

STARTING INSIDE! A GRIPPING NEW SERIAL OF CARCROFT SCHOOL!

THE SILVER JACKET VOL 3 **1/6** No 18
THE MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

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



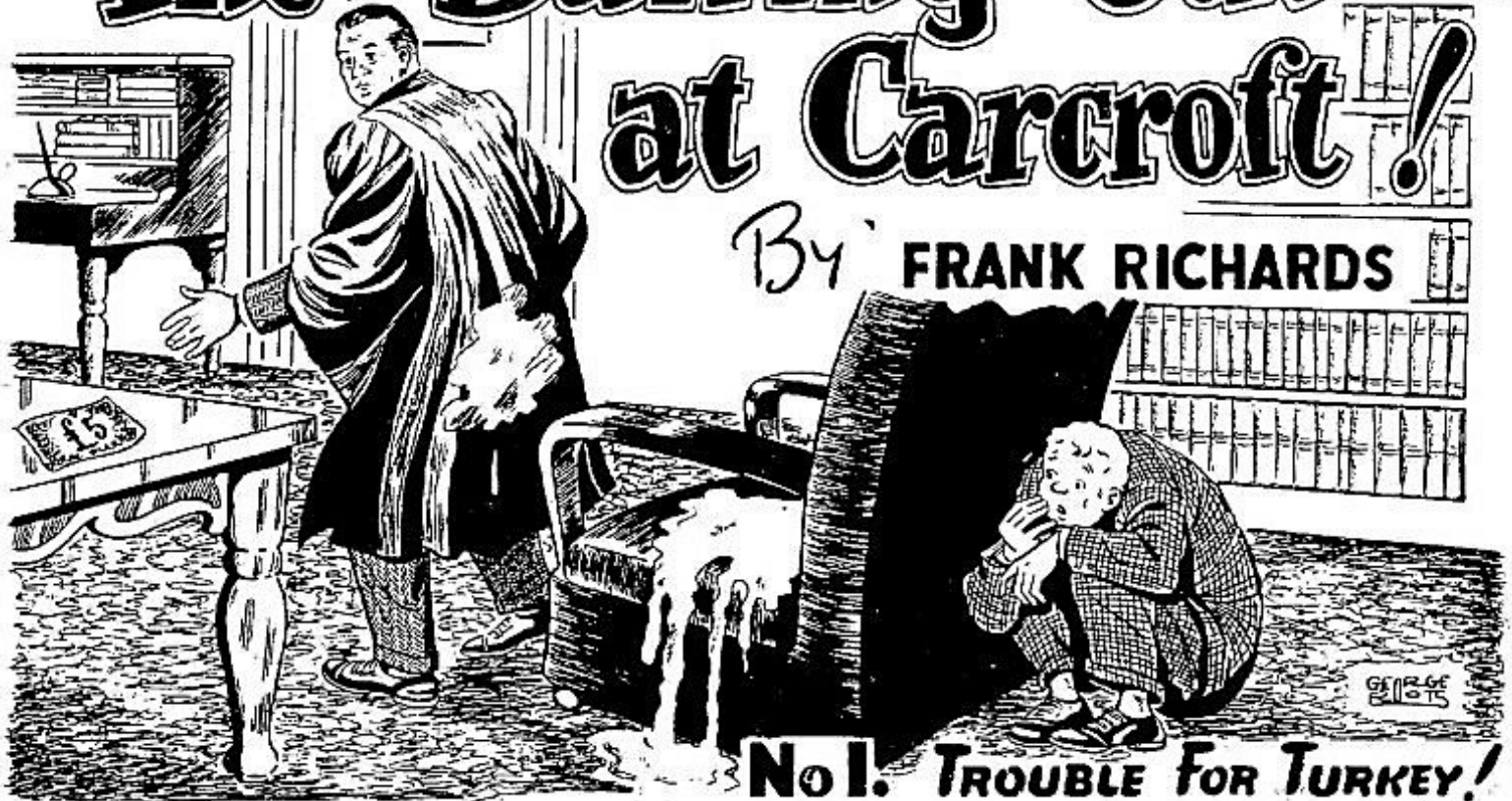
*We go on a picnic!
see page 3*

ALSO... HOW TO BIND VOLUME 2 OF THE SILVER JACKET!

OUR GRIPPING NEW SERIAL STARTS IN THIS ISSUE!

The Barring-out at Carcroft!

By FRANK RICHARDS



No. 1. TROUBLE FOR TURKEY!

TURKEY ON THE WARPATH

"TURKEY, you ass!"

"Turkey, you chump!"

"Turkey, you fathead!"

Harry Compton, Bob Drake, and Dick Lee, of the Carcroft Fourth Form, all exclaimed together. They stared, as they exclaimed, at a back view of an extensive pair of trousers.

Little was to be seen of Turkey Tuck, excepting the trousers. But they were certainly large enough to be seen. Turkey, the fattest member of the Carcroft Fourth, had ample garments, which he filled to capacity. Those trousers leaped to the eye, as Harry Compton and Co. came along the path, in the summer dusk, under the study windows.

