

36 PAGES OF EXCITING ENTERTAINMENT!

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**THE BARRING-OUT
AT CARCROFT**
ANOTHER EPISODE OF
OUR EXCITING SERIAL!

THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!

The Barring-out at Carcroft!

By **FRANK
RICHARDS**



Part Five...
**GOING
STRONG!**

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE . . .

The Fourth Form "barring-out" has sent stately Carcroft School into a tailspin. It all began when Turkey Tuck, caught "monkeying" in a master's study, was expelled over the mysterious disappearance of a banknote. Before the "beaks" could get Turkey away from the school, however, the Fourth Formers, led by Vane-Carter and convinced of the fat boy's innocence, whisked him off to their dorm. in the Carcroft towers. Here they set up a strong barricade of bedsteads and armed themselves for the coming onslaught. They stood in grim defiance of every effort of the "beaks" to dislodge them. Their troubles, however, had not yet ended, for now they must find food to help them through the siege. V.C., with Compton and Drake, volunteered for the job. Slithering down a sheet rope in the dead of night, they forced a perilous passage through the school grounds to a nearby tuckshop, returning later to be very nearly nabbed by a lurking Roger Ducas, stern Fourth Form master. Back in their barricaded dorm once more, much feasting went on, and with flagging spirits revived the lads decided that the "barring-out" was to go on.

NOW READ ON. . . .



TURN OUT!

CLANG! Clang!

The rising-bell was ringing over Carcroft School in the summer morning.

"Yaw-aw-aw-aw!"

Bob Drake sat up in bed, in the Fourth Form dormitory, and yawned. Bob, generally, was the first out of bed in that dormitory, and he was wont to come out of it with a bound. But now, as he sat up, he yawned, and rubbed sleepy eyes.

He glanced up and down the long dormitory, and grinned. It presented a very unusual aspect.

All the beds were on the floor. All the Carcroft Fourth, with the exception of Bob, were fast asleep in them. The rising-bell clanged unheeded.

In other dormitories, Carcroft fellows were turning out as old Cuttle clanged the bell. The Third, the Shell, the Fifth, the Sixth, were all getting active. But the Fourth Form slumbered on.

They had been up very late the previous night. They were all sleeping on the floor because the bedsteads were stacked in a barricade on the dormitory staircase. It was the first time that Roger Ducas's form had passed by the rising-bell like the idle wind which they regarded not. But with a barring-out in progress, the Carcroft Fourth were, for the time at least, a law unto themselves.

Bob put a long leg out of bed. Sleepy or not sleepy, barring-out or no barring-out, he was not going to slack. The sturdy junior from Australia was packed with pep, and full of beans.

"Wake up, you slackers!" he shouted.

Harry Compton, captain of the Fourth, opened sleepy eyes.

"What's up?" he asked drowsily.

"I am!" answered Bob.

"More ass you!" yawned Compton. "Take it easy."

"That's the bell—!"

"Oh, blow the bell," came a drowsy voice from Dick Lee's bed. "We haven't got to jump at the bell now. Roger won't be coming up to ask why."

Bob Drake chuckled.

"Feeling sleepy?" he asked.

"Yes, rather," answered Compton and Lee, together.

"Okay! I'll give you something to cure all that!" said Bob cheerily. He grasped Harry Compton's bedclothes and whipped them off. "That better?"

"Oh, you ass!" gasped Compton, sitting up.

Bob, grinning, turned to Lee's bed.

"Look here, no larks!" exclaimed Dick Lee. "I'm jolly sleepy, and I'm not going to—Oh! Oooogh! Fathead!" He, too, sat up as the bedclothes were whisked away.

"Up with you!" said Bob. "We're the leaders in this jolly old barring-out, and we're not setting an example of slacking. Look here, if you're still sleepy, I'll get a wet sponge—"

"Fathead!"

"Ditherer!"

With those remarks, Compton and Lee turned out, apparently not desiring the aid of a wet sponge. Three or four other fellows opened their eyes, and closed them again. The deep and resonant snore from Turkey Tuck's bed was uninterrupted.

"Turn out, you slackers!" roared Bob.

"Go and eat coke!" came from Vane-Carter's bed. "I'm not goin' to turn out till I jolly well choose."

There was a squishy sound, as Bob dipped a sponge into a jug. The sponge sailed dripping through the air, and there was an almost frantic yell from Dudley Vane-Carter, as it dropped on his face. He came out of bed with a jump.

