

36 PAGES OF EXCITING ENTERTAINMENT!

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THE MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

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Inside! ANOTHER
SCHOOL STORY
BY
FRANK RICHARDS



also PART FOUR OF OUR
SERIAL
"UNBROKEN"

THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!

Turkey Tries It On!



A STORY OF CARCROFT SCHOOL By FRANK RICHARDS.

"Oh, haddocks!" exclaimed Turkey Tuck.

Turkey's round gooseberry eyes danced.

His fat face was irradiated by so wide a grin, that it looked as if it might almost meet round the back of his fat head.

Evidently, a bright idea had occurred to Turkey. Turkey, in his own esteem at least, was the fellow for bright ideas. And the idea that suddenly flashed into his podgy brain was the brightest ever.

"Why not?" gasped Turkey; apparently addressing the portable radio in No. 9 Study in the Carcroft Fourth.

Turkey had come up to the study, after dinner, to write lines for Mr. Roger Ducas, his form-master. Those lines had to be handed in, when the Fourth went into form. But laziness, as so often happened with Turkey Tuck, had supervened. Instead of sitting at the table to write his lines, Turkey had deposited his considerable avoirdupois in Vane-Carter's arm-chair, and turned on V.C.'s radio. The news was on: and it was an item in the news that brought that bright idea flashing into the fattest head at Carcroft School.

Few fellows at Carcroft would have derived any idea, bright or otherwise, from that news item. But Turkey did. Turkey's fat intellect moved in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. All the announcer said was:

"Mr. Miggles, the member for Muggleton, is still suffering from the attack of deafness brought on by striking his head in a fall, and is still unable to attend to his usual duties."

That was all! Merely that and nothing more! But it had set Turkey Tuck's fat wits working! He shut off the radio, and pondered.

Turkey was worried about those lines. Roger had doubled them once: and if they were not handed in, would double them again—or it might be "whops." And it was Latin in form that afternoon: and Turkey loathed Latin with a deep and deadly loathing. But suppose a fellow like Mr. Miggles, the member for Muggleton, had a sudden attack of deafness caused by a fall—! Obviously, like Mr. Miggles of Muggleton, he would be unable to attend to his usual duties! Which was just what Turkey would have liked!

Would it work?

Why shouldn't it?

Turkey decided to try it on.

"HALLO!"

"Look out!"

"You mad ass, look where you're running!"

"You fat chump—!"

Four fellows, in the Fourth-form passage, were talking cricket, while they waited for the bell for class. Harry Compton, Bob Drake, Dick Lee, and Dudley Vane-Carter, were deep in that interesting subject,

when the door of No. 9 Study opened, and Turkey Tuck came out.

Turkey, as a rule, moved to slow time. He had quite a lot of weight to carry, and generally his movements were lento, if not lentissimo. But for once the fat Turkey seemed in a violent hurry. He came out of No. 9 Study with a rush, almost like a bullet from a rifle. He charged down the passage like a runaway lorry. "Cricket jaw" was suddenly interrupted: four fellows spinning right and left as Turkey crashed into the group.

Bump!

Over went Turkey, landing on the floor. Strawn there, he spluttered for breath. And Compton, Drake, Lee, and Vane-Carter gathered round him, prepared to boot him as far as the stairs for charging them over.

"You fat ass!" roared Bob Drake.

Turkey sat up. He blinked at Bob, and put a fat hand to his ear.

"Eh? Did you speak, Drake?" he asked.

"Wha-a-at?" stuttered Bob. He had not only spoken, but he had done so in a voice reminiscent of Stentor's of old. "Deaf, you fat blitherer?"

"Eh?"

"What's the matter with the podgy piffler?" asked Vane-Carter, staring at Turkey. "What do you mean, bloater?"

"Did you speak, V.C.?" asked Turkey.

"My only hat!" exclaimed Harry Compton. "Something's the matter

with Turkey. He came down rather a bump. Are you hurt, Turkey?"

All four abandoned the idea of booting Turkey as far as the stairs. They were feeling concerned now.

"I—I—I say, I—I can't hear you!" stammered Turkey, "I—I say, I—I banged my head—I—I say, think an attack of deafness could be brought on by striking my head in a fall, like—"

"Like what?"

"Oh! Nothing! Nobody!" said Turkey, hastily, and forgetting for a moment that he had gone deaf! "I—I mean—did—did you speak, Compton?"

"Look here, you fat ass, you heard me all right—"

"I didn't—I—I mean, I—I can't hear you now. I—I can't hear a sound. I—I say, I—I shan't be able to attend to my usual duties, like—"

"Like whom?"

"Oh! Nobody! I mean, I'm as deaf as a post—I can't hear a sound! Are you fellows speaking?"

They stared at him.

"He's gammoning!" said Vane-Carter. "Must be! I don't believe he banged his head—we should have heard a crack if wood met wood—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, I—I feel bad!" moaned Turkey, "I can't hear a word you fellows are saying. I say, help me up, Drake, old chap."

