

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

THE SILVER JACKET VOL 3 **1/6** No 23
THE MAGAZINE FOR BOYS

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.



The
**VIKING
SAGA**
PAGE 6

THIS IS AUSTRALIA'S FAMOUS MAGAZINE FOR BOYS!

The Barring-out at

PART SIX "No Surrender!"

CHAPTER I. NIGHT ATTACK!

TURKEY TUCK groaned.

It was midnight.

At that hour, Turkey was generally fast asleep, his snore waking the echoes in the Fourth-form dormitory at Carcroft. But for once, Turkey was wide-awake at midnight's stilly hour, and he groaned instead of snoring.

Turkey was hungry! It was an empty Turkey: empty as a drum. But for that painful circumstance, Turkey would have been sleeping as soundly as the rest of the Carcroft Fourth. Turkey was not good at many things; but he was good at sleeping. In that line, Rip Van Winkle, and the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, had simply nothing on Turkey Tuck. But how was a fellow to sleep, when he was as empty as a drum?

"Oh, haddocks!" groaned Turkey.

Bright moonlight streamed in at the window of the Fourth-form dormitory. It shone on a row of tumbledown beds on the floor. Mrs. Tunn, the House-dame, would have shuddered at the untidy state of that dormitory. But it couldn't be helped, when the bedsteads had been utilized to stand up a barricade on the staircase. Things could not be in their accustomed apple-pie order, when the Fourth Form were barring out the beaks!

Turkey sat up in his untidy bed. "I say, Compton!" he squeaked.

No answer, from the captain of the Fourth.

"I say, Drake!"

No answer from Bob Drake.

"I say, Lee!"

Dick Lee slept on regardless.

"Oh, lor!" moaned Turkey. "I say V.C.!"

Vane-Carter did not open his eyes.

Everyone was fast asleep, excepting the fat Turkey. Gladly James Smyth Tuck would have followed their example. But the inner Turkey called too loudly. He crawled out of bed at last. Harry Compton came suddenly out of the mists and shadows of sleep, as a fat hand clutched his shoulder. He opened his eyes, and stared at a woeful fat face glimmering in the moonlight.

"You fat ass! What are you up to?" he snapped.

"I say, old chap, I'm fearfully hungry—" moaned Turkey.

"Serve you right!"

"I say, old fellow, gimme the key of the grub-box—"

"I'll give you my pillow, if you don't go back to bed and keep quiet. You fat villain, you know we're on rations so long as the barring-out goes on, and you raided the grub—you've scoffed twice your whack, and you don't get another bite till to-morrow. Now shut up."

"But I say—wow!" gasped Turkey, as Harry Compton suddenly grasped his pillow and smote, "Ow! wow! Ooooh!"

Turkey backed away from Harry Compton's bed. One swipe from the pillow was enough for Turkey. The captain of the Fourth settled down to slumber again, ruthlessly regardless of the woes of the fattest and hungriest member of the rebel form at Carcroft.

Turkey rolled across to the box that was used as a larder in the beleaguered dormitory. That box contained a great quantity of provender. But it had to last two dozen fellows so long as the barring-out lasted, so rations were the order of the day. Roger Ducas, the master of the Fourth, was not likely to give the rebels a chance of smuggling in further supplies. That was all very well; but Turkey was fearfully hungry—too hungry to sleep and snore. If Turkey could have got at the contents of that box, he would willingly have left the future to take care of itself. He fumbled at the box. But it was locked, and the key was under Harry Compton's pillow. Turkey's fat hands had been in that box once—but there was no chance of getting them in again. As a penalty for his raid on the provender, Turkey had had to miss his supper—and Turkey was ravenous. He was in a mood for desperate measures.

He sorted out a pocket-knife, opened the biggest blade, and squeezed it in under the edge of the lid. He only needed to snap the lock, and the whole supply would be at his mercy.

Snap!

But it was not the lock—it was the blade of the pocket-knife that snapped. The blade remained embedded under the lid; the handle remained in Turkey's fat fingers. It was a loud sharp snap, in the silence of the night.

"Blow!" hissed Turkey.

"What's that row?" came a sleepy voice from Vane-Carter's bed. V.C. had been awakened by the snap.

"Oh! Nothing!" gasped Turkey, "I'm not up, V.C. I—I ain't touching the box. I—I'm fast asleep in bed—I—I mean—I—I—"

"You fat foozling freak—" ex-

WHAT HAS HAPPENED BEFORE . . .

