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THRILLING

MOTOR-RACING

STORY by

SIR MALCOLM

CAMPBELL

-HOLDER OF WORLD'S

LAND-SPEED RECORD-

INSIDE!



MICKEY MOUSE'S OWN PAGE of FUN INSIDE!

TREASURE of TUNAVIVA

There's Pink Coral, worth Five Pounds an Ounce, on a South Seas island—says Billy the Beachcomber. KING OF THE ISLANDS is doubtful. But there's no doubt about fat Mr. Jam, who is on the Treasure's Trail!

By

CHARLES HAMILTON

The Cane for Mr. Jam!

"THIS looks like the place!" said King of the Islands, boy skipper of the ketch Dawn.

Kit Hudson nodded, and stopped the car. The shipmates of the Dawn had run on to a native village, a mile past the ravine, to inquire for the whereabouts of Billy, the beachcomber. It had not taken them long to pick up the information, and the car came humming back along the coast road. Here the road was bordered by high, rocky bluffs on the inland side, and Ken's keen eyes picked out the opening where the ravine split the bluffs.

The car stopped at the roadside, and the shipmates stepped out. They walked on round the great rocks into the opening of the ravine, stepping over the little stream that came purling down to the beach.

"I suppose we shall find him at home, as he's got no money," remarked Hudson. "But I'm dashed if I know why you're wasting your time on the man, Ken. You surely don't believe a word of his yarn about a fortune on Tunaviva—wherever Tunaviva may be?"

"Hardly!" King of the Islands laughed. "I dare say he fancies it's true—but I shouldn't be likely to take much stock in a beachcomber's yarn. Half the human wrecks on the Pacific beaches will tell you that they can lay their finger on an island thick with pearls, or stacked with beds of precious pink coral. I've heard the yarn a thousand times in different shapes and forms. But—"

"But what?" grunted Hudson. The mate of the Dawn had very little sympathy to waste on a derelict beachcomber.

"The French officials in Papeete are fed up with him," said Ken. "I got him off for his last shindy by paying his fine, but they don't want him on Tahiti. I reckon they're going to deport him, goodness knows where to.



The shipmates ran to the spot as two figures, locked in a fierce grapple, came rolling down the slope.

We might give him a passage on the Dawn to a British island."

"I fancy he will decline the offer with thanks, if you tell him that the Dawn is a temperance ship!" Hudson chuckled.

"A trip on a temperance ship will do him good," answered Ken. "A man can always pull round if he tries. We— What's that?" The boy trader broke off as the report of a revolver came echoing from the ravine. "Something's up! Come on!"

He broke into a run, and dashed into the ravine, Hudson at his heels. Between the high walls of rugged rock there was rich soil where coconuts and bananas grew in profusion. A hundred yards up the ravine the hut of the beachcomber could be seen, but no one could be seen there. Surprised, and a little alarmed, the shipmates of the Dawn ran up the ravine to the hut.

As they reached it another shot rang out, from the rocky ground behind the hut. Ken stared into the hut, and seeing the gap torn in the back wall, passed through, Hudson following. A panting voice reached their ears—a voice they knew:

"Deplorable rascal, stop with instantaneous rapidity, or death will be sudden and prompt!"

"Mr. Jam!" gasped King of the Islands. There was no mistaking the voice—or the English. And there, hardly a dozen yards from the shipmates, the fat figure of Mr. Jam was clambering up the rugged rocks.

Looking past him, the shipmates had a glimpse of a tattered figure hunting cover. Billy the beachcomber was dodging desperately among the rocks, and as they stared in blank amazement the shipmates saw chips of rock fly as another bullet

from his pursuer splattered close by him.

That Mr. Jam, the fat half-caste, was a swindler, a dealer in "cultured" pearls, they knew from their experience of him on the Dawn. But his savage and ruthless attack on the beachcomber took them entirely by surprise. On his looks, Mr. Jam was not the man for such things. And what his reason could possibly be was a mystery to them. But they intervened promptly enough.

With the activity of a mountain goat, King of the Islands scrambled up the rocks after the pearl-trader. He had almost reached him before Mr. Jam became aware of his presence. Then the pearl-trader spun round, and his black eyes glared at Ken.

