

The MODERN BOY

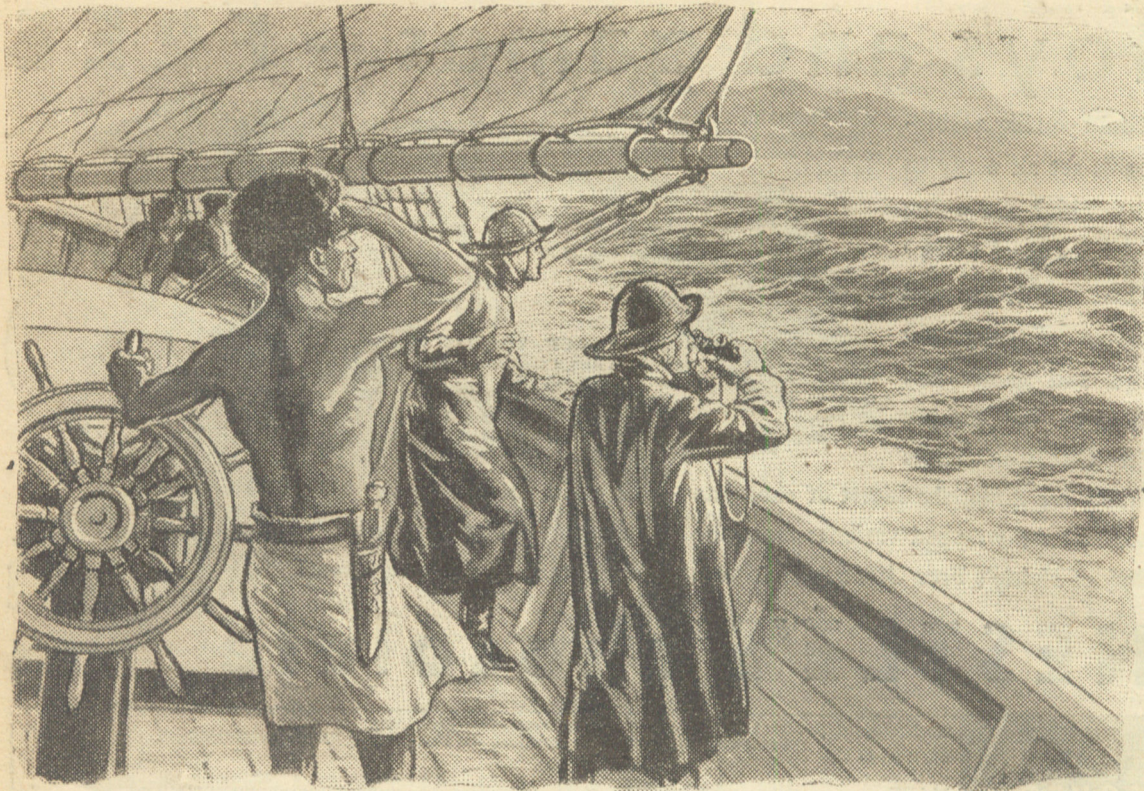
EVERY SATURDAY.
Week Ending November 18th, 1933.

No. 302.
Vol. 12.

2^D.

The MODERN BOY
PICTURE ALBUM

This
**16 PAGE
ALBUM**
AND FIRST SET OF
COLOURED PICTURES
FREE WITHIN!



KING of the ISLANDS!

The Boy Trader of the South Seas, and skipper of the ketch Dawn, enters on another series of Splendid Adventures among the fascinating, danger-filled Islands of the Pacific

By CHARLES HAMILTON

After the Hurricane!

"TAHITI!" said King of the Islands, and waved a hand towards the distant dark blue that jutted against the sky, far away across the grey tumbling waters. It was sunrise on the Pacific, after a night of storm and stress. Through the long night the gale had roared, and since sunset not an eye on the ketch Dawn had been closed.

But with sunrise the fierce wind had dropped; the beating rain had ceased, though the sea was still running high. The vast Pacific rollers marched on in endless procession, the ketch Dawn tossing almost like a cork on the mountainous waters. The gleam of the rising sun was more than welcome to the tired boy captain and crew of the Dawn.