Stately Carcroft is in an uproar, for at the moment the junior Fourth is in rebellion and the boys have barricaded themselves in their dormitory. The reason for this barring-out is—Turkey Tuck. Caught "japing" in a master's study, he was later expelled over the mysterious disappearance of a banknote. The boys, however, assured of his innocence, whisked him off to their dorm. and set up strong barricades to keep out marauding "beaks."

With food aplenty, things were going strong until a well-handled fire hose nearly put paid to their "barring-out." However, the timely use of a bag of mixed pepper and mustard saved the day. Later Turkey, hungry as ever, carried through a bold plan to snaffle some extra grub—it didn't work. Now the rebellious form and the sore, sorrowful James Smyth Tuck are waiting for the "beaks" to make their next move. . . .

NOW READ ON. . . .

Carcroft



claimed Vane-Carter, sitting up in bed, "Are you after the grub again?"

"Oh! No! I—I say, d—d—don't get up, V.C.," stuttered Turkey, "I—I ain't after the grub—I haven't tried to open the box with a pocket-knife—I—I wouldn't, you know! I—I say, V.C., what are you getting up for!"

Dudley Vane-Carter did not explain why he was getting up. But Turkey could guess, as V.C. turned out, and grasped up his pillow. He came towards Turkey, with the pillow in his hands, and a gleam in his eyes. He came with a rush, whirling up the pillow to smite.

A moment more, and Turkey Tuck would have been rolling on the floor, under the swipe of V.C.'s pillow. But at that moment, Vane-Carter came to a sudden halt. The pillow remained, like Mahomet's coffin, suspended in mid-air. V.C.'s eyes fixed on the dormitory window, bright in the summer moon. Across the brightness a shadow moved. It was the shadow of a head!

"Oh!" breathed Vane-Carter.

He threw down the pillow—much to Turkey's relief—and stood staring at the moonlit window, spell-bound for the moment. That win-

dow was thirty feet from the ground, with a blank wall below. How a human head could suddenly appear there, dark in the moonlight, was quite amazing. There had been more than one attack on the rebels' stronghold by way of the barricaded staircase, but every attack had been driven off: and they had never dreamed of an attack by way of the window. But that shadow of a head on the glass told its own story. V.C. was dumbfounded for a moment. Then he grasped it.

"By gad! They're coming!" he breathed.

"I—I—I say, V.C.," bleated Turkey, "I say, you go back to bed, old chap! I—I ain't going to get that box open—"

"You fat ass! Lucky you woke me up—they'd have had us! They've got a ladder—in the middle of the night! By gum!" The next moment V.C.'s voice echoed through the dormitory, "Wake up, you fellows! Turn out!"

"Hallo! What—"

"What the dickens—"

"They're coming!" shouted Vane-Carter, "It's a night attack—Turn out! They'll be in at the window if we don't stop them! Back up!"

Vane-Carter caught up a cricket-stump and rushed to the window.

All along the dormitory there was a splutter of excited voices, as Harry Compton and Co. leaped from their beds.

CHAPTER II.

HAND TO HAND!

ROGER DUCAS, master of the Carcroft Fourth, stood in the moonlit quad, looking up. Roger's face was grim. Midnight had tolled from the old clock-tower: and all Carcroft was—or should have been—sleeping. It was seldom that Roger heard the chimes at midnight. But now he was very wide awake indeed. The rebels of Carcroft had wondered what Roger's next move would be—and whether he would be able to think up one at all. Roger had thought one up! Every attempt, so far, to dislodge the rebels from their stronghold in the Fourth-form dormitory had failed. But Roger had no doubt that they would be all fast asleep at the witching hour of night. An attacking party striving to scramble over the barricaded staircase certainly would have awakened them, fast enough. Silence was Roger's cue.

Old Cuttle, the school porter, and Ruggles, the house-porter, had brought up a long ladder, between

(Cont. page 28, Col. 1.)

THE RETURN OF THE ZEPPELIN!

(Continued from page 19)

earth, re-fuelling from sea borne tankers and using sea water for ballast. Their uses are many and varied and they would be effective for search, observation, photography and even rescue operations.

Their operation is smooth and silent and if ever again they were used for commercial travel there would be absolutely no danger of air-sickness. Equipped with radar and other advanced electronic systems and detection gear they might once again become a useful part of the armed forces.

Is the dirigible useless in this supersonic age? Will it ever be used for international travel or as an airborne carrier? What do you think?

BARRING-OUT AT CARCROFT

(Continued from page 5)

them. That long ladder had been reared, almost without a sound, against the window-sill above. Half-a-dozen Sixth-Form prefects, with Langley, the captain of Carcroft, at their head, had been called up, to carry out the night-attack. Really, it was simple. The dormitory window was, as usual, open at the top, for ventilation. Standing at the top of the ladder, any fellow could push up the lower sash, and the way would be open. And once the hefty Sixth-Form men were at close quarters with the juniors, the thing would be done. If the rebels were asleep, as Roger had no doubt that they were, the problem of putting down the barring-out at Carcroft was solved.