Turkey was clambering in at an open window—that of Mr. Ducas, the master of the Fourth Form. His fat head and plump shoulders were already inside the room. The rest of him followed slowly. The Law of Gravitation told rather severely on the fat Turkey, who had an unusual amount of weight to lift. Any other fellow in the Fourth could have whipped in at that window in a twinkling. Turkey had to do it to slow motion. So his extensive trousers were still in view, when the Carcroft Co. came along.

"Stop, you ass!"

"Get down, you ditherer."

"Chuck it, fathead!"

The Co. ran up. What Turkey's big idea might be, in thus entering his form-master's study surreptitiously by way of the window, the Co. did not know. But they knew that it was a perilous exploit. They guessed that Roger Ducas was not in his study at the moment. But if he came back and caught Turkey there, it would mean toco for Turkey.

Bob Drake caught hold of a fat leg.

"Oh!" gasped Turkey. He slewed round in the window, and blinked at the three juniors with his gooseberry eyes. "Oh! Leggo!"

"Get down, you benighted chump!" said Harry Compton, "If Roger came in and caught you in his study—!"

"He won't!" said Turkey, "I know where Roger is. He's in Groom's study, jawing. Groom's going away this evening, and they're jawing about time-tables and trains. Roger won't be back yet. Leggo."

"What are you getting into his study for, you ass?" asked Dick Lee.

Turkey grinned.

"I've got a bottle of gum in my pocket. I'm going to pour it into

his armchair. Perhaps he'll be sorry for whopping a chap, when he sits down in it. He, he, he!"

Harry Compton and Co. gazed at Turkey's grinning fat face, almost aghast. They had, perhaps, no objection, in principle, to pouring gum into a beak's armchair, for the beak to sit down in. But Roger Ducas was the last beak at Carcroft whom it was safe to rag. Even Vane-Carter, the most reckless fellow in the Fourth, never ventured to rag Roger. The fat and fatuous Turkey was going what even V.-C. would not have ventured to do. It was a case of fools rushing in where angels feared to tread!

"You howling ass!" gasped Bob Drake, "Chuck it."

"No good chucking it," said Turkey, staring, "It wouldn't spill in his armchair if I chucked it from here."

"I mean drop it, you silly chump."

"No good dropping it either. I don't want it on his carpet—I want it in his armchair!"

"You dithering dunderhead, I mean forget it!" hooted Bob, "Tain't safe to rag Roger! Get off that window-sill before I lug you off."

"You mind your own business!"

exclaimed Turkey warmly, "Didn't Roger whop me, making out that I'd had the biscuits from the box in Common-Room! I told him I hadn't been in Common-Room, and he wouldn't believe me, just because he saw me coming out! Suspicious beast! He's going to have the gum—"

"Hook him down, Bob," said Harry Compton.

"Leggo!" howled Turkey, as Bob pulled at the fat leg.

He clutched hold of the window-ledge inside, and held on. One fat leg thrashed the air: the other was on Bob's grasp, and he pulled hard. It was not the particular business of the Carcroft Co. to keep Turkey out of mischief: but they felt that they had to save him from himself, as it were. The results of ragging Roger were likely to be altogether too serious.

"Will you leggo!" yelled Turkey. "Leggo, I tell you! Somebody will come along and see me here, if you don't leggo!"

"Will you come off that window-sill?" demanded Bob.

"No: I jolly well won't!"

"Well, your leg's coming," said Bob, "Please yourself about coming along with it."

And he lugged. Compton and Lee chuckled. If Turkey's fat leg came, it seemed probable that Turkey would follow: a parting would have been too painful! But Turkey held fast. Turkey, evidently, was determined to carry out that bright idea of gumming his beak's armchair, in retaliation for "whops." Bob Drake grasped that fat leg with both hands, and lugged.

He did not heed the other leg: but a moment later, he had to heed it. Turkey's free leg thrashed wildly, and his foot suddenly caught Bob under the chin, with what a novelist would call a sickening thud!

"Oh!" roared Bob.

Involuntarily, he let go the fat leg he had captured, and clasped his chin with both hands instead. His chin felt, for the moment, as if it had been pushed up through the top of his head. It was not so bad as that, really: but it felt like it. Bob clasped it in anguish.

Compton and Lee made a simultaneous grasp at Turkey. But it was too late. The instant his fat leg was free, Turkey rolled in at the window. Turkey had intended to clamber in carefully, and land on his feet. Instead of which, he plunged in headlong, and landed on the fattest head at Carcroft. There was

a yell from Mr. Ducas' study, as he rolled over on the carpet.

"Yaroooh!"

"Oh! ow! oh! ow!" gasped Bob Drake. "I'll spiflicate that fat villain! You dithering dummy, come out, and I'll burst you all over the quad."

"Yah!" came back from the open window. Turkey was inside the study now, and he had no intention of coming out: especially for the purpose of being burst all over the quad!