Bob, with a very dubious expression on his face, helped the fat junior up. Turkey leaned heavily on his arm. Vane-Carter sniffed.

"What are you trying to pull our leg for, you fat ass?" he asked.

"Eh?"

"You can hear me all right."

"Did you speak?"

"Dash it all, Turkey can't have gone suddenly deaf!" said Dick Lee.

"Ow!" moaned Turkey, "I banged my head—I've got a fearful bruise on it—"

"Can't see any bruise!" said Vane-Carter. "Gammon."

"Did you say anything, V.C.?"

"Well, my hat!" said Bob. "Looks as if he's gone deaf all of a sudden. I suppose a bang on the head might do it. Poor old Turkey!"

"Hallo, there's the bell!"

It was the bell for class, in the distance.

"I say, tell me when the bell rings, you fellows," said Turkey. "I shan't be able to hear it."

"It's ringing now," said Lee.

"Eh?"

"It's ringing now!" roared Bob.

"Did you speak?"

"Oh, crumbs! Better lead him to the form-room!" said Bob.

And three sympathetic fellows led Turkey to the form-room:

Vane-Carter following and shrugging his shoulders.

"TUCK!"

Roger Ducas, master of the Fourth, gave James Smyth Tuck his first attention, when his form took their places. His eagle eye singled out the fattest member of the Carcroft Fourth.

To his surprise, and the surprise of most of the form, Turkey Tuck did not reply. He sat in his place looking directly at his form-master: but, to all appearance, did not hear Roger address him.

"Tuck!" repeated Mr. Ducas, in a louder and deeper voice.

Turkey felt an inward tremor.

But he was going to try it on. He had tried it with Compton and Co., and got by with it. Why shouldn't he have the same success with Roger? If he succeeded, Roger could hardly bother him for those lines: neither could he expect him to take part in the work of the form, that afternoon. An enticing vision of laziness opened before Turkey. Sitting doing nothing while other fellows worked was Turkey's idea of a happy life.

So, in spite of an inward tremor, Turkey sat tight. Pulling Roger's leg was a dangerous game: even Vane-Carter, the scapegrace of Carcroft, would hardly have ventured it. But it was said of old that fools rush in where angels fear to tread! Turkey just sat tight.

"Tuck! I have spoken to you twice," Roger fairly boomed. "Tuck, have you brought me your lines?"

Stony silence from Turkey.

Mr. Ducas gazed at him: surprised, but more angry than surprised. Fourth-form fellows craned their necks round to stare at Turkey. It was amazing to see him asking for it, like this. Even Vane-Carter began to believe that that sudden attack of deafness was genuine.

"Will you answer me, Tuck?" Roger almost roared.

"If you please, sir—!" began Harry Compton, as Mr. Ducas lifted a cane from his desk, and came towards his form.

"You need not speak, Compton."

"Yes, sir! No, sir! I mean, Tuck's gone deaf!" the captain of the Fourth hurried to explain. "He had a fall in the study passage, and a knock, sir, and it seems to have knocked him deaf."

"Nonsense!" snapped Mr. Ducas.

"It's so, sir!" said Bob Drake.

"We couldn't make him hear, sir."

"Absurd!"

"He seemed quite deaf, sir!" said Dick Lee.

Mr. Ducas paused. Turkey was glad to see him pause. He did not

like the look of that cane in Roger's hand at all.

Surprise and doubt mingled in Roger's face. He was, at heart, a kindly man; and if a member of his form had suffered so serious a damage, he was quite prepared to be sympathetic and helpful. But—!

He fixed his keen eyes on Turkey's fat face.

"Cannot you hear me speak, Tuck?" he asked.

Very nearly Tuck answered "No, sir!" But he stopped himself in time, and said instead:

"Are you speaking to me, sir?"

Mr. Ducas breathed rather hard.

"I am speaking to you, Tuck! Cannot you hear me?"

Again Turkey nearly said "No, sir!" Again he checked that answer before it escaped! He put a fat hand to a fat ear, cocked a fat head a little on one side, and appeared to be trying hard to listen. The Fourth Form fellows all stared at him, breathlessly: Turkey was the cynosure of all eyes.

"Did you speak, sir?" asked Turkey, at last. "I'm sorry I—I can't hear, sir—I—I think it was because I fell down and knocked my head, sir. Compton saw me fall down, sir, if you ask him—"

"Compton has already told me, Tuck."

"Eh?"

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Ducas. "Had you written your lines, Tuck, before you had the fall you speak of?"

"Are you speaking, sir? I—I can see your lips move."

"Have you written your lines?"

"I'm so sorry I can't hear you, sir!"

"Your lines!" shrieked Roger.

"Did you say anything, sir?"

Roger Ducas drew a deep, deep breath. Evidently, Turkey Tuck couldn't—or wouldn't—hear a syllable. Roger was rather at a loss.

"Very well, Tuck," he said, at length. "Perhaps this will pass off. Otherwise you must see the school doctor. You need not take part in the lesson."

"Did you speak to me, sir?"