It was high time, in Roger's opinion, that it was solved. Dr. Whaddon, the headmaster, had made it quite plain that he considered that a form-master at Carcroft should be able to keep order in his form. Others "beaks" in Common-Room, were sarcastic. And Tuck of the Fourth, sentenced to expulsion from the school for pilfering a banknote in Roger's study, was still there, in defiance of the Head's sentence. The fact that all the Fourth believed Turkey Tuck to be innocent of what was laid to his charge, did not improve matters. It was, in fact, additional impertinence on their part! The problem had to be solved: and Roger was going to solve it now. Or was he?

"Langley!" rapped Roger. "You will ascend the ladder first, please. You will open the window as quietly as possible—it would be better not

to awaken those rebellious boys, if it can be avoided."

"Oh, quite, sir!" said the Carcroft captain, with a grimace. Undoubtedly it was better not to awaken the Fourth. Langley did not relish the prospect of facing brandished cricket stumps, at the summit of a high ladder.

"Immediately the window is open, you will enter," said Roger. "Gates, Packe, Crocker, Baker, and Vance will follow you up, and follow you in, immediately you are within the dormitory. The rest will be easy."

"Very good, sir," said Langley.

With his ashplant in his hand, the Carcroft captain proceeded to mount old Cuttle's ladder. Cuttle and Ruggles held it firm against the wall. One after another, the Sixth-form prefects mounted after Langley. Roger, from below, watched them mount. There was relief in Roger Ducas's face. Once inside, as he had said, the rest would be easy. However, they were not inside yet.

Langley arrived at the high window. He peered in through the glass. The fact that his head cast a dark shadow in the moonlight, easily visible from within, mattered nothing, if those rebellious boys were fast asleep. And in fact, but for the hungry Turkey, all would have gone according to plan, and the night-attack would have taken the rebels of Carcroft completely by surprise.

Very carefully and cautiously, Langley eased up the lower sash of the window. There was only the slightest of sounds as he did so—certainly not enough to wake the lightest sleeper.

Up went the sash. And then, suddenly, Langley made the discovery that the garrison of the Fourth-form dormitory were not, as he had believed, fast asleep in bed. A loud shout reached his ears, followed by a buzz of excited voices. How and why the Fourth had awakened, Langley didn't know and couldn't guess; but that they were awake—wide-awake—was very evident.

"Oh, gad!" breathed Langley.

Further caution was useless, and he slammed up the sash with a bang. His head and shoulders plunged in at the window. A figure in pyjamas leaped in the moonlight, and a cricket stump swished in the air. Crack!

"Ooooooh!" spluttered the Carcroft captain, as Dudley Vane-Carter landed the stump fairly on his head. "Oh! Ooooh! Woooooh!"

Crack! crack! crack! Thrice, in

as many seconds, the stump landed again, Langley dodging wildly in efforts to elude the swipes. He could not slide down the ladder: it was packed with the other prefects mounting behind him. He had to take it—and he roared as he took it.

"Oh, gad! They're awake and up!" gasped Gates, behind him.

"Yoo-hoooooop!" roared Langley.

Only too clearly the rebels were awake and up! Vane-Carter was the first to rush to the defence of the window: but Harry Compton, Dick Lee, Bob Drake, and Lord Talboys were behind him now, and Drummond, Carr, and Scott, Babbie and Bent, and a crowd of others, rushing to the spot. The dormitory window was crowded with excited and warlike faces. The light had been switched on, and it streamed from the window.

Langley plunged headlong in, while V.C.'s stump cracked and cracked on him. He could not retreat, and he could not dodge the swipes of the stump. He fairly hurled himself in at the window, dropping his ashplant into the quad below. A sharp yelp from Roger Ducas, staring up, told where it landed!

"Collar him!" roared Bob Drake. His sturdy grasp was on Langley, as the Sixth-Form man sprawled in, and Compton's was added at once, and then Dick Lee's. Langley landed with a crash on the floor inside, but the Carcroft Co. pinned him down as he landed and kept him pinned. The three of them were more than a match, even for the captain of the school.

"Hold him!" yelled Vane-Carter. Gates's head appeared at the window, and V.C. was handling the stump again.

"We've got him!" gasped Bob. "Take it easy, Langley—if you keep on kicking, I shall bang your head on the floor—like that!"

Bang! There was a fiendish yell from Langley.