"Ware pre's!" exclaimed Compton, suddenly. The spot near Ducas' window was rather screened from the quad by several of the old Carcroft oaks: and Turkey Tuck's acrobatic performance at the window had not been generally observed. But a tall Sixth-former was now coming along the path: Langley of the Sixth, captain and head-prefect of Carcroft.

Compton and Co. would have been glad to keep Turkey out of mischief. But they did not want to draw a prefect's attention to him. Langley glanced at them as he came: and the three faded away from the scene, round the old oaks: Bob still rubbing his chin. James Smyth Tuck had to be left to his own devices: and to take what came to him if Roger caught him.

CORNERED!

"HE, he, he!"

Turkey Tuck, safely landed in Roger's study, chuckled. He rubbed a fat head that had banged rather hard on Mr. Ducas' carpet. But he chuckled as he rubbed it. He was free now to carry on with his bright idea: and in spite of the delay caused by the intervention of the Co., he had plenty of time. It would not take a fellow very long to pour a bottle of gum into an armchair, and drop from the window again. And Roger Ducas was in Groom's study up the passage—jawing, as Turkey expressed it. Mr. Groom, the master of the Fifth, was leaving Carcroft that evening, going away for a week or two, after a bout of influenza. He was going to France, and consulting Roger about the journey. Turkey had heard them, under Groom's window: so he had no doubt that the coast would be clear in Roger's study for a time.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey.

He groped in his pocket for the bottle of gum, and grinned as he extracted it therefrom. It was quite a large bottle, and contained plenty of gum: more than enough to make

Mr. Ducas exceedingly uncomfortable when he sat in it. Roger's big, roomy armchair stood in the corner near the window. Turkey uncorked the bottle, stepped to the armchair, and proceeded to pour out the gum on to the seat. It came out in a stream, and then in a trickle, till the bottle was empty. Not till the final drop had exuded, did Turkey restore the bottle to his pocket. The deed was done! On the dark leather, the pool of gum hardly showed: Roger was not likely to notice it before he sat down. Turkey, grinning, turned to the window. The fell deed done, escape from the study was the next item on the programme.

But Turkey had no sooner put his fat head out at the window, than it popped back again, like that of a tortoise into its shell.

"Oh, haddocks!" breathed Turkey, in alarm.

The coast had been quite clear when Turkey clambered in at the window, except for the Carcroft Co., who did not matter. But it was not clear now. At a little distance, two Sixth-form men were standing under one of the old oaks, chatting—Langley and Gates. They were talking cricket, and, luckily for Turkey, not looking towards that window. He backed hurriedly out of view. To drop from a master's study window, under the eyes of two Sixth-form prefects, was obviously impracticable. Turkey had to wait till the coast cleared again.

He was not grinning now.

So long as those Sixth-form men remained there, Turkey was a prisoner in Mr. Ducas' study—unless he left by the door. That meant the risk of running into a "beak." If he was seen leaving the study, what was going to happen when Roger discovered the gum in his chair? Only too well Turkey knew what would happen: six of the very best on the plumpest trousers at Carcroft School.

"Oh, haddocks!" repeated Turkey, in dismay.

He squinted cautiously from the window again. Langley and Gates were still there. They seemed to be fixtures. And minutes were passing. Roger would be coming back to his study—even old Groom couldn't keep him talking for ever.

Then Turkey gave a sudden jump, at the sound of footsteps and voices in the passage outside the study door. He knew those voices—Roger's incisive tones, and Groom's deep fruity voice. Roger was com-

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3,000 MILES BY CANOE

(Continued from page 21)

Sunday, September 12th: At long last we had reached Walgett, the first leg of our journey on the 11th September, where our faithful old canoe was slapped with a fine new coat of paint—badly needed. After attending the local church this morning, looking a very funny pair of individuals, we pushed out down past the mouth of the river Namoi. And, so, the mosquitoes growing troublesome as we moved south, we left the Barwon and paddled on into the mighty Darling.

Next month Bill Confoy concludes his gripping account of his epic canoe voyage.

THE BARRING-OUT AT CARCROFT

(Continued from page 5)

ing back! Any instant now the study door might open—!

Turkey did not stop to think. Thinking was not much in his line, anyway, if there had been time. With the instinct of a fat rabbit making for its burrow, Turkey dived behind the high back of the armchair in the corner. His one idea was to keep out of sight when Roger came in.

He was only in time. Even as he huddled in the corner, the study door opened. Groom's fruity voice floated in:

"Well, I must go and pack now, and look out a book for the train!"

"Pleasant journey, Groom!"

"Thanks, my dear fellow."

Groom rolled on, and Roger Ducas came into the study, and shut the door after him. Turkey, behind the armchair, could not see him; but he could hear. He trembled as Mr. Ducas' firm tread came across the room, directly towards the armchair in the corner by the window. For a dreadful moment, he dreaded that Roger knew he was there. Then there was a faint creak, as a portly figure was deposited in the armchair. Roger had sat down—evidently not noticing the gum! Turkey's terrified fat ears seemed to catch a squishy sound, as Roger sat in the gum. If so, Mr. Ducas did not notice it. He was sitting in the gum—exactly according to plan. But it was not according to plan for a terrified Turkey to be huddled behind that chair, in momentary dread of discovery. The fat junior perspired as he huddled.

