

20 PAGES — PACKED WITH ENTERTAINMENT FOR BOYS OF ALL AGES!

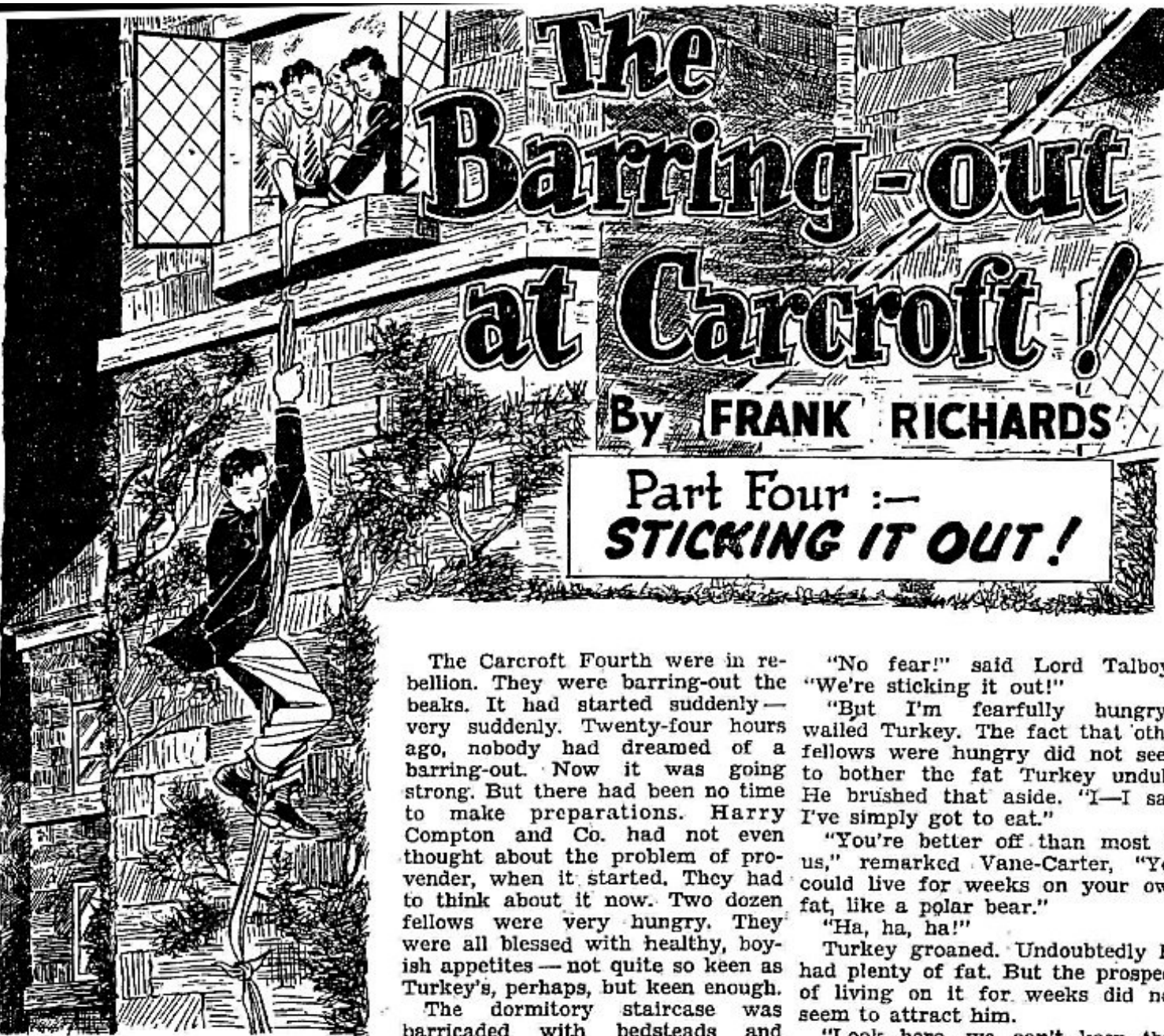
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THE MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

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THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!



The Barring-out at Carcroft!

By FRANK RICHARDS

Part Four :—
STICKING IT OUT!

TOUGH ON TURKEY!

"ANYBODY hungry?" asked Bob Drake.

"Sort of!"

"What-ho!"

"Oh, lor!" groaned Turkey Tuck, with deep feeling.

There was no doubt that the fat Turkey was hungry: very hungry indeed. Turkey was not merely hungry. He was ravenous. Turkey had missed his last meal, and looked like missing the next. Turkey was feeling like a ship-wrecked mariner in an open boat at sea.

Turkey, and the rest of the Fourth Form at Carcroft, crowded the Fourth-form dormitory. It was unusual for fellows to be up in the dormitory at tea-time in the afternoon. But things were not as usual at Carcroft School. It was the first time in history that a barring-out had happened at Carcroft. But it was happening now.