"Sit on him, Turkey!" shouted Harry Compton.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey.

Turkey was not, perhaps, eager to join in the fray. James Smyth Tuck was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. But sitting on a fellow sprawling in the grasp of three pairs of hands, was easy work. The fat Turkey plumped down on Langley's chest, and the Carcroft captain gave a gasp like air escaping from a punctured tyre, as Turkey plumped. Turkey's extensive weight did it. A breathless and winded Sixth-form man

gurgled helplessly under Turkey. Langley, the leader of the night-attack, was quite hors de combat.

"Keep off, you young villains!" Gates of the Sixth was yelling. It was a wide window, and the seniors might have had a chance, if they could have plunged in, in a body. But there was room for only one at a time, at the top of the ladder: and they had to come in single file. Gates' head and shoulders were in, and the rest of him struggled manfully to follow. But Vane-Carter was swiping with the stump, Lord Talboys with a pillow, Drummond with a hair-brush, Babbie with a knotted towel, while other fellows, crowding and cramming round, jerked at his hair, pulled his ears, and punched his nose. It was quite an awful experience for Gates of the Sixth, and he yelled, and yelled, and yelled again, while the swarm of juniors within yelled too, with laughter.

Somehow Gates got his chest across, heaving in. His feet left the ladder, as he sprawled in the window.

There was a frantic yell from Packe, next on the list. Gates' legs were thrashing wildly behind him, and his heel caught Packe under the chin. Packe's yell, as it caught him, woke all the echoes of the quad. But Gates plunged in—only to meet with the same fate as his leader. Drummond, Scott, Carr, and Bent piled on him, pinning him to the floor, and he wriggled and struggled under them, as helplessly as Langley under Turkey and the Co.

"Come on, Packe!" yelled Vane-Carter. He leaned from the window, brandishing the stump.

Packe of the Sixth, holding to the ladder with one hand, was rubbing a painful chin with the other. Packe seemed quite disinclined to come on.

"Push on, Packe!" urged Vance, behind him. But Packe did not push on.

Crack! Vane-Carter, reaching out, landed the stump on Packe. Packe almost forgot the pain in his chin, as he captured a more severe one in the crown of his head. He ducked and dodged, and strove to back away down the ladder.

"Look out!" yelled Vance. "Want to knock me off?"

"Gerrouit of the way!" gasped Packe. "Oh! Ow!" he yelled again, as V.C. leaned lower over the sill, and delivered another swipe. "Will you gerrouit of the way? Think I want my nut cracked? Yaroooh!"

"Give a fellow room!" exclaimed

Babbie. He arrived at the window with a jug of water, "Give a fellow a chance, V.C."

Vane-Carter, grinning, gave room, and Babbie leaned out with the jug. A flood of water descended on the prefects on the ladder, as he upended it. Packe, at the top, had most of the benefit, but Vance, Crocker, and Baker, behind him, came in for a share. There was a wild spluttering on the ladder: and four Sixth-Form prefects went silthering down. Apparently they had had enough. From Roger Ducas, below, came a roar:

"Stop! Why are you coming down? You are to enter by that window—do you hear me? Go up at once to that window! Do you hear?"

Packe, Crocker, Baker, and Vance, certainly heard him. But, like the gladiator of old, they heard but they heeded not. They jumped off the ladder one after another, heedless of Roger's voice and Roger's glare.

"We can't get in, sir!" panted Vance.

"Nonsense!" boomed Roger. "Go up again at once—"

"Stand from under!" came a yell

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Roger Ducas breathed hard, and he breathed deep. He gave the crowd of faces at the high window a basilisk glare. But he knew that the night-attack had failed: it was futile to rear the long ladder up to the window again. As he stood staring up with a baleful eye, another jug of water was upended—and Roger and the prefects backed hurriedly away. Then the window was slammed shut. It was victory once more for the rebels of Carcroft: and the enemy had to retreat, leaving two prisoners in the hands of the victorious garrison of the Fourth-form dormitory.

CHAPTER III.

SIX OF THE BEST!

"We win!" chuckled Bob Drake.

"We do—we does!" grinned Vane-Carter.

"Hurray!"

It was quite a roar in the Fourth-form dormitory. The rebels of Carcroft were in great spirits. That roar echoed all over the school, awakening a good many fellows in other dormitories. It reached Roger's ears in the quad, and even the majestic ears of Dr. Whaddon, the head-master of Carcroft, in his house. It apprised all and sundry that the barring-out at Carcroft was still going strong, and that the rebels were still victorious.