He heard a rustle of paper. Mr.

YOUR MOVE

BLACK

WHITE TO PLAY AND MATE IN 2 MOVES
BE CAREFUL TO AVOID A STALEMATE!
BY ALBERT BELASCO.

FUN WITH ANAGRAMS

AN ANAGRAM IS A WORD MADE UP FROM THE LETTERS OF ANOTHER WORD. SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE MISSING WORDS. IN EACH OF THESE SENTENCES, EACH TWO WORDS ARE ANAGRAMS OF ONE ANOTHER.

1. "PLEASE, _____, _____ UP THESE FIGURES."
2. "_____ THE _____ CAN BEEN EMPTIED?"
3. "I HEARD A _____ SAID THE _____ TO HIS GUESTS."
4. "THIS _____ IS AN EARLY TYPE OF PIANO, AND EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN PLAYING IT, I'VE HAD A PAIN IN MY _____"
5. "EXCEPT FOR THE BITE OF AN _____ IT WAS THE _____ HOLIDAY I'VE HAD."

LOOK FOR THE SOLUTIONS IN NEXT MONTH'S 'SILVER JACKET'

CAN YOU COMPLETE THIS WORD SQUARE?

	H	O	V	
	O	L	E	
	V	E	N	

DONTMITHEEIONTHATTARTATEVEN

THE COMBINATION OF THE
LETTERS OF THE
WORD "GUM" CAN BE
ARRANGED IN SEVERAL
WAYS TO SPELL
SOME OTHER WORDS.

Ducas had taken a letter from his pocket, and was reading it. Turkey heard a murmur: Roger was communing with himself, little dreaming that fat ears could hear:

"I must send the boy something for his birthday! Five pounds, perhaps—!"

There was another rustle. Turkey, hidden in his corner, could see nothing of Roger: but his fat ears were very intent. He knew that Mr. Ducas had taken out his wallet, and was selecting a note from its contents. Apparently Ducas was going to send a birthday present to some young relative, and it was going to take the form of a "fiver."

For several long minutes there was silence: Ducas apparently thinking the matter over. Then he rose from the armchair, and stepped towards the table, the banknote in his hand. There was a distinct squishy sound as he rose, and

this time Mr. Ducas heard it, as well as Turkey. The hidden fat junior heard him utter a startled exclamation.

"Upon my word! What—what—what—?"

Roger dropped the banknote on the table, and caught up his gown in both hands. Turkey's fat heart missed a beat. Roger, evidently, had discovered the gum!

"Gum!" He heard Roger's voice, "Gum! Gum in my armchair! Upon my word! I—I have been sitting in gum! I—I am soaked with gum! My gown—even my trousers—dripping with gum! Gum!"

Turkey Tuck gave himself up for lost.

To his surprise, and immense relief, the next sound he heard was that of Mr. Ducas striding across to the door. The door opened, and banged shut again.

"Oh!" gasped Turkey.

He could scarcely believe in his good luck. But he realised that Roger had never dreamed of guessing that the bold, bad gummer was still in the study. And with gum soaking through his garments, what Roger Ducas chiefly needed at that moment was a change of attire. He had rushed off to change: inquiry for the delinquent would follow.

Turkey, breathless, emerged from behind the armchair. Then Turkey's eyes fell on a flimsy strip of paper on the study table. Roger had laid down that £5 note and the discovery of the gum had quite driven it from his mind. Turkey blinked at it, and a wide grin overspread his fat face. He had had the fright of his life: but it was all clear now. Another bright idea flashed into Turkey's fat brain. Roger had forgotten that fiver, for the moment: but he would remember it when he came back. Why not give him a hunt for it?

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey.

He grabbed up the banknote, and blinked round for a hiding-place for it. That was quite simple. There was a book-shelf at hand. Turkey cut across to it, clutched out a book, and placed the banknote between the leaves. Grinning, he jammed the book back among the others.

Then he rolled to the window, and blinked out. Langley and Gates were gone; the bell was ringing for lock-ups. Turkey clambered out of the window, and dropped. Gleefully, Turkey rolled away, to join the crowd in hall for roll-call. Roger had had the gum—and Roger was going to have a hunt for that banknote—a just reward, in Turkey's opinion, for whopping the fattest member of his form! Turkey rolled off, happy and satisfied—though probably he would have felt less so, had he been aware that old Cuttle, the Carcroft porter, was staring at him from a distance in the summer dusk, and wondering what a boy of Mr. Ducas' form was up to, clambering out of Mr. Ducas' study window!

UNEXPECTED!

"HE, he, he!"

