

10,000 GRAND PRIZES!—See page 4

The MODERN BOY

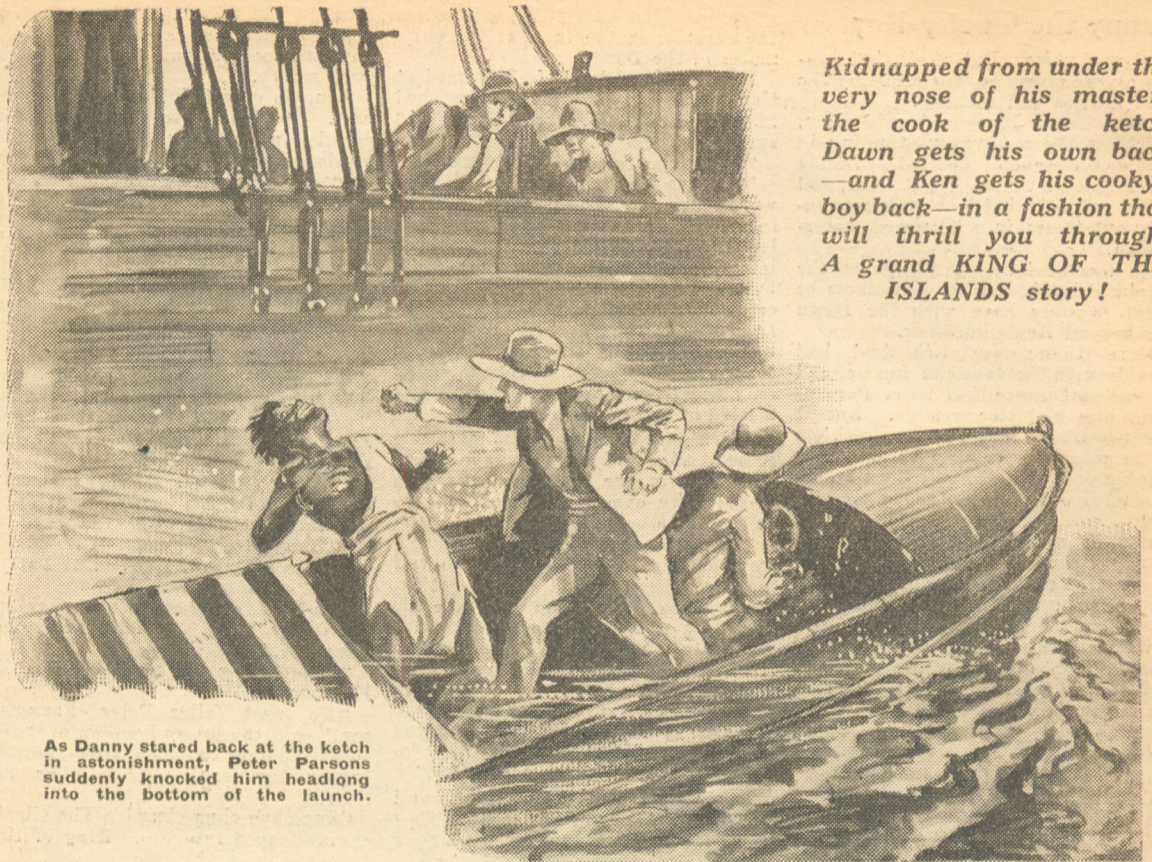
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WHIZZING THROUGH WHITSUN!—See Inside



As Danny stared back at the ketch in astonishment, Peter Parsons suddenly knocked him headlong into the bottom of the launch.

Kidnapped from under the very nose of his master, the cook of the ketch Dawn gets his own back—and Ken gets his cooky-boy back—in a fashion that will thrill you through. A grand KING OF THE ISLANDS story!

Dandy Peter's Game.

THE throb of a petrol engine came faintly across the calm Pacific. There was hardly a breath of wind on the sea. The tropical sun blazed down on water that seemed like a sheet of shining glass. The ketch Dawn barely moved, and King of the Islands, stretched in a chair, waited for sundown and the wind. The Hiva-Oa crew lolled idly about the forward deck and chewed betel-nut.

Danny the cooky-boy had come out of his little galley to seek what coolness might be found on deck. Koko, the brown-skinned boatswain, sat with his ukulele across his knees, too lazy in the burning tropical heat to pluck the strings.

Not a native on board the ketch turned his lazy head at the sound of the chugging motor, but Ken King sat upright in his chair, and Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn, jumped on the rail, steadying himself with a guy-rope, to stare across the sea. Hudson was keen on engines, and that faint chug-chug from afar, breaking the silence of the sea, was like music to his ears.

Far away across the waters, a blur against the azure of the sky showed where the island of Lukwe lay. To any but a sailorman's eye that far-distant hilltop would have seemed a cloud. It was the only land in sight. Between that distant blur and the becalmed ketch the monotony of the glassy sea was broken by a dark object that glided swiftly. Kit Hudson's keen eyes fixed on it.

"A motor-launch from Lukwe, Ken!" he said, stepping back to the deck. "Coming up hand over fist. What price windjamming now?"

"We shall get a wind at sundown," King of the Islands smiled. "Don't tell me about motor-engines now, old chap! It's too hot to argue."

It was the dream of Kit Hudson's

"Not so cheap, as a ten-knot breeze," retorted Ken.

"That fellow's moving!" Hudson's eyes were on the launch again. "If he's heading for Kua he will beat us there before we begin to jam the wind."

"Let him!" yawned King of the Islands. "We shall hit Kua soon after dawn to-morrow—there will be a wind at sundown. Jacobs can get in first if he likes—if he's for Kua."

"Jacobs?" repeated Hudson.

"There's only one motor-launch on Lukwe, and it belongs to Jacobs, the pearl-shell man. That must be Jacobs' packet if it's from Lukwe."