"Turn out, Lizard!" chuckled Bob, shaking Lord Talboys by the shoulder. "The bell's stopped."

His lordship sat up and blinked sleepily.

"Bother the bell, and bother you!" he mumbled. "I was just dreaming that the barring-out was going on for the rest of the term, and that there wouldn't be any more lessons. Now you—"

"Look out, Bob!" yelled Dick Lee.

Bob stared round. Vane-Carter, out of bed, had grabbed up the sponge, and dipped it in a water-jug. Now he was taking aim. A moment more, and Bob would have received it in the back of the neck. He dodged just in time, and the whizzing sponge missed him by an inch.

But every bullet has its billet. The sponge, missing Bob, shot on its way, and landed fair and square in the middle of the aristocratic features of Rupert Lord Talboys. It landed with a squash and a splash, and there was a wild splutter from the Lizard.

"Ooooooch! Woooooch! Goooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh! ah! Oooogh! Wooogh!" gasped Lord Talboys. "You silly ass, V.C. Oooogh! I'm all wet! Woooooch."

"Still sleepy?" asked Bob. "I'll

squeeze it down the back of your neck, if you are, old bean."

"Keep off, you dangerous maniac," gasped the Lizard. And he turned out of bed.

Most of the sleepy juniors turned out, too. They would have preferred to slumber on, but Bob's energetic methods did not favour repose. But Turkey Tuck remained in bed, still snoring. Like the unending melody in Wagnerian music, Turkey's snore went on and on and on.

"Wake up, Turkey!" roared Bob. Snore!

"Turn out, you fat slacker!"

Snore!

Bob grasped a fat shoulder and shook. Shake! shake! shake! Then Turkey Tuck's gooseberry eyes opened, and his snore ceased to rumble.

"Oogh! Leggo!" howled Turkey. "Tain't rising-bell!"

"The bell's stopped, fathead."

"Well, I ain't getting up!" bleated Turkey. "What's the good of a barring-out if we turn out at rising-bell just the same? We can do as we jolly well like now, so yah! I ain't getting up for hours yet."

"I'll help you out—!"

"You keep off!" yelled Turkey. "I—I say, I—I can't get up—I—I'm ill! I—I've got a pain—a fearful pain—"

"I'll give you another to match, if you don't turn out."

"I tell you I've got a fearful pain," howled Turkey. "I—I can't get out! An awful pain in my legs! I—I think it's bronchitis—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle," hooted Turkey indignantly. "I think you might be a bit sympathetic when a fellow's got an awful pain. I tell you I'm ill—"

"You must be, with bronchitis in the legs," agreed Bob. "Sounds bad! Sure you haven't got housemaid's knee in the back of the neck?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But if you can't get out, you can't!" said Bob. "Sure you can't?"

"Yes, rather!" gasped Turkey.

"You couldn't jump out?"

"Not if the house was on fire!" gasped Turkey.

"Think you could roll out?"

"No!" yelled Turkey.

"Okay," said Bob. "If you couldn't roll out, you couldn't. But I'll up-end your mattress, and that might help."

Bob stooped and grasped the end of Turkey's mattress with both hands. He gave a mighty heave. Turkey had stated that he couldn't roll out. But as one end of his

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GUESS AGAIN!



A TRAVELLER ARRIVING AT A SPOT WHERE THREE ROADS MET FOUND THAT THE SIGNPOST INDICATING HIS DESTINATION HAD BEEN TORN DOWN.

THINKING FOR A MINUTE, HE THEN PUT IT UP IN ITS CORRECT POSITION AND CONTINUED ON. WHAT'S THE TRICK TO THAT?



TWO DUCKS IN FRONT OF A DUCK—TWO DUCKS BEHIND A DUCK—A DUCK BETWEEN TWO DUCKS. HOW MANY DUCKS?

A LITTLE INDIAN AND A BIG INDIAN STOOD ON A HILL. THE LITTLE INDIAN WAS THE BIG INDIAN'S SON BUT THE BIG INDIAN WAS NOT THE LITTLE INDIAN'S FATHER. HOW?



A 10 FOOT ROPE LADDER HANGS OVER THE SIDE OF A SHIP. THE RUNGS ARE A FOOT APART AND THE BOTTOM RUNG IS RESTING ON THE SURFACE OF THE WATER. IF THE TIDE RISES 6 INCHES AN HOUR, WHEN WILL THE FIRST THREE RUNGS BE COVERED WITH WATER?