Harry Compton and Co., and a crowd of other Fourth-form fellows, were in the Burrow after calling-over, when Turkey rolled in, his fat face irradiated by the widest grin ever. The Co. were standing in the big bay window, looking out. A taxi was at the steps of the House: and Mr. Groom, the master of the Fifth, with a suit-case in his

hand, and a book under his arm, was stepping into it. But they transferred their attention from Mr. Groom, to the fat Turkey, as his unmusical cacchination fell on their ears. Many other fellows glanced round at Turkey. Evidently, he was in high feather. The grin on his fat face was so wide, that it almost looked like meeting round the back of his fat head.

Mr. Ducas had not been present at calling-over. The Co. wondered whether Turkey and his gum had anything to do with it: Roger generally attended roll.

"He, he, he!" chortled Turkey, grinning at the Co. "I did it all

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S "DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD OVER THESE"

How could we tell what he was dreaming about if he dropped dead immediately he woke up?

**HEAD
HEAR
HEIR
HAIR
HAIL
TAIL**

Am, ram, cram, cream, scream.

right, you chaps! Roger sat in it! He, he, he!"

"How do you know he did, you fat ass?" asked Bob Drake.

"Because I was jolly well there, parked behind the armchair!" chuckled Turkey. "Roger never knew a thing! And that ain't all!" Turkey almost exploded with mirth, "I say, Roger left a banknote on his table—and what do you think I did with it?—he, he, he!"

"You unutterable chump!" exclaimed Harry Compton, "You didn't meddle with a banknote!"

"Didn't I just!" chuckled Turkey, "I say—he, he, he!—I hid it in a book on his book-shelf! He, he, he! How long do you think it will take Roger to find it? What? He, he, he!"

Turkey was almost weeping with merriment. Hiding that banknote was, in Turkey's opinion, a real master-stroke. He seemed to expect a laugh from the other juniors in the Burrow, all of whom were staring at him. But he did not get that laugh. They just stared.

"You blithering fat frump!" exclaimed Dudley Vane-Carter.

Turkey grinned at him.

"You wouldn't have thought of that, V.C.," he said, complacently, "I think of things, you know! The minute I saw that fiver on Roger's table, I thought of shoving it somewhere, and giving him a hunt for it! He, he, he!"

"You would!" said Vane-Carter.

"Sure you put it into a book in Roger's study?" asked Levett, sarcastically, "When Roger misses it, he will fancy that somebody's put it into his pocket, not into a book."

"Oh!" Turkey gave quite a jump. "Why, you rotter, Levett, think I'd pinch a fiver from Roger's study? I tell you I hid it in a book."

"You mad porpoise," said Lord Talboys, "If you've been monkeying with a banknote, you'd better go and tell Roger at once—"

"I'll watch it!" said Turkey, derisively, "Roger's jolly well going to have a hunt for it, and I wish him joy of it. Whopping a fellow for scoffing a few bikkers in Common-Room—not that I did, you know. I never looked into the biscuit-box there at all, and there were only three bikkers in it, too, and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, you can cackle," said Turkey, "But Roger won't cackle, when he goes hunting all over his study for that banknote."

"You blithering chump!" roared Bob Drake, "Roger won't hunt all over his study for that banknote! He will think it's been taken away."

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey.

"Do you think that's funny, you benighted chump?" asked Bob, staring at him blankly.

"He, he, he! Yes, rather!" chortled Turkey, "Fancy Roger kicking up a shindy about a banknote being taken, when it's in a book in his own study all the time! Wouldn't he look a jolly old ass? What? He, he, he!"

Turkey fairly gurgled with merriment at the idea. The other fellows gazed at him almost in horror.

"Why did they send that chap to Carcroft, instead of to a home for idiots?" asked Drummond.

"Goodness knows!" said Harry Compton, shaking his head. "There'll be an awful row about this, Turkey."

"Who cares?" grinned Turkey. "I suppose you fellows ain't going to give a fellow away? They won't get me. There ain't a clue."

"If Roger doesn't find his banknote—!" said Dick Lee.

"He won't, in a hurry!" chuck-

Turkey, "How long will it take him to guess that it's in a book on his book-shelf, what? He, he, he!"

The juniors just gazed at him. What was going to happen, when the master of the Fourth missed a banknote from his study, hardly bore thinking of. To Turkey, evidently, it was a tremendous joke. Turkey's fat brain moved in mysterious ways its wonders to perform!

"I say, what are you chaps looking so jolly solemn about?" asked Turkey, puzzled, "Ain't it the jape of the term? I can jolly well tell you—"

"Ware beaks!" whispered Vane-Carter, hurriedly, as the door of the Burrow opened. A portly figure appeared in the doorway. Two keen eyes, like glittering pin-points, scanned the crowd of juniors in the room.

They gazed in silence at Mr. Ducas. A faint grin lingered on Turkey's fat face. He was feeling quite secure and confident. But even Turkey's high spirits were a little dashed, by the grim expression on Roger Ducas' face. Never had the master of the Carcroft Fourth looked quite so grim.

"Tuck!" rapped Roger. His voice was not loud, but deep.

Turkey felt a tremor.