The launch was heading direct for the ketch, and rapidly approaching. In it were two Lukwe boys. A white man stood up, gazing towards the ketch from under the brim of a big grass-hat. Part of the interior of the boat was hidden by a canvas awning, stretched low. The white man's figure was slight and dapper, and it was familiar to Hudson's eyes.

"If that's Jacobs' packet, Jacobs isn't on board her," he said. "It's Dandy Peter of Lukwe, Ken, I feel sure."

King of the Islands rose from the deck-chair and joined his mate at the rail. The motor-launch was near enough now for the white man to be recognised. Ken knew the dark, handsome face of Peter Parsons, the seelawyer of Lukwe. Handsome, clean-shaven, clean as a new pin in his spotless white drill and pipeclayed shoes, Dandy Peter was very unlike the rest of the rough and lawless crew that

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# DANNY the COOKY- BOY

~~~~~By~~~~~

Charles Hamilton

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life that an auxiliary engine should some day be installed on board the Dawn. It was an old controversy between the shipmates, and it generally cropped up in a calm at sea.

"Petrol's cheap!" Hudson laughed.

## Danny the Cooky-Boy

lived on Lukwe. But of all that lawless Lukwe crowd he was probably the most lawless and ruthiest.

"It's Peter Parsons!" said Ken, watching the sea-lawyer standing in the motor-launch puzzled. Dandy Peter sailed a cutter, the Sea-Cat, and Ken wondered what he was doing running out to sea in a borrowed motor-launch.

He was obviously heading for the becalmed ketch, but what business he could possibly have with the Dawn was beyond Ken's guessing.

More than once Ken had had trouble with the dandy of Lukwe, and he was well aware that Peter Parsons owed him a bitter grudge. But it was not likely that Parsons, reckless as he was, was coming to hunt for trouble now with King of the Islands. The odds were far too heavy against him.

But in dealing with a man like Dandy Peter it was necessary to be wary. Ken called to one of the Hiva-Oa seamen:

"You feller Tomoo, you fetch little gun belong me, along state-room he stop." Tomoo brought the revolver, and King of the Islands slipped it into his hip pocket.

"I can't imagine what he wants with us, Kit! But if he's after trouble we'll give him all he wants, and a little over!" remarked King of the Islands.

"What-ho!" agreed the mate of the Dawn. The motor-launch was close at hand now. Dandy Peter, still standing and watching the ketch, waved a hand as he saw the two white men looking over the rail towards him.

It was a friendly gesture, but a friendly gesture from the sea-lawyer of Lukwe was not to be taken at face value. The shipmates of the Dawn waved back, but they were none the less wary.

Over the calm shining sea the motor-launch closed in alongside the ketch. Dandy Peter stood with his hands in his pockets. His "boy" Jacky handled the engine, the other Lukwe boy, in white man's hat and coat, steering.

Ken's eyes fixed on the little awning in the launch. He fancied that something, out of sight, stirred under it. It seemed that there was someone on board the launch as well as the sea-lawyer and his native boys.

The launch glided in and shut off. With a light spring Dandy Peter came over the low rail of the ketch and landed on the deck. He swept off his wide-brimmed hat in salute.

"You won't want your gun, Ken King," he said, with a grin.

Ken smiled. Apparently the keen eyes of the sea-lawyer, from a distance, had noted the boy trader slip the revolver in his pocket.

"Glad to hear it!" answered Ken. "Is this a friendly call, Parsons?"

"I've come on board to ask a favour at your hands!" was the reply. "Have you a man in your crew who speaks the lingo of Lo'o? If you have, I want you to lend him to me for a few

minutes. That's all." He grinned at the surprise in the faces of the shipmates of the Dawn.

King of the Islands looked hard at the sea-lawyer. Kit Hudson watched him very curiously. Dandy Peter had surprised them both.

"What the dickens—" began Ken.

"I'll explain." The Lukwe skipper waved his hand towards the awning in the launch. "I've picked up a Lo'o boy from a wrecked canoe. I've got him there—he's sick, and I made my boys rig up the awning for him. He can't speak English, and all I can get from him is that he belongs to Lo'o, in the Solomons. His lingo is Greek to me, and my boys, of course, speak only the Lukwe dialect. I can't get a word of sense from him."

"Oh!" said Ken, more and more surprised. Dandy Peter was about the last man in the Pacific whom Ken would have expected to trouble himself about a castaway native!

"The poor devil's pretty far gone," Parsons said. "He's trying to tell me something, and I don't get it. I'm willing to run him to where his friends are, if I can make out what he wants. But I can't make out a word of his chatter. I know you've knocked about in the Solomons, Ken King, and if you can speak the lingo of Lo'o, by any chance, I want you to step on my launch and speak to the lubber. Or any of your crew."

Parsons glanced round at Koko and the Hiva-Oa crew of the Dawn. They were all looking at the sea-lawyer now, and listening curiously to his words.

"I've never been on Lo'o," Ken answered. "But my cooky-boy has, and he may be able to help you, Danny!"

Danny, the cooky-boy, came forward.

"You feller Danny, long time before, you step along Lo'o, along Solomon Islands," said Ken. "You savvy Lo'o talk?"

"Savvy plenty, sar!" answered the cooky-boy proudly. "Along me stop along Lo'o, sar, long time before, me talk plenty too much along Lo'o feller."

"That's good!" Dandy Peter exclaimed. It was evident that the Lukwe skipper was glad to find a man on board the Dawn who could speak the dialect of Lo'o.

King of the Islands was puzzled, but the sea-lawyer of Lukwe had rather risen in his estimation. So far as he could see, Parsons was taking a great deal of trouble from humane motives, a thing he certainly never would have expected from Dandy Peter.