The Carcroft Fourth were in rebellion. They were barring-out the beaks. It had started suddenly—very suddenly. Twenty-four hours ago, nobody had dreamed of a barring-out. Now it was going strong. But there had been no time to make preparations. Harry Compton and Co. had not even thought about the problem of provender, when it started. They had to think about it now. Two dozen fellows were very hungry. They were all blessed with healthy, boyish appetites—not quite so keen as Turkey's, perhaps, but keen enough.

The dormitory staircase was barricaded with bedsteads and boxes, and the rebels had driven off an attack. Roger Ducas, the master of the Fourth, had made no move since—it looked as if Roger was at a loss. The Carcroft Co. were confident that they could hold out in the stronghold they had selected. But—! Fellows had to eat! That was a problem to be solved.

"I—I say," mumbled Turkey, dolorously, "I say, I'm famished! I—I—I could eat the hind leg of a mule! I say, haven't you fellows got anything—not a chunk of toffee—not even, a bullseye?"

"We're all hungry, old fat man," said Bob.

"We've all missed dinner, you know, and we're not going to have any tea!" said Dick Lee.

"Nor any supper!" said Harry Compton.

"We've got to tighten our belts, and stand it!" said Dudley Vane-Carter, "We're not giving in."

"No fear!" said Lord Talboys. "We're sticking it out!"

"But I'm fearfully hungry!" wailed Turkey. The fact that other fellows were hungry did not seem to bother the fat Turkey unduly. He brushed that aside. "I—I say, I've simply got to eat."

"You're better off than most of us," remarked Vane-Carter, "You could live for weeks on your own fat, like a polar bear."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Turkey groaned. Undoubtedly he had plenty of fat. But the prospect of living on it for weeks did not seem to attract him.

"Look here, we can't keep this up!" exclaimed Turkey, desperately, "I—I—I'd rather be sacked, than starve."

"Why, you fat villain!" exclaimed Bob, indignantly, "It's you that's caused all the trouble. If you hadn't monkeyed with a banknote in Roger's study, you wouldn't have been sacked for pilfering. It would be all right now if you could remember what you did with the banknote."

"I've told you I hid it in a book in Roger's study—"

"Don't tell us again, fathead! We know you didn't pinch it, and we're not going to let you be sacked for something you never did. Not even if you fade away under our eyes into a mere skeleton!" added Bob, impressively.

"Oh, haddocks!" groaned Turkey, almost overcome by the bare idea of fading away into a mere skeleton.

"I—I say, I—I'm awfully obliged

to you chaps for standing by me like this—it's ripping of you, and all that—but—but—but I—I can't carry on without grub. I—I'd rather be sacked!"

Harry Compton and Co. gazed at that fat member of the Fourth Form. Turkey had been full of beans when the barring-out started. It was right and proper, in Turkey's view, for his form to stand by him, believing that he was innocent of what was laid to his charge. Really and truly, Turkey hadn't pilfered that banknote from Roger Ducas's study, though it certainly looked as if he had. Very much indeed Turkey did not want to be sent home, in the middle of the summer term, on such a charge. Home, sweet home, had no attraction in such circumstances. But Turkey was hungry now—famished—ravenous. That made a tremendous difference to Turkey. The sack was awful, no doubt—but missing meals was awfuller!

"You fat sweep!" exclaimed Harry Compton, "You've landed us in this, with your potty pranks in Roger's study: and now you're the first to want to give in."

"I'm hungry!" wailed Turkey.

"Look here, you chaps," exclaimed Levett, "It's all about Turkey—and if he's fed up, I jolly well am. Let's chuck it."

"Kick him!" said Vane-Carter.

"Yoo-hooop!" roared Levett. "Keep your hoofs to yourself, Bob Drake—"

"Not at all," said Bob, affably, "They're ready for any funk who wants to surrender. We're sticking to you, Turkey, old fat frump."

"That's all very well, but I'm hungry!" wailed Turkey. "I—I'd rather be sent home, really! They'd let me have a meal before I started."

"Too late!" said Harry Compton, "We're for it now, you fat ass. We've told Roger where he gets off, and we've pitched the prefects neck and crop down the stairs. We've got to see it through now, or its floggings all round from the Head, and the sack for some of us."

"No surrender!" said Lord Talboys.

"Better chew on that, all of you," said Vane-Carter, "We've gone too jolly far to retreat. It's neck or nothing now."

"We're sticking it out!" said Drummond.

"Hear, hear!"

"But I keep on telling you I'm famished!" yelled Turkey, "You fellows don't seem to understand. Famished! Ravenous! Empty as a drum. I tell you I'd be sacked a

dozen times over for a good square meal. I suppose a fellow can be sacked if he jolly well likes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not the least bit in the world," grinned Bob Drake, "We're sticking it out, Turkey, and you're sticking it out along with us. We've got to win this tussle, or take what's coming to us. We're going to win—"

"Hear, hear!"