"Here, sir!" he gasped.

"You were seen to leave my study by the window, Tuck, a few minutes before calling-over in hall. I have been making inquiries, and learn that you were seen, by Cuttle the porter."

"Oh!" gasped Turkey. He almost collapsed.

"I have no doubt," continued Mr. Ducas, "that it was you, Tuck, who introduced an adhesive substance into a chair in my study. But we will let that pass, for the moment—there is a very much more serious matter with which I must deal. A banknote, which I left on the table in my study, is missing. It has been taken away. Did you remove it, Tuck?"

There was a dead silence, in the Burrow. Turkey gasped for breath. His gooseberry eyes bulged at his form-master.

"Answer me, Tuck!"

"Oh! No, sir!" gasped Turkey, "I—I haven't been in your study, sir! I—I never got in at the window, sir! You can ask Compton and Drake and Lee, sir—they saw me—!"

"Did you remove that banknote from my table, Tuck?"

"No, sir! I—I never saw it, sir.

It—it wasn't there when I was in your study, or—or I should have seen it, sir! Besides, I—left it there, just as it was, sir, never touching it! I—I—I wouldn't, sir! And—and I—I haven't been in your study at all, sir! I—I was in the tuck-shop when I was there, sir—I—I mean when I wasn't there—"

"What have you done with the banknote, Tuck?"

"Oh! Nothing, sir! I—I don't know a thing about it, sir!" stammered Turkey.

"You fat chump!" hissed Vane-Carter in his ear, "Tell him at once—or he'll think you've pinched it—"

"Oh, haddocks! I—I—I—"

"If you have nothing to tell me, Tuck—," boomed Roger.



"Oh! No! Not a—a—a thing, sir—"

"Then I shall take you to your head-master, and Dr. Whaddon will deal with you," said Mr. Ducas, quietly, "Follow me, Tuck."

"Own up, you howling ass!" hissed Bob Drake, into Turkey's other ear. "Do you want to go to the Head and be bunked?"

"I—I—I—I—I—." Even Turkey Tuck's fat brain realised that the matter had become serious, now. "I—I—I—I think that banknote's in a—a—a book in your study, sir! I—I—I—I'm almost sure it is, sir."

"In a book in my study!" repeated Mr. Ducas, blankly.

"Yes, sir!" groaned Turkey. "I—I—I haven't pinched it, sir—I—I—I wouldn't— I—I—I just hid it, sir, in a book in your study, sir—for a jog-jig-jug—joke."

Mr. Ducas gazed at him. Evidently, he was wrathful. But his grim brow cleared a little. Ducas, certainly, did not want to discover a pilferer in his form. If Turkey's belated confession was true, it was a great relief to him.

"You utterly stupid boy!" he exclaimed. "If what you state is true, Tuck, you will be punished severely for so utterly insensate a trick. But I can hardly believe that even you, the stupidest boy at Carcroft, could be guilty of such obtuse folly. Follow me to my study immediately, and point out the book in which you hid the banknote—if, indeed, you did so."

"Oh, lor!" moaned Turkey.

Mr. Ducas billowed round in the doorway, and rustled away, Turkey Tuck rolled after him, in the lowest of spirits. He had rolled into the Burrow, looking on top of the world. He rolled out with the look of a fellow going to execution. The crowd in the Burrow were left in a buzz, as the dismal, doleful, deflated Turkey disappeared in the wake of his form-master.

WHERE?

"WELL?" said Mr. Ducas, in a grinding voice.

Turkey stood blinking at the book-shelf in Roger's study. Mr. Ducas stood with a grim brow—waiting for him to pick out the book inside which he had hidden the banknote. Turkey blinked rather helplessly at the long row of books. There were at least two dozen volumes there, and Turkey, when he had hidden the banknote, had grabbed out the nearest at hand, at random, without noticing which volume it was. That had not mattered—at the time. It mattered now!

"I am waiting, Tuck!" Roger's voice was like a file. Well as he knew the unlimited obtuseness of that remarkable member of his form. Roger Ducas could scarcely believe that even Turkey Tuck had been so utterly fatuous as to play tricks with money. But he was giving Turkey a chance. If the fat junior had told the truth, the banknote was there.

"I—I—I—I don't know which book it was, sir!" babbled Turkey. "I—I—I never noticed—I—I just shoved it into a book—"

Ducas compressed his lips hard. "Shake out each book in turn!" he rapped.

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Turkey set dismally to work. He had planned for Roger to hunt for that banknote. Now he had to hunt for it himself—and was very anxious indeed to find it! His fat hands clawed book after book from the shelf: one after another was opened wide, and well shaken. But no banknote dropped out.

Roger watched him, his brow growing grimmer and grimmer. Turkey's fat face grew more and more dismayed. So far as his fat brain recollected, he had grabbed a book from about the middle of the shelf. But all the volumes in the middle had now been opened and shaken, and nothing had come to light. Turkey was growing alarmed. It was there—it must be there—it had to be there! But where was it?

