

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

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THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!



Turkey

ON

TELEPHONE

I.

"ROGER, you rotter!"

Three fellows jumped, almost clear of the floor, in their astonishment.

Compton, Drake, and Lee, of the Carcroft Fourth, wondered whether Turkey Tuck had taken leave of his senses: not that he had a lot to take leave of.

They were chatting by the window at the end of the study passage, when Turkey's fat voice emanated from No. 9 Study, uttering those amazing words.

They stared round.

"Roger", otherwise Mr. Roger Ducas, was master of the Fourth Form at Carcroft. It was improbable that Roger had come up to No. 9. And even if he had it was unimaginable that Turkey was calling him names.

So it seemed quite inexplicable: all the more so, because Turkey was speaking, not in his usual squeak, but in a deep throaty voice hardly recognisable as his.

"Yah!" went on the voice from No. 9, as the chums of the Fourth stared in blank amazement. "Yah! It's time the Head sacked you, Roger! You're no good."

"Mad!" said Bob Drake. "Roger can't be in that study——!"

"Turkey wouldn't be talking like that, if he was!" grinned Dick Lee.

"Is he off his nut?" said Harry Compton, "Better give him a look in!"

The three juniors moved along to the doorway of No. 9, and looked in. There was Turkey Tuck—alone in the study. He was still speaking, in that queer throaty voice.

"We're all fed up with you, Roger, I can tell you! Who are you, anyway? Yah!"

Turkey was grinning, as he addressed those remarks to space. He seemed amused. But Harry Compton and Co. were not amused: they were rather alarmed. If this was not a case of "crackers", they could not guess what it was?

Turkey, no doubt, would have liked to tell Mr. Ducas what he thought of him. Roger made fellows work! He had the idea, not uncommon among schoolmasters, that fellows came to school to learn things. In that, Turkey did not see eye to eye with his form-master. Turkey just loathed learning anything. He often told other fellows in the Fourth what he thought of Roger. But he never told Roger! But now——!

"Ugly mug!" went on Turkey. "Your face would stop a clock, Roger! Do you call it a face? Yah!"

"You burbling chump!" roared Bob Drake. "What's this game?"

"Eh!" Turkey spun round. "Oh! You fellows! Don't interrupt me! I'm practising."

"Practising!" repeated Harry Compton.

"Yes—I want a bit of practice in disguising my voice," explained Turkey. "I don't want Roger to know it was me."

"You don't want Roger to know it was you!" repeated the captain of the Fourth, blankly.

"No fear!" said Turkey, with a fat chuckle. "It would be whops, for talking to a beak like that, wouldn't it? I don't want Roger

to recognize my voice when I tell him what I think of him."

"Quite potty!" said Bob. "If you're thinking of talking to Roger like that——"

"I jolly well am!" said Turkey, emphatically. "It's time somebody told Roger where he gets off. I'm going to tell him. Giving a fellow lines, and Extra School, and all that. I'll show him! Fancy his face when a fellow calls him all sorts of names, and he don't know who the fellow is! He, he, he!"

"How won't he know?" yelled Bob.

"Well Roger's got jolly keen eyes," said Turkey. "But he can't see along a telephone-wire: that stands to reason."

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry Compton and Co., all together.

It dawned on them now! Turkey was not thinking of walking up to Mr. Ducas and telling him those pretty things. He was going to use the telephone as a medium. Turkey would be invisible to Roger when he talked to him: and Roger was not going to recognize the voice and trace him by that means: that was why Turkey was practising in the study at disguising his voice! Turkey was not, after all, off his nut! It was only one of his bright ideas!

"Easy enough!" said Turkey, grinning at the three. "I can bag one of the school telephones—old Groom's. Groom always nods off after lunch in Masters' Common-Room—you know him! I nip into his study and borrow his phone, and ring up Roger in his study—see?" Turkey chuckled, a fat

Telephone



chuckle. "Roger won't know who it was—he won't know it's a Carcroft phone—he won't know a thing! He, he, he!"