"But I'll tell you what we'll do," added Bob, "We'll jolly well bump you for being a fat, frowsy, footling funk! Bag him!"

"Here, I say—leggo—chuck it—stop it!" yelled Turkey, in alarm, and three or four grinning fellows collared him, right and left. "I say, I—I—I—say—yaroooh!"

Bump!

Turkey Tuck sat on the dormitory floor, with a concussion that almost shook the old oak planks. He roared as he sat.

yelled Turkey. "I—I—I'm keen on it!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Keep keen on it!" chuckled Bob, "One more word about giving in, and you get some more! Lots where that came from."

"Ow! wow! wow!"

Turkey Tuck clambered to his feet, gurgling for breath. He was still hungry: and still feeling that he would rather be sacked a dozen times over than miss his next meal. But that was no longer a matter of choice with the hapless Turkey. Famished or not famished, he had to "stick it out" with the rest of the rebels of Carcroft.

ROGER'S WARNING!

"BOYS!"

It was a deep voice, from the study landing, at the foot of the dormitory staircase. Roger Ducas, master of the Fourth, stood there,

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE . . .

Things at Carcroft are at a boil-over. Turkey Tuck, discovered "monkeying" with a banknote that mysteriously disappeared, has been ordered to leave Carcroft. However, Dudley Vane-Carter, rebellious bad-hat, has decided for the Fourth Form that the old fat man, Turkey, will not leave the school until the banknote has turned up.

Locking themselves and the deflated Turkey in the form burrow, they stood by to repel invaders. Soon the battle began, and the rebel form, with V.C. at their head, won round one when they hurled Langley, a prefect, who attempted to enter via the window, from the locked burrow.

Later, Roger Ducas, their form master, threatening to use an axe on the door of the burrow, was shocked and horrified to find that his form had disappeared. Later he found them, in their dormitory, high in the school towers, defiantly building a barricade of bedsteads to keep the "beaks" out. Now they are well-armed with such implements as cricket stumps and water jugs, and despite desperate attempts by Roger, and his pres. to pry the form from their stronghold, the rebellious boys are still holding the sorrowful fat man. The barring-out is still going strong. . . .

NOW READ ON . . .

"Give him another!" said Bob.

Bump!

"Ow! Wow! Leggo! Yoo-hooop!" roared Turkey.

"Now, do you still want to give in?" asked Bob.

"Ow! Wow! Yes! Wow!"

"Give him another!"

Bump!

"Still want to give in?" inquired Bob. "We're going to keep this up till you screw up your courage to the jolly old sticking-point, Turkey. Say when!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you I'm hungry!" shrieked Turkey.

Bump!

"Oh, haddock! I—I—I mean, I—I ain't hungry, and I—I'll keep it up as long as you fellows do!"

looking up—at the staircase blocked with bedsteads and boxes and wash-stands, and everything else that the rebels could pack into the barricade. Over that barrier, a dozen faces looked down at Roger: many of them grinning.

"Here, sir!" called back Harry Compton. His manner was quite respectful. The Fourth Form were barring out the beaks: deaf to orders from their form-master, whose lightest word they had once obeyed. But the more thoughtful fellows among them did not want to add disrespect to resistance.

But Dudley Vane-Carter certainly was not numbered among those more thoughtful fellows! V.C. lacked respect to authority at the best of times. Now he was fairly letting

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WHITE FEATHER

(Cont. from p. 19)

I soon found the reason—Chief Broken Hand, Little Dog's ageing father was anxious, very anxious, for an honourable peace with the white man. Little Dog and his sister were his father's messengers and for some reason, of which I am still unaware, I was to be the envoy to the Cheyenne, though, I suppose, my new found friendship with Little Dog—the man who hated my race so much.

Colonel Lindsay's rugged face beamed with enthusiasm. The one thing we needed at this time was a friendly contact with the fearless, impetuous warriors of old Broken Hand and so, early next morning, with my gear stowed, and accompanied by my two silent Indian friends, I pushed off from the safety of the fort into the savage wilderness that was the home of the Cheyenne.

Two days out—two wearying broiling days under a merciless sun. We were close now, I could tell, for as we threaded our way through the creeks and rock-strewn gorges, I

was constantly aware of the Cheyenne scouts, stony effigies frozen against the background of a steel blue sky. And finally, through a deep, tree-lined defile, it lay before us—the village, spread out before me on the blue-green carpet of the earth and sheltered in an iron ring of protecting mountains.

Riding easily, we passed through the centre ring of Indian wick-i-ups and past the peering eyes of a hundred painted warriors. I glanced neither right nor left, but was sharply conscious of a deep smouldering resentment in the eyes of my watchers. All was not well here, and although I was on a mission of peace, I rode towards the tepee of Chief Broken Hand with a very uneasy mind.