"Oh, haddocks!" breathed Turkey, when he came to the last book in the long row, and shook it out in vain.

"Well?" Roger shot out that monosyllable like a bullet.

"It—it—it ain't there, sir!" faltered Turkey.

"What have you done with the banknote, Tuck?"

"I—I—I put it in one of those books, sir, just as I told you," moaned Turkey, "I—I—I did really, sir—"

"If you placed the banknote in one of those books, Tuck, it would be there now."

"I—I—I know, sir!"

"It is not there!" said Mr. Ducas.

Turkey could only blink at him, his fat brain in a state of utter bewilderment. Unless he had been dreaming, he had put that banknote inside one of the books on the shelf. Nobody, obviously, could have taken it out again; nobody but Turkey knew that it was there! It was there—it just had to be there—but—it wasn't! Turkey felt his fat head spinning.

He stood with his fat knees knocking together. Even Turkey's obtuse brain realised now what Ducas would think—what he must think—if the banknote was not found on the book-shelf. An awful vision floated before him of standing in the Head's study, under Dr. Whaddon's stern eyes. He blinked at his form-master like a frightened, fat rabbit.

"I—I—I did put it there, sir!" he babbled.

Without answering, Mr. Ducas proceeded to examine the books himself. One by one he lifted them from the shelf, opened each in turn, shook it, and ran the leaves between his fingers. One by one he replaced the volumes: until the whole row had been examined. Then he fixed pin-point eyes on Turkey.

"The banknote is not there, Tuck!" he said, very quietly, "Tell me at once what you have done with it."

"I—I—I put it in a book—"

"You did nothing of the kind, Tuck. Do not repeat that statement!" rapped Mr. Ducas, "Every book has been carefully examined, and the banknote is not there. Where is it?"

"I—I—I don't know, sir!" moaned Turkey.

"Is it in your pocket?"

"Ow! No!" Turkey almost yelled. "No! I—I ain't got it, sir. I—I—I put it in one of those books—"

"That will do!" said Mr. Ducas. "Almost incredible as your statement was, Tuck, I have investigated it, and it is proved to be unfounded. Now, Tuck, listen to me. This matter must go before your

have taken, at once, Tuck, you may be judged guilty only of a foolish and fatuous prank. If you do not restore it at once, you will be expelled from the school for theft."

"Oh, haddocks!" gasped Turkey. "Now leave my study!" said Mr. Ducas, "Go and fetch the banknote immediately, Tuck, wherever you may have placed it—"

"I—I—I put it in one of those books, sir," wailed Turkey, "I—I hope you can take my word, sir. I—"

"Go!" thundered Mr. Ducas, "I will give you five minutes!"

Turkey, quaking, rolled to the door. But at the door he turned.

"IF I ONLY HAD A MILLION . . . !"

Well, what kind of tricks would you get up to if some benevolent old gentleman suddenly dumped a million in your lap. A fleet of cars or aeroplanes, a terrific house or maybe a yacht, or perhaps you'd like to just store it away in goldbricks like an old miser?



Well anyway, here's a chance to increase the fortune of your dreams by sending in a few tips on what you would do with your cash.

Keep your letters brief but interesting and have them into our office by April 15th, 1955. The prizewinning entries will appear in our June issue (No. 21).

head-master. A pilferer cannot be permitted to remain at Carcroft—"

"I—I—I ain't a pilferer!" wailed Turkey. "I—I never—I—I—I wasn't—"

"On more than one occasion," went on Mr. Ducas, "you have been punished for taking comestibles that did not belong to you—"

"I—I never had those bickers, sir! I never even looked into the biscuit-box, sir, and there were only three left—"

"If you restore the banknote you

Where that wretched banknote was, Turkey could not begin to imagine. Certainly he could not fetch it, as Mr. Ducas had him to. It seemed to have disappeared by magic. He turned, and blinked at the stern face of his form-master.

"I—I—I say, sir—I—I—I never touched the banknote at all, sir!" babbled Turkey. "Now I—I come to—to think of it, sir, I—I never touched it at all. I—I never even saw it on your table, sir—it—it—"

(Continued on page 34)

THE BARRING-OUT AT CARCROFT

(Continued from page 31)

wasn't there when I was in your study, sir, and—and I—I wasn't in your study at all, sir—J—I—"

Mr. Ducas reached for a cane on the table.

That was enough for Turkey! He bolted from the study.

SACK FOR TURKEY?

"WHOPPED?" asked Bob Drake.

Turkey groaned.

It was a sad and sorrowful Turkey that rolled back into the Burrow. Every eye there fixed on him as he rolled in. Turkey's chubby fat face was generally cheerful. Now he looked as if all the troubles of a troublesome universe, and a few over, had landed in a bunch on his fat shoulders.

"Did Roger lay it on?" asked Vane-Carter.

Another groan from Turkey!

Carter grabbed him by a fat shoulder, and shook him.

"You fat, frumptions fathead," he exclaimed, "What have you done with it? Can't you get it into your fat head that you'll be sacked if it doesn't turn up?"

