

INSIDE! — OUR GRIPPING NEW SERIAL OF CARCROFT SCHOOL!

THE SILVER JACKET
VOL 3 **1/6** No 19
THE MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

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THE PLAY
by C.J. DENNIS
SEE PAGE 12

THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!

PART TWO OF OUR NEW SERIAL!

The Barring-out at Carcroft!

By FRANK RICHARDS



TURKEY IS WANTED!

"OH, haddocks!" groaned Turkey Tuck.

It was a bright summer morning. The sun shone down cheerily on Carcroft School: on the old grey stone buildings, the red roofs, the ancient quadrangle, the green playing-fields. But the brightness of the summer morning was not reflected in the plump face of Turkey Tuck, of the Fourth Form. The fattest visage at Carcroft School was the picture of woe.

It was a sad and sorrowful Turkey!

Turkey had greeted the bright new day with a groan, when he turned out at the clang of the rising-bell in the Fourth-form dormitory. At the breakfast table his face, generally as broad as it was long, had been much longer than it was broad. And he had eaten only as much as any three other fellows in the Fourth. His woes had affected his appetite!

Other fellows had given him sympathetic looks. Everyone was sorry for the woeful Turkey: even Levett did not grin at his dismal and dolorous countenance. Sympathy, no doubt, was grateful and comforting in its way. But it was

no present help in time of need. Sympathy could not save a fellow from the "sack": and it was that awful fate that impended over Turkey Tuck's fat head.

When they went out after brekker, Harry Compton and Co. spoke words of comfort—such comfort as they could.

"Brace up, old fat man!" said Bob Drake.

"While there's life there's hope, you know," said Dick Lee.

"That rotten banknote may turn up!" said Harry Compton.

Turkey's only reply was a groan. Hope, which is said to spring eternal in the human breast, did not seem to spring in Turkey's. Turkey was down and out. He did not follow the Co. out into the quad. He rolled up to the studies, and landed his plump person in Vane-Carter's armchair in No. 9—there to await the expected summons to his head-master.

"You fat ass!"

Turkey blinked round dismally as Dudley Vane-Carter came into the study. The Sportsman of Carcroft stood looking at his fat study-mate. "You blithering chump!" he went on.

Groan, from Turkey.

"You had to go japing in Roger's study," said Vane-Carter, "and you had to play silly tricks with a banknote he left on his table. Haven't you as much sense as a bunny rabbit?"

Another groan from Turkey! If ever a fellow repented of "japing" in his form-master's study, Turkey did. But repentance came too late to be of any use to Turkey. He had japed not wisely but too well.

"What did you do with that banknote, fathead?" asked V.C.

"I put it in a book on Roger's bookshelf, for him to hunt for—"

"That's rot! Old Ducas has been through every book in his study, and it's not there! Can't you remember what you did with it?"

"I tell you—!"

"Oh, rats!" snapped Vane-Carter, "Don't tell me that again!"

"Look here, V.C. if you think I pinched that banknote—" howled Turkey, indignantly.

"You can't eat banknotes!" said Vane-Carter, sarcastically, "You'd snoop anything you could eat. Nothing else. Nobody in the form believes that you pinched Roger's five. But everybody knows you

monkeyed with it. Try to remember what you did with it."

"I shoved it into a book on the shelf——"

"Shut UP!" roared Vane-Carter. "For goodness sake, think up something better than that before you go up to the Head. You're going to be bunked for pilfering if it isn't found. What——?"

Harry Compton looked in at the doorway.

"Turkey here?" he asked, "Oh, there you are, fatty. Langley's looking for you, to go up to the Head!"

"Oh, haddocks!" gasped Turkey. "I—I—I say, don't tell him I'm here! I—I d-d-don't want to go up to the Head! I—I——"

"Can't be helped, old chap," said Harry, "Look here, tell the Head the truth about what you did with Roger's banknote—there's a chance for you yet, if it can be found——"

"I've told the truth!" moaned Turkey, "Don't I always?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Harry Compton.

"I'll be twice as truthful as you jolly well ain't!" hooted Turkey. "I tell you——!"

"Here comes Langley!" said Harry, with a glance back into the passage.

There was a squeal of alarm from Turkey Tuck. He bounded out of the armchair.

"I—I say, don't you fellows tell him I'm here!" he gasped: and with that, the fat junior nose-dived under the study table.

"You fat chump!" exclaimed Vane-Carter.