ANSWERS IN NEXT MONTH'S "Silver Jacket."

DIESEL

(Continued from page 13)

impossible to design any form of direct drive that will stand up to the work.

Apart altogether from this, the use of the diesel-electric system enables two or more locos to be coupled up and controlled from one cab. With steam or direct diesel drive each loco would have to have its own crew.

In New South Wales the first diesels were used for the transport of goods at the end of November 1951. These were rated at 1,600 h.p. Starting the diesel engine against such high compressions is quite a big job. This is done by using the main generator as a motor (which has a special starting winding). Batteries supply the current for this initial start.

These proved so satisfactory that

10 shunting engines of 1,000 h.p. were later placed into commission. They are used, not only for shunting but also for hauling heavy freight trains. When necessary they have been used for passenger service.

An interesting feature of these locos is the automatic control of wheel-slip. Immediately the driving wheels commence to slip—before they begin to "race," an automatic cut-out reduces the power. As the wheels grip, current is automatically increased.

It is a coincidence that at the moment this paragraph is being typed (7.35 a.m., 9th May, 1955) the first of two 4-car units is pulling out of Sydney station for Canberra. These air-conditioned diesel express trains will, in future provide regular services between Sydney and Canberra and Sydney and Cooma, returning the same

night. 990 h.p. will be available for traction and a further 110 h.p. will drive the auxiliary equipment.

THE MYSTERY

What happened to Rudolph Diesel? By hard and patient work he attained world fame and a fortune. In 1913, just before the start of the first World War he was called to England for a conference with top-ranking British manufacturers. He boarded the cross-channel steamer *Dresden* on a calm, clear evening. He was on top of the world and young enough to enjoy it. He was in perfect health and his fame was growing daily.

Next morning he was missing. His bed had not been slept in and neither passengers nor crew could help in any way. Neither he, nor the important papers he carried with him, were ever seen again.

What happened to Rudolph Diesel? THE END.

BARRING-OUT AT CARCROFT

(Continued from page 5)

restress was lifted into the air, it became evident that he could—for he did! He rolled out on the floor, soaring.

"You can roll out all right, you see!" said Bob.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bob Drake looked round.

"Anybody else want any help?" he asked.

Nobody did! The Carcroft Fourth

were all up now: almost as early as the other forms that were not in a state of rebellion and a law unto themselves.

CHAPTER II

ROGER KNOWS HOW!

"THEY'RE up to something!"

"Looks like it!"

"But what?"

That was the question. A crowd of the Fourth, gathered on the dormitory landing, stared down over the barricade on the staircase.

Other forms were in the form-rooms, at the accustomed grind. There was no grind for the rebels of the Fourth—nor for their form-master, Roger Ducas. All the other masters at Carcroft, excepting Groom, master of the Fifth who was away, were busy with classes: but Roger had no class to keep him busy. However, he had plenty of business on hand, in dealing with his recalcitrant form.

Dr. Whaddon, the head-master.

had raised his eyebrows, almost to the top of his majestic head, at the news that the Fourth were in rebellion. But he left the task of dealing with them to their form-master. It was up to Roger to reduce the Fourth Form to obedience—if he could. And now, the rebels had no doubt, Roger was getting a move on.

Looking down the blocked staircase, they could see a considerable section of the study landing below. Roger was there—once or twice his portly form had passed in their view. They had caught glimpses of Langley, the captain of Carcroft, and other prefects of the Sixth Form. Once they had spotted the gnarled visage of old Cuttle, the Carcroft porter, and then for a moment Ruggles, the house-porter, had looked up the barricaded staircase. Something, it was clear, was going on, on the study landing, while most of Carcroft were in class.

"We're ready for them, whatever they're up to," said Dudley Vane-Carter. "They tried to rush us yesterday—did they get through?"

"No fear!" said Bob.

"Roger fancied he could starve us out," went on V.C. "He knows better now. He knows we got in a cargo of prog last night—enough to last the lot of us a jolly long time. So that chicken won't fight."

"But he can't let us rip!" said Harry Compton. "I fancy the Head has been combing his hair for him already. He must try something on."

