

36 PAGES OF EXCITING ENTERTAINMENT!

THE SILVER JACKET VOL 4 **1** NO 26
THE MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

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THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!

Not Turkey!

By
**FRANK
RICHARDS.**



I
"HALVES!" said Levett.

"Shan't!" hooted Turkey Tuck, indignantly.

Turkey was not likely to go "halves" in that box of chocolate creams. There was ample space within Turkey's extensive circumference for the contents of that box. Besides, he did not like Levett. Nobody liked Levett of the Fourth. He was not a pleasant fellow. He had stealthy ways, and did mean things. Levett was the very last fellow at Carcroft School with whom Turkey would have dreamed of sharing that box of chocolate creams.

Turkey Tuck was leaning against the old ivied wall, in a secluded corner behind the old Carcroft oaks, when Levett came along. In his fat left hand he had a box, from which his fat right was extracting chocolates, one after another, and they were going down like oysters. Levett came to a halt, with a greedy eye on the chocolates.

"Halves!", he repeated.

"Yah!" snorted Turkey. "Think I'm going to—Leggo that box!"

Levett made a sudden snatch.

He grabbed the box from Turkey's fat hand, and held it high in the air. Turkey made a bound and a clutch. But he had simply no chance. The fat Turkey was whole inches shorter than the lean Levett. That box was far out of Turkey's reach.

"Gimme my chocs!" yelled Turkey.

Levett grinned at him.

"Jump for them!" he suggested.

Turkey jumped, and jumped again, clutching at the box held high over Levett's head. But he had too much weight to lift. He jumped short. And he did not jump a third time. His breath, always in short supply with the fat Turkey, was spent. He stood and gasped for wind, and Levett chuckled, and the box of chocs remained, like Mahomet's coffin, between the earth and the heavens, out of Turkey's reach.

"Will you gimme me my chocs?" howled Turkey, breathlessly.

"What about halves?" grinned Levett.

"I—I—I'll let you have two or three, if you gimme my box——"

"Halves—or the lot!" grinned Levett.

Turkey clenched his fists. Levett, grinning, gave him a push with his left, and Turkey staggered back into the thick ivy that clustered the wall. He leaned on the ivy and spluttered.

"Ooogh! Oooo! Gimme my chocs—ooogh!"

"Make it halves!" chuckled Levett.

And Turkey Tuck, no doubt, would have been driven to make it halves had not three juniors of the Fourth Form come sauntering along the path by the wall at that moment. Harry Compton, Bob Drake, and Dick Lee arrived on the scene in happy time for the distressed Turkey. He gave them a yell.

"You fellows, make Levett gimme my chocs."

One glance was enough for the Carcroft Co. They knew Levett, and his ways with fellows who did not pack a punch! They surrounded him in a moment. Bob Drake jerked the box from his hand and tossed it back to Turkey. Compton and Lee grasped him, and swung him off the ground.

"Here, stop it!" yelled Levett. "I was only joking—I wasn't going to—whooop! Yooo-hooooop!"

Bump!

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey as Levett sat, suddenly and hard, on the cold unsympathetic earth, "I say, give him another! He, he, he!"

Bump!

The Co. gave Levett another. "Now dribble him as far as the house!" said Harry Compton.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey, again.

Levett, yelling, disappeared in the distance, with the Carcroft Co. in close pursuit. Turkey Tuck grinned after them, and resumed

operations on that box of chocolates—very glad that Harry Compton and Co. had intervened to save the chocs, and still gladder that they hadn't thought of guessing whose those chocolates were! If they guessed later, it would be too late—for Turkey Tuck was a quick worker—and in a matter of minutes he had finished them to the last sticky morsel.

II

LEVETT stared.

It was after class. And after class, Levett was looking for Turkey. He hoped to run down that fat youth in some quiet spot. Having been booted himself, Levett was anxious to pass on a booting to Turkey; but he was particularly anxious so to do, out of sight and hearing of Harry Compton and Co.

And really, Turkey seemed to be playing right into his hands. He was heading for that secluded corner behind the old oaks, the very spot where Levett had found him before class with the box of chocolates. He disappeared behind the oaks, and Levett followed on, with a sour grin. Nothing could have suited him better. In that retired spot, the fat Turkey would be at his mercy; and as Harry Compton and Co. had gone down to games practice, it was very unlikely that they would intervene again. Levett anticipated cornering Turkey in that retired spot, and booting him good and hard. Turkey, really, seemed to be asking for it.

But as he came round the oaks, and sighted Turkey again, Levett stopped and stared.

He had a view of Turkey's plump back.