Only two persons in the Fourth-form dormitory were not feeling merry and bright. They were Langley and Gates, of the Sixth. The defeat of the night-attack had left them prisoners in rebel hands. Had the whole party entered, ash-plant in hand, according to plan, no doubt the juniors might have had the worst of it. But two winded fellows, sprawling in the grasp of innumerable hands, were quite powerless. Gates, with five or six fellows grasping him, gave in: but Langley was still struggling under Turkey's avoirdupois.

"Will you gerroff, you fat young villain?" gasped the captain of Carcroft. "Let go my arms, Compton! Let go my neck, Drake! Let go my ears, Lee, you young scoundrel. Will you leggo?"

"Not a lot," grinned Bob. "You're safer like this, Langley."

"Sit tight, Turkey!" said Harry Compton, laughing.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Turkey. Langley struggled and wriggled in vain. Vane-Carter glanced from the window into the moonlit quad. He chuckled.

"They're not putting the ladder up again," he said. "They're

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S "GUESS AGAIN"

1. The traveller picked the signpost up and pointed one of the signs in the direction from which he had just come. The rest was easy.
2. Three ducks! See for yourself.
3. The big indian was the little indian's mother.
4. The rungs will not be covered for the ship and the attached ladder will rise with the tide.

from the high window. Vane-Carter, leaning out, grasped the top of the ladder. He exerted all his strength, and hurried it away from the window-sill. Cuttle and Ruggles clung to it in vain—the ladder swept over, and Roger and the prefects skipped like kangaroos to dodge it as it came. It landed on the earth with a crash.

"Upon my word!" gasped Roger.

"Try again, Roger!" yelled Vane-Carter from above, "Like to try your luck, old bean? Come up, Roger, and get one for your nob!"

through. Roger's missed the bus again!"

"Hurray!"

"What are we goin' to do with these two?" asked Lord Talboys. "I'm getting tired of holding on to Gates's hair!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not so tired as Gates is, I expect!" chuckled Vane-Carter. "How do you feel about it, Gates?"

"You young ruffians!" gasped Gates. "You'll get six of the best, all round, for this! And by gum, won't I lay it on!"

"Not just yet you won't, old thing!" grinned Vane-Carter. "You're at the receiving end now, old boy. It's you that's going to get six."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the crowd

you're going to learn what it's like. Roll him over."

"Look here—" roared Gates.

"Nuff said! Roll him over!" said V.C., flourishing the stump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gates of the Sixth resisted wildly. The bare idea of being rolled over, and given six on the bags, by a junior, was too much for so high-and-mighty a personage as a Sixth-Form prefect to endure—if he could help it! But Gates of the Sixth had to realise that he couldn't help it. Resisting to the last, he was rolled over on the floor, face down, with countless hands grasping his legs, his arms, and his neck. Up went the stump in V.C.'s hand.

Swipe! swipe! swipe!

Gates yelled and wriggled. But

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You young villains!" gasped Langley. "You're standing by that young rascal Tuck, who's been sacked for pilfering—"

"Yah!" hooted Turkey. "Think I had that banknote of Roger's?"

"You jolly well know you did, you young sweep! That's what the Head sacked you for—"

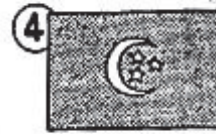
"I tell you, it's somewhere in Roger's study all the time!" yelled the indignant Turkey. "I never touched it! And I jolly well told Roger that I hid it in a book in his study, too—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tain't my fault if Roger can't find it!" yapped Turkey. "And if you make out that I pinched it,

ARE YOU OBSERVANT?

WHAT ARE THE NAMES OF THE TWO EXPLORERS DEPICTED ON THE BACK OF THE NEW AUSTRALIAN ONE POUND NOTE?



THESE ARE THE FLAGS OF WHICH COUNTRIES?
.....



WHICH UNION JACK IS FLOWN IN THE CORRECT POSITION?

ANSWERS
NEXT
MONTH

ON THIS TELEPHONE DIAL WHAT LETTERS CORRESPOND TO THE NUMBERS SHOWN?



DON'T LOOK THESE UP—TRY AND REMEMBER.

of juniors. The idea of giving a Sixth-Form prefect "six" seemed to appeal to them.

"Good egg!" chuckled Lord Talboys. "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the giddy gander! Six on the bags, what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You young villains, if you dare—" gasped Langley. He made a mighty effort: as if the prospect of "six on the bags" had electrified him. He rocked, and Turkey rocked, and the Carcroft Co. rocked. But it was in vain: there were too many hands on him, and the Carcroft captain was squashed down on the floor again, gurgling for breath.

"Keep him pinned," said Vane-Carter. "Your turn first, Gates. You've given a good many fellows six on the bags, in your time: now

he yelled and wriggled in vain. Amid howls of laughter, V.C. proceeded to administer the full "six".