"Let him!" said V.C. "We'll put paid to it! We're not giving in, at any price. In fact, we can't." He laughed. "If they beat us, it's the sack for some of us, and floggings all round for the rest. We started this to save that fat ass Turkey from the sack; but we've got to keep it up to save our own necks, till the beaks agree to our terms."

"I say, you chaps, don't you think of giving in!" bleated Turkey. "You've got to stand by a pal, you know. Who's afraid of Roger? I'll jolly soon tell him where he gets off! Sacking a chap for nothing! I'm jolly well sticking it out to the last shot in the locker. We're getting out of lessons, and we've got lots of grub—so who cares?"

There was a chuckle on the landing. Turkey Tuck was valiant that sunny morning. The previous day there had been a food shortage, and the fat Turkey had felt that even the "sack" was quite attractive, compared with missing meals. But now there was plenty of provender,

and that made all the difference. Full of food, Turkey was full of beans! He was prepared to face anything but an empty plate!

"What's that?" exclaimed Drummond, as a heavy dragging sound was heard from the study landing below.

"Goodness knows," said Harry, puzzled. "But they're getting something ready for us! Hallo, here's Roger."

The portly figure of the master of the Fourth appeared at the foot of the stair. His eyes glinted up at the rebels over the barricade. Roger was always a bit of a Tartar. Now, clearly, he was in his most Tartaric mood. A rebellion in his form was the limit, in Roger's opinion. Neither was he insensible to the sarcastic comments of other beaks in Common-Room.

"Good-morning, sir!" called out Bob Drake, cheerily.

"Top of the morning, sir!" chirruped Lord Talboys.

Roger made no reply to those cheery greetings. His eyes fixed on the fat face of Turkey Tuck, grinning down at him.

"Tuck!" he rapped.

"Hallo!" answered Turkey, carelessly. With the barricade between and a barring-out going on, even the fat Turkey had lost his dread of Roger. He answered him as casually as he might have answered Bray of the Third.

"Come down at once, Tuck!"

"I'll watch it!" grinned Turkey. "You are expelled from Carcroft, Tuck—!"

"Forget it!" said Turkey. "You jolly well go and find that banknote in your study, and then you'll know that I never pinched it. I can tell you the Old Boy will comb your hair for you, when it comes out that you jumped on a fellow for nothing, and your silly banknote's in your study all the time. Go and look for it, and be blown to you."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the rebels, greatly entertained by the expression on Roger's face as he listened to this.

"I ain't going to be sacked," went on Turkey. "You can think again, Roger, and the Old Boy can think again! Yah!"

"Compton!" Roger almost roared.

"Yes, sir?" said Harry, laughing.

"I order you, and the rest, to come down, immediately. Otherwise—"

"Better make it otherwise, old bean," said Vane-Carter. "We're not coming down. Try fetching us. I've got an egg ready for your boko."

"Otherwise!" roared Roger, "otherwise, the fire-hose will be turned on you. I give you two minutes to cease this insubordination, and descend."

With that, Roger stepped back out of view. He was only in time, for Dudley Vane-Carter was taking aim with the egg.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Bob Drake. "Is that what Roger's been thinking up?"

Lord Talboys whistled.

"We're going to get a wash!" he said.

"Oh, haddocks!" gasped Turkey. The idea of an additional wash seemed to alarm James Smyth Tuck. He backed away promptly, and faded out of the picture.

"So that's what they're up to!" said Vane-Carter. "Roger's getting his ears up, and no mistake."

Harry Compton set his lips.

"We're going to get wet, if that's the game," he said, "but we're sticking it out. No surrender!"

"Hear, hear!"

Levett and Leath exchanged a glance and backed away after the fat Turkey. But the rest of the Fourth remained at the barricade, watching for the enemy. Roger, probably, was reluctant to adopt such drastic measures. But he had to put down that rebellion in his form—if he could. The juniors knew now what had been going on below: the fire-hose had been trailed up the stairs to the study landing, and was ready for operation. The Sixth-Form prefects had failed to rush the barricade: and they were going to be washed out of their defences by a torrent of water from the fire-hose.

"Here they come!" breathed Dick Lee.

Old Cuttle came in sight, with the nozzle of the hose in a horny hand. He grinned a crusty grin up at the rebels staring down. Behind him the hose trailed on the landing. Further back were half-a-dozen prefects, with their ashplants in their hands. The senior men were ready to rush, when the torrent had driven the juniors back into the dormitory.

