one another. It was true that Turkey Tuck was the most priceless ass at Carcroft. It was true that Turkey's brain was of almost, if not quite, impenetrable solidity. But this was the limit, even for Turkey. What Roger would say—and what he would do—when he saw that remarkable impot, was quite a thrilling question.

"Roger will think that fat duffer's pulling his leg!" gasped Compton. "But—but he can't be idiot enough to show that up to Roger."

"Isn't he idiot enough for anything?" grinned Bob. "Let's go and see what happens."

The three followed Turkey from the study. They found the fat junior on the study landing: and Vane-Carter and Levett looking at

his impot. Both of them were shrieking: and Turkey blinking at them in surprise.

"I say, ain't the spelling right, you chaps?" asked Turkey, anxiously. "Compton told me qualis was spelt with a 'Q,' but it don't seem right to me."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled V. C. and Levett.

"I wish you wouldn't cackle, when a fellow hasn't a minute to spare. Compton said there was an 'X' in artifex. Do you fellows know?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a chime from the Carcroft clock-tower. Turkey gave a jump.

"Oh, haddocks! There goes six! I shall have to chance it now with the spelling. If Roger slangs me, I shall jolly well tell him that I did spell it with a 'K' and Compton made me change it. I ain't going to have him think I can't spell."

And Turkey rolled off hurriedly to the stairs.

"Stop, you ass!" called out Harry Compton.

Turkey blinked round.

"Is it a 'K'?" he asked. "Wharrer you mean by pulling a fellow's leg, then? If you've got a fountain-pen, I'll alter it—if it's really a 'K'—"

"No, ass! No, fathead! But Roger gave you a hundred lines—"

"Rot!"

Turkey Tuck rolled on his way. Quite a little crowd of juniors followed him. They were interested—indeed anxious—to know what would be the effect of that impot on Roger. They gathered breathless at the corner of the passage, as Turkey marched on, and tapped at the door of Roger's study.

"COME in!"

Turkey marched in confidently. Mr. Ducas was seated at his study table, dealing with a pile of Form papers. He suspended that occupation, as James Smyth Tuck rolled in, with a single sheet of paper in his fat hand. He glanced at Turkey, glanced at the single sheet, and glanced at Turkey again.

"What—?" began Roger.

"My line, sir!" said Turkey.

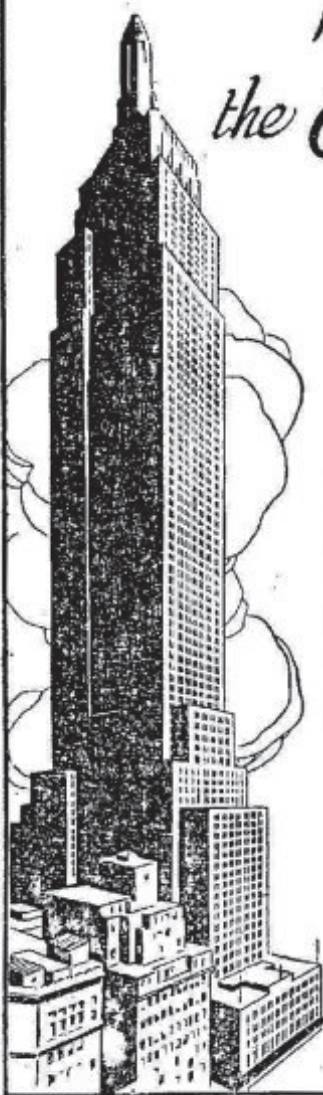
"Your what?"

"My line, sir."

"Do you mean your lines, Tuck?"

Turkey gave him an uneasy blink. This sounded as if Roger expected more than one line. For an anxious moment, Turkey wondered whether his well-meaning advisers had been right! On the other hand, he jolly well knew what Roger had said.

# The Tallest Building in the World... the Amazing **EMPIRE STATE**



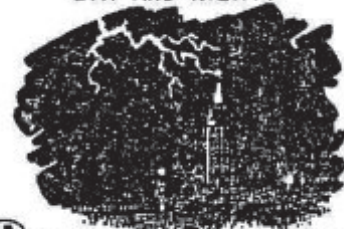
ON THE WEST SIDE OF FIFTH AVENUE, AND COVERING TWO ACRES OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST REAL ESTATE BETWEEN 33RD AND 34TH STREETS, NEW YORK, TOWERS THE MAGNIFICENT OFFICE BUILDING **THE EMPIRE STATE**. ITS 102 STOREYS RISE TO 1050 FEET ABOVE THE GROUND AND ABOVE THAT A MOORING MAST, ORIGINALLY DESIGNED TO ANCHOR AIRSHIPS, RISES ANOTHER 200 FEET.