Turkey, evidently, was well pleased with this great idea. He chuckled loud and long. He seemed to expect Harry Compton and Co. to chuckle also. But they did not chuckle. They did not smile! They only gazed at James Smyth Tuck in horror.

"You mad ass!" said Bob Drake. "Roger will take your skin off, if you call him names over the phone—"

"How's he going to spot me?" grinned Turkey.

"Forget it, fathead," said Harry Compton. "Roger's not a bad old bean, and you asked for lines, and you asked for Extra: Roger doesn't give you half what you ask for—!"

"Yah!" snorted Turkey.

"There'll be a row—!" said Lee. "What do I care?" grinned Turkey. "So long as they don't spot me, it will be O.K. And they couldn't—not if I disguise my voice. I say, you heard me—what do you think my voice sounded like?"

"Like a suffocated pig," said Bob. "But we knew it was yours all right—and so will Roger."

"Lots of time to practice before the bell goes for tiffin," said Turkey. "I shall get it all right—Roger won't know a thing. I'm jolly well going to tell him off! Nobody in the Fourth has ever got back on Roger. Well, I'm going to. I'm the chap for ideas, you know. I think of things! I've thought of this way

of making Roger sit up. I'll bet you fellows wouldn't have thought of it, in whole terms. I say, listen to this—think it sounds like me?" And Turkey, huskier and throatier than ever, gave another sample:

"Look here, Roger, you twerp, so you think any man in the form cares a bean for your jaw? You're an ass, old Ducas! That's what you are—an ass!"

Having gurgled that sample of his disguised voice, and of what he intended to say over Mr. Groom's telephone to his form-master, Turkey blinked inquiringly at the three juniors in the doorway.

"Think he'd know that voice?" he asked. "I jolly well know he wouldn't! Don't you worry—I know my way about, I fancy! I'm going to put in a bit more practice, but I know it will be all right."

"Fathead!" said Bob. "Forget it!"

"Chuck it!" said Compton.

"Don't play the giddy ox!" said Lee.

Turkey Tuck passed by those remarks like the idle wind which he regarded not. He was in no need of sane advice. He resumed his vocal practice: and the chums of the Fourth had to admit that he was succeeding pretty well—at every essay, the throaty gurgle sounded less and less like Turkey's accustomed squeak.

Really, it looked as if Turkey might get away with this stunt: the first man in the Fourth to tell Roger what he thought of him, and live to tell the tale, as it were.

Anyhow, Turkey was going ahead and the Carcroft Co. naving given him good advice in vain, left him to it—and the happy Turkey continued his vocal practice till the bell rang for dinner: by which time Turkey was absolutely certain that nothing in his voice on the phone would betray him, and that it was safe as houses.

II.

MR. GROOM, master of the Fifth Form at Carcroft, frowned as he rolled down the corridor from Common Room after lunch. Groom was annoyed. Groom was plump and portly: and, as Turkey had remarked, he liked to nod off after lunch, in a comfortable armchair in Common-Room: in fact it was his almost invariable custom so to do. But on this particular occasion, Groom had to depart from his usual custom. Rance, the gardener, was mowing the lawn just under Common-Room windows, and the grind of the lawn-mower was too disturbing. It was annoying, but it couldn't be helped: and Groom rolled off to his own study for his accustomed forty winks.

In that study, there was a roomy and very comfortable armchair, in which Mr. Groom deposited his ample proportions. With his feet on the fender, he leaned back against the high back of the chair, and closed his eyes. The frown departed from his plump brow, and he sank into balmy slumber.

The tramp of feet, as Carcroft fellows came out of hall after the school dinner, was too far off to

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THE HAUNTED ICE RINK

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stupefied disbelief of their own ears—for it was very evident that Manager "Tommy" Woods wasn't joking. When they had been a struggling club, and anything but a box-office draw, Tommy had financed them, diving deep into his bank-roll with many a grumble but never a serious complaint. Then why, now that his generous financial support was starting to show a dividend, and giving every promise of paying a far richer one in the near future, was he telling them that the Aces had "played their last match"?

"I don't get this, Tommy," he said, "Have you gone haywire—or have I?"