Whiz! The egg flew from Vane-Carter's hand, just as old Cuttle started the stream of water. In another second it would have been sweeping up the stairs. But the ancient Carcroft porter, with an egg smashing on his ancient nose, and the yolk thereof spreading over his face and blotting his eyes, staggered back and dropped the hose. He stumbled over it, and sat down.

"Ooooooogh!" splutter Mr. Cuttle, clawing wildly at egg, as he sat.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Take care, there!" came a shout from Roger. But old Cuttle, smothered with burst egg, was in no state to take care. He floundered in the trailing hose, and the streaming nozzle curled round him. A flood of water from his own hose raked old Cuttle fore and aft, so to speak, and he spluttered frantically and rolled over, amid yells of laughter from above.

"Look out!" shouted Langley of the Sixth. But it was too late for the prefects in a bunch behind Cuttle to look out, as a stream of water from the wriggling hose shot in their direction. They dodged wildly to escape it, almost tumbling over one another in the midst of a torrent.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Drake. "This is as good as a circus!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cuttle! Pick up that hose!" came Roger's roar.

Old Cuttle spluttered.

"Blow the 'ose!" he howled. "Look at me! Hegg all over me, and soaked to the blinking skin! Blow the blinking 'ose!"

Old Cuttle, apparently, had had enough. He wriggled out of view, and the hose lay streaming water on the study landing.

"Ruggles!" Roger's roar came again. "Take up that hose."

"Yessir!"

Ruggles, the house-porter, clutched up the hose—with care! He swung the nozzle round to the staircase.

"Give him all you've got!" exclaimed Bob.

Missiles whizzed down the staircase. Several eggs, a number of apples, two or three pillows, and all sorts of articles, fairly rained on Ruggles. They crashed on him right and left, and he tottered, and dropped the nozzle. Once more the water streamed out over the study landing, as Ruggles jumped for cover.

"Ruggles!" thundered Roger.

"Ow! Oh, crumbs!" came a howl from the house-porter. "Wow! I'm 'urt! I've got a happle in my heye, and a hegg in my hear, and—"

"Pah!" came a snap from Roger. "Take up that hose!"

"I tell you I'm 'urt! P'raps you'd like a happle in your heye, and a hegg in your hear—!"

"Silence!"

Roger Ducas rushed forward, and picked up the hose himself. Neither Cuttle nor Ruggles seemed to enjoy the fusillade from above. Apples and eggs, taken externally, were neither grateful nor comforting. It

was left to Roger Ducas to carry out his own plan of campaign.

"Give him jip!" shouted Vane-Carter.

Missiles rained again. Eggs burst, and apples banged, on Roger. Heedless of eggs and apples, he took aim up the staircase, and let loose the flood of water on the rebels. Up it came in a torrent, sweeping through the barricade of jammed bedsteads, through it and over it, and fairly crashing on the crowd of juniors behind. And the missiles ceased to whiz, as the rebels of Carcroft strove frantically, but in vain, to dodge the torrent.

CHAPTER III

NOT A WASH-OUT!

"LOOK out—!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Urrrrggh!"

"Oh, gad!"

Bob Drake, with the torrent dashing fairly in his face, went over backwards. Harry Compton caught it with his ear, and tottered. Dick Lee got it in the neck, and reeled. Lord Talboys was bowled over like a ninepin. A dozen other fellows, drenched and dripping, gasping and spluttering, jumped and dodged. It was a powerful fire-hose, and the water was full on, and Roger held the nozzle with a steady and ruthless hand. The barricade, which had stopped a rush of senior men the day before, was no defence against that form of attack. It looked as if the rebels would be fairly washed out of their defences—as Roger was grimly determined that they should be.

"Stand up to it!" gasped Harry Compton. "We've got to—oooooogh!" He broke off with a splutter as the torrent landed in his mouth. "Wurrrggh!"

"Stick it out!" yelled Vane-Carter. "That's for you, Roger!" An orange whizzed from his hand and burst on Roger's nose below. Roger gave a snort—but that was all. He played the hose on Vane-Carter, and V.C. caught the stream under his chin. He tottered.

Bob Drake scrambled up.

"Back up!" he roared. "They'll rush us if we don't back up."