Kit Hudson did not trust Peter Parsons an inch, but even the keen-witted Australian mate saw nothing in him to distrust now.

All he wanted was someone who understood the Lo'o dialect, to speak to the Lo'o boy on the launch, and in that the most suspicious mind could hardly have found grounds for distrust.

"Lend me your cooky-boy for ten minutes, Ken King!" said Parsons. "You're not pressed for time, what?" He grinned at the idle sails of the

Dawn. "You feller cooky-boy you step along launch and speak along Lo'o boy, and me give you one feller piece gold money."

Danny's eyes twinkled at the prospect. He looked to his master for permission. King of the Islands nodded, and said: "You're more than welcome, Parsons. I'm glad I've got a man who can help. Danny, you go along launch."

"Many thanks, Captain King," said the Lukwe skipper.

"Not at all," answered Ken. "Glad to be able to help. I hope Danny will be a useful interpreter."

PARSONS stepped to the side, and dropped back into the launch. Danny jumped down after him. King of the Islands glanced at his shipmate, and smiled.

"Rather new for Dandy Peter to be taking trouble to help a shipwrecked native boy," he remarked.

"Thumping new!" said Hudson. "I don't make it out, Ken! But I suppose it's all square."

"No likee, sar!" said Koko, shaking his dusky head. "This feller no likee, sar."

"What thing you no likee, Koko?" Ken asked.

"No trust feller Peter Parsons, sar!" said the brown boatswain. "No speakee plenty too much truth, mouth belong him, sar! This feller no likee."

Chug-chug-chug-chug! The silent engine leaped into life. King of the Islands ran to the side.

Like a thing of life, the launch leaped away from the side of the ketch. White foam churned out behind as it flew. Danny, in astonishment, stood staring back at the ketch, and as he stared Peter Parsons swung up his arm and knocked the cooky-boy headlong into the bottom of the launch.

Then he grinned back at Ken's astonished face over the rail of the Dawn, and waved his hand, as if in farewell. In utter amazement, Ken stared at him.

"What on earth's his game?" yelled Hudson. "Is he stealing our cooky-boy, or what?"

King of the Islands dragged the revolver from his hip-pocket.

"Ahoj, Peter Parsons!" he roared. "What's this game, you swab? Come back, or I'll shoot!"

The dandy of Lukwe laughed, and waved his hand again.

The motor-launch was shooting away like an arrow through the glassy sea, but Ken was a crack shot with the revolver, and he could have toppled over the sea-lawyer with a bullet. With cool recklessness Dandy Peter was taking the chance.

King of the Islands pulled the trigger. But he did not aim at the sea-lawyer, as no doubt Dandy Peter felt assured that he would not. Puzzled and angry as he was, the boy trader did not care to shoot the man down. Instead, he fired a warning shot across the launch.

Dandy Peter laughed, and again waved his hand in mockery. The launch sped out of range.

King of the Islands stood at the

rail, staring after the swift craft as it darted away into the blue. Unless the sea-lawyer of Lukwe had gone mad, it was difficult to account for his amazing action. He had carried off the cooky-boy under the very eyes of his master!

Why he could not have let Danny act as interpreter on the spot, and then sent him back to the Dawn, was a mystery.

"Is the man mad?" said the amazed boy trader. "What game is he up to, Kit?"

"Can't make it out! He's got a Lo'o boy there, that's certain—he wanted an interpreter. But why he's cleared off with Danny—"

"There's something behind it," said Ken. "The swab knows we can't follow him—he's got the laugh of us in a calm. My hat! I'll give Dandy Peter the end of my boot when I meet him again."

Pursuit was impossible. The Dawn's sails hung idle in the calm and the whaleboat would have had no chance against the launch; muscle was of no use against petrol. King of the Islands scanned sea and sky, but there was no sign of a wind.

"Well, we've lost our cook, Ken!" said Hudson at last.

from search in the boundless spaces of the Pacific. King of the Islands; as he glided on to Kua, could only resolve that there should be a reckoning when he met the sea-lawyer again. That meeting was destined to take place much sooner than he could have anticipated.

#### "To Make a Nigger Talk!"

DANDY PETER watched the belated ketch disappear from sight. Not till the topmast of the Dawn was lost to view did the sea-lawyer give any attention to the cooky-boy. Danny had picked himself up, and he backed as far away from Parsons as the narrow limits of the launch allowed.

The Hiva-Oa boy was as astonished as his master by the unexpected action of the Lukwe skipper, and he was as dismayed as astonished. But there was no thought of resistance in his mind. It would have taken a bolder man

The sea-lawyer yelled with rage as King of the Islands poured the contents of the cans of petrol into the sea.

"Yes, sar!" mumbled Danny. "Me want you talk along Lo'o boy. You talk along him, you tell me what thing that feller say, me give you gold piece, all same me say along ketch. Savvy?"

Parsons rolled aside the low canvas awning. The hot sun blazed down on the figure that lay beneath.

Danny stared at it. He understood now why the awning had been there, and why Parsons had fled from the sight of the ketch before the man under the awning was revealed to sight.

Danny knew him at once for a Lo'o boy, from the tattoo markings on his black face, the distinctive tattoo of the island of Lo'o in the Solomons.



"Parsons can't mean to keep him," said Ken. "He knows we'd go to Lukwe after him. He doesn't want to shanghai Danny—but for some reason he wants him to interpret out of our hearing and out of our reach. There's some shady business going on in that launch, Kit, though I can't guess what it is. And we're helpless."