A heavy tread came up the Fourth-form passage. Harry Compton and Dudley Vane-Carter looked at one another, Turkey was due to go up to the Head: but Turkey, evidently, was not going if he could help it. Apparently he fancied that he could help it!

A tall Sixth-form man looked in from the passage. It was Langley of the Sixth, captain of Carcroft. He glanced at Compton and Vane-Carter, and then round the study.

"Isn't that young ass Tuck here?" he asked, "Ducas wants him, to take to the Head. Bother him, I thought he was here."

Langley turned away from the door. He called to a junior in the passage.

"Have you seen Tuck, Talboys?"

"Not since brekker!" came back Lord Talboys' voice.

Langley stood in the passage, frowning. Compton and Vane-Carter stood in the study, silent. But the silence was broken by a

fat squeak from under the study table.

"Is that beast Langley gone, you fellows?"

Langley, in the passage, gave a startled jump. He whirled back into the doorway of No. 9. He gave the two juniors there a grim look.

"You young sweeps! Tuck's in the study all the time! Where is he?" The prefect stared round the room. There was only one possible hiding-place: and he stooped and looked under the table.

fat junior was hooked out of his hiding-place like a fat wrinkle from a shell. "Ow! Leggo! Wow!"

"Come along, you young ass!" said Langley.

Turkey came along: led by that fat ear. Langley walked him out of No. 9 Study, and down the passage, to an accompaniment of a series of squeaks from Turkey. The squeaks died away down the staircase.

"Poor old Turkey!" said Harry, "He's for it."

Vane-Carter knitted his brows.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE

Turkey Tuck, the fat boy of Carcroft, has really got himself into trouble this time. In revenge for a well-deserved "whopping" and despite the efforts of the Carcroft Co., Harry Compton, Bob Drake and Dick Lee, we found Turkey, armed with a bottle of gum, clambering in the window of none other than Roger Ducas, the stern master of the fourth form. Things went wrong from the start and no sooner had he administered the glutinous substance to Roger's favourite armchair than he found his escape by window cut off by two sixth formers nearby. Turkey's heart jumped as he heard approaching footsteps in the corridor. Roger! Scampering behind the armchair, he crouched in a cold sweat as Roger and another "beak," Groom entered the study. Bidding Groom a fond farewell for his trip to France, Roger deposited himself in the gluey armchair. "Squish!" Turkey quaked with terror. A few moments later, with Turkey still shivering behind the chair, Roger pulled a five pound note from his wallet to send to a relative. Then with a horrible cry he sprang from his seat, his gown saturated with glue. Rushing out of the study to get some clean clothes, Roger left the "fiver" on the table. Suddenly an idea formed in Turkey's fat brain. "He's had the gum, now let him hunt for his fiver." Chuckling, he shoved the note amongst some of the books on the shelf and clambered out into the now empty quad, unaware of the watching eyes of the school porter.

Then, disaster! and the old school burrow, already buzzing excitedly with the news of Turkey's exploits, thundered and echoed with one name, "Tuck!" Roger had found him out. The events that followed turned out very dismal for the deflated fat boy. He would cop it for the gum, and woe of woes, no matter how hard he searched that "fiver" had disappeared.

Finding little comfort in the resolutions of his friends to stick by him through thick and thin, Turkey was faced with immediate expulsion. Just what had happened to that mysterious note and what did a shaky future hold for an equally shaky Turkey Tuck? NOW READ ON . . .

"Tuck! You young rascal! Come out of that!" he rapped.

"I—I ain't here, Langley——!" came a breathless squeak.

"Oh, my hat!" murred Harry Compton, while V.C. grinned. Langley stooped lower, and reached under the table.

"Yaroooooh!" roared Turkey, as a finger and thumb closed like a vice on a fat ear.

"Come out!"

"Ow! wow! wow!" howled Turkey. Turkey was unwilling to emerge. But there was no arguing with that vice-like grip on his fat ear. Langley gave a jerk, and the

"Look here, Compton," he said. "Turkey never snooped that bank-note. I know what it looks like, and what the beaks must think about it—but he never did! He's idiot enough for anything, and he would snoop any fellow's tuck—but he wouldn't touch a fellow's money to save his fat life. Think I don't know, when we're in the same study! I've got lots of tin, and Turkey's always hard up—but I'd leave my wallet about the study any day. They're not going to sack a man in my study for something he hasn't done."

(Continued on page 28, Col. 3)

Getting More Out of Life!