He stood before me gaunt and erect, a fleck of grey-white hair showing from beneath his massive warbonnet. With hardly more than a movement of his dark eyes, my unsmiling host introduced us and the venerable old man lay his hands upon my shoulders to bid me welcome. We sat alone in his tepee. The mighty chief of all the Cheyenne, and a very young, nervous

prospector, newly arrived, trying to solve the problems that affected the growth of a whole mighty state and probe for the causes of the recent bloodshed. To me it seemed almost funny. But the need for life of these people was a very real one, so I found no time to laugh. Broken Hand had fought for peace desperately, but his strong-willed son would have none of it. He would have no treaty, he would fight for his land to the end. Although our discussion finished on a very serious note, I was later to find just how hospitable these fearless, savage warriors could be. A feast and a ceremonial dance had been prepared in my honour. I spent a night I shall never forget amongst the myriad of flickering campfires, that shone like a beacon in the surrounding wilderness.

I was awakened next morning by the neighing and pawing of an excited pony. Pushing aside the leather flap of my tent, I recoiled as the blazing morning sun struck me savagely in the face. It was later than I thought. Blinking around the inner circle of tepees my gaze fell

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BARRING OUT

(Cont. from p. 5)

himself go. They did not have a barring-out every day at Carcroft: and V.C. was bent on making the most of it while it lasted.

"Here we are, old bean!" he called out, "Waiting for your next move, Roger. Thought it up yet? Come up, old thing, and we'll alter your features for you. Any alteration would be an improvement."

"You impertinent young rascal!" gasped Roger.

"You impertinent old rascal!" retorted V.C.

"Shut up, V.C.," whispered Lord Talboys.

"Rot!" said V.C. "We don't often get a chance to tell a beak what we think of him. Take your face away, Roger! It gives a fellow a pain in the neck. Or do you call it a face?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Roger Ducas's face, at that moment, was expressive—fearfully expressive. But he did not answer V.C. He fixed his eyes on the captain of the Fourth.

"Compton! I am here to give you a last warning," he said. "You have broken out into rebellion, with the fantastic idea of protecting a boy who has been expelled from Carcroft for pilfering—"

"Turkey never pilfered, sir," interrupted Harry. "We're standing by him because we know he didn't."

"Turkey snoops grub, sir—all he can lay his paws on," said Bob Drake, "But he never pinched that banknote, sir."

"Your head-master had judged him—!"

"Tell the Old Boy to think again!" interrupted Vane-Carter, "And if you want to get busy, snoop around looking for that banknote. You'll find it somewhere in your study, if you look long enough. When it turns up, you'll be glad we didn't let you hoof Turkey out."

"Silence!" Roger almost roared.

"Bow-wow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Roger made a stride towards the stairs. But he paused again. His look showed how gladly he would have handed out six of the very best to V.C. But V.C. was out of the reach of the sixes now.

"Anything more to say, Roger?" went on Vane-Carter, cheerfully, "If you're through, do take your face away. It worries a chap."

Roger Ducas compressed his lips, hard.

"I am here to warn you, Compton," he said, "You have barred yourselves in your dormitory, and defied authority. Punishment will be very severe—"

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

"No food will be allowed to reach you," went on Roger, ignoring V.C.

"Every precaution will be taken. A watch will be kept on this landing, and you will receive no help from boys in other forms. You must see for yourselves, Compton, that this cannot go on much longer. I have no doubt that you are all hungry already—!"

"Oh, haddocks!" came a wail from Turkey. "I—I say, sir—I'd rather—"

"Shut up, Turkey!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"But I say—!"

"Boot him!"

"Yaroooooh!" roared Turkey.

"We're not going to give in, sir!" said Harry Compton, "We're all ready to come down, and toe the line, sir, on our own terms. First of all, Turkey isn't to be sacked. Second, nobody is to be punished. If that's agreed to—!"

"If!" grinned Bob Drake.

"I will listen to no such impertinence, Compton. I have warned you what to expect, and I have only to say—Oooooooooooooogh!" Roger wound up suddenly, with a wild splutter, as a wet sponge whizzed down the staircase, from the accurate hand of Dudley Vane-Carter, and impinged upon his majestic features. He tottered back, and sat down suddenly on the study landing.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a yell from above.

"Goed shot!" chuckled Drummond.

Up went V.C.'s hand again, this time with a cake of soap in it. Roger, sitting spluttering on the landing below, was a good target. But the captain of the Fourth caught V.C.'s arm, and dragged it down.

"Stop that, you ass—!"

"Let go!" yelled Vane-Carter.

"Chuck it," exclaimed Bob, "There's a limit, V.C.—"

"Rats! Will you let go, Compton, you rotter?" V.C. wrenched at his arm.

"Dash it all, V.C., there's a limit, though you don't seem to know it," said Lord Talboys, "Roger's our beak—!"

"Pack it up, Lizard. Let go my arm, Compton!" bawled Vane-Carter. He wrenched and wrenched, but Harry held his arm as in a vice.