There was nothing to be done but wait for a wind, and when the wind came, at sundown, it was futile to think of pursuit of the Lukwe launch. With a grim brow, King of the Islands shook out sail and, under the red sunset, the Dawn resumed her way to Kua.

The sea-lawyer of Lukwe, whatever his mysterious motive might have been, had scored, and he was safe

than Danny to offer opposition to Peter Parsons.

Toto was giving his attention to the engine. Jacky held the tiller, and he was grinning at Danny. The other occupant of the launch was still hidden by the low awning. Peter Parsons turned to Danny at last.

"Name belong you Danny?" he said, looking at the Hiva-Oa boy.

"Yes, sar!" mumbled Danny. "Me belong feller King of the Islands, sar! You feller white master no shanghai this boy, sar!"

"You likee plenty lawyer-cane along back belong you?" snapped Parsons.

"No, sar!" gasped Danny. "You no talk back along me, mouth belong you, you black scum. You belong me now. Got that?"

He was bound hand and foot, tapa cords knotted round wrist and ankle, and a tapa gag was crammed in his mouth. A bruise that showed under his fuzzy hair, and a trickle of dried blood, hinted that rough measures had been used to secure him.

He was a prisoner whose unknown dialect Danny was to interpret to the sea-lawyer. That was why Danny had been carried off, to act as interpreter at a safe distance from the ketch. King of the Islands certainly would have intervened had he become aware that a bound and gagged prisoner lay in the launch.

The black man lay without movement, except from his eyes, which rolled and gleamed with fear and hatred. They burned as they fixed on Parsons when the awning was removed.

Parsons bent over him, and removed the gag from the thick-lipped mouth. The Lo'o boy made a movement of his head as if to snap at the sea-lawyer's hand with his strong white teeth. The sea-lawyer's knuckles struck him sharply on the jaw, thudding his head against the planks, and the Lo'o boy gave a howl. "You see that feller boy, you feller Danny!" said Parsons. "You make

## Danny the Cooky-Boy

that feller talk along me, along ye, speak talk belong him. S'pose you no tell this feller truth, you makee food along shark!"

"Yes, sar!" stammered Danny.

He was utterly mystified, and his brown limbs trembled. He understood that some secret was to be drawn from the Lo'o boy—something that the dandy of Lukwe was eager to learn.

And Danny was wondering what was to happen to him, personally, after he had served the sea-lawyer's turn. Dandy Peter was a man whose secrets it was dangerous to know. He was the man to toss a native to the sharks of the Pacific without a moment's hesitation if it suited his book. Fear of Ken King's vengeance might restrain him, but Parsons was as reckless as he was ruthless.

The sea-lawyer felt in his pockets, and drew out something that glistened in the sun. Danny's eyes opened wider at the sight of a large pearl.

Danny knew something about pearls, and that the pearl between the sea-lawyer's finger and thumb was worth at least thirty Australian sovereigns. He saw the Lo'o boy's eyes snap at the sight of it, and the prisoner gave a savage snarl. Danny did not need telling that the owner of the pearl was on the launch, and that it was not Peter Parsons.

"You see this feller pearl!" said Parsons, holding it up. "You ask that feller Lo'o boy what place this pearl he stop. You ask him how many feller pearl stop along that place. You tell him he show that place along this feller, or me burn him along foot along fire, all same Solomon Island feller. You savvy?"

IT was very clear now why Dandy Peter had fled from the vicinity of the ketch before setting Danny to work as interpreter!

"Now you talk, mouth belong you!" snapped Parsons. "Me givee you gold piece, and along me findee place where pearl he stop, me givee you one feller pearl all samee this pearl."

Danny dropped on his knees by the side of the Lo'o boy to carry out the instructions of the Lukwe skipper. The Solomon Islander glared at him savagely. But a change came over his black, sullen face as Danny spoke to him in his own dialect.

Peter Parsons sat down, took out his revolver, and laid it across his knee. He listened to the talk between the two natives, incomprehensible as it was to him, and the revolver was evidently displayed as a warning to Danny what he might expect if he did not interpret faithfully.

The motor-launch chugged on under the burning sunshine, across the calm blue Pacific, while the talk went on. Jacky and Toto gave ear to it, but the Lo'o dialect was almost as strange to them as to their master, and Danny knew that they did not understand.

Danny was trembling for his own brown skin, but at the same time he was intensely curious, and he had not forgotten his cunning.

He feared the reckless, ruthless sea-lawyer with a deep fear; but he was, to some extent, master of the situation as the only one who could speak to the Lo'o boy.

The Lo'o boy listened to him at first with sullen suspicion, but a few words from Danny reassured him. He quickly understood that the cooky-boy was a prisoner like himself, forced by fear to act as interpreter, and anxious to escape.

The cooky-boy very soon learned how he had come on board the launch. His name was Tamino, and he belonged to a crew of Solomon Island natives who had been engaged in pearling. They had found pearls on an atoll at a distance from Lukwe, and had camped there to comb the lagoon for oysters.

They had found a good many pearls, and stayed longer than they had anticipated. Supplies having run out, Tamino had gone in the canoe to buy stores at Lukwe. He had taken one of the pearls to sell there, to pay for the stores.

So far, there was nothing unusual in the story; but at Lukwe the hapless Tamino had fallen in with Dandy Peter in the store.

The "feller white master" had seen him showing the pearl to the storekeeper, who—in the way of South Sea storekeepers, especially on Lukwe—had offered him about a fifth of its value.