The ketch had ridden out the storm like the well-found, well-handled craft that she was. But through the long hours of darkness Ken King had constantly bent his ear to listen in dread of hearing the boom of breakers through the roar of the wind. The ketch was making Tahiti, and had she driven on the Great Barrier Reef in the darkness, the best sailorman in the Pacific could not have saved her.

Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the Dawn, wiped the salt spray from his eyes and looked in the direction pointed out by his shipmate. Black against a grey sky, the high mountains of Tahiti loomed in the distance. Below that high mass a gleam of white showed where the Pacific broke in hills of foam on the Barrier Reef.

"Suffering cats!" said Hudson. "Thank goodness it's no nearer! That reef's been in my mind all night!"

"And in mine!" said Ken King, with a smile. He shook a shower of rain-drops from his glistening oilskins. "It's been rather a blow! Lucky we weren't ashore among the falling coconuts!"

Koko, the Kanaka boatswain of the Dawn, was at the wheel. His sinewy brown hands had been on the spokes for many hours. Koko's dark eyes turned on the distant mountains, and he nodded.

"Me savvy that island plenty too much," he remarked. "Big feller island belong feller Flessman." By which Koko meant that Tahiti, the chief island of the Society group, belonged to the French.

"I shall be glad to drop anchor in the lagoon," said King of the

Islands. "We've come through—but I reckon a good many craft have hit trouble in the night!" He looked round over the rolling waters, brightening in the rays of the rising sun. No sail was in sight. Only the mountains of Tahiti broke the expanse of endless waters.

But Koko, releasing one brown hand from the wheel, lifted it to shade his eyes from the level sun and stared into the east.

"Feller ship he stop, sar!" he said. Ken stared.

"What place that feller ship he stop, Koko?" he demanded. "Me no see feller ship, eye belong me."

"Mast belong him stop under water, sar!"

"A wreck!" exclaimed Hudson.

Ken fixed his gaze on the blur that had caught the Kanaka boatswain's keen eyes. If it was a vessel, it was a small one, and it was floating keel upward. The boy trader called to one of the Hiva-Oa crew.

"Lompo, you bring big feller glass belong me, along cabin he stop."

L O M P O brought up the binoculars. Ken clapped them to his eyes and focused the glasses on the distant object. What had

(Continued on page 23.)

King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 26)

been only a blur to the naked eye rushed into near and clear vision.

"My sainted Sam!" exclaimed King of the Islands.

"A wreck?" asked Hudson.

"Ay, ay, and a man on it!" Ken passed the glasses to Hudson, who scanned the wreck in his turn. It was a small craft, a forty-foot boat, probably one of the innumerable luggers that traded among the Society Islands. Evidently it had hit trouble in the hurricane. It had completely turned turtle and tossed keel upward on the wild waters. Astride of the keel, clinging with one hand and waving the other frantically, was a human form.

Without the glasses the man could not be seen from the ketch, and only Koko's keen eyes—keen as those of an albatross—would have picked up the wreck at all. But the tall topsails of the Dawn were visible far across the sea, and the man on the wreck had seen them afar. He was making signals, though neither he nor his signals could be seen until the binoculars were turned on the floating wreck. It was a sight to go to the heart of any sailorman.

"A white man, by his clothes," said Hudson. The figure, tiny, toy-like in the distance, was clad in drenched white drill. "Thank goodness Koko spotted him. We're picking him up, Ken?"

King of the Islands was already rapping out orders. The Dawn swung from her course to run down to the wrecked lugger. Ken was anxious to make Tahiti and drop anchor in the lagoon. But the rescue of the man on the wreck came first.

Every eye on the Dawn was fixed on the floating wreck as the ketch ran closer. Lompo and Lufu, Tomoo and Kolulo, watched it over the rail; and Danny, the cooky-boy, came out of the little galley forward, where his pots and pans had been clattering all night, and stood staring with a coffee-pot in his hand. Danny had been about to start the stove to make coffee for the white masters, but with the happy inconsequence of a Kanaka he cheerfully left his duties to stare at an interesting scene. As the man on the tossing keel came nearer to the view, the Kanakas grinned to one another.

"My word," said Lompo, "that feller plenty too much fright!"