Roger did not answer that question. He gave the fattest member of his form one keen, searching, penetrating look: then the lesson began. And Turkey Tuck, sitting in happy idleness while other fellows, one after another, construed Virgil, felt that life was really worth living, at last, and wished that he had thought of this wonderful wheeze before. And he wondered whether he would be able to "stuff" the school doctor as he had "stuffed" Roger, and keep it up:

(Continued on page 11)

TURKEY TRIES IT ON!

(Continued from page 9)

and dodge lessons, perhaps for the rest of the term! It was a beatific prospect!

CLINK!

Turkey turned a fat head.

The lesson was over: the form dismissed. As they marched to the door, that sudden clink was heard of a half-crown dropping on the floor of the form-room. Any fellow naturally turns his head at the sound of a falling coin. No doubt Roger Ducas was aware of that circumstance. As that half-crown clinked on the floor, every head turned—including Turkey's! That clink was just behind Turkey: and he did not stop to think. Thinking was not his long suit, anyway.

Somebody had dropped a half-crown. It did not occur to Turkey, for the moment, that it was Roger who had dropped it, and that he had done so intentionally, just behind the member of his form who had so suddenly and strangely gone deaf! Neither did the other fellows guess it—for the moment!

"Hallo, somebody's dropping his spare cash!" said Bob Drake. All the juniors—including Turkey—were looking at that half-crown. "Who—?" Bob was interrupted.

"Tuck!" said Mr. Ducas, in a deep, deep voice. "You may pick up that half-crown and hand it to me."

Turkey made a movement: then, remembering, stopped. Unaware that he had wholly and completely given himself away by turning his head at the clink of the falling coin, Turkey was keeping it up.

"Did you speak, sir?" he asked.

"Pick up that half-crown, Tuck."

"Eh?"

"Cannot you hear me, Tuck?" inquired Roger, in a grinding voice. "You appear to have heard that coin strike the floor, Tuck, which is very singular if you are deaf as you have stated. You are not deaf, Tuck. You have attempted to delude me, you unscrupulous boy."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Bob. Vane-Carter grinned. He had had his doubts all along! He had no doubts now!

"Do you hear me now, Tuck?"

"Oh! No, sir!" gasped Turkey.

"I—I mean, did you speak, sir? I—I can't hear a word, sir—"

"Compton! Hand me the cane from my desk. Now, Tuck, so very unusual an attack of deafness requires to be treated by unusual methods. I am going to cane you until you can hear me perfectly."

"Oh, haddocks!" gasped Turkey.

"I—I really can't hear you, sir—I

"One night, after reading 'The Silver Jacket,' I dreamt . . ."



Have you ever gone to bed thinking about something you have read in THE SILVER JACKET and then dreamt about it? If your mind has led you into exciting adventures or humorous situations why not write a letter about it. Have it into our office by the 16th October, 1954. We will pay 10/- for each letter published in our December issue.

—I hope you ain't going to cane me just because I can't hear you, sir—I—I—I mean, I—I didn't hear you say you were going to cane me, sir—I—I—"

"I am going to cane you, Tuck, until your hearing is wholly restored!" said Roger, grimly, and he swished the cane. "If you do not desire to be caned, Tuck, I recommend you to recover it at once."

"I—I—I—" stammered Turkey. Roger meant business, that was clear. It dawned upon the fat Turkey that it was time to recover from that sudden attack of deafness, lest worse should befall him.

"I—I say, sir—I—I—I—!"

"Well?" rapped Roger.

"I—I—I can hear you now, sir!" gasped Turkey. "I—I—I think it's passing off, sir—I—I think it was only temporary, sir—"

"Do you mean temporary, Tuck?"

"Eh! Oh! Yes, sir! I—I've quite recovered now, sir! I—I find that I can hear all right, sir! It—it's cured, sir! It—it—it's quite cured now, sir! I—I—I'm all right again now, sir!"

"I shall not cane you, Tuck—"

"Oh! Thank you, sir! C—C—can I go now?"

"You may not! You have attempted to delude me, Tuck, because you have not written your lines, and in order to escape a

lesson. Instead of writing the two hundred lines I gave you, Tuck, you will write a thousand—"

"Oh, crikey!"

"And as you have missed a lesson, Tuck, you will go into Extra School on both half-holidays this week—!"

"Oh, jiminy!"

"And I trust," added Roger, with almost ferocious geniality, "I trust, Tuck, that you will not find this deafness coming on again: for at the first sign of it, I shall cane you with the utmost severity. You may now go."

Turkey Tuck almost tottered from the form-room. Every other fellow in the Fourth was laughing as they went down the corridor. But Turkey was not laughing. Turkey did not feel like laughing. Turkey's fat face, which generally looked as broad as it was long, now looked much longer than it was broad—the longest face within the walls of Carcroft School. From the bottom of his fat heart, Turkey wished that that bright idea had never flashed into his podgy brain, and that he had never "tried it on." With a thousand lines on hand, and Extra School to come, it was a sad and sorrowful Turkey. And the fact that it was just what he deserved did not comfort him in the very least!