But already a dozen of the defenders were retreating into the dormitory, to escape that whizzing stream, dripping from head to foot, and spluttering for breath. The Carcroft Co. and Lord Talboys, and V.C. still manned the barricade, with cricket-stumps ready to smite if the enemy made a rush. The Sixth-Form men were gathering behind Roger, and their intention was

plain. If the hose drove the defenders back, a rush was coming.

"We've got to stick it," panted Bob. "They've got us if we don't! Oh, my hat! Oooooogh!" A flood in his face sent Bob staggering.

Roger had come up several steps now. Closer at hand, he played the hose with still greater effect. The prefects bunched at the bottom of the stair behind him, many of them grinning. This time they were not going to be driven off, as had happened before. The hose was clearing the way. More and more of the defenders backed from the search-stream. Only a vallant half-dozen still manned the defences. But the torrent was almost too much for them.

Vane-Carter suddenly turned and cut into the dormitory. "Back up, V.C.!" roared Bob. "Oh, crumbs! Groogh!" he added, as the torrent crashed on him, and he spun over and sprawled.

"Oh, gad!" gurgled Lord Talboys. "It's too thick! Woooooogh!"

Roger came up another step or two. His face was grim. Langley, Gates, Packe, and the rest, followed him up. They were ready for the rush now. Only five fellows remained at the barrier, and they were staggering and tottering under the torrent. Few hands, if any, were likely to be raised in defence when the Carcroft prefects rushed. Roger's latest device was a winner. The barring-out had become a wash-out. It was only a matter of moments now.

Roger suddenly shut off the stream.

"Now!" he rapped.

He stood aside and the prefects rushed. Ten stalwart Sixth-Form men came up with a rapid rush. It was at that moment that Dudley Vane-Carter reappeared. He came speeding out of the dormitory with a tin in one hand and a paper bag in the other. The lid was off the tin and the paper bag was open. In a moment he was at the barricade, reaching it on the upper side, as the enemy reached it on the lower. Up went both his hands, and the contents of the tin and the paper bag shot across at the assailants.

"Oh!" gasped Harry Compton. "What—?" He broke off with a sneeze. "Oh! Atchooh! Ooogh! Aytishoo!"

"Mustard!" gasped Bob.

"Pepper!" gurgled Dick Lee.

And they sneezed in chorus.

Pepper from the bag, mustard from the tin, swept in a cloud over the bunch of Sixth-Form men. The Carcroft Co. caught merely a whiff

as it went. But the enemy got the whole benefit of it. Mixed pepper and mustard, descending on them in a shower, stopped the rush, suddenly and drastically. There was a frantic chorus of sneezing.

"Atchoooooooh!"

"Aytishoo! Ooooh."

"You young rascal!" roared Roger, as his forces staggered right and left, sneezing frantically. "You—you—ooogh! Atchoo! Aytishoo! Woooooh!" Roger almost doubled up, sneezing, his eyes and nose streaming. He dropped the nozzle of the hose, and clawed at pepper and mustard. "Ooooh! Aytishoo! Ooooh!"

Vane-Carter chuckled breathlessly.

"That's stopped 'em!" he gasped. "It was the last shot in the locker—but it's stopped 'em!"

The Carcroft Co. knew now why V.C. had cut back into the dormitory so suddenly. Pepper and mustard were among the supplies he had smuggled in over-night. The scapegrace of Carcroft was the fellow to think of such measures. There was no doubt that V.C. had saved the situation—at the last moment! Roger's latest manoeuvre had washed out the defence. But Vane-Carter's had washed out the attack.

The staircase was crowded with Sixth-Form men, tottering, sneezing, coughing, spluttering, doubled up with Gargantuan sneezes. They were not coming on now. They did not want any more of V.C.'s unexpected ammunition at closer quarters. Almost sneezing their heads off, they tottered down the stairs to the study landing—sneezing and sneezing and sneezing!

"Stick where you are, Roger!" yelled Vane-Carter. "Here comes another lot!"

"Aytishoo! Oooogh!" spluttered Roger. He did not wait for another lot. He did the lower stairs in one jump, and disappeared round the corner.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob Drake. He rubbed streaming water from his face, and chuckled breathlessly. "They've had enough—grooogh! Atchooh!"

The staircase was clear. Not an enemy in sight: though from the study landing the sound of frantic sneezing could be heard. The hose was left trailing on the stairs, unregarded.

"What are you up to, V.C.?" exclaimed Harry Compton. Vane-Carter did not answer. He was scrambling over the barricade.