"Too much fright stop along that feller!" grinned Danny. "Him tinkee walk along bottom sea."

"Tinkee makee kai-kai along feller shark!" remarked Kolulo. "That feller plenty too much flaid makee kai-kai along shark." And the Hiva-Oa boys showed their white teeth in wide grins, evidently entertained by the terrors of the man on the wreck.

"That feller go fall along sea," said Lufu. "You see, eye belong you!"

King of the Islands was watching the man intently. Now that he was nearer, he could see that the man on the lugger was not a white man; or, at all events, only partly white.

His face was a dark olive, his eyes a jetty black. Ken concluded that he was an Indian half-caste, of whom there were many in the Islands. He was enormously fat, and his wet, thin clothes clinging closely to him revealed barrel-like outlines.

It mattered nothing to Ken whether he was white or brown or black, or a mixture of all three; he was going to save him. As the ketch ran nearer, the half-caste waved still more frantically in fear and excitement. Apparently he was not sure that the Dawn was heading for him. He made an attempt to scramble up and stand upright, which was the cause of Lufu's remark. A more agile man than the fat Eurasian would have failed to keep a footing on the slippery keel, rolling and tossing in the tumbling waters. He pitched over headlong, and his fall was followed by a cackle from the Kanaka crew of the Dawn.

"That feller go along bottom sea," said Danny. The Hiva-Oa boys were not unfeeling, but utterly unthinking, in the way of the South Sea Islander.

But Ken's face was dark with anxiety. For a moment the fat man disappeared in the swirling water. But he clambered into view again, puffing and blowing, and lodged himself once more on the keel of the lugger. His olive face was ghastly. Clinging with his fat knees, he waved both hands frantically. King of the Islands waved back to him.

Closer ran the Dawn till only two cables' length divided her from the tossing wreck. Then the whaleboat was dropped and the ketch hove to, and King of the Islands, with four Kanakas pulling at the oars, headed for the wreck, Kit Hudson watching him anxiously from the Dawn.

Honest Mr. Jam!

KING OF THE ISLANDS watched anxiously as the whaleboat pulled closer to the tossing wreck. The sea ran high, and it was a matter of difficulty and danger to approach near the capsized lugger. High on a wave, and then deep down in the trough of the sea, the boat pulled on, the boy trader steering, while the Kanakas laboured at the oars. On the reeling, rolling keel, the olive-skinned fat man waved and gesticulated and shouted, though the wind carried away his voice and not a word could be caught.

Afloat by the lugger, bobbing in the water, was a tangle of rigging and broken spars that crashed and pounded on the hull. No living thing was to be seen but the fat olive man on the upturned keel—evidently the only survivor. He was in a pitiable state of exhaustion and terror.

On a swooping billow the whaleboat swept down to the wreck at the imminent risk of collision and catastrophe. Koko and Lompo fended with their oars, and King of the Islands yelled to the man on the keel: "Jump!"

But either the olive man did not comprehend, or his nerve failed him. He clung where he was, clutching like a cat.

"Jump!" roared King of the Islands. Every moment was precious, with the boat in danger of swamping against the rolling wreck.

"That fellow no savvy!" muttered Koko. "He plenty too much fright!"

Ken set his teeth. The olive man feared to release his hold and let himself slip down to the tossing boat. He turned a haggard face and bulging eyes on the boy trader, but still clung desperately to his precarious hold. There was no time to lose—and King of the Islands gave the tiller to Lompo and leaped from the boat upon the slanting, plunging hull. In a second his grasp was on the fat man.

A heavy roller came swamping down on the half-submerged wreck and completely submerged it, and the green waters closed over King of the Islands and the man he was trying to save.

The submerged hull bobbed up again a dozen fathoms from the whaleboat. The boat rocked wildly and shipped water. Koko, with the sea splashing over his bare brown knees, stared anxiously in search of his beloved white master. King of the Islands had gone down deep, swamped and choked by the thundering roller, but his grasp was still on the olive man. And as he struggled for the surface the clutches of the olive-skinned man fastened on him.

