

INSIDE! **BIGGLES** SERIAL BY CAPTAIN W.E. JOHNS!

**THE SILVER JACKET**  
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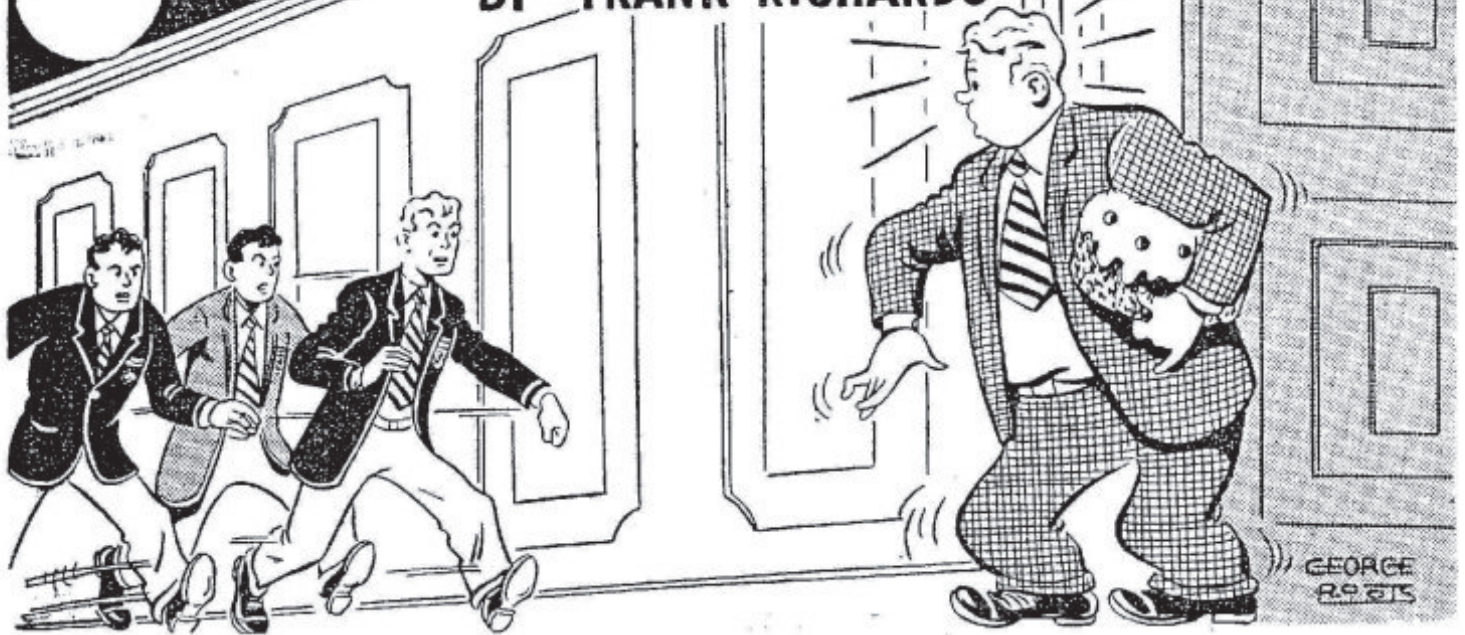
*... from the youth  
of Australia.*

**THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!**



# Turkey's Picnic!

BY FRANK RICHARDS



GEORGE RAGS

"Roger wants you chaps!" said Turkey Tuck.

"Oh, bother!" said Harry Compton.

"Blow!" said Bob Drake.

"Bless Roger!" said Dick Lee.

Nothing could have been more unwelcome, at the moment, to the chums of the Fourth Form at Carcroft, than a summons from their form-master.

It was morning break at Carcroft. Break lasted only fifteen minutes, of which five or six had already elapsed. Harry Compton and Co. were gathered in the corner study. On the table lay a large parcel, which they were about to unpack, when Turkey Tuck's fat face looked in at the door.

That parcel was large. It was heavy. It bore Australian stamps and postmarks. It was addressed to Robert Drake. It was, in fact, a parcel for Bob from the old folks at home. Naturally Bob and his friends were deeply interested in that parcel. They did not, like the fat Turkey, regard provender as the beginning and end of all things; but they had healthy boyish appetites, and Bob's parcels from "down under" were always well and truly packed. From its size, and its weight, it evidently contained more than sufficient for a "snack" in break, and a picnic in the afternoon, which, happily, was a half-holiday. They had collected it at the porter's lodge, and carried it up to their study to unpack, and then—!