Dandy Peter had interposed, and offered to buy the pearl, and Tamino had gladly accepted the offer. He followed Parsons from the store to his bungalow.

There, the sea-lawyer had knocked him on the head with the butt of a revolver, and Tamino had come to his senses later to find himself bound hand and foot on the launch. When the Dawn was sighted, far out at sea, he had been gagged, and the awning placed over him.

In the store at Lukwe talk had been carried on by signs. Tamino had no English, and Lo'o talk was unknown on Lukwe. By signs, in the launch, Dandy Peter had tried to talk to him, but Tamino did not understand, and perhaps did not want to understand.

It was soon clear to Danny how the matter stood. He proceeded to explain to the Lo'o boy what the "feller white master" wanted. Tamino showed his white teeth in a snarl.

Possibly he had already guessed with what intention the "feller white master" had knocked him on the head and kidnapped him. Now that he knew, he refused to speak.

Danny repeated the threats of the sea-lawyer in the Lo'o tongue, but only snarls from the native pearler responded.

In his own dialect Tamino declared that he would not betray his tribesmen and their pearling ground to the "feller white master" either to save his life or to save himself from torture.

The cooky-boy, more uneasy for himself than for the Solomon Islander, argued with him in vain. Peter Parsons listened to the talk,

incomprehensible to his ears, with a scowl growing blacker on his brow.

So far as he could judge, Danny was carrying out his instructions, but he was getting no information from the Lo'o boy. The sea-lawyer interrupted at last.

"You Danny! What that feller Tamino say, mouth belong him?" he snapped.

Danny blinked at him uneasily.

"That feller Tamino he say no tell white master anything, sar!" faltered the cooky-boy. "He say pearl belong Solomon Island feller, sar, no belong white master!"

"You tell that feller Tamino me burn foot belong him, along fire, s'pose he no tell!" Parsons snarled.

"Me tell that feller all thing you say, sar. He no talk, sar, mouth belong him."

"By gum! I reckon I know how to make a nigger talk!" snarled Dandy Peter. And he rose from the seat, his lips set in a thin, hard line.

### Tricking the Sea-Lawyer!

DANNY watched the sea-lawyer with bulging eyes. Peter Parsons picked a can of petrol from a locker and unscrewed the cap. With the can in his hand, he came over to the bound pearler.

Tamino's black eyes snapped at him with fear and rage. But the black face was sullen and obstinate.

Danny trembled. He knew the reputation of Peter Parsons—pearl-poacher, kidnapper, sea-thief in lonely waters. He was more than capable of putting a prisoner to the torture to extract a secret from him.

Danny, with terrified eyes, watched him spill petrol over the bare feet of the prisoner. Then he screwed the cap on the can again and took a matchbox from his pocket.

His eyes glittered at the Solomon Islander. There was no need for an interpreter to tell Tamino what he intended. His savage intention was plain enough. He scowled at Danny.

"You feller boy, you tell that Lo'o feller, s'pose he no speak, him foot burn all same fire he burn." He drew a match from the box.

Danny, trembling, repeated the savage threat to the prisoner in the Lo'o dialect. Tamino snarled in reply. Perhaps he did not believe that a white man would proceed to such lengths as a savage of his own Solomon Islands. If so, he did not know the sea-lawyer of Lukwe. Peter Parsons was in deadly earnest.

Jacky and Toto looked on indifferently. Their master's will was law to the Lukwe boys, and this was not the first lawless act to which they had been witnesses.

Danny the cooky-boy was far from indifferent. He was not deeply concerned about the Lo'o boy; he had the true South Sea Islander's indifference to the troubles of others. But he was very deeply concerned about himself.

It was quite clear to Danny that if Dandy Peter tortured and robbed the native pearler, he would take care that the cooky-boy should never

tell what had happened on the launch.

Even the rough crew on Lukwe would never have stood for savage lawlessness carried to this length. Even on Lukwe Dandy Peter would not have cared to have it known. And outside Lukwe there was law in the Pacific. The High Commissioner at Fiji was far off, but his arm was long and strong!

His own boys Parsons could trust to keep secrets. They had many of the sea-lawyer's dark secrets to keep. But he could place no such trust in Ken King's cooky-boy.

If Danny was a witness to the torturing of the Lo'o pearler, the best he could expect was to be marooned on some solitary islet where he would never see a white man again.

But it was more likely in a man of Dandy Peter's character that his silence would be secured by even surer means. Danny's terrified eyes wandered to the rolling blue of the Pacific, which he realised might soon close over him, keeping him silent for ever.

Dandy Peter struck a match. Danny shivered, but his brain was at work now. It was useless to urge the Lo'o boy to give up his secret. All the savage, sullen obstinacy of the Solomon Islander was roused, and he would not speak. Only the torture would draw speech from him. Perhaps not even that. But it flashed into Danny's brain that he could gain time by deluding the merciless sea-lawyer.

Lying came as naturally to Danny as breathing or stealing. And Dandy Peter, who could not understand the Lo'o talk, could not know that he was lying.

If the launch ran to an island—any island—the cooky-boy might have a chance of escaping from Peter Parsons' clutches. There was a chance of escape at least if he gained time by falsifying the answers of the Lo'o pearler.

Thinking was not much in Danny's or any Kanaka's line. But terror sharpened his faculties. In other circumstances, Danny would as soon have trifled with a tiger-shark. But the cooky-boy was desperate now.

The sea-lawyer was holding up the burning match. Tamino watched him with glittering eyes. His bare feet steamed with petrol, and he knew what was coming.