Swipe! swipe! swipe!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now sit on him, and keep him quiet!" said Vane-Carter. "Your turn next, Langley. Roll him over! Perhaps you'll think twice, next time, about shoving in where you're not wanted. Fix him!"

"You'll be sacked for this!" yelled Langley, as the juniors rolled him over.

"My dear man, we've done more than enough to be sacked for already," said Vane-Carter coolly. "A little more won't add up to much. We're keeping up this barring-out, old bean, till the beaks come to our terms. Nobody's going to be sacked—unless the Head sacks Roger for letting it go on."

Langley, I'll jolly well pull your nose."

Gurrrrrrgh!" gurgled the captain of Carcroft, as a fat finger and thumb suddenly grabbed his nose, and pulled, "Ooogh! Led do by dose—woooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Langley struggled frantically. Even "six on the bags" was not quite so awful as having his nose pulled by the fat Turkey. But the indignant Turkey pulled, and pulled hard. Apparently finding entertainment in pulling the nose of the captain of the school, Turkey would have gone on tugging, but Bob Drake, gasping with merriment, dragged him away.

"Nuff's as good as a feast, old fat man," gasped Bob. "Turkey never had that banknote, Langley, and we're all standing by him till

it's found. And you Sixth-Form men are going to have a tip about butting in. Pin him down!"

Langley, still struggling, was flattened on the floor. His nose, in which Turkey's fat finger and thumb had left a pain, ground into the old oak planks. He struggled, and heaved, and rocked: but he was held fast: and Dudley Vane-Carter proceeded to handle the stump.

Swipe! swipe! swipe!

It was like a nightmare to Langley of the Sixth. He, Langley, captain of Carcroft, head-prefect of the school: actually was taking "six", just as if he had been a fag bending over at a prefect's order. But awful as it was, indeed unthinkable, it was happening.

Swipe! swipe! swipe!

"I say, V.C., make it double-six!" yelled Turkey. "Making out that a fellow pinched Roger's banknote, when I never even saw it in his study at all, and only hid it in a book—!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Six is enough, you ferocious porpoise," chuckled Bob. "Let's ask Langley—he ought to know! Think six is enough, Langley?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now chuck them out," said Vane-Carter. "They can scramble down over the barricade on the staircase—and we'll all help them go. Shove them along."

The two prefects, red with wrath, gasping for breath, were marched out of the dormitory, on to the landing. The barricade of bedsteads, boxes, and wash-stands, that blocked the staircase, was not easy to scramble over: but that was the way they had to go. The whole crowd of the Fourth gathered on the landing: to see them go, and to help them in their way.

"Jump for it, you!" commanded Vane-Carter.

"Travel!" chuckled Bob Drake.

Langley and Gates, as they were released from grasping hands, turned. They were more than half-disposed to charge at the mob of juniors, hitting out right and left. But two dozen excited juniors, brandishing stumps, and hair-brushes, and knotted towels, were too big a proposition for a charge. And as the two infuriated prefects hesitated, those varied weapons began to smite. Gates, as he caught V.C.'s stump with his shoulder, and Babbie's knotted towel with his ear, made a jump for the barricade, and scrambled over. Langley, with Bob Drake's pillow smiting, followed his example. Two dishevelled and breathless Sixth-Form men

scrambled away, catching their legs in the stacked bedsteads, dragging them out again, tumbling and stumbling, with V.C.'s stump lunging till they were out of reach.

They rolled breathlessly on the lower stairs. There, Langley paused a moment, to shake an infuriated fist at the faces grinning after him. Then, as missiles began to rain on him, he fairly bolted down the stairs after Gates, and both the prefects disappeared rapidly round a corner—followed by a yell from the rebels.

"Come back when you want some more!" roared Bob Drake.

There was no answer to that invitation. The Sixth-Form men, evidently, did not want any more. They had had enough, for the present at least, and a little over: and for that night, at all events, the rebels of Carcroft had nothing more to expect from the enemy.

CHAPTER IV.

FOOD SHORTAGE!

"BREKKER!" said Bob Drake.

"Yes, but—!"

"Well, trot out that key."

"Yes, but—"

"But what, fathead?"

"I can't find it!" said Harry Compton.

It was bright morning on Carcroft School. But even Bob Drake had not turned out at the clang of the rising-bell that morning. The night-attack had cost the rebels a good deal of sleep, in the middle of the night, and most of them were disposed to make up for it in the morning. Other forms were in the form-rooms, when Bob—first out as usual, though late, turned out of bed. Compton and Lee and Vane-Carter followed his example, and then other fellows, one by one, Lord Talboys bringing up the rear yawning. Turkey Tuck's melodious snore still rumbled on: but the fat Turkey was left to snore.