An arm was round his neck, dragging him down. The man was only half conscious; and what consciousness he had left was all panic. The boy trader struggled frantically, with deep water over his head and his lungs bursting for air. In those terrible moments Ken King went through the valley of the shadow of death. He struggled in vain in the octopus-like grip of the man who was dragging him to destruction!

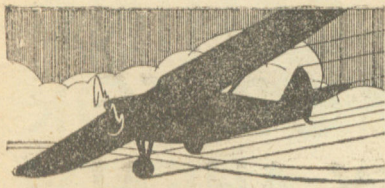
But the boy trader did not lose his presence of mind. His fist, clenched like iron, crashed in the olive face that he could feel but could not see. The water broke the force of the blow, but it had its effect, knocking out what remained of the senses of the half-caste. King of the Islands shot up to the surface, dragging himself and an insensible man from death.

"White master stop!" yelled Koko. "You feller boy, you washy-washy debblish quick along white master!"

THE whaleboat was a dozen fathoms distant. King of the Islands, choked, dizzy, gulped in air. No swimmer could have lived many minutes in such a sea. But the whaleboat came rushing down, and a brown arm and a ready hand reached over the gunwale and grasped the boy trader. Still holding the man he had saved, Ken was dragged into the boat, and the insensible Eurasian was dragged in after him. The olive man collapsed, inert, into the bottom of the boat, unconscious.

For the time he was left where he lay, unheeded. Between his closed eyes a thick, dark bruise was forming where King of the Islands had struck—the blow that had saved both their lives. Ken, exhausted, sank

(Continued on page 30)



WARNEFORD AGAIN, BOYS!

IN PARIS, ON OCT. 1st, THE

FIRST AND 3 OTHER PRIZES WERE WON WITH WARNEFORD

FLYING MODEL AIRCRAFT IN THE LES AILES INTERNATIONAL OPEN CONTEST

NOW—BUY & FLY YOUR WARNEFORD AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO!

PRICES 1/6 to 5 Gns.

Obtainable from all good stores, toy and sports dealers throughout the world. Illustrated price list post free from Warneford's, Dept. B.2, Greenwich Rd., London, S.E.10.

Make your own snap shot prints
with the aid of the simple and practical

Criterion
PRINTING AND DEVELOPING OUT
for 3½ x 2½ in. Negatives.

Contents:— 2 Celluloid Dishes, 25 Sheets BYGAS Paper, 1 Printing Frame, 1 Packet Developer, 1 Packet Fixer, and full instructions. **3/-**

CRITERION LTD. STECHFORD

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "MODERN BOY."

—THE "WILD WEST" PEA PISTOL—

Fires 15 shots at each loading. Repeating mechanism Black finish. With ammunition: 1/-, 6 shot model, Black finish, 1/3, 15 shot model, Nickel Finish, 1/- Post 3d, 1/6, 25 shot model, Automatic Pattern, Black Finish, 2/-, 50 shot model, Automatic Pattern, Black Finish, 2/6. Postage 3d. each pistol. (Colonial 9d.) Extra supply of ammunition, 6d. and 1/-. (New address) HERBERTS & CO. (Dept. B 67), 81, Clapham Park Rd. S.W.4.



GOLD!!

"Modern Boy" PEN COUPON. Value 3d. CUT THIS OUT. Send 5 of these coupons with only 3/- (and 2d. stamp) direct to Fleet Pen Co., 113 Fleet St. E.C.4, for a handsome Lever Self Filling FLEET PEN, with SOLID GOLD NIB (Fine, Medium or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price, 4/3, or with 5 coupons only 3/-. De Luxe Model 2/- extra.

King of the Islands!

(Continued from page 28)

down in the stern, drenched and dripping, dazed and dizzy.

"My sainted Sam!" he panted. "That was a near thing! Washy-washy along ketch, you feller boy!"

He pulled himself together to steer, and the four Kanakas bent to the oars. It was no easy matter to pull back to the ketch in the mountainous sea. Kit Hudson watched them with anxious eyes, now on the surge of a billow, now out of his sight in a valley of water. He threw a line as the whaleboat at last drew close, and Koko caught it.

The line was made fast to the insensible man, and Hudson, Danny, and Koko hauled him on board and dropped him on the deck. The boat's crew clambered after him, and the whaleboat, at last, was swung up. King of the Islands sat on the cabin skylight, exhausted and panting.