"Better cut off!" said Turkey, from the door, "You know Roger

doesn't like to be kept waiting. He wants you in his study."

Turkey's eyes lingered, for a moment, on the parcel. Then he turned away. Over the parcel, Compton and Drake and Lee exchanged exasperated glances.

"Better go, I suppose," grunted Bob.

"Sort of!" grinned Dick Lee. "If it's a row, Roger's temper won't improve by keeping."

"Bother Roger!" said Harry Compton. "We've got to go. Come on."

And they went. Roger Ducas, master of the Carcroft Fourth, was not a "beak" to be disregarded. If Roger wanted them in his study, they had to go, parcel from Australia or no parcel from Australia.

Three disgruntled juniors cut down the passage to the stairs. They passed Turkey Tuck in the passage, and Turkey grinned after them as they disappeared down the staircase. But Turkey stayed for only a brief grin at three disappearing heads. Then he revolved on his axis, and rolled back to the corner study. The owner of that parcel, and his chums, were not the only persons interested in it. Turkey Tuck's interest was quite as deep, if not deeper.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey, as he rolled into the corner study. That fat chuckle was followed by a sound of rapid unpacking.

"COMPTON! Drake! Lee!"

Mr. Ducas rapped out the three names like three pistol-shots.

"Oh! Yes, sir!" stammered Compton.

"What do you mean by rushing down the stairs in that disorderly manner?" rapped the master of the Fourth.

Three rather breathless juniors came to a halt. As they had been sent for to Mr. Ducas's study, they had not expected to meet him at the foot of the staircase. But there he was! Certainly they had been putting on speed: being anxious to get through with Roger, and get back to their own study, before the bell rang for third school. In fact they were coming down the stairs rather like three thunderbolts, when Mr. Ducas's disapproving eye fell on them.

"You are captain of your form, Compton!" said Mr. Ducas, severely. "You should set a better example. Rushing about like—like Red Indians—"

"We—we didn't want to keep you waiting, sir," stammered Harry Compton. "As—as you sent for us, sir—!"

Mr. Ducas stared at him.

"What do you mean, Compton! I have not sent for you."

"Eh?"

"What?"

"You didn't—!"

"We—we were told—!"

"Nonsense!" rapped Mr. Ducas: and he walked on, frowning.

Harry Compton and Co. stared after him, and stared at one another. Not for a moment had they doubted that Roger had sent Tur-



key to call them to his study. Now they realised that he hadn't.

"That fat villain!" exclaimed Harry, "Pulling our leg—"

"If that's Turkey's idea of a joke —!" began Dick Lee.

"I'll joke him!" growled Bob Drake, "Why, if we hadn't run into Roger, we should have had to wait for him in his study, as he's not there—waiting till the bell went, by gum! That fat, frabjous, frump-tious fozzler—Come on!"

Luckily, there was still time to deal with the parcel before the bell rang. Three juniors charged up the stairs again, almost as rapidly as they had descended. They raced into the Fourth-form passage—in time to see a fat figure emerging from the corner study, with an enormous cake under a fat arm. Turkey had lost no time in unpacking that parcel from down under!

"Oh, haddocks!" gasped Turkey Tuck, his gooseberry eyes almost popping from his fat face, as the three came up with a rush. "I—I—I say, you fellows will get into a row if—if you don't go down to Roger's study—!"

"So that was why!" exclaimed Harry Compton, "That fat villain was after the parcel—Collar him!"

"Bump him!"

"Boot him!"

"I—I say—leggo—yaroooooh!" roared Turkey Tuck, "I—I say, I—I haven't touched your parcel, and I only unpacked it to save you the trouble, and—and—oh, haddocks! Oh, crikey! Yoo-hooooop!"

Bump!

Dick Lee grabbed the cake. Harry Compton and Bob Drake grabbed Turkey. The next few moments were wild and whirling, to the fat grub-raider of Carcroft. He bumped on the passage floor, and he bumped again, and yet again. Then, leaving him for dead as it were, the chums of the Fourth went into the corner study to deal, at last, with the parcel from Australia.

"Oooooooooooooogh!" gurgled Turkey. He sat in the passage and gurgled for breath. He was no longer interested even in the parcel from down under. His interest was concentrated in struggling to get his second wind. And he was still struggling for it when the bell rang for third school.

"LIKE me to come?"

"No!"