"You feller Danny," snarled Parsons, "you hear me, ear belong you? You tell that feller Tamino, s'pouse he no speak, feller match touchee foot belong him—foot belong him burn along fire!"

"Yes, sar!" faltered Danny. He spoke to the Lo'o boy in his own dialect. But he did not ask for the bearings of the pearling atoll. He knew that that was useless. He told him that he was going to make a fool of the "feller white master," to gain time to escape.

The Lo'o pearler stared for a moment, then made a sign of understanding, and answered in his own strange tongue.

*The Expert who conducts this regular feature will keep you up to date in all Model Aeroplane matters, and will answer, Free, through the Post, any Air queries that any reader cares to send to the Editor*

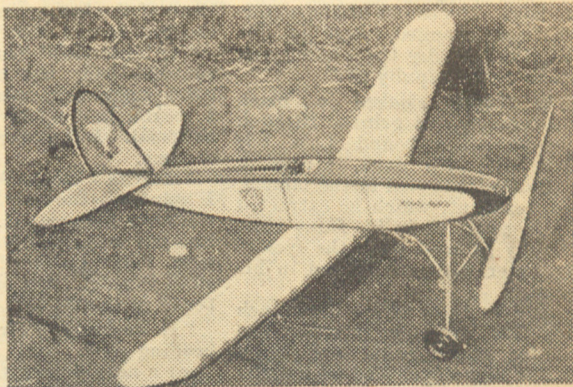
## Model Plane Chat

ONE of the finest model planes which I have ever seen is the Knight "King-bird," a model which, I am glad to be able to tell you, is now being made in numbers sufficient to be available for those fellows who like low-wing planes. It has a fine combination of strength, appearance, and performance.

Enamelled in cream and green, with aluminium-doped, double-surfaced wings, its average duration of flight is up to fifty seconds. And that's jolly good!

Its span is 36 inches, with a 12-inch propeller, and it has celluloid wheels

Here is a model to make every fellow's eyes goggle with admiration and envy! It is the Knight "King-bird." It flies for 50 seconds and can climb to 120 feet. Cream and green enamelled, its aluminium-doped double-surfaced wings measure 36 ins. across.



It is powered with ten strands of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch flat rubber, and its weight is 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  ounces.

The limit of its climb is about 120 feet, and its duration of flight can be increased, at the expense of climb, by reducing the amount of rubber. It is fitted with a device for dropping a parachute in mid-air!

HAVE you ever tried indoor flying, with little rubber-driven models that weigh only a fraction of an ounce? It's great fun, and you can build up a stick model to your own design in as little as two hours.

These midgets are made entirely of balsa wood and paper, and so they are real fly-weights. About the limit for the wing-span of indoor models is 18 inches, because above that size they are liable to damage themselves if they hit things.

"What thing that feller say?" snarled Dandy Peter. He had little doubt that the nearness of the torture had cowed the Lo'o boy.

"Him say he tell all thing along feller white master, sar!" answered Danny. "Him no likee feller foot belong him burn along fire, sar!"

"I reckoned he would talk!" Peter Parsons chuckled. "You ask that feller what place feller pearl he stop."

"Him say plenty feller pearl he stop along island, sar."

"What island, you fool?"

FOR a moment Danny was tempted to give the name of some distant island which would take days to reach even in the fast motor-launch. But he remembered in time that Tamino had gone to Lukwe in a canoe. Only too well Danny knew what would happen if Peter Parsons discovered that he was deceiving him. He had to give the name of an island within a reasonable distance, if he was to succeed in deluding the sea-lawyer.

It was then that Danny had a sort of brain-wave.

"Feller island Kua, sar!" he

answered. "Yes, sar! Feller plenty pearl he stop along Kua, sar!"

Danny did not dare to look the sea-lawyer in the face as he made that reply. If Parsons knew that the Dawn also was bound for Kua—He could not possibly know, but as the sea-lawyer repeated the name of the island dubiously, Danny felt the grip of terror like a hand of ice on his heart.

Peter Parsons knitted his brows thoughtfully.

"Kua!" he said again. "That's an uninhabited island—skippers put in at Kua for wood and water—never for anything else. I've never heard of pearls in the lagoon at Kua. You plenty sure that feller Lo'o boy he say Kua?"

"Me plenty too much sure, sar!" Danny's assurance revived as he saw that the Lukwe skipper was swallowing the bait.

"By hokey!" said Dandy Peter, his eyes glistening. "If there's pearls on Kua I reckon I'll be the first white man to lift them. We can hit Kua soon after sundown in this launch. I've never heard of pearls on Kua—I know Black Furley combed Kua for

## Danny the Cooky-Boy

pearls once, and never found any. You feller Danny, you ask that feller he plenty sure pearls stop along Kua."

Danny spoke to the Lo'o pearly again in his own tongue. He did not repeat the sea-lawyer's question, however. Confident that Dandy Peter could not follow a word he uttered, he told the Lo'o boy how he was tricking the feller white master.

Tamino's black eyes glimmered.

"Kua!" he repeated. "Kua!"

"He say Kua, sar!" said Danny. "He say plenty too much pearl stop along lagoon along Kua, sar."

Dandy Peter threw the match into the sea and snapped an order to the Lukwe boys. The course of the motor-launch was changed, heading for distant Kua. Under the sinking sun the knots reeled rapidly off.

Dandy Peter smoked a black Manila cheroot, and grinned through the smoke. The bound Lo'o boy watched him with dark, glittering eyes. Danny, sprawled in the launch, chewed betel-nut, which he extracted from a bag carried in his fuzzy hair. And Danny grinned when the eyes of Dandy Peter were not turned in his direction.

It would be night before the launch reached Kua, swift as it was. The search for pearls could not begin before the new day. And at sunrise King of the Islands would be sailing into the Kua lagoon! Dandy Peter was grinning with anticipated triumph. But the cunning cooky-boy had more reason to grin.

### Chuckles and Cackles.

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS came on deck at the first glimmer of dawn on the Pacific. Kit Hudson gave him a cheery nod.