Turkey was standing close to the ivy on the wall, groping into it, as if in search of something. And as Levett stared at him, he drew that "something" out of its hiding place. It was a parcel.

"Oh, gum!" breathed Levett.

He understood now. Keeping behind an oak trunk, he watched the fat junior, grinning. The parcel that Turkey had disinterred from the ivy was a rather large one. There were labels on it, and stamps; and Levett was near enough to discern that they were Australian stamps.

That parcel had come by post from Australia. Turkey Tuck, certainly, had no relatives in that great island continent to send him parcels. But there was one fellow in the Carcroft Fourth who had—Bob Drake. It was clear that that parcel did not belong to the unscrupulous Turkey. It belonged to Bob Drake; and ought to have been in the cupboard in the corner study in the Fourth. Instead of which

it was hidden in the ivy in that secluded corner, where Turkey was able to help himself from it, so long as it lasted, surreptitiously and securely.

Levett chuckled softly. He gave up the idea of booting Turkey now. Other ideas were working in his mind. Behind the oak, he watched.

Turkey, happily unaware that a watching eye was upon him, dived a fat hand into the parcel, which was open at one end. From the centre, he drew out a box of preserved fruits, which he shoved into a pocket. Then he drew out several packages, one after another, which he deposited in other pockets. Finally he jammed the wrapping-paper shut, and pushed the parcel back into its hiding-place in the ivy. Evidently it contained a good many more things which were to remain hidden until Turkey was disposed to help himself again.

"He, he, he!"

Levett heard the fat junior chuckle. With his pockets full,

Next Month

"TURKEY ON THE TELEPHONE"

Another Exciting Story
of Carcroft

Turkey carefully re-arranged the ivy to hide the parcel. Then, grinning, he rolled away, still happily unconscious of Levett watching him from behind the oak, and never dreaming how narrowly he had escaped a booting.

Levett did not stir till Turkey had disappeared. Then he emerged from cover, and cut across to the spot in the ivy where the parcel was hidden. He groped in the ivy, as Turkey had done, and once more the parcel came to light. Any other fellow in the Carcroft Fourth, discovering the purloined goods, would have conveyed them back to the owner. But Levett had no such intention. Turkey had "snooped" that parcel in the corner study—for Levett's benefit! When Bob Drake and his friends discovered that it was missing, they would undoubtedly get on the trail of Turkey Tuck, knowing his manners and customs. They were more than welcome to do so. While they were slaying the fat Turkey for his sins, Levett was going to enjoy an unaccustomed spread in his study.

Levett chuckled.

Liberally as Turkey had already

helped himself from that parcel, quite a stack of good things yet remained. The old folks at home, in Sydney, had been generous in their packing of a food parcel. Levett gave a stealthy glance round over his shoulder. Then he closed the wrapping-paper, re-tied the string, and walked away with the parcel under his arm.

Levett chuckled as he went. Turkey, no doubt, would return sooner or later to his hidden source of supply—to find that the bird had flown! Harry Compton and Co. might—or might not—boot Turkey all over Carcroft on suspicion of having snooped that parcel. Levett hoped that they would! But nobody was likely to think of Levett in connection with the matter at all. It was a cheery and satisfied Levett who conveyed that parcel from Australia to his study in the Fourth-form passage, and there proceeded to unpack it for tea.

III

"COME ON, Turkey!"

"Eh?"

"Spread in our study," said Bob Drake. "I had a parcel from home to-day—"

"Oh!"

"Lots and lots!" said Bob. "Roll along and take your whack, old fat fozzler. You fellows hungry?" he added to his comrades.

"Sort of!" said Dick Lee.

"More than sort of!" agreed Harry Compton.

"Lots and lots!" said Bob, cheerily. "Enough even for Turkey! Come on."

Games-practice gave a keen edge to youthful appetites, always healthy anyhow. The Carcroft Co. were coming up to tea in the study; and Bob, in the kindness of his heart, hailed Turkey, on the landing, calling him to share in the spread.

Never, in the history of Carcroft, had it been known for Turkey Tuck to neglect such an invitation. But it happened now. Instead of rolling after the Co. with a beaming face, Turkey Tuck blinked after them, with an extremely uneasy blink, and then turned and travelled in the other direction as fast as his fat little legs would carry him. Turkey knew, if the chums of the Fourth did not, that no parcel would be found in the corner study; and he eagerly decided that he had better be at a safe distance, in safe cover, when they found that it was missing. While the three juniors tramped on cheerily to the corner study, the fat Turkey vanished into space.

Unsuspecting, as yet, Harry Compton and Co. came into their

study. Bob Drake threw open the door of the study cupboard.