Breakfast was the next item on the programme: and Bob was standing by the larder-box, ready to sort out the rations. Harry Compton was looking for the key, which had been placed in security under his pillow, safe from the voracious Turkey. To his surprise, he failed to find it where it had been placed.

"Oh, buck up!" called out Vane-Carter. "We're all hungry."

"Dashed if I know where it can have got to," said Harry, puzzled. "I put it under my pillow when we turned in last night—"

"Lucky you did, or rations would be short this morning," said Vane-Carter. "That fat villain Turkey

was after the grub last night. But if you put it under your pillow, it's there."

"Only it isn't there!" said Harry. "Come and help me look for it."

Three or four fellows went to help. Compton's bed was disintegrated by many hands, blankets shaken out, even the mattress turned over. But there was no sign of the missing key.

"Must have put it in your pocket, ol' bean," suggested Lord Talboys.

"I put it under my pillow."

"Perhaps it walked away!" suggested Vane-Carter, sarcastically. "Anybody notice a key walking about?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you—!" hooted the captain of the Fourth.

"Oh, rats!" said V.C. "You've lost that key, and I want my brekker. We shall have to bu'st the box."

Evidently, there was nothing else to be done. All the Fourth were up now, excepting Turkey, and all were hungry, and ready for that very late breakfast. The lid of the larder-box had to be opened somehow. That was not a difficult matter: a few smites from a cricket-bat, in Bob's powerful hands, cracked the lock, and he raised the lid.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, suddenly, as he looked into the box.

"Hand out the rations, for goodness sake," said Drummond. "What are you blinking at?"

"Oh!" repeated Bob, in a gasp. He stared into the box, as if he could not quite believe his eyes. "What—what—who—who—who's been at this box?"

"Nobody," snapped Vane-Carter. "It was locked—"

"Somebody has!" roared Bob.

"Rot! That fat villain Turkey was after it last night but he couldn't get it open without the key—"

"Look!" yelled Bob.

"Oh, gad!" gasped V.C. as he looked.

"Oh, suffering cats!" exclaimed Dick Lee, blankly.

The juniors crowded round the box, staring into it. There had been quite a large quantity of varied provisions in that box. There was still a considerable quantity: but not nearly so large as when the box had been locked over-night. The supplies had, in fact, diminished by nearly half! They gazed into the denuded store in amazement. There were exclamations from every fellow in the Fourth—

(Cont. page 34, Col. 1.)

WASTE NO TIME, DON'T DELAY. GET A PENFRIEND RIGHT AWAY.

BARRY JESNEY, Rosemont Road, Waikī, North Island, New Zealand, is 14 years old and would like penfriends in Tasmania, New Guinea and the Pacific Islands. His interests are swimming, fishing and stamps.

CLIVE LUDLOW (13), Mt. Sea Road, Parawai, Thames, New Zealand, wants a penfriend in the following countries: Sarawak, Angola, Tonga, Tibet, Ecuador and Cyprus. His hobby is stamp collecting.

JOHN TURNER (15), 3 Bishop Street, Ell, Victoria, is interested in stamps and soft-ball and would like to hear from someone in Jamaica and Great Britain.

JOHN DOYLE (10), "Buraja," Lowesdale, N.S.W., would very much like to hear from a Canadian boy, about ten years old, whose hobby is stamps.

IAN UYS (12), 36 Innes Street, Uitenhage, Cape Province, South Africa, sends in a plea for a penpal anywhere in the world, except South Africa. He is a keen scout and would very much like to swap stamps. All letters answered.

RODNEY WEISS (12), 122 Gregory Street, Geraldton, West Australia, would like a penfriend outside Australia whose hobbies are stamps and coins. All letters answered.

GEORGE BOLDEMAN, 242 Alice Street, Maryborough, Qld., would like to write to a penfriend, 14 years old, from overseas. He collects stamps in a big way and would like someone also interested in this hobby.

WINSTON McCULLOCH (14), c/o Mr. L. R. McCulloch, Gawler, Tasmania, would like a penfriend who lives on a cattle station in Queensland or from a sheep station in New South Wales.

K. CHARGE, 30 Cloete Street, Young, N.S.W., wants a penfriend in New Zealand, Fiji and New Guinea interested in stamps and any sport. Aged 13-14. Will answer all letters.

STEPHEN CROSS, 12 Nasymth Street, Young, N.S.W., would like a penfriend in New Zealand interested in stamps and sport. Will answer all letters.