"That's what Roger said!" groaned Turkey. "He—he won't take my word about it. Suspicious beast, you know. After it didn't turn up, I—I told him I—I hadn't touched it at all. But did he believe me? I—I say, think the Head will believe a chap? The Old Boy ain't suspicious like Roger." Turkey blinked round hopefully. "I—I say, think the Head will believe that I never was in Roger's study at all—?"

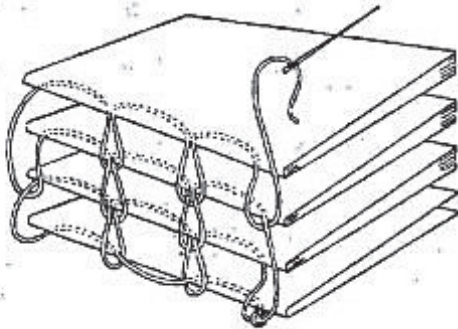
"Where's that banknote?" hooted Vane-Carter.

"I—I—I don't know!"

"Look in your pockets!" suggested Levett.

"That will do, Levett!" said Harry Compton, quietly, "We all know that Turkey is a prize idiot—"

TIPS ON BINDING VOLUME TWO OF "THE SILVER JACKET"



To make a good job of binding Volume 2 of "THE SILVER JACKET" (see inside front cover), you should have on hand issue No. 9—June, 1954—which gives you full instructions.

However, just in case our first drawing on stitching the magazines together was not clear enough for you in that issue, here is a clearer reproduction showing just how the stitching is to be carried out.

If you have the first cover but have not finished the binding, you will find it worth while to make the effort and finish the job, but **BE SURE TO TAKE THE STITCHED MAGAZINES TO A PRINTER FOR TRIMMING**, you can't do it yourself. This is pointed out very clearly in the full instructions given in issue No. 9.

"It will wear off, old fat man," said Bob, encouragingly.

"Tain't that!" groaned Turkey, "I—I say, I—I told you fellows I put that banknote in a book, didn't I? Well, it ain't there! Roger thinks I've pinched it. Oh, lor'!"

"Not there!" repeated Harry Compton, "It must be there if you put it there."

"I know! But—but it ain't!" moaned Turkey. "I—I say, Roger's told me to fetch it and take it back to him."

"Better get on with it, then!" said Levett.

"But I don't know where it is!" wailed Turkey, "I put it in a book—I tell you, I hid it in one of Roger's books. But—but it ain't there now."

Levett laughed. Leath grinned. Harry Compton and Co. stared blankly at the fat Turkey. Vane-

"Look here, Compton—! yapped Turkey.

"And we know that no fellow's tuck is safe from him—!"

"Yah!" hooted Turkey.

"But we all know that he wouldn't do a thing like that," went on the captain of the Fourth, "Turkey hasn't pilfered that banknote, and no decent fellow here believes that he has."

"Hear, hear!" said Bob Drake.

"What's become of it, then?" jeered Levett, "Think it walked away? Or took unto itself wings and flew away? Turkey pinches all the tuck he can lay his paws on, and now he's pinched Roger's banknote, and—Leggo!" added Levett, in a wild yell, as Compton, Drake, and Lee, all collared him together, as if moved by the same spring, and tapped his head on the long table. "Wow! Leggo!"

"Still think that Turkey pinched that banknote?" asked Bob Drake.

"Yes, I do! I—"

Tap! It was a harder tap than before. Levett yelled frantically.

"Still think so?" grinned Bob.

"Yes—yaroooooh!" yelled Levett, as his head tapped again, "I—I mean, no! Leggo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"So glad you've changed your mind," said Bob, as Levett backed away, rubbing his head, "Now, you men, nobody here believes that Turkey pinched that banknote—not even Levett—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But Roger will jolly well believe so, if it doesn't turn up," went on Bob, "Turkey, you fat frump, try to remember what you did with it—"

"I put it in a book—"

"You howling ass, you couldn't have if it isn't there—"

"Here's Roger!" murmured Lord Talboys.

There was sudden silence in the Burrow. The countenance of Rhadamantus was not sterner than Roger Ducas', as he looked in.

"Tuck!"

"Oh, haddocks! I—I mean, yes, sir!" mumbled Turkey.

"You have not returned the banknote you took from the table in my study. You will be taken before your head-master in the morning, and expelled from Carcroft! That is all."

The dead silence continued, after Roger was gone. It was Bob who broke it, at last.

"We're standing by Turkey!" he said.

"We are!" said Harry Compton.

"Hear, hear!"

"Brace up, old fat man," said Vane-Carter, "We're sticking to you."

"Oh, lor'!" mumbled Turkey.

No doubt it was a comfort that his form-fellows were sticking to him. But how that was going to help, was not very clear—not yet, at all events. It was the "sack" that impended over Turkey's fat head: and how could the Carcroft Fourth save him from that?

To be continued.

Next Month:

"THINK AGAIN, ROGER"
the second episode of our
exciting serial