"Kua's in sight, Ken," he said. Far away across the waters the little isle of Kua looked like a blur on the Pacific.

The wind that had come with sundown had freshened during the night, and the ketch was moving swiftly through the sea. King of the Islands glanced up at masts and sails and nodded with satisfaction. Then his eyes fixed on the distant blur that was Kua.

Lompo brought breakfast aft for the two white masters, Danny, the cooky-boy, being no longer available for his usual duties.

Meanwhile, the Dawn was swiftly approaching Kua. It was a low island, little more than a ring of rock and earth surrounding a lagoon. On the outer reef the Pacific broke in roaring surf, creaming white in the sunshine. Beyond the reefs, palm trees grew thickly, but here and there, in openings of the palms, the lagoon could be sighted.

It was for water that the boy trader was dropping in at Kua, and it was not his intention to remain there longer than was necessary to fill the casks. His brow knitted as he watched the atoll drawing nearer and clearer. From Kua, with the wind, the Dawn was to speed on her way, leaving distant Lukwe farther and farther

behind. That meant that Ken's reckoning with Peter Parsons had to be indefinitely postponed.

Whither the sea-lawyer had fled in the launch after disappearing from sight the previous day, Ken could not guess. At Lukwe, sooner or later, he could be found. But long weeks would pass before the Dawn took in Lukwe on her return voyage to Lalinge.

In the meantime, the cooky-boy was gone. And apart from his concern for Danny, King of the Islands missed his cook. Danny was not an admirable character in many respects—he would lie and steal as naturally as he would breathe, and these little failings earned him a good many applications of the lawyer-cane. But he was the best native cook in the islands.

"It beats me!" King of the Islands remarked for the tenth time. "I can't make that swab Parsons out! I reckon he's up to some devilment, as usual. But it beats me to give it a name.

"He can't mean Danny any harm, I suppose—the boy's safe enough, whatever his game is. But we've lost him till we hit Lukwe again and deal with Peter Parsons! I'll kick that swab Parsons from one end of Lukwe beach to the other!"

"If we knew where the swab was heading—" said Hudson. "But there's no guessing that."

"Koko savvy, sar!" The two white men stared at Koko. There was a grin on the brown face of the boatswain.

"What's that, Koko?" exclaimed Ken, in astonishment. "You savvy what place feller Parsons make along motor-launch?"

"Me savvy, sar!" grinned Koko.

"How you savvy?" demanded Hudson.

"Along me see, eye belong me, sar!" chuckled Koko, and raised a brown hand to point towards Kua. "That feller launch he stop along lagoon along Kua."

"What!" yelled Hudson. The Australian spun round to stare at Kua. The atoll was close at hand now, the ketch bearing down on the reef passage. But the thronging palms hid the lagoon from sight, save for a glimpse of shining water here and there among the slanting trunks.

"Me see, sar, eye belong me," said Koko. "You feller white master see, plenty quick."

Ken and Kit exchanged an astonished glance. Evidently the boatswain had caught a glimpse of the launch in the lagoon through an opening of the palms, lost again as the ketch glided on.

"Parsons never knew we were making Kua, of course—and if he's gone there—" said Hudson.

"Look!" exclaimed King of the Islands, and pointed. Another opening of the palms gave a wide glimpse of the inner lagoon. For a long moment the shipmates of the Dawn had sight of a motor-launch moored alongside a shelf of coral at the side of the lagoon. In that moment they saw three natives, too far off to be recognised, but evidently the Lukwe boys and Danny—and a dapper figure

in white drill which could only have been Peter Parsons.

Then as the ketch glided on the palms shut off the view again. King of the Islands chuckled.

"That was Jacobs' launch from Lukwe, Kit! I'd know that old packet anywhere! We're in luck." Hudson chuckled, too.

"If Parsons had known we were making Kua to take in water—" he said.

"Lucky he didn't, or he would have made any island but Kua!" replied King of the Islands, laughing. "We've got the swab now in a cleft stick—if they see us and try to run out I'll run them down in the reef passage. Parsons is not getting away again."

"No fear!" grinned Hudson. The Dawn ran on to the reef passage. It was probable that Dandy Peter had not sighted the ketch, screened from view by the tall palms. Whatever his business was at Kua it lay within the reef, and probably he had not cast a glance seaward at all.

**B**UT in any case there was no escape for the launch. Only by the narrow reef passage could it have left the lagoon, and in that passage Ken would have run the launch down without compunction rather than have allowed the sea-lawyer to get away with the kidnapped cook.

Peter Parsons was trapped—had trapped himself by running into the lagoon of Kua. So far, he had not seen the Dawn. But he could not fail to see the ketch when she came sweeping in.

"That feller Parsons plenty jump, along he see this feller ketch, sar!" chuckled Koko. "Big feller surprise along that white master, sar."

Koko was at the wheel, and Ken had to give his attention to the passage. Hudson stood with a Winchester rifle under his arm, watching for a sight of the launch—and Peter Parsons.

The ketch glided from the reefs into the lagoon. The shelf of coral to which the motor-launch was moored was on the other side, and Ken stood direct across the lagoon towards it.

Parsons was not to be seen on the launch now. The two Lukwe boys were there, staring blankly at the approaching ketch. Danny, the cooky-boy, could be seen, waving wildly, his dusky face beaming with delight at the sight of the Dawn. The shipmates picked up a figure in white drill on the beach.

Dandy Peter was ashore, and he was not alone. A native, whom the shipmates had never seen before, moved by his side, and they saw that the native's hands were bound behind him.