"Here you are, old beans," he said. "It's a topping parcel—one of the best! Lots and lots and—why—what—where——!" Bob broke off staring into an empty cupboard. His chums looked at him.

"Anything up?" asked Harry.

"That fat villain!" roared Bob.

"What——?" began Dick Lee.

"That podgy pirate!"

"Who—what——!"

"That bloated brigand!"

"What the dickens——!"

"Gone!" yelled Bob.

"Oh, crumbs!"

Compton and Lee stared into the cupboard. Early that day they had seen their chum deposit that magnificent parcel from Australia therein. But they did not see it now. It was gone from their gaze like a beautiful dream!

"Snooped!" gasped Dick Lee.

"The whole parcel——!"

"Turkey——" said Compton.

"Who else?" roared Bob. "Why, those chocs he was scoffing this afternoon—there was a box of chocs in the parcel! Our own chocs! And why hasn't he barged

in, when I asked him to tea! He knew jolly well it was gone! Look here, you men, this is too thick! Turkey's got to stop this. The whole dashed parcel—tons of tuck—and he's had the lot——"

"Even Turkey can't have scoffed the lot," said Lee. "We'll make him cough up what's left. Come on—he's in the passage——"

But when the excited three rushed out of the study, Turkey was no longer in the passage. Turkey had vanished. Bob Drake shouted to Vane-Carter, who was looking out of No. 9.

"Seen Turkey, V.C.?"

"Not here," answered Vane-Carter. "What's up?"

"Turkey's number, when I get hold of him!" roared Bob. "He snooped our parcel, and we've got nothing for tea. He was here a minute or two ago. Where has the fat brigand got to? I'm going to boot him—I'm going to burst him—I'm going to strew him in little pieces all over the passage——"

Vane-Carter laughed.

"Make sure it was Turkey before you massacre him!" he suggested.

Bob gave an angry snort.

"Who else would it be?" he roared. "Where is he? Come on, you fellows, let's draw the studies—ten to one he's dodged into one of them. Mind he doesn't get away! We're going to give that fat villain a lesson about snooping a fellow's tuck! Come on!"

For once Bob Drake, generally the sunniest-tempered fellow at Carcroft, was in a state of towering wrath. Really, this was the limit—a whole magnificent parcel snooped at one fell swoop! And could there be a doubt that the snooper was Turkey? Only a guilty conscience could have caused him to disappear instead of coming along to the corner study for the spread. It seemed certain enough to the Co., and they proceeded to draw the studies of the fat delinquent.

Two or three were drawn blank. Then Bob Drake hurled open the door of No. 7, which was Levett's study.

"Turkey here?" he roared. "Is that fat villain hiding in this study, Levett? I'm going to——!" Bob

THE SILVER
JACKET

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM

PETER HANCOCK
454 PENSHURST ST.,
ROSEVILLE ... SYDNEY.

KENNETH HOSGOOD
29 BORONIA AVE.,
CONCORD WEST ... N.S.W.

DONALD MARTIN
60 BELMONT RD.,
MOSMAN ... N.S.W.

broke off. Levett, startled, leaped up from the table.

On the table was a large parcel, unwrapped. A cake, a couple of pots of jam, a packet of biscuits, a tin of pineapple, and six or seven other attractive things, had been unpacked. Levett was travelling happily through the pineapple when his door was so suddenly hurled open. Levett was enjoying his amplest spread of the term. He ceased to enjoy it, quite suddenly. Not for a moment had he dreamed that Bob Drake would look into his study; neither, certainly, would Bob have done so but for his idea of "drawing" all the studies in search of Turkey! But now Bob was looking in—and staring, with astonished eyes, at the wrapping-paper on his table, with its Australian stamps and post-marks, and Australian labels on tins of fruit. Utterly unexpectedly, he had run down the missing parcel—in Levett's study!

"You!" gasped Bob.

"I—I—I—what—I—" Levett stammered.

"You!" roared Bob. "That's my parcel, snooped from my study! Not Turkey this time—you!"

"I—I—look here—I—" stammered Levett. He got no further. Bob Drake rushed into the study, and the next moment he was punching right and left, and Levett was staggering all over the room.

Compton and Lee looked in.

"Found him?" began Harry. "Why, what—!"

"It was Levett!" roared Bob, still punching. "Look at that parcel on the table—that's it! We were going to scrag Turkey, and it was Levett all the time—that rat Levett—by gum, if he's taking to snooping tuck like Turkey, I'll jolly well make him tired of it! Take that, you rotter—take that, you scug—take that, you worm—take that, you smudge!"

Levett yelled frantically as he took them. He dodged wildly round the study, yelling, while Bob landed punch after punch, till at length he went down in a heap in the corner, and stayed there, spluttering for breath.