He dropped on the lower side,

stooped, and picked up the nozzle of the hose. The Carcroft Co. watched him blankly. Hose in hand V.C. stepped lightly down the stairs, and looked out on the study landing. Quite near at hand stood Roger and the Sixth-Form men, still sneezing and certainly not dreaming of attack. But it was attack that was coming to them.

Coolly, Vane-Carter lifted the nozzle and turned the water on. As Roger and Co. stared round at him, the torrent flew. It crashed on the crowd on the study landing, spinning them right and left, drenched to the skin.

"Your own medicine, Roger!" yelled Vane-Carter. "Like it?"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Bob Drake. "V.C., you mad ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Vane-Carter dropped the hose, as

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S "QUICK WIT"

1. (a) The hunters were a grandfather, a father and a son.
(b) Your right ankle.
(c) Tom is Dick's grandfather.
(d) The word "shorter" is longer than the word "longer." The word "smaller" is bigger than the word "bigger."
2. An eight-day clock won't run at all without winding.
3. The snail would reach the top on the thirteenth day.

Roger rushed, and tore up the staircase again. He came over the barricade almost like a bird, Roger panting after him. A pillow, whizzing from above, from the Lizard's hand, folded round Roger's face, and he went down the stairs faster than he had come up. There was a bump at the foot of the dormitory staircase.

"Man down!" chuckled Vane-Carter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, Roger!" shouted V.C. "Like another spot of pepper?"

Evidently Roger did not want another spot of pepper. He gave one glare up the staircase and disappeared from view. Once more the rebels of Carcroft had been victor-

ious—it was not a wash-out after all!

CHAPTER IV

JAM FOR TURKEY!

"RATIONS!" said Harry Compton.

Yell, from Turkey!

"Look here—!"

"Shut up, you fat cormorant!"

"But I say—!"

"Kick him!"

"Wow!"

The dinner-bell was ringing at Carcroft. All forms but the Fourth were gathering in hall. Two dozen fellows, in the Fourth-Form dormitory, gathered to a picnic meal. They were in cheery spirits. They had had to towel themselves down and change after the brush with the enemy in the morning. But the enemy had been beaten off, though it had been touch and go. The baying-out was still going strong, and the rebels were ready for Roger's next move—if Roger thought up a new move! There had not been a sign from him so far. No doubt he was finding the rebellion in his form a difficult problem to solve.

Turkey was merry and bright. The dinner-bell passed him by unheeded. What did dinner in hall matter when there was plenty of provender in the rebels' stronghold? Turkey was ready to make a deep inroad on that provender, and pack it away at a rate with which three or four other fellows could never have kept pace with combined efforts.

But at the fell word "rations," the brightness faded out of Turkey Tuck's fat countenance. He gazed at the captain of the Fourth in deep dismay and indignation. It was not Turkey's way to take thought of the morrow! The present tense was good enough for Turkey, especially at mealtimes.

"Rations!" said Vane-Carter, with a nod. "We've got in a supply of grub once, but you can bet that Roger won't give us a chance to get in another. What we've got has got to last us out."

"But I say—!" bleated the dismayed Turkey.

"You fat villain!" exclaimed Bob Drake. "We're all in this on your account. Like us to have to give in because the grub's run out, and hand you over to the Old Boy to be bunked?"

"Well, look here," said Turkey. "Suppose you fellows go on rations and—and leave me out! I—I don't like rations, but if you fellows do—!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You can cackle," said Turkey,
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BARRING-OUT AT CARCROFT*(Continued from page 31)*

hotly. "But if you think you're jolly well going to keep me short of grub, you're jolly well mistaken, see? I've told you before that I'd rather be sacked than kept short of grub. I'll stick it out as long as you fellows do, but I've got to have enough grub, and I can jolly well say—wow! wow! wow! Leggo my neck, Drake—leggo—wow! If you bang my head on that box again, I'll—yaroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, haddocks!" moaned Turkey.

After dinner, there was leap-frog up and down the dormitory, which the rebels enjoyed much more than going into form with Roger. But Turkey did not join the leap-froggers. He sat with sorrowful eyes fixed on the box of foodstuffs. And suddenly a cunning gleam came into those gooseberry eyes.

Turkey grinned. He rose and rolled out of the doorway on the landing. No one heeded his departure. But a few minutes later, a fat excited face was put in at the doorway again, and Turkey yelled: "Look out, you fellows! They're coming!"