Roger scrambled up, and backed out of view. The sponge seemed to be enough for Roger: he did not wait for the soap. As he disappeared, Harry released V.C.'s arm.

"Keep it for the pre's, if they come again," he said.

"Rot! You're rather a booby, Compton."

"And you're rather a ruffian, V.C."

"Hallo, there's Packe!" exclaimed Bob.

All glances shot down the staircase again. Roger had said that a watch would be kept on the study landing, to see that no supplies reached the rebels from sympathisers in other forms. Packe of the Sixth, apparently, was stationed there already. Packe stared up the staircase at the faces over the barricade.

Up went Vane-Carter's hand: and this time Harry Compton did not stop him.

Whiz!

Accurate as a bullet from a rifle, the cake of soap whizzed down the staircase. Packe of the Sixth did not know that it was coming, till it came. There was quite a bang, as it landed on his nose.

"Oh!" roared Packe, staggering, and clapping his damaged nose with both hands.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Give him another!"

Packe did not wait for another. He made a jump like a kangaroo, and disappeared from sight.

AFTER DARK!

"We've got to eat!"

Vane-Carter made that remark.

"Passed unanimously!" said Bob Drake.

"I should jolly well think so!" moaned Turkey Tuck, dolorously.

"I'd rather be sacked than—" Turkey broke off, dodging a boot.

"Roger's right, as far as that goes," went on Vane-Carter, "We can't hold out without grub. And we're going to hold out."

"Yes, rather!"

It was some hours later. The sun was setting over Carcroft School, the summer dusk deepening. The question of "grub" was becoming quite a pressing one. Unless that question could be answered, it looked like defeat for the barring-out. By this time, Turkey was not

"More ways than one of killing a cat," said Vane-Carter. "After dark, a fellow could be let down from the window on a rope—"

"Got a thirty-foot rope in your waistcoat pocket?" sneered Levett.

"The tuck-shop's closed, at lock-ups," said Leath, "and if it wasn't, think Mrs. Game would serve us?"

"I'm not thinking of the school shop," said Vane-Carter. "Once down in the quad, a fellow could cut out, and get down to the village. We could knock old Widgers up at the village shop—he would serve us

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW . . . !

We bet you would get a shock if somehow, through some curious warp in time you fell asleep and awoke to find yourself in the year 2055 A.D. Everything would be so completely different—Atomic cars, strangely-dressed people, super, overhead highways and hundreds of amazing new devices.



Well, after you recover from your surprise and bewilderment, here's what we want you to do. Send us in a pencil sketch, as large as you like, of just what you think your town or city will be like a hundred years from now. Use your imagination and there'll be no end to what wonderful things you can think up. Have your sketch in to us by 15th July, 1955, and the prize-winning illustrations will APPEAR in our September (No. 24) issue together with the names and addresses of prize-winners. Each winning entry will receive a cash prize of 10/-.

the only fellow who felt as if he could eat the hind leg of a mule. Everybody was fearfully hungry. The Co. had had a vague idea of creeping down stealthily after night-fall, in search of supplies. But the wary Roger had put paid to that. With prefects on the watch, at the foot of the dormitory staircase, any fellow who crept down, would fall into clutching hands. There was no hope in that direction. But something, it was evident, had to be done.

"There's only one way!" said Vane-Carter.

"Give it a name!" sighed Lord Talboys, "We're all perishin'."

"After dark—!" said V.C.

"They're keeping watch, as Roger said!" Bob Drake shook his head.

fast enough. Whip round for cash—two or three of us could go, and come back with oodles of grub. What about that?"

There was a murmur of approval from the crowd of rebels.

"It's the only way, as the johnny says in the play!" said Dick Lee. "We might work it—after dark."

"I say, it's a splendid idea!" exclaimed Turkey Tuck, eagerly. "But don't wait till dark—cut out at once, and—"

"You fat ass! We should be spotted, in the daylight, and copped."

"Oh! Yes! Perhaps! But I'm hungry—! Yaroooh!" added Turkey, in a roar. This time he did not dodge the boot!

There was eager discussion of
(Cont. p. 30, col. 1)

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BARRING-OUT

(Cont. from p. 27)

V.C.'s plan. All the Carcroft rebels agreed that it was the only way, risky as it was. The garrison simply could not hold out without provisions. An expedition to the village shop at Combe, if it could be worked, was the solution of the pressing problem.


"Jolly risky!" said Lord Talboys. "We're all right, if we make them come to terms. But any fellow who's caught, will get loco. Who's going?"

"I'm going!" said Vane-Carter, at once. The Sportsman of Carcroft was the man to carry out his own plan. A spot of risk added to its attraction for V.C.


"Head's flogging, if you're nabbed!" said Levett. "They'll jolly well make an example of any chap they get hold of."

"I know that! You come with me, Levett!" said V.C., with a grin.


"I'll watch it!" said Levett, emphatically.