JOE AND BILL WERE BOTH BORN ON THE SAME DAY AND DATE AND THEY BOTH DIED ON THE SAME DAY AND DATE WHEN THEY WERE BOTH 45. AND YET, JOE ACTUALLY HAD 90 DAYS MORE ON EARTH THAN BILL! HOW CAN THIS BE EXPLAINED?



GO FROM HATE TO LOVE IN FIVE STEPS CHANGING ONLY ONE LETTER AT A TIME ...

H	A	T	E
L	O	V	E

THE FIRST MISSING WORD IS TWO LETTERS AND EACH MISSING WORD AFTER THAT IS ONE MORE LETTER ADDED. CAN YOU COMPLETE THE SENTENCES?

— ABOUT 7 O'CLOCK LAST NIGHT, JUST AFTER MY — CAME OVER TO SHOW ME HIS — ENGINE. HE IS ALSO GOING TO MAKE A THREE — HIS DOCTOR SAYS THAT AN INTERESTING HOBBY LIKE THIS WILL HELP CURE HIS —

O	C	O	
C	O	R	
O	R	N	

FINISH THE WORD SQUARE. THE SAME FIVE WORDS GO ACROSS AND DOWN. JUST ONE HINT, IT INCLUDES A TOWN IN VICTORIA.

ANSWERS IN NEXT MONTH'S 'SILVER JACKET'

RIVER ADVENTURE!

(Continued from page 15)

Hard to carve a life from the land that is fast becoming a dust bowl.

OCTOBER 18th: Renmark, and I have been interviewed by a reporter and photographed. With aching feet, it has taken me all my time to keep the canoe afloat on a storm-lashed river. The waves this morning became very severe and threatened to swamp the boat time and time again. Fortunately I am very near the town of Morgan.

OCTOBER 20th: The Manon stretch. A section of river, 7-10 miles in length, and alive with snags and rocks. More of a swamp than a river. I battled into the stretch in the face of a stiff headwind, that made the going tough. 8 o'clock and sheets of squally rain began to fall, drenching me and my belongings. Blinded by rain, I vainly scanned the shores for a sign of habitation. There was none, just a mattress of slimy reeds and swamp grass, folding away into the

inky blackness. Exhausted, I paddled on, until at midnight I discovered a little cache of rocks, sheltering under an arbour of trees. Numb with weariness and pain, I threw myself among them. No bed was ever more comfortable. At dawn I rose to find that I had scraped my craft through a sea of vicious jagged stakes, the largest I had yet encountered. How lucky can you get? During that day and night I had travelled 28 miles in 18 hours.

OCTOBER 23rd: The last day. Through gusty headwinds, I forced my canoe towards the lake at the Hindmarsh Island Mission station. The end was looming and my impatience increased with every passing mile. I had been forewarned that this lake was dangerous to the extreme, and it did not take me very long to discover why. Time and time again turbulent waves threatened to swamp my frail boat and send me plunging into the depths. Waves over three feet high crashed over the bows of my plunging

canoe, and my time was spent in frantic bailing. After an incredibly rough night I set out on the final leg of the trip. With a reporter stowed away in the bow, I tied up at Goolwa, South Australia, the end of a long, long journey. Here we were given a tremendous, heart-warming welcome. Altogether the trip had taken 65 days and had cost me a total of £70. I had lost considerable weight on the journey and my feet were still inflamed and giving me much trouble. I guess I looked a funny sight, as brown as a berry, with a ragged hat stuck on the top of my head. As for my faithful old canoe, well, it had just about reached the end of its tether. Looking back I realise just what a wonderful adventure I had experienced, though I am certain that I would never attempt it again. . . .

THE END

BARRING OUT

(Continued from page 5)

"That's up to the Head!" said Harry.

"Is it?" sneered Vane-Carter. "Well, if the Old Boy goes that far, and thinks we're going to stand for it, he's got another guess coming. If they sack old Turkey, there's going to be trouble at Carcroft—and a lot of it!"

"Let's go down," said Harry. "We shall hear the verdict before the bell goes. Turkey hasn't got that banknote, V.C.—but what the dickens has become of it?"

"Ask me another!" snapped Vane-Carter. And they went down to join a crowd of the Fourth, in the Burrow, there to await news of the "verdict" on the hapless Turkey.

SACKED!

DR. WHADDON sat at his writing-table, in his study his brows knitted in a deep frown. Before the table stood Turkey Tuck, his fat face dolorous, his gooseberry eyes bulging at his head-master. Mr. Ducas, the master of the Fourth, stood by the table, and his brow was as stern as the head-master's. Turkey Tuck, turning his dismal blink from one face to the other, read no hope in either. His fat knees knocked together, as he stood.