"Neither, I'm afraid," answered Tommy Woods glumly. "The Aces are finished—because we've got orders to quit from this rink. The low-down hoodlum that owns this 'drome has sold the whole caboodle over my head!"

"I told the blamed cayuse that I've sunk a whole heap of money into this place, and turned it from a barn into a palace," he continued savagely. "I put it to him that I installed the ice plant at a cost which put me and my bank-manager off being on speaking terms for months. But the darned skunk only laughed in me face. The rat said that our lease was up, and he wasn't intending to renew it. There ain't another ice-rink to be had in all Canada at this stage of the season. We're through!"

TURKEY

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disturb him. Neither was he disturbed when his study door opened.

Turkey chuckled softly.

"He, he, he!"

It was safe as houses! Turkey rolled to the telephone, standing on a table by the window. There was no movement, no sound, from Groom. Fast asleep, he had no idea that anyone had entered the study, and was dialling a Carcroft number. It was not till a voice was audible, that Groom stirred.

He blinked. Someone in the study—speaking! It was a strange voice to his ears—a rather peculiar, throaty, husky, gurgling voice. It was uttering strange words—apparently calling names! For a moment or two, Groom was too surprised to move. Then, as he realised that some person had entered his study and was using his

A glum silence held the Aces blue—a death blow to everything! tongue-tied. Nothing could have hit them harder than this. The Aces lived for their ice-hockey thrills. True most of them could get themselves "signed-on" to play

"Tommy, we're not finished yet—we just can't be!" he cried. "There must be some way—and I think I've got it! Could you raise a hundred thousand dollars?"



for other squads; managers would fight among themselves to get hold of a centre-man like Ben, a left-winger with "Happy" Clancy's speed, as good a body-checking defence expert as "Big" John Jansen, or a goalie with the skill and guts of Tiny Shortt—but that wouldn't be the same. The Aces had set their hearts upon winning, this season, both the Rocky Mountains Cup and the West District League.

And, now—like a bolt from the

Tommy Woods' eyes widened.

"If I did it would just about leave me as skinned as a coyote pelt—and worth just about as much," he said, "What's biting you now, Ben? Mebbe I'd best hear it

telephone, a portentous frown gathered on his plump brow.

He rose to his feet.

A fat figure, standing at the telephone near the window, had its back to him. Groom stared at that back. He did not need a front view to recognize James Smyth Tuck of the Fourth Form. Certainly, he did not recognize Tuck's voice. But he recognized his circumference at once.

Then he woke to action!

He rolled round the armchair: and Turkey Tuck, in the middle of a sentence, broke off, with a yell of terror, at a sudden grip on the back of his fat neck.

III.

Buzzzzz!

Roger Ducas made a slight movement of irritation. After lunch, the master of the Fourth did not nod off in an armchair like the master of the Fifth. Roger was too keen

and alert and vigorous for that. He was sitting at his study table, quite wide-awake, correcting papers for his form, when the telephone bell rang. It was not a welcome sound. Roger had no use for interruptions when he was at work. However, he had to answer the call: and he rose from the table, crossed to his telephone, and picked up the receiver.

"Is that old Ducas?" came through.

Roger Ducas gazed at the telephone, dumbfounded. Somebody had rung him up, apparently, to call him uncomplimentary names. It was amazing—unheard-of. As he stood dumb with amazement, the throaty voice ran on:

"Who cares for you, Roger, I'd like to know? I can tell you we're all jolly fed up with you."

Mr. Ducas gave a gasp. Those

before I say 'nothin' doing'; it'll cost me nothing anyway!"

"You know where I work, Tommy?" gasped Ben eagerly.

"Say, I'm not buying up a circus—not after having had the experience of running an ice-hockey squad," retorted Tommy Woods, with a slight flash-back of his normal genial banter. "Maybe you can train wild animals, but I'll stick to those ones that only get really dangerous when there's an ice-hockey puck around!"