QUICK WIT!




TWO FATHERS AND TWO SONS WENT DUCK HUNTING. EACH SHOT A DUCK AND NONE OF THEM SHOT THE SAME DUCK. HOWEVER, ONLY THREE DUCKS WERE SHOT. HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?



HOW LONG WILL AN EIGHT DAY CLOCK RUN WITHOUT WINDING?


WHAT IS IT YOU CAN ALWAYS KICK WITH YOUR LEFT FOOT BUT CANNOT POSSIBLY KICK WITH YOUR RIGHT?



IF DICK'S FATHER IS TOM'S SON WHAT RELATION IS TOM TO DICK?

WHAT IS SHORTER WHEN IT IS LONGER? ALSO BIGGER WHEN IT IS SMALLER.

.



A SNAIL STARTING AT THE BOTTOM OF A WELL 16 FEET DEEP CRAWLS UP 4 FEET EACH DAY BUT FALLS BACK 3 FEET EACH NIGHT. HOW LONG WILL IT TO REACH THE TOP OF THE WELL?

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH!

Harry Compton laughed. Levett was not the man to volunteer for so forlorn a hope.

"I'll come," he said. "You, too, Bob! Three will be enough. We shall have to plait a rope of sheets: so let's turn to and get it ready."

Mrs. Tunn, the Carcroft House-Dame, might have shed tears, if she could have witnessed what happened next, to the sheets of twenty-four beds. A rope, long and strong, was essential: and the sheets were the only material at hand. Every sheet was collected, and torn into strips. Busy hands plaited the strips into a rope. It was a lengthy task, but the rebels had time on their hands: for such a venture obviously had to be left till a late hour, when all or most of the school would be asleep. Even V.C., reckless as he was, did not want to be collared and marched off to his headmaster, if he could help it.

Night fell: and the light was switched on, by the time the rope of sheets was completed. It was

thick and strong and knotty: and its strength was tested by a tug-of-war: the Carcroft Co. at one end, and V.C., Drummond, and Barrick major at the other. The rope stood the test: with the result that V.C., Drum., and Barrick major were dragged over in a heap.

"Okay, V.C.," chuckled Bob, as the three sprawled. "Try again!"

"Go and eat coke!" grunted V.C. Vane-Carter did not like being beaten: But at all events, he was satisfied with the rope.

That evening seemed a long one to the hungry rebels. Other Carcroft fellows were at prep in the studies: and Lord Talboys pointed out that they were getting out of prep: which was a comfort to the lazy Lizard, at least. But it was no comfort, a little later, to know that the rest of Carcroft were at supper! Turkey Tuck groaned aloud as he thought of it. But there was no help for it: and the hungry garrison of the Fourth-form dormitory had to

grin and bear it—or bear it, anyway, even if they couldn't grin!

"I say, ain't it time to start?" asked Turkey, when the bell for dorm was heard ringing below.

"Not till eleven o'clock," answered Harry.

"Oh, haddocks! That's nearly two hours!" howled Turkey. "I'm famished!"

"We've heard that one!" said Bob. "I tell you I'm perishing with hunger!" yelled Turkey.

"Perish quietly, then, you fat perisher!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, lor'!" moaned Turkey. "I wish I'd let them sack me! I should be having supper at home now! Look here, you chaps, what about chucking up the whole thing, and I'll go to Roger and say—Yaroooh! Leave off kicking me, you rotter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bedtime was past, but the Carcroft rebels were not sleepy. Even Turkey was not thinking of sleep. Hunger, like Macbeth, had murdered sleep! Other forms had gone to their dormitories to bed: but everyone was widely wakeful in the Fourth. Silence settled on Carcroft School as the night grew older. All waited anxiously for eleven to boom from the clock-tower. At ten minutes to the hour, Harry Compton switched off the light. A glimmer of summer stars came in at the window. At length came the welcome boom. Eleven deep strokes woke the echoes of the summer night.

"Now—!" squeaked Turkey. He was listening with both fat ears.

"I say—!"

"Shut up, fathead!" said Bob Drake. His voice was low. "We'd better let them think we're fast asleep. Ready, Harry?"

"Come on," said Vane-Carter.

Harry Compton looked down from the window. The quad lay below, glimmering in the starlight. No sign of life was to be seen there. At that hour, all Carcroft slept, unless some of the masters might be still up in Common-Room or in their studies. The coast was clear.

"All serene!" said Harry. "Got the bags, Bob?"

"Here they are!"

Three cricket-bags were attached to the end of the rope. Harry Compton opened the window quietly and cautiously. The bags slipped out, and were lowered to the ground. The upper end of the rope was knotted securely to a bedstead. All was ready now for the venture.

"Pull up the rope after we're down, Dick!" Compton whispered to

Lee, "And keep watch for us coming back, old chap."