"Tuck!" The Head's voice was deep. "You are brought before me on a charge of pilfering in a master's study. What have you to say?"

"Oh, haddocks!" gasped Turkey. "What?" ejaculated the Head. "I—I—I mean, I—I didn't—I—I never—I—I wasn't!" stuttered Turkey. "It—it's all a mistake, sir! I

never got into Mr. Ducas's study by the window yesterday at all, sir, and—and Compton and Drake and Lee didn't try to stop me—and—and—and you can ask them, sir—they'll remember Drake trying to lug me off the window-sill—!"

"Bless my soul!" said the Head.

"Tuck! You had better tell your head-master the truth!" came Roger Ducas's deep tones. "Prevarication will not help you, Tuck?"

"Oh! Won't it, sir?" gasped Turkey. "I—I mean, I—I wouldn't prevaricate, sir—I mean prevaricate—"

"It is established, Tuck, that you entered your form-master's study surreptitiously—!" said Dr. Whaddon.

"Oh, no, sir!" moaned Turkey. "I—I've never done anything superstitious, sir. I—I only got in at the window, sir—"

"A banknote, which Mr. Ducas had inadvertently left on his study table, was missing when he returned," said the Head. "You stated, when questioned, that you had hidden it in a book in the study, for a foolish prank on your form-master—"

"So I did, sir!" gasped Turkey. "One of the books on the shelf sir! Right in the middle of the book, sir."

"You have examined every book, Mr. Ducas?"

"Every one, sir, with the most meticulous care!" answered the Fourth-form master. "The banknote was not there."

"What did you do with the banknote, Tuck?"

"I—I—I never touched it, sir!"

"What?" exclaimed Dr. Whaddon. He gazed at that hopeful member of Ducas's form almost in wonder.

"I—I never did, sir!" moaned Turkey. "I never even saw it on the table, just beside the inkstand, sir. I—I think perhaps Mr. Ducas has got it in his pocket all the time, sir!"

"Bless my soul!"

"I—I hope you'll take my word about it, sir! Roger—I—I mean Mr. Ducas—knows that I'm truthful, sir."

"Mr. Ducas has told me that you are the most untruthful boy in his form, Tuck, or in the whole school!"

"Or in the whole world, in my opinion," said Mr. Ducas. "This boy, sir, seems to be unable to distinguish between truth and fiction."

"Me, sir?" exclaimed Turkey, blinking at him. "Not me, sir! Perhaps you mean Compton, sir—or Drummond—or—"

"Silence!" rapped the Head. "You obtuse boy, you have admitted that you picked up the banknote from Mr. Ducas's table—"

"I haven't!" yelled Turkey. "I—I never said a word about picking it up from his table, sir."

"You have said that you hid it in a book—"

"So I did, sir, just for a jog-jig-joke—"

"Grant me patience!" said the Head, with a deep breath. "The banknote was in your hands, Tuck, by your own admission. It has not been found in your form-master's study. It must be still in your possession. Where is it?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"If you restore the purloined banknote, Tuck, I may make allow-

—sir—I wasn't! If old Cuttle thinks he saw me getting out at the window, sir, I—I expect he had been drinking, sir!"

"Bless my soul!" repeated the Head.

"I—I hope you believe me, sir?" mumbled Turkey. "C-c-c-an I go now, sir?"

"For the last time, Tuck, will you hand Mr. Ducas the banknote you abstracted from his study!"

"I—I didn't subtract it, sir—" moaned Turkey. "How could I when I—I wasn't in the study at all? I never got in at the window, sir, and I never hid behind the armchair when Roger came in, sir, and—"

"Silence!"

"Oh! Yes, sir! Mum-mum-may I go now, sir?"

"Tuck! You are adjudged guilty of pilfering in a master's study, and you are expelled from Carcroft! You leave the school this morning."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Mr. Ducas, will you have the goodness to despatch this boy to Ridgate Station, in charge of a Sixth-form prefect, who will see him into his train for home?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Oh, jiminy! I—I—I say, sir—I—I never—I didn't—I—I wasn't—I—I didn't never wasn't—!"

"Take him away, Mr. Ducas."

"Come, Tuck!"

"But I didn't wasn't never—" howled Turkey.