Leap-frog ceased as if by magic. "Come on!" shouted Bob.

He led a rush out of the dormitory, with the whole crowd of juniors after him. There was a pell-mell rush across the landing to the top of the staircase. Turkey was left standing in the doorway.

But he stood there for only one second, after the rush had passed him. Then he whipped into the dormitory, grabbed the door, and slammed it. There was a sharp click as the key turned on the inside of the lock.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey.

He cut across to the larder-box. He whisked up the lid. The next moment fat hands were groping for the foodstuffs, and there was a sound of munching.

On the landing, Harry Compton and Co. stared down over the barricaded stairs. There was no sign of the enemy. It was a false alarm!

"What the dickens—!" exclaimed Bob. "Nobody's coming—"

"That fat ass was pulling our leg!" growled Vane-Carter. "If that's Turkey's idea of a joke—"

"He's locked the door!" shouted Drummond.

"What?"

There was a rush back across the landing. Harry Compton turned the door-handle. But the dormitory door did not open. It was locked on the inside.

Compton hammered on the door.

"Turkey, you fat ass!" he roared. "What's this game, you fathead?"

"Yah!" came a fat squeak from within, rather muffled by foodstuffs.

"Open this door, you bloated blitherer."

"Yah!" came back, muffled as before.

Vane-Carter gave a yell.

"He's scoffing the grub!"

"Oh, my hat! Turkey, you podgy pirate—!"

"Turkey, you bloated brigand—!"

Munch! munch! munch! munch!

Only that sound replied from within the dormitory. Safe with the door locked, the fat Turkey was going strong.

Bang! bang! bang! came at the door. Turkey did not heed. Turkey was busy.

"Leave that grub alone, you pie-faced porker!" yelled Bob, through the keyhole.

"I'll watch it!" came back from Turkey. "You jolly well ain't going to keep me short of grub! There's lots. Yah!"

"We'll scrag you bald-headed for this!" roared Compton.

"He, he, he! How are you going to get in?" chuckled Turkey. "I'll let you in after I've had my dinner, if you make it pax! Not if you don't!"

"We'll boil you in oil!" shrieked Bob.

"He, he, he!"

"We're getting in!" said Vane-Carter. "Stand clear, you fellows." V.C. swung a cricket-bat in his hands and the other fellows jumped clear.

Bang! bang! BANG! Mighty smites landed on the lock, with all the vigour of Vane-Carter's muscles. Bang! Bang! Bang! BANG! It was a good lock: but it was not built to sustain such an attack. There was a sudden loud crack, and the lock flew in fragments. The door flew open wide.

The crowd of juniors rushed in.

"Oh, haddocks!" gasped Turkey.

He was sitting by the box with a pot of jam on his fat knees, scooping out the contents with a table-spoon. His fat fingers were jammy—his fat face sticky, and he was enjoying life. But he ceased to enjoy it as the excited mob of juniors rushed in.

"Now, you fat cormorant—!" roared Bob.

Innumerable hands collared Turkey Tuck.

"Scrag him!"

"Give him the jam!" roared Bob.

"Oh, ow! wow! Gurrrrrrgh!" gurgled Turkey.

Turkey had been enjoying the jam. He no longer enjoyed it, as it was squeezed down the back of his fat neck, and dabbed on his fat face, and into his hair, and into his fat ears. Turkey was fond of jam, but he was not fond of it outside. He reeked with jam—he was of the jam, jammy. He lived and breathed and gurgled jam.

"You don't like rations! Well, you won't have any more to-day! Not a bite till to-morrow!" said Harry Compton.

Leap-frog was resumed in the Fourth-Form dormitory. It was quite a cheery afternoon for the rebels of Carcroft. But there was one who was not cheery. It was a sad and sorrowful Turkey who washed off jam.

(To be continued)



Every month this magazine gives its readers a puzzle corner with small math. problems, conundrums and the like. Now it's your turn. As we have been doing with the Gag Bag and the letter-writing competition, we will pay 5/- each for every interesting problem you send in and that is used in "THE SILVER JACKET." This competition will continue every month and we will pick three or four of what we consider the best puzzles sent in and use them in our magazine. We can't expect you to find original problems, but send in the best you can find and try to make sure that we have not used them before. The competition will begin in the September (No. 24) issue of "The Silver Jacket" and prizewinners' names will be published.