He clambered out of the window, and swung on the rope. Slowly but surely he descended, hand below hand, many eyes watching him from above. In a minute he was standing on the earth, at the foot of the wall. Vane-Carter swung himself out next, and slid down rapidly, joining him in a few moments. Bob Drake came last, and all three were safely landed; and the bags untied.

The ropes whisked up to the window again, and disappeared.

"Okay!" murmured Bob. "Come on."

They glanced round, cautiously,

sprawled on his back: while three figures flitted by like shadows.

"Quick!" breathed Harry Compton.

Behind them, Cuttle sprawled and spluttered. In a few seconds, heedless of him, they were at the school wall. The bags were pitched over, and they clambered after them, and dropped breathless into the road.

"Rotten luck!" muttered Bob. "That old ass saw us—"

"Can't be helped!" said V.C. "Carry on!"

There was nothing for it but to carry on, whatever might await them on their return. They picked up the bags, and raced away down the road to Combe.

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S 'RELATIVELY SPEAKING'

1. (a) Joe Gargery's second wife was Biddy.
- (b) Sydney Carton was the double of Charles Darnay.
- (c) Hiawatha was the husband of Minnehaha.
2. Solution to word square:—
CAPRI
ARRAN
PRIDE
RADAR
INERT
3. The archaeologist could not have discovered a genuine coin dated B.C. because if the coin were minted B.C. then it would be impossible for him to have any knowledge of it.
4. Using the numbers 1 to 9 once only to make 100:—
 $9 \times 8 + 7 + 6 + 5 + 4 + 3 + 2 + 1 = 100$

in the dimness, and picked up the bags. All was still and silent in the shadows. Quietly, but quickly, they cut across towards the old oaks by the school wall.

"Safe as houses!" whispered Vane-Carter, as they came under the shadow of the branches. "We're all right! Not a soul about—!"

"'Ere, who's that?" came a sudden gruff voice.

"Oh, my hat!" breathed Bob.

It was the voice of old Cuttle, the Carcroft porter. Apparently old Cuttle was making his rounds at that hour, before turning in. The next moment his plump figure loomed before them in the shadows.

Crash!

Vane-Carter was prompt to act. The bag in his hand swept through the air, and landed on old Cuttle's chest, with a terrific smite. There was a breathless gasp from the Carcroft porter, and he went backwards as if a cannon-ball had smitten him. He spluttered wildly as he

NARROW ESCAPE!

"ROGER!" breathed Bob.

"Quiet!"

Bob hardly needed that injunction. The sight of Roger Ducas, pacing in the clear starlight, was warning enough.

Midnight was tolling from the old clock-tower. Carcroft School lay buried in slumber. But one member of Dr. Whaddon's staff was awake—very wide awake. From a distance, under the shadow of the oaks, three juniors stared across at him—silent as mice with the cat at hand.

So far, the expedition had been a success. Old Mr. Wigers, at the village shop, knocked up at a very late hour, had come down with his pyjamas tucked into his trousers, blinking in amazement at three unexpected customers, when he opened his door. But business was business, with Mr. Wigers: and the whip-round in the Fourth had produced quite a substantial sum in cash. That substantial sum was transferred to Mr. Wigers' till: and in exchange, three cricket bags were packed to capacity with every sort and variety of provisions. Compton, Drake, and Vane-Carter were heavy-laden, when they set out on their return—the bags were full, and their pockets were crammed. So far, so good: but they tramped back to Carcroft in a somewhat uneasy frame of mind. If old Cuttle had given the alarm, they wondered how they were going to get through—and indeed whether they were going to get through at all!

Bags and all, they clambered in over the school wall. Under the old oaks, they stopped to survey the quad before they emerged into the bright starlight. If Cuttle had reported to Roger—!

He had! That was indubitable, as they sighted the portly figure pac-

(Continued on page 34)

BARRING-OUT*(Continued from page 31)*

ing. Roger was on the watch! He was clearly visible in the starlight, pacing to and fro: right under the window of the Fourth-form dormitory, high above. Every now and then, they saw him pause, and glance up at that big window. Then he resumed his pacing.

"That old ass Cuttle—!" breathed Bob.

Harry Compton knitted his brows. "He's tipped Roger—and Roger's guessed!" he whispered back. "He can see that window open. Roger knows."

"And he's on the watch for us!" said Vane-Carter. He gritted his teeth, "He's not going to stop us.

**PENPALS—
WHAT ELSE?**

We're going to get back into the dorm, and we're going to take the grub with us—Roger or no Roger!" His eyes gleamed. "Look here, we'll rush him, and up-end him, and—!"

"And climb a rope, with Roger hanging on to our legs?" asked Bob. "Don't be a goat, V.C."

V.C. snapped his teeth. He was the fellow for any desperate measures. But even the hot-headed Sportsman realised that shock tactics would not serve.