"That must be the Lo'o boy he had under the awning," said King of the Islands. "Not a castaway he was helping, the scoundrel—a prisoner, that's plain! His hands are tied! But what it all means—"

"We shall know soon!" grinned Hudson. "Look—the swab's sighted us!" The Lukwe boys were shouting to their master from the launch. Dandy Peter stared round.

The expression on his face, as he saw the ketch sweeping towards him across the lagoon, made the shipmates chuckle. It was, as Koko had said, a "big feller surprise" for the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

Peter's jaw dropped. He stared at the graceful ketch as if he could hardly believe his eyes.

For several seconds he stood motionless, rooted to the beach, staring. Then the shipmates saw him rush back towards the launch, driving the Lo'o boy before him with a clubbed revolver.

There was a splash in the lagoon. Danny leaped from the launch, and swam vigorously towards the ketch.

"Lompo!" rapped King of the Islands. "Throw feller rope along Danny!"

Danny caught the rope, and clambered dripping up the side of the ketch by the time Dandy Peter reached the launch. The sea-lawyer drove Tamino on the launch and followed him on board. There was a revolver in his grasp now, and a desperate light in his eyes.

The ketch's sails dropped, and she dove to. The whaleboat dropped into the water, King of the Islands stepped in, and the Kanakas pulled for the launch. Peter Parsons glared at the boy trader over his raised revolver.

"Stand off, King of the Islands!" he shouted hoarsely. "Stand off, or I'll shoot! You've got your cooky-boy—I'm done with him—you're not coming aboard here! Stand off, or I'll—"

Crack! It was the Winchester rifle in the hands of Kit Hudson on the ketch that cracked.

There was a yell from Dandy Peter. The revolver was struck from his hand by the bullet, leaving his fingers numbed. He clasped his right hand with his left, and yelled.

The whaleboat bumped on the launch, and King of the Islands

leaped aboard. Dandy Peter faced him, white with fury.

"Get off this craft, you swab—"

Crash! The boy trader's clenched fist landed in Dandy Peter's face, and the sea-lawyer of Lukwe went spinning on the planks.

King of the Islands and his mate listened to what Danny had to tell. The cooky-boy told his story with many chuckles and cackles. Danny was in great glee at his success.

"Me tell plenty big feller lie along that feller Parsons!" he said over and over again. "That feller tinkee pearl stop along Kua, my word! Feller pearl no stop along Kua—feller King of the Islands stop along Kua, catchee that feller Parsons, my word, sar! This feller Danny plenty too clever Kanaka, sar!"

"The swab!" said King of the Islands, when Danny had told the tale. "Robbing a native of his pearls! So that was his game!"

"He won't get away with it now," said Hudson.

"He won't get away from Kua in a hurry at all!" said the boy trader grimly.

PETER lay on the launch, bound hand and foot, and the Lukwe boys squatted with their hands tied. Tamino was on the ketch. Danny told him, in his own tongue, that he was among friends, and the Lo'o boy realised that he was safe from Dandy Peter. He was free now and his pearl, recovered from the sea-lawyer's pocket, was stowed away safely in some recess of his fuzzy hair. Tamino was grinning cheerfully.

Dandy Peter lay in his bonds while the Dawn's casks were filled. It was not till the ketch was ready for sea again that Ken stepped on the launch once more. He gave the sea-lawyer a grim look.

"You thieving swab!" said King of the Islands contemptuously. "I'm

taking the Lo'o boy away in my ketch. I'm going to fit him up with a canoe at Kolo to get back to his friends. His own canoe is left at Lukwe, where you kidnapped him, you lubber. And you're going to pay for a new one. You'll hand him a hundred dollars, Peter Parsons." He released the sea-lawyer's right arm, and called Tamino. "Quick about it, or you get the lawyer-cane!"

Dandy Peter obeyed quickly.

Now," said Ken grimly, "I'm going to see that you don't get a chance of getting after the Lo'o boy again, Peter Parsons. I'm going to see that you're kept out of mischief for a time. You'll stay on Kua till some skipper comes in for water. And that may be three months or six months!"

"You fool!" Dandy Peter snarled. "You reckon I'll stay here—you reckon—"

"Ay, ay!" answered King of the Islands. "Unless you can work this launch without petrol, you'll stay."

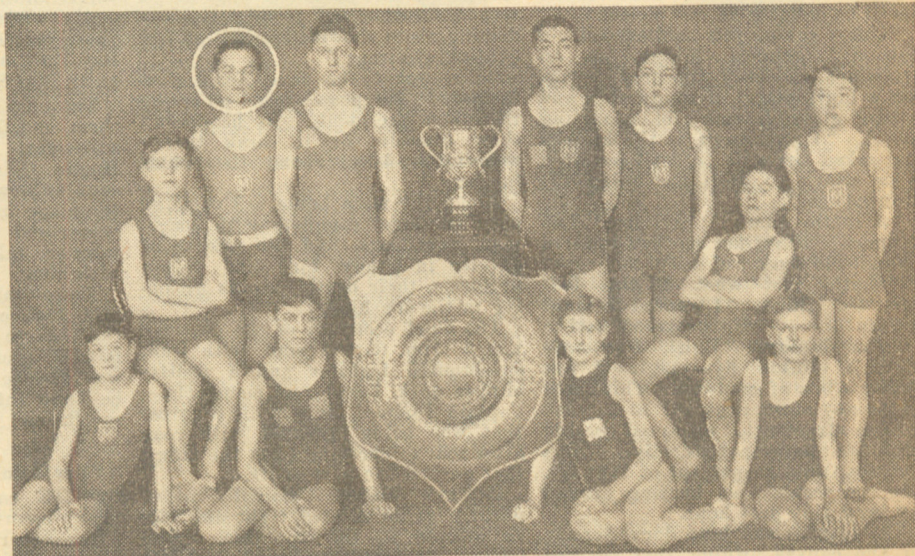
The sea-lawyer yelled with rage as King of the Islands took can after can of petrol and poured the contents into the lagoon. Unheeding his fury, the boy trader poured away every drop of "juice" that was carried on the launch, to the last drop out of the tank. Then, without a glance at the foaming ruffian, Ken returned to the ketch and gave the order, "Up hook!"

Dandy Peter stood on the launch, watching the ketch with burning eyes as she sailed out of the reef passage. Beyond the reef the tall sails glanced on the blue sea—sinking lower and lower to the sea-line, till they vanished from the sea-lawyer's sight.

**("THE CORRESPONDENCE-COURSE COWBOY" is coming to the pages of MODERN BOY! He makes his very first appearance in the next issue. His adventures are screamingly funny!)**

## ONE GUINEA

has been awarded this week to J. BOYNE, 30, Sherbrooke Road, Fulham, London, S.W.6, for this photo of the MUNSTER ROAD SCHOOL SWIMMING TEAM. J. Boyne is sitting on the chair on the left. The Cup is for the local all-round swimming Championship. The shield, for which all the schools in the London area competed, is the Fabian Shield for Life-saving. All the boys in the photo have the Royal Life-saving Badge, and five of them have the bronze medallion



**FIVE SHILLINGS** will be sent to the OWNER of the RINGED HEAD if he will send his full name and address, vouched for by J. Boyne, in envelope marked "Claim," to the Editor, MODERN BOY.