It was Hudson who put the ketch before the wind again, heading for distant Tahiti. Danny, with a cheery grin on his plump face, came hopping along the deck with a can of steaming hot coffee for the galley.

"You went in for him?" asked Hudson, when Ken had finished the coffee. He had only partly seen what had happened on the wreck.

"The swab dragged me in!" granted King of the Islands. "He held me under water like an octopus. We should both have been drowned if I hadn't knocked him silly. Does he look damaged?"

"A lump as big as a young coconut on his forehead!" grinned Hudson.

The fat man gave a gasping groan, and his eyes opened. Kit Hudson gave him a hand, and he sat up, blinking round him. His fat hand went to his head, and he pressed the bruise, which was prominent enough, though hardly as big as a young coconut, as the mate of the Dawn had said. Danny brought another can of coffee, and the fat olive man sipped it, his black eyes flashing round him.

The steaming coffee gave him new life, a faint flush of colour coming into his ghastly face. He set down the can, and, groping under the tails of his dripping drill jacket, drew into view a tapa bag that was buckled to his belt. Apparently there was something of value in the bag, and he wished to assure himself it was safe.

"You're safe now, my man," said King of the Islands. "You speak English?"

"Yess!" came the answer, with the lisp of the Eurasian. "Speaking of estimable English language is like native tongue, this being facilitated by extensive approximation with respected English."

Ken smiled. He had heard, among the Islands, a good many specimens of the English of the educated native of India, or the "English" of the man from the lugger might have come as a surprise to him.

"You were a passenger on that craft?" he asked. The fat man did not look much like a sailorman.

"This Mr. Jam a passenger on a lugger to Tahiti, yess!" said the man.

"Mr. Jam?" repeated Ken. To English ears, it was a rather remarkable name.

"Humble patronymic of yours truly," said the fat man. "This Mr. Jam has honour to be pearl merchant. Buy and sell pearls with a just price. This is well known. Many English call me Honest Mr. Jam."

KEN was feeling quite kindly towards the man he had saved from the sea. But as he scanned the fat, sly face, the depths of cunning in the black eyes, he could not help thinking that those who called the olive man "Honest Mr. Jam" could not be very keen judges!

"If you were bound for Tahiti, you will be landed there to-day," he said. "We're making Tahiti now."

Mr. Jam's black eyes turned in the direction of the Tahitian mountains, now nearer and standing out against a blue sky. There was still a heavy sea running; otherwise, hardly a trace of the storm was left. Bright sunshine streamed down from a brilliant sky. Mr. Jam blinked in the sunlight and pressed his hand to the bruise on his forehead again.

"I hope you're not much hurt, Mr. Jam," said Ken. "I had to give you that knock under water, or you'd have drowned us both—if you remember?"

The flash that came into the olive man's eyes showed that he remembered. It showed, too, that he did not realise—or choose to realise—the necessity Ken had been under. For a second his black eyes burned at the boy trader. But it was only for a second, and the next moment Ken was wondering if he had seen aright as the fat man smiled.

"The remember is totally complete," said Mr. Jam. "You've saved a life, for which there is extensive and unlimited thanks. In innumerable years I shall not fail to remember. With kind permission, I will take one small rest. During whole of night in fearful storm sleep did not approximate."

Ken himself gave the olive man a helping hand down the companion, and saw that Danny made him comfortable in a bed on the cabin lockers. His clothes were taken on deck to dry in the sunshine, now blazing with tropical heat, Mr. Jam first detaching the tapa bag from the belt—a bag which Ken guessed to contain pearls, as the man had stated he was a pearl merchant.

"No likee that feller, sar!" said Koko, when the boy trader returned to the deck.

Ken smiled. He did not like Mr. Jam himself, but he was glad that he had saved him from the wreck. In a few hours he would be landed at Papeete, and nothing more would be seen of him. King of the Islands little dreamed how much he was to see in the near future of Honest Mr. Jam!

King of the Islands has a big shock in store—and there's big trouble brewing for Mr. Jam, too! Next Saturday the storm breaks, and it's a "storm" you'll thoroughly enjoy!