Keeping back in the dark shadow of the oaks, they watched. Roger Ducas did not glance in their direction: he had seen nothing of them, and heard nothing. But only too clearly he guessed, or knew, that some of the rebels were out of the dormitory, and hardly needed telling why. He was there to watch and wait for their return: and they noted that there was a cane under his arm. No doubt he intended to give that cane some exercise. Up above, Dick Lee was on the watch, and ready to lower the rope. But getting past Roger, and climbing the rope, with their burdens, looked like a puzzle without an answer.

"I know!" muttered V.C. suddenly. His eyes danced.

"Give it a name."

"We can't stick here! I'll show up, and get Roger after me! You fellows cut in as fast as you can when I get him away."

"If he gets you—!" muttered Bob.

"I'll chance that!"

"But—!" said Harry, doubtfully. V.C. cut him short.

"Leave it to me! After you're in, leave the rope for me."

"But—!" said Bob.

Vane-Carter did not wait for

"buts." Leaving his companions in the dark of the oaks, he walked out coolly into the starlight, directly towards the form-master pacing under the dormitory window.

"Hallo, Roger, old bean!" he called out.

Mr. Ducas spun round, staring at him. Then he started towards him, with long and rapid strides. V.C. backed warily away.

"Nice night for a walk, Roger!" he called out, "But it's time all good little beaks were in bed! You're losing your beauty sleep."

"Vane-Carter! You young rascal—OH!" Roger Ducas broke off, with a startled yell. V.C.'s hand was in his pocket. It came out with an orange in it. V.C. had never bowled more accurately at the wicket, than he did at Roger's frowning face. Thud! Squash! Yell!

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Vane-Carter, as the orange burst on the majestic nose of the master of the Fourth. "Have another, Roger?"

Roger did not reply in words. He clawed orange juice from his face, and rushed. Vane-Carter darted away at top speed, with his form-master fairly racing in pursuit. He headed round the gymnasium, with Roger almost at his heels, and almost foaming. From under the oaks, Compton and Drake watched. Pursued and pursuer disappeared round the building, both going strong.

"That goat V.C.—!" breathed Bob.

"Cut in—quick!" said Harry.

The coast was clear—for the moment! How long it would remain clear, they could not know. They did not lose a second. Compton carrying one bag, and Bob two, they raced across to the spot where Roger had been pacing.

Evidently Lee was on the watch above, for the rope came slithering down as they arrived, panting. Lee's face showed at the window, looking down. Swiftly, the three bags were tied on the rope, and Harry waved his hand as a signal. Many hands above dragged on the rope, and the bags disappeared in at the dormitory window. A few moments, and the rope slithered down again. But the two juniors did not climb. They stared round anxiously in the starlight.

"We can't leave V.C. to it—!" muttered Bob.

Compton shook his head.

There was a sudden patter of running feet. Across the starlit quad, Vane-Carter came streaking, as if he were on the cinder-path. He panted as he joined the chums of the Fourth.

"You silly asses! Why aren't you in?" he panted. "Quick—"

"We couldn't leave you to it—"

"Rot! Get going!" hissed V.C. "I dodged Roger round the gym, but he won't be stopping to pick daisies. Up with you."

"You first!" said Harry.

"Rats! Me last!" snapped Vane-Carter.

"Look here—!"

"Shut up, and go up! Do you want Roger's paw on your neck?"

Compton and Drake clambered up to the high window. Vane-Carter was about to grasp the rope. "Look out, V.C.!" came a yell from above.

V.C. was looking out. A portly figure came charging towards him in the starlight. Roger's face was set, his eyes gleaming. Probably he guessed how he had been tricked away from his post, and that Vane-Carter's companions had climbed to safety. But the scapegrace of Carcroft, at least, was almost in his grasp: there was no time for V.C. to climb the rope; Roger's grasp would have been on his dangling legs before he could get them out of reach. Roger came on like a charging bull.

"Roger's got him!" gasped Bob Drake, at the window.

Anxious eyes stared down. But Roger had not quite "got" the reckless V.C. As he rushed, Vane-Carter rushed to meet him—unexpectedly. Roger had not looked for that! Vane-Carter rushed with lowered head: and before Roger knew what was happening, that head butted into his waistcoat.

"Urrrrrghh!" came in a suffocated gasp from Roger. His own speed added to the shock, as Vane-Carter butted. He sat down suddenly and hard. V.C. jumped back, to escape clutching hands. But Roger's hands were not clutching. All the wind had been knocked out of Roger, by that sudden forceful impact upon his waistcoat! His hands were clawing at his waistcoat, and he sat and gasped, and gurgled, and spluttered, completely out of action.

Leaving him to gurgle, Vane-Carter leaped to the rope. He fairly whisked up the rope. The most active monkey in a tropical forest had simply nothing on Dudley Vane-Carter at that moment. He was up the rope almost in a twinkling, and plunging headlong in at the window. Later, with flagging spirits raised and plenty of grub to be eaten, the rebels of Carcroft were going to "stick it out."

(To be continued)

MORE NEXT MONTH