A heavy hand descending on a fat shoulder interrupted him. Under that heavy hand, Turkey Tuck was walked out of his head-master's study. He limped down the corridor with his form-master.

At the end of the corridor, the heavy hand was withdrawn. Roger's pin-point eyes fixed on the fattest face in his form.

"Tuck! You will go up to the dormitory and pack your box, at once. Lose no time."

"But I never—!"

"That will do! Go up to your dormitory at once."

Mr. Ducas rustled on. Turkey blinked after him dismally. It seemed like an awful dream to Turkey. It was difficult for his fat brain to assimilate the fact that he was expelled from his school and was about to be sent to the railway station for his train home. Finally he limped away dolorously to the staircase. Dudley Vane-Carter was lounging on the stairs and he eyed the fat junior as he came.

"Sacked?" he asked, succinctly.

"Oh, lor! The—the Head says

SOLUTIONS TO LAST MONTH'S "YOUR MOVE"

1. White—Rook to King's Bishop's 8th.

Black—King takes Knight.

White—King to Queen's 7th—mate!

2. DAD, ADD.

HAS, ASH.

SHOT, HOST.

SPINET, INSTEP.

INSECT, NICEST.

3. The words required were ASPEN, SHOVE, POLES, EVENT and NESTS.

4. He is calling out "Don't miss the session that starts at seven!"

ance for your obvious obtuseness and stupidity, and administer only a flogging—"

"Oh, crikey!"

"But if you do not restore the banknote, Tuck, you leave me no resource but to judge you guilty of deliberate pilfering, and you will be immediately expelled from this school!" said the Head, sternly.

"Oh, lor!"

"Well?" rapped the Head.

"I—I haven't got it, sir!" wailed Turkey. "I—I hid it in a book, sir, just as I told Roger—I mean Mr. Ducas—I—I—I mean, I—I never touched it at all, sir—I—I left it lying on the table, sir, just where it was, beside the inkstand. I—I mean, the—the banknote wasn't in the study at all while I was there, sir—I—I should have seen it, if it was. Not that I was in the study,

so!" moaned Turkey. "He—he wouldn't believe a word I said, V.C. Roger made out that I was untruthful—that's what did it! Me untruthful, you know! Me!"

"You fat chump! Where's that banknote?" snapped Vane-Carter.

"How should I know?"

"You born idiot——"

"Yah!"

"I'll come up with you," said V.C. He did not speak again, as they tramped up the stairs. But they did not go to the Fourth-form dormitory. When the bell rang for class, V.C. came down the stairs—and he came alone.

SIX OF THE BEST!

"ROGER'S ratty!" murmured Bob Drake.

Seldom had Mr. Ducas been seen looking so grim.

Nobody expected Roger to look pleased that morning. No form-master could possibly like an expulsion in his form: especially on so very disgraceful a charge as "pilfering". But the Carcroft Fourth did not quite expect him to look like a full-blown thunderstorm. The Fourth went very quietly to their places. When Roger looked like that, it was a time to be sedate and orderly. Only Vane-Carter's eyes glimmered with a faint amusement as he glanced at the grim frowning face of his form-master.

The lesson did not immediately begin. Mr. Ducas stood scanning his form, with a glint in his eyes. He spoke abruptly:

"Does any boy present know where Tuck is to be found?"

All the form stared, at that unexpected question. Only V.C. had seen the fat Turkey, since his interview with the Head. But all knew that he had been "sacked", and that he was to be despatched homeward that morning. Yet Ducas apparently did not know where he was to be found.

No one replied to the question. If any member of the Fourth knew where Turkey Tuck was, he did not seem disposed to pass the news on to Roger.

"The foolish boy seems to be keeping out of sight," said Mr. Ducas. "He was sent up to the dormitory to pack his box, and has not been seen since. If any boy present knows where he is——" He scanned the form with sharp eyes.

Harry Compton rose in his place. "May I speak, sir?" he asked.

"Certainly, if you can tell me where Tuck is."

"I don't know anything about that, sir—I haven't seen him since

Langley took him down from the studies," answered Harry. "But I want to speak to you about Turkey, sir—I mean, Tuck. We've heard that he's sacked——"

"Tuck is expelled, if that is what you mean, Compton."

"Yes, sir! We've been talking it over in the Burrow sir—I mean in the day-room—and all the fellows think I ought to speak out, as captain of the form——"

"You may sit down, Compton!"


Harry Compton did not sit down. Generally, with Roger, to hear was to obey. But the captain of the Fourth Form remained on his feet: and his eyes met Ducas's frowning stare undauntedly.