Ben Truman, apart from being a wizard on the frozen floor of an ice-rink, was also the star turn

devil Trapeze Artist." There were few turns under a "Big Top" at which Ben hadn't, at some time or other, tried his hand—and, born to the circus life, he had yet to know his first failure in any act under the blazing arc-lights of a sawdust covered arena.

"Listen, Tommy," he cried excitedly, "Bill Buster is selling out our circus at Haunted Valley, and starting up afresh somewhere where he thinks there's more money about. The whole caboose is being auctioned in one lot at seven o'clock tonight. It won't

"Not as a circus," interposed Ben, "But why shouldn't you buy up the whole outfit as an ice 'drome for the Aces?"

"Wh-at!" gasped Tommy Woods. "The place was built for a circus; it would cost a mint of money to convert it into an ice 'drome! Besides, what would I do with a lot of lions and tigers, and performing bears—and monkeys!"

"The building is as big as this place," argued Ben earnestly. "The arena is large enough for an ice-rink. We could move your freezing plant and icing pipes from here, and it wouldn't cost you a penny for your frozen floor. As for the animals, I've got a suggestion as to what we can do with them."

"I could make several," grunted Tommy Woods, "But let's hear your's first."

"I've trained some of those animals to perform on skates," continued Ben enthusiastically. "You'll be amazed when you see what some of them can do—they can even play ice-hockey, after a style. My chimpanzee, Sally, knows all about goalkeeping, and you ought to see the performing bears chasing a puck on skates. In addition to an ice-hockey rink why shouldn't we run the first ice-circus ever. It'd be something new to draw the crowd, and help to swell your bank-roll!"

"Shucks, that's a great idea," grinned "Happy" Clancy. "And

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of Buster's Mammoth Circus, several miles up the frozen river, at Haunted Valley. He figured on the bill sometimes as a lion-tamer, sometimes as a skating king, sometimes as "The World's Most Dare-

fetch a penny more than a hundred thousand dollars."

"'Cos why?" interrupted Tommy Woods bluntly. "'Cos that place ain't worth a dime as a speculation . . ."

words revealed that it was—that it must be—a Carcroft fellow speaking: no doubt a member of his own form. He would have given much to identify the voice. But it was quite strange to his ears. He guessed that it was disguised. But he could not guess whose it was in its natural state.

"Who is speaking?" he hooted into the transmitter.

"Yah!"

"What? What did you say?"

"I said yah, old Ducas! Yah to you!"

"Upon my word!" gasped Roger.

"Who are you, anyway, old Ducas? Nobody in particular, that I know of. Who cares for your jaw?"

"Time the Head sacked you, Roger! I can tell you we're tired of your phiz about the place. Your face would stop a clock, Roger!"

"Wha-a-a-t?" stuttered Roger.

"Do you call it a face, old Ducas?"

"Who is speaking?" shrieked Roger.

"Find out! You're an old ass, Roger."

"I—I—I—!"

"Just an old ass! That's what I've rung you up to tell you, Roger! I've rung you up to say—Oh, had-docks! Yoo-hoop! Leggo! Wow!"

IV.

They found him in the Burrow. But he was not chuckling. Neither was he sprawling in an armchair, as was his wont. He was leaning on the table in the Burrow. Turkey seldom stood if he could sit or sprawl. Now he seemed to want to stand up. He leaned on the table, emitting hollow groans.

"Hallo, here he is!" exclaimed Bob. "Have you done it, Turkey?"

Groan!

"Did you cheek Roger over

Groom's phone?" asked Harry Groom.

Groan!

"How did it go?" asked Lee.

"Oh, lor'!" said Turkey, faintly.

"I—I did it all right—wow!—and I was just enjoying myself—wow!

—I made Roger wild—wow!—only old Groom copped me at his phone

—wow!—and walked me in to Roger and told him—wow—ow—

ow!—and I—I wished I hadn't made Roger quite so wild—wow!

Did he lay it on? Ow! wow!

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the three.

"Ow! wow! wow! Think it's funny?" howled Turkey.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Apparently they thought it funny! But it did not seem funny to Turkey. And it was improbable that the master of the Carcroft Fourth would ever hear anything again from Turkey on the Telephone. THE END