LINDSAY NEILSON (13), 12 Sidey Street, Dunedin, New Zealand, wants to hear from a boy in Canada or U.S.A. Lindsay's hobbies are photography, cricket, cycling, swimming and tramp-ing.

KEITH PARRISH, 5 Water Lane, New Plymouth, New Zealand, wants a penfriend in any country other than New Zealand and Australia. Keith's hobbies are fishing, horses, reading and aeroplanes.

(Continued from page 31)

excepting Turkey! From Turkey there came only a snore.

"My only hat and umbrella!" gasped Bob Drake. "The box was locked—I had to break it open—but the grub's gone."

"Turkey!" yelled Vane-Carter.

"But the box was locked—!" exclaimed Lee.

"That's where the key's gone!" hooted V.C. "That fat villain must have got it, while we were pitching Langley and Gates out—and he turned out again when we were all asleep—"

"Oh!" gasped Harry Compton. "I—I never thought of looking, when I went back to bed—never thought of it—"

"Turkey did!" howled Vane-Carter. "By gum, we'll scrag him—spifficate him—there's two dozen of us to feed, and we shall have to give in if the grub runs out—and that fat octopus has scoffed half of it! By gum, I—I'll—" Words failed Dudley Vane-Carter. He rushed to Turkey's bed, grabbed the bedclothes, and dragged them off in a bundle.

There was a startled howl from Turkey Tuck, thus suddenly awakened. He sat up in bed, blinking.

"Here, wharrer you up to?" he stuttered. "Tain't rising-bell—"

"You fat, fozzling, footling, frab-jous frump!" roared Bob Drake. "Have you been at the grub box?"

"Oh!" gasped Turkey. "No! Certainly not! I—I—I wouldn't! I—I hope you fellows can trust a fellow!"

"You got the key from under my pillow, while we were handling the pre's last night!" roared Harry Compton.

"I—I—I didn't! I—I—I never!

I—I—I wasn't!" stuttered Turkey. "f—I never knew the key was under your pillow—never dreamed of it—"

"You fat fibbing freak, you asked me for it last night when you woke me up—"

"Oh! Did I? I—I—I mean, I—I—I never touched it," gasped Turkey. "I—I never thought of it, when you marched Langley and Gates out of the dorm.—and never went to look for it, and—and it wasn't there when I looked—and—and—and I left it there just where it was, too—"

"Roll him out!" yelled Vane-Carter.

"Here, you leave a fellow alone!" howled Turkey. "I tell you, I never found the key while you chaps were out of the dorm. and I—I never put it in my pyjama pocket, and—and it wasn't there when I went back to bed, and—and I didn't stay awake till all you fellows had gone to sleep, and I never got out of bed again, and—and—and I never unlocked that box and helped myself to the grub—never thought of such a thing. I was fast asleep in bed when I did it—I—I mean when I didn't did it—"

"Scrag him!"

"If—if there's any of the grub gone, I don't know what's become of it," gasped Turkey. "I—I haven't tasted a morsel—I never ate the ham, or the sausages, or the dough-nuts, or the biscuits, or the jam-roll, and I haven't got the cake under my pillow now—!"

"Hook him out!"

"Bag him!"

"Scrag him!"

"If you fellows can't take my word, I can jolly well say—yaroooh!

Leggo! Oh, haddocks! Help! Fire! Yoo-hooooop!" yelled Turkey.

Turkey rolled out of bed, in the grasp of many hands. What happened next seemed, to Turkey Tuck, like several wild nightmares mixed up with several earthquakes and volcanic eruptions.

He was rolled, and bumped, and smacked, and rolled and bumped and smacked again, and how many kicks he collected, he could not have computed, without going into very high figures. Every fellow in the Fourth seemed to want to have a cut at Turkey. They came down on Turkey like wolves on the fold. Many a time had Turkey's grub-raiding landed him in trouble; but this was the climax. By the time the juniors were tired of scragging Turkey, Turkey was more than tired. They left gasping, gurgling, guggling Turkey spread out on the floor, when they left him at last.

There were short rations for the Carcroft rebels that morning. The supply had to be made to last out somehow, if the barring-out was to go on. And it was to go on! That was as fixed and immitable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. "No surrender" was the motto of the Carcroft rebels: But there was no doubt that it was going to be tough. It was short rations, and a scanty breakfast, for twenty-three fellows: and no rations for Turkey: Turkey had to be content with the supply he had laid in overnight. But even Turkey was not, for once, thinking of food. Turkey had an enormous collection of aches and pains to think of, and for once, probably the first time in his fat career, he forgot food!

MORE NEXT MONTH.

"GAME TO THE LAST"