"I must speak, sir!" said Harry. "Nobody in the form, sir, believes that Turkey snooped—I mean

it looks like. Every fellow in the form will say the same, sir."

"Hear, hear!" said Vane-Carter.

There was a deep murmur in the Fourth Form. Feeling was strong on that subject, in the Carcroft Fourth. Turkey, perhaps, was not much of a credit to his form. There was hardly a fellow in the Fourth who had not kicked him for snooping tuck in the studies. Turkey was lazy, he was utterly unscrupulous in matters of tuck: he was untruthful: indeed, it was hard to count up his faults, for their name was legion. But Turkey had not "pinched" that banknote: all the form were assured of that. And he was not sacked for grub-raiding, or laziness, or fibbing: he was sacked for what he had not done. And it was not good enough. Harry



Have You
a
**FAMOUS
NAME?**

Who were you named after? Do you have a famous or unusual name that puts you amongst the ranks of the "Julius Caesars" and "Daniel Boones." Why not write in and tell us the reason you came to be given a famous name or if you have any connection with the famous person you were named after. Have your letters in by 15th May, 1955, and maybe you'll see them in print in our July issue (No. 22).

snaffled—I—I mean, took that banknote from your study, sir——"

"You may sit down and be silent."

"Go it, old boss!" whispered Bob Drake, encouragingly.

"Carry on!" muttered Vane-Carter.

Harry Compton carried on. He was spokesman for the form: and he was going to say his say undeterred by an angry stare even from Roger.

"We don't believe that Turkey pinched anything, sir!" he said, firmly. "We know it looks like it, but we don't believe that it's what

Compton was speaking for the whole form: even the hard and cynical V.C., even the sneering Levett, backed him up.

"We think that the banknote may be found, sir!" went on the captain of the Fourth. "And we think——!"

"Sit down at once, Compton!" thundered Mr. Ducas.

"I'm speaking for the whole form, sir——"

"I have told you to be silent!" rumbled Roger.

"We think that Turkey ought to be given a chance, sir, for that banknote to turn up!" pursued Harry, as if Ducas had not spoken. "We know he's not got it——"

"You can know nothing about it, Compton," said Mr. Ducas. "The matter has been judged and decided by your head-master. Now be silent."

"We think, sir——"

Mr. Ducas picked up the cane from his desk.

"One more word, Compton, and I shall cane you!" he said. "Sit down."

"I'm bound to speak, sir," said Harry, stubbornly. "We want to ask the Head, sir, to give Turkey time to find that banknote——"

"Hear, hear!" said Lord Talboys.

"Give a man a chance!" said Drummond.

"We know what a fathead he is, sir," went on Harry, while Mr. Ducas glared at him rather after the manner of the fabled basilisk. "He doesn't seem to know what's become of the banknote. But it can be found——"

"Stand out before the form, Compton!"

"Very well, sir!" said Harry, quietly. He stepped out.

"Bend over that desk!"

"Don't!" called out a voice from the Fourth.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mr. Ducas. "Is this rebellion in my form? Compton, bend over that desk this instant!"

Whop! whop! whop! whop! whop!

It was six of the best! Evidently, Roger was "ratty".

"Now go to your place, Compton!" said Mr. Ducas, breathing hard. His glinting glance swept round over the form. "Any other boy in this form who ventures to question the judgment of the head-master, will be similarly punished. We will now proceed."

Lessons began in the Fourth-form room, in a rather electric atmosphere.

NOT GOING?

"TURKEY'S not going!"

It was Dudley Vane-Carter who made that statement, in the Burrow. A crowd of the Fourth Form had gathered there, after morning school. There was a buzz of voices. Excitement reigned in the Carcroft Fourth. The sacking of Turkey Tuck was the one topic. Had the expelled fat junior been marched off to his train, in charge of a prefect and despatched home, no doubt the excitement would have died away. But Turkey had not started on the home-trail. Turkey, it was known, was still in the school: though nobody knew where: unless V.C. did. Sixth-Form prefects were still searching for him: but they had not found him yet.

"Not going, if we can help it, V.C.," said Bob Drake. "But——"

"Where the dickens is he, all this while?" asked Dick Lee.

"Do you happen to know, V.C.?" asked Harry Compton, with a keen look at the Sportsman of Carcroft.

Vane-Carter grinned.

"Sort of," he answered, coolly. "And they won't root him out in a hurry. I tipped the fat ass to keep doggo, up in the attics."