Three juniors made that negative reply in unison. It was a case of three souls with but a single

thought: three tongues that spoke as one! Harry Compton and Co. left it in no doubt whatever that they didn't want Turkey.

Turkey Tuck had a hopeful nature. But he had to be very hopeful indeed, to hope to be asked to join in that picnic, after what had happened in the morning. A fellow who sent three fellows on a fool's errand while he scoffed their tack, could not expect to be very popular.

Not that Turkey yearned for the company of the three, that sunny summer's afternoon. And he was very far indeed from yearning for a walk through the woods to the cliffs, where the picnic was to materialise, overlooking the sea. Turkey would have preferred an armchair to a walk, any day. It was the "eats" that drew Turkey like a magnet.

"What about letting Turkey carry the basket, you fellows?"

"Fathead!" said Harry Compton, "We should jolly soon miss Turkey and the basket too."

"Sudden disappearance of a porpoise and a picnic!" said Dick Lee.

"Oh, I don't know," said Bob, "Look here, we'll trust him—"

"Ass!" said both his chums together.

"Look here, you fellows jolly well leave old Bob alone!" exclaimed Turkey, warmly, "Old Bob can trust a chap to carry a basket, can't you, Bob?"

"More or less," agreed Bob, "Perhaps rather less than more! Anyhow, we'll chance it—you wait at the gate, fatty, till we come along."

"What-ah?" trilled Turkey Tuck. Harry Compton and Dick Lee stared blankly at their Australian chum. That Turkey Tuck, en-



"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey as his two fat paws groped in the basket.

"I'll tell you what," said Turkey, eagerly. Harry Compton and Co. were about to go up to their study to pack a lunch-basket when Turkey happened. Turkey had had an eye on them ever since dinner, "I'll tell you what—I'll carry the basket, if you like."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Eh! What are you cackling at?" demanded Turkey, warmly, "I mean it—I'll carry the basket all the way, to oblige you chaps."

"And you wouldn't disappear round a corner with it?" chuckled Lee.

"Oh! Nunno! Nothing of the kind! I—I—I just want to save you chaps the trouble of carrying it—a—a—a fellow likes to make himself useful, you know—"

"Well, Turkey might as well make himself useful, as nothing will ever make him ornamental!" remarked Bob Drake, thoughtfully,

trusted with a basket containing provender, would seize the very first opportunity of disappearing with that basket, nobody in the Fourth Form at Carcroft needed telling. They all knew their Turkey!"

"Wandering in your mind, old fellow?" asked Harry.

"If any!" murmured Lee.

"You fellows mind your own business," yapped Turkey, "I'll wait for you, Bob, old chap! Don't be long, old fellow!"

And Turkey Tuck rolled away to the gates to wait.

"Come on!" said Bob, briskly, "We've got to get the basket packed, and a rucksack too—"

"We shan't want both," said Harry.

Bob Drake chuckled.

"In the jolly old circumstances, we shall want both," he answered.



"I'll explain the circumstances as we go up. Come on."

The three chums headed for the corner study; and whatever explanation it was that Bob made as they went up, it seemed to have a very hilarious effect on his friends. All three were chuckling as they went into the corner study to pack the basket and the rucksack.

In the meantime, Turkey Tuck waited, leaning his fat form on the gate. It was about ten minutes later that Harry Compton and Co. came down to the gates: Harry with a rucksack slung over his shoulder, Lee with a bundle under his arm, and Bob carrying a lunch-basket, the lid of which was closed, and secured with a good deal of string and many knots.

"Sure you want to carry it, fatty?" asked Bob, "It's jolly heavy."

"I'll manage it all right, old chap," assured Turkey.

"It's a good mile through the wood to the cliffs," said Harry Compton, "You'll melt before we get there."

"Yah!" was Turkey's elegant reply to that.

"Mind you don't lose us in the wood!" said Dick Lee.

"Oh! Yes! I—I'll be jolly careful about that!" gasped Turkey, "I—I—I wasn't thinking of losing you chaps on the way, or anything of that kind. I—I just want to carry the basket to oblige old Bob."

"Obliging fellow, Turkey!" said Bob Drake, "Here you are, old fat man."

He handed the basket to Turkey. The fat junior almost staggered as he received it. Undoubtedly, that basket was very heavy indeed.

"Oh, haddocks!" gasped Turkey, "It weighs something, and no mistake."