HERE ARE SOME **STAGGERING FACTS** OF THIS WONDER OF THE MODERN WORLD:

IT CONTAINS 69 ELEVATORS AND THE ELEVATOR SHAFTS HAVE A **TOTAL LENGTH OF 7 MILES**. EXPRESS LIFTS TRAVEL FROM THE GROUND TO THE 80TH FLOOR IN ONE MINUTE. TOWER ELEVATORS THEN TRAVEL THE NEXT 6 FLOORS TO THE 86TH FLOOR OBSERVATORY, WHERE ALL COMFORTS FOR VISITORS ARE FOUND, INCLUDING A RESTAURANT, LOUNGE, SODA-FOUNTAIN AND WIDE TERRACES FROM WHICH **FOUR MILLION SIGHT-SEERS** HAVE ALREADY LOOKED DOWN ON NEW YORK CITY. A FURTHER LIFT TAKES VISITORS RIGHT TO THE TOP OF THE MOORING MAST FOR A BREATH-TAKING VIEW.

INTO ITS CONSTRUCTION WENT 10,000,000 BRICKS AND 200,000 CUBIC FEET OF STONE. IT HAS 6,400 WINDOWS AND ENOUGH FLOOR SPACE TO SHELTER A CITY OF 80,000 PEOPLE.

SEVEN TELEVISION STATIONS SIMULTANEOUSLY TRANSMIT THEIR PROGRAMMES FROM THE MOORING MAST DAY AND NIGHT.



DUE TO ITS TREMENDOUS HEIGHT THE EMPIRE STATE IS CONTINUALLY BEING STRUCK BY LIGHTNING, BUT ITS DESIGN AND CONSTRUCTION ARE SUCH THAT THE CURRENT IS CONDUCTED HARMLESSLY TO EARTH.

THIS IS HOW THE EMPIRE STATE COMPARES WITH OTHER FAMOUS STRUCTURES:



He handed over the paper. Mr. Ducas gazed at it. He gazed at it fixedly. He seemed to be mesmerized. He read on Turkey's paper "Nero said Qualis artifex pereo a hundred times." Merely that, and nothing more. The expression that grew on Roger's face made Turkey wonder still more whether Compton and Co. might, after all, have been right in the interpretation they had placed on Roger's words in the form-room. Roger, at last, transferred his gaze from the imposition to Turkey's fat face.

"What does this mean, Tuck?" His voice was very deep, "Why have you written this nonsense?" "You told me to, sir."

"I told you to?" "Yes, sir—in the form-room, you know."

Roger breathed hard. "Is it possible that even you, Tuck, obtuse as you are, could have supposed anything of the kind? Or," went on Roger, his voice growing deeper and deeper, "or is this an attempt to make me believe that you are more obtuse than you really are, Tuck?"

"Is there anything wrong with that, sir?" asked Turkey, anxiously, "I—I knew it ought to be a 'K,' really——"

"What?"

"Only Compton said it was a 'Q,' and I thought he knew——"

Roger Ducas rose to his feet.

"I gave you a hundred lines, Tuck. It appears that you misunderstood what I said. If you had taken the trouble to think for a few moments, Tuck, I have no doubt that you would have caught my meaning. It is my duty, Tuck, to encourage you to think. I shall do my duty." Roger picked up a cane from the table, "Bend over that chair, Tuck."

"Oh, gum!" gasped Turkey, in dismay, "I—I say, sir——!"

"Bend over that chair!" said Roger, in a voice like that of the Great Huge Bear.

In the lowest of spirits, Turkey bent over the chair. The breathless juniors at the corner of the passage heard a sound from their form-master's study—a sharp loud sound.

It was the sound of cane meeting trousers.

Whack!

It was followed by a yell.

"Oh!"

Whack!

"Oh! Ow!"

Roger laid down the cane.

"Another time, Tuck, I recommend you to think a little. That may encourage you to do so. In the meantime, you may write out one hundred times 'Nero said Qualis artifex pereo,' and bring me the lines before preparation. You may go, Tuck."

Turkey went.

He wriggled down the passage to the chuckling group at the corner. Turkey seemed to be hurt. But he was more indignant than hurt.

"I say, you chaps, wharrer you think of that?" gasped Turkey. "Two on the bags, and a hundred lines—and I did just what he told me! You fellows know—you heard him! Ow! What do you fellows think of that?"

But the fellows could not tell Turkey what they thought of that. They could only gurgle.