"Get up and have some more!" roared Bob.

"Urrrrrghh!" gurgled Levett.

He sagely stayed where he was. "I fancy Levett's had enough, Bob," said Harry Compton, laugh-

ing. "Lend us a hand getting these things to our study."

Bob gave Levett a final glare.

"Well, I fancy he won't snoop our tuck again in a hurry," he said. "If you want any more, Levett, you come after my next parcel from home!"

He was left moaning on the floor as the Co. walked out of the study with the remains of the parcel from Australia. There was, after all, a magnificent spread—but it was in the corner study, not in Levett's.

TURKEY was surprised, and greatly relieved, next time he encountered the Co. to find that they passed him unheeded. It seemed that he was not, after all, an object of suspicion, for when they came on him in the quad, they gave him hardly a glance. It was a tremendous relief to Turkey—it was no longer necessary to dodge and hunt cover. And all being well, Turkey rolled away to that quiet corner behind the oaks to help himself once more from the hidden parcel. His feelings, when he found that it was gone, were inexpressible—though perhaps not quite so inexpressible as Levett's!

JIM JOYCE
126 WARATAH ST.,
KATOOMBA N.S.W.

NOW.....



GEOFF BARNES
120 DAVIDSON AVE.,
NORTH STRATHFIELD, N.S.W.

INK FRIENDS

J. LADBROOK, Scott St., Invercargill, Southland, New Zealand, would like American penfriends in Los Angeles, New York and one in Florida. He would like one from the Great Lakes region of Canada and another one from Alaska. He will answer all letters.

RODNEY BRYDON, "Innes Glen," Yelarbon, Qld., would like to hear from someone in England or Scotland. His hobbies are stamps, reading, swimming and learning about other countries.

RAY HERBERT (14), "Koomang-nong," Mianetta, N.S.W., wants a penfriend of about 14 or 15 from any part of America. His hobbies are mainly tennis, but he likes almost every other sport and he likes to read.

PETER THOMPSON (16), 190 High St., Rangiora, New Zealand, wants penpals in Australia and the Pacific Islands. His interests are photography and stamp collecting.

RAYMOND SIMPSON, 29 Gladstone St., Marrickville, Sydney, N.S.W., requires a penfriend in the Pacific Islands or New Zealand. His hobby is collecting stamps.

BARRY GIBSON, P.O. Box 16, Devenport, Tas., would like to hear from someone outside Australia, preferably in New Zealand, New Guinea or on the Continent. He would like his penpal to be about 16 or 17. He would also like to write to a lad in Fiji.

RALPH NORMAN, C/o P.O. Box 107, Devenport, Tas., wants to hear from somebody outside Australia. Possibly on the Continent or in New Zealand or Fiji.

DENNIS MCGEE, 190 Williams Rd., Toorak, Melbourne, Vic., would like a penfriend from anywhere in the world excluding Australia, preferably America or England. He is interested in swimming, football, cricket, horse riding, saving cards and films.

PETER TOOLE, Rostrevor College, Magill, S.A., would like a penfriend of about 14-15 who is interested in horses and collecting pictures of horses. He would like the penpal to be in either Sydney, Melbourne or Perth. If they like they can write to him at "Hambula" Stud, Box 13, Hadina, S.A., where his father has five stallions.

RUSSELL CROAKE, "Ellimo," Pyramul, via Mudgee, N.S.W., would like a penfriend in Queensland. He is eleven and his hobbies are cricket, football and hill-billy records.

JOHN EDWARD BUCHANAN, Menangle St., Ganmain, N.S.W., is fourteen and would like a penpal from New Zealand, Port Moresby, Tasmania or any country or State excepting N.S.W. His hobbies are stamp collecting and most sports, but he is interested in hearing from another stamp collector.

RON HARRIS, Lyndhurst, Bridgewater, Vic., Australia, would like a penfriend anywhere outside the country. His hobbies are collecting autographs and photographs.

FRANK WILESMITH (15), All Souls' School, Charters Towers, Nth. Qld., would like an English-speaking penfriend anywhere outside Australia. His hobbies are stamps, old and foreign coins, hockey and scouting. He would like to hear from boys about his own age. How about a photo?

LANSSELL TAUDEVIN, "Horralla," Ross St., Mt. Isa, Qld., wants to hear from anyone anywhere in the world about 11 years old. He is interested in stamps, reading and music. All letters will be answered.

PENFRIENDS WANTED! T. Doo, 111 Arthur St., New Farm, Brisbane, wants penfriends in other parts of Queensland, preferably in Tawantin.