"If you'd rather not come——"

"Oh! No fear! I can manage it all right! I—I'll jolly well carry it all the way, old chap!" gasped Turkey.

"Well, if Turkey carries that load a mile, he will have earned his picnic," remarked Harry Compton, "Come on."

Turkey grinned, as the chums of the Fourth started, and he followed on with the basket. The Co. might intend to walk a mile through Seamark Wood before halting for the picnic on the cliffs over the sea. The fat Turkey had no such intention. Once on the deep shades of Seamark Wood, James Smyth Tuck knew what he was going to do.

But that basket was heavy! How much it weighed, Turkey did not know: but it seemed to him about

a ton, as he slogged along under a hot sun, heavy laden. Again and again he paused to mop perspiration from a fat brow.

By the time they entered the wood, Turkey's fat face was crimson with heat and exertion, and in spite of mopping, streams of perspiration ran down it.

But there he braced up. The shade from the summer sun was a relief: and Turkey—if not his companions—was near journey's end. On the winding path through the trees and underwoods, he lagged more and more.

Bob Drake glanced back.

"Buck up, Turkey!" he called out, "Look here, if you're tired of carrying that basket——"

"Oh! No! Not at all!" gasped Turkey, "I—I—I like it! Don't you worry, old chap! I—I'm sticking to it all the way!"

"Like me to take a turn with it?" asked Lee.

"Oh! No! I tell you it's all right."

"I'll carry it the rest of the way, if you like," said Harry Compton.

"You jolly well mind your own business," yapped Turkey, "I'm carrying this basket for old Bob. You fellows keep on—I—I shan't miss you."

"Oh, all right!"

The three fellows kept on. They did not look back again. Turkey's gooseberry eyes were fixed on their backs. He lagged more and more—in dread of a backward glance. But there was no backward glance again: and the fat Turkey really could hardly believe in his good luck, when the bracken almost hid Harry Compton and Co. from his gooseberry eyes.

Now was Turkey's chance. He side-stepped from the path into the trees. If the Co. had looked back now, they would not have seen Turkey.

But they did not look back. Apparently in the belief that Turkey was following on with the lunch-basket, they tramped on cheerily through the wood—while Turkey, with his fat back to them, was tramping off in quite another direction.

. . . . .

"HE, he, he!"

Turkey Tuck chuckled loud and long.

Deep in the wood, far from the path, far from discovery if the chums of the Fourth looked for him, Turkey came to a perspiring halt. He sat down in the grass, leaned his fat back against a tree-trunk, and mopped his podgy brow.

But he wasted little time in mopping. The lunch-basket lay in the grass before him—its contents at Turkey's mercy! And in matters of tuck, Turkey was merciless!

Bob had tied up the basket—perhaps to prevent Turkey from sampling the contents on the way. Two or three hurried minutes were required to get rid of knotted string. Then the basket was open.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey.

Two fat paws groped in the basket. Whatever was inside, was wrapped in newspapers. Turkey, for a moment wondered why. He dragged away the newspapers, and revealed——!

Not an enormous cake! Not pots of jam and tins of fruits. Not a single thing that might have been imagined to have arrived at Carcroft in the parcel from Australia. Turkey's eyes almost popped from his fat face as he gazed at the contents of the basket under the weight of which he had sweated and tottered half-a-mile on a hot afternoon.

Really, it was hard for Turkey to believe his gooseberry eyes! He had expected to find that basket packed with edibles. But it was the unexpected that happened. Those newspapers had been wrapped round quite other articles—an old and disused football boot, a brick, some knobs of coal, a quantity of cinders, two or three empty old jars and ink-bottles, an antiquated cabbage, and some other similar and quite inedible articles.

Turkey gazed at them!

Turkey Tuck could eat almost anything. But even Turkey could not eat an old football boot, or a brick, or cinders or old jars. Slowly it dawned upon his fat brain why he had been allowed to carry that basket, and dodge away with it in the wood!

"Oh, haddocks!" moaned Turkey, "Pulling a fellow's leg all the time—oh, crikey! Oh, lor!"

Turkey groaned! In the circumstances, only a deep, deep groan could express Turkey's feelings. And he groaned deeply.

A MILE away, by the blue sea, three cheerful fellows sat down on the cliffs, and unpacked a rucksack and a bundle. Harry Compton and Co. quite enjoyed their picnic, and did full justice to the good things that had come round the world for their delectation. There was no doubt that it was much more enjoyable than Turkey's picnic!

THE END.