"Good man!" said Lord Talboys. "Begad, if we could keep him there till that beastly banknote turns up——!"

"The dinner-bell will fetch him out!" grinned Levett.

"Oh, shut up, Levett."

"He's not going!" repeated Vane-Carter. "Not much loss, if he did, I daresay—but fair play's a jewel. Turkey never pinched that rotten banknote, and he's not going to be sacked for it."

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"Going to tell the Head that?" asked Leath.

"I'm ready to tell all Carcroft!" answered Vane-Carter, coolly. "The whole form is going to stand by Turkey in this. We're going to keep Turkey here, if we have to bar out the beaks to keep him."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob. He whistled.

The Carcroft Co. eyed Vane-Carter rather curiously. They, and many other members of the Form, were keen enough to stand by the unfortunate Turkey. But they had hardly expected it of V.C. Vane-Carter, cool cynical, a "bad hat" in very many ways, always a rebel against authority, a fellow who would break bounds after lights out, who smoked in his study, and backed horses with Mike Todgry at the Lobster Smack, was not the fellow to trouble his head, as a rule, about a "lame duck". He was more likely to scoff at a fellow's

bad luck, than to help him out of it. But there was no doubt that he was keenest of all in standing by Turkey.

Seldom did Harry Compton and Co. see eye to eye with V.C. But they were all the way with him now.

"Bar out the beaks!" repeated Levett, "You ass, do you want to be sacked along with Turkey?"

"They can't sack the whole form," said Vane-Carter. "If we all stand together, we're all right. And we're all standing together in this. Any funk who wants to step out, will be booted in again!"

"Hear, hear!" chuckled Bob Drake.

"Turkey's not going!" repeated Vane-Carter, with emphasis.

"Go and tell Roger so!" suggested Leath, with a grin.

"I've told him!"

"You've told him!" exclaimed a dozen fellows together, staring at V.C.

"I've left a note on his study table for him," said Vane-Carter. "He's found it there by this time!"

"Oh, suffering cats!" exclaimed Bob Drake. "There'll be a row—Look out, here he comes!"

Roger Ducas had looked wrathful in form that morning. But his wrath in form was as moonlight unto sunlight, as water unto wine, compared with his wrath now. There was thunder in his brow. He held a paper in his right hand. In the midst of a dead silence, he held it up to view. On it was written, in large capital letters:

TURKEY'S NOT GOING.
THINK AGAIN, ROGER.

Harry Compton and Co. caught their breath, as they stared at it. It was no wonder that Roger's brow was thunderous. Few fellows in the Fourth would have had the nerve to leave that message in his study, to meet his eyes. Vane-Carter was the man for it.

"I found this impertinence on my study table!" Roger's voice rolled deep. "It must have been left there by a boy of my form. I command that boy to stand forward!"

Vane-Carter did not stir. He winked at the Co., and Bob, as he caught that wink, involuntarily grinned. That grin did not escape an eagle eye.

"Drake!" thundered Mr. Ducas.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Bob.

"Did you leave this impertinence in my study?"

"Oh! No, sir!"

"Who did?" thundered Roger, his eyes glittering over the crowd of juniors.

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BARRING-OUT

(Continued from page 31)

No reply.

"Very well," said Mr. Ducas, setting his lips. "There seems to be a spirit of rebelliousness in my form." I shall deal with it. The boy who wrote this impertinent note will be sent to his head-master for a flogging. Until he is discovered, the whole form will go into Extra School for two hours every day."

"Oh!" gasped all the juniors.

"If you please, sir—" began Harry Compton.

"Did you write that note, Compton?"

"No, sir! But we all think that Turkey hasn't had fair play, sir!" said the captain of the Fourth. "And—!"

"Take five hundred lines, Compton!"

"We all think the same, sir!" said Lord Talboys.

"Take five hundred lines, Talboys."

"Oh, gad!" murmured the Lizard. "If you don't mind my sayin' so, sir, lines won't make any difference. We all think—"

"Silence!"

Roger Ducas gave his form a last grim glare, and turned to leave the Burrow. As his portly back was turned, a voice called out:

"Think again, Roger!"

Mr. Ducas fairly spun round.

"Who spoke?" he thundered.

Nobody replied. Form and form-master stared at one another, in silence. Then Roger rapped:

The whole form will take five hundred lines."

With that he billowed out of the Burrow.

REBELLION!

"YAROOOOOH!"

It was a wild yell.

"That sounds like Turkey!" grinned Bob Drake.

The crowd in the Burrow were in a buzz of excitement. A dozen fellows were all speaking at once. There was no doubt that as Roger had said, there was a spirit of rebelliousness in his form! Five hundred lines all round, and Extra School every day, had not damped it down: but rather intensified it. A dozen fellows had already declared that they weren't going to do those lines, and chance it: neither were they going into Extra. Vane-Carter's face was aglow, his eyes glistening. V.C. was in his element now. A "row" was coming—probably the most tremendous row in the history of Carcroft School. In the midst of wild words and ex-

cited discussion, that sudden frantic yell was heard from the passage.

There was a scuttle of running feet. From a distance the voice of Langley of the Sixth was heard, shouting:

"Stop, you young rascal!"

Vane-Carter laughed.

"They've rooted him out of the attics," he said. He ran to the door. "This way, Turkey," he shouted.

In the passage, a fat figure was fairly whizzing. Seldom did Turkey Tuck put on speed. Slow-motion was his long suit. But at the moment, an arrow in its flight had simply nothing on the fat Turkey. He shot along the passage as if it had been the cinder-path.

He had reasons for haste. Behind him came Langley of the Sixth, red and wrathful, hot in chase. Evidently, the search for the elusive Turkey had extended to the attics, at last, and he had been rooted out. But he had dodged the prefect's grasp, and fled as if for his fat life. Vane-Carter waved a hand to him, as he came charging down the passage like an escaped rhinoceros.

"This way, Turkey! Here!" he roared.

Turkey gave him one blink, and dodged in at the door of the Burrow. He staggered breathless against the wall.

"I—I—I say," spluttered Turkey. "I say—oooogh! Groogh! I say, I ain't going to be took—I mean taken—to the station—I say, V.C., you said you'd stand by me, old chap—I say, keep that beast off—oh, haddocks!"

Slam!

The door of the Burrow crashed shut, fairly in the face of the captain of Carcroft, as he came racing up. V.C. coolly turned the key in the lock.

Oh, crumbs!" exclaimed Bob Drake.

"You can't keep a pre. out, you fathead!" exclaimed Levett.

"Can't I?" said Vane-Carter. He seemed to think that he could! "Didn't I tell you that Turkey's not going! We've got him, and we're keeping him!"

"Hear, hear!" shouted Bob. "We're standing by Turkey!"

"Oh, haddocks! Oh, crickey! Ow!" gasped Turkey.

The door-handle was angrily rattled from without. No doubt it was a surprise to so great a man as the captain of Carcroft to find the door locked in his face. He shook and rattled at the handle.

"Open this door!" he shouted. "Who's locked this door?"

"Little me!" answered Vane-Carter.

"Open it at once."

"Bow-wow!"

"What?" gasped Langley. "What did you say, Vane-Carter?"

"I said bow-wow, old tulip!"

"That means six for you, you cheeky young sweep!" roared the prefect.

"First catch your hare!" said Vane-Carter.

"Will you open this door at once. Tuck's wanted—"

"Forget it!" said Vane-Carter. "You're a nice chap, Langley, and we all like you, but we're not letting you in. Turkey's not going."

"You cheeky young rascal, you know he's expelled—I've got to take him to the station—!"

"Go back to Roger, and tell him to think again!" suggested Vane-Carter. "Tell him he's got another guess coming."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Thump! thump! thump! came at the door. Langley, outside, was evidently in a towering temper. But he thumped on solid old oak in vain.

"Look here, you can't keep a pre. out," muttered Levett, uneasily. "Look here, you'd better unlock that door, V.C."

"Kick Levett, somebody," said Vane-Carter.

"Yow-ow-woooop!" yelled Levett, as Bob Drake obliged.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Thump! thump! thump! on the door.

"You can't come in for Turkey, Langley!" called out Harry Compton. "We're all standing by Turkey."

Thump! thump! thump! But the trumping ceased at last, as the Carcroft captain realised that it was getting him nowhere. His voice came next:

"Will you let me in?"

"Not so's you'd notice it!" drawled Vane-Carter.

"If you don't open this door at once—"

"No 'if' about that, old bean."

"Then I shall call your form-master."

"Oh, do!" drawled Vane-Carter.

Langley was heard to tramp away. And the rebels of Carcroft waited, breathlessly, for Roger to arrive!

NEXT MONTH

"BARRING-OUT THE BEAKS"

Episode Three of our
CARCROFT SERIAL