"Look out, sir!" came a frantic yell from the beachcomber.

But Ken was locking out. The half-caste's revolver was swinging round at him, and it was clear that Mr. Jam intended to shoot. But he had no time. Ken was on him with the spring of a tiger.

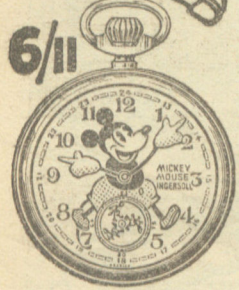
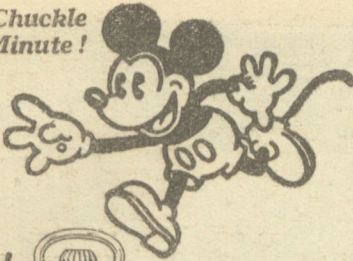
The revolver cracked as the boy trader struck, but the bullet flew into the air as the fat man collapsed under a blow that landed in his olive face.

Ken tore the revolver from his hand and reversed it, grasping it by the barrel.

Mr. Jam was scrambling up, but he shrank back again from the threatening pistol-butt. His olive face was white.

"Lie there, you swab!" growled King of the Islands. And the fat trader remained sprawling on the

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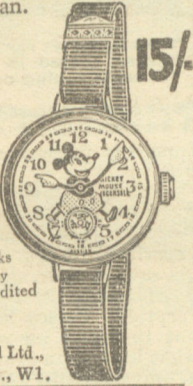
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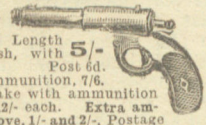
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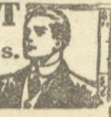
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Treasure of Tunaviva

rocks, eyeing Ken with savage animosity.

"We seem to have arrived at a rather lucky moment for William!" exclaimed Hudson.

"But what on earth's the game?" asked Ken, puzzled.

"Ask me another," said Hudson, as puzzled as the boy skipper. "I shouldn't have reckoned that Billy was worth the cartridges, myself. Ahoj, Billy! Show a leg—it's all safe now!"

The beachcomber came scrambling down the rocks.

"I reckon you gentlemen have saved my life!" he panted. "That swab would have potted me like a pig in the bush."

"But why?" asked Ken.

"I reckon he knows what's on Tunaviva," answered the beachcomber, with a bitter look at the sprawling half-caste. "He came here to make me spin the yarn to him, along of what he heard on your ship, sir."

Ken stared. Hudson burst into a laugh. Neither of them could believe, for a moment, that it was the "fortune on Tunaviva" that had been the cause of the pearl-trader's attack. Mr. Jam was a swindler, and evidently a desperate and murderous rascal.

But it was hardly to be supposed that he believed a word of what the beachcomber had said in the cabin of the Dawn. If he had any interest in the unknown island of Tunaviva, it was not on account of the "fortune" that Billy the beachcomber fancied to be there.

"I tell you, sir, that's his game!" said the beachcomber earnestly. "What else would he come here for? I'd never clapped eyes on him till I saw him on your ship, sir. I reckon he don't know me from Adam—any more than I know him. But he knows something about Tunaviva."

"That is false statement of unlimited inexactitude!" panted Mr. Jam. "Of Tunaviva I have total and overwhelming ignorance."

"You swab!" growled the beachcomber. "You've got his gun, sir—I reckon I'll give him a start out of this!"

The shipmates looked on while Billy gave Mr. Jam a start. He grasped the fat man by the shoulders, and tumbled him headlong down the rocks into the track that ran down the middle of the ravine to the beach. Mr. Jam yelled as he went, tumbling and crashing, and he collapsed on the ground in an utterly breathless state. Leaving him to gasp, Billy went into the hut, and emerged with a thick lawyer-cane in his grasp. Standing over the spluttering pearl-trader, he rained blows on him.

Ken and Kit looked on. The murderous rascal deserved his punishment, and he was getting it, hard! Howling and yelling, Mr. Jam strove to squirm out of the way of the blows. He scrambled frantically away down the ravine, Billy following him and still lashing.

The outcast of Tahiti pursued him as far as the shore road with a rain of blows from the lawyer-cane, and

there Mr. Jam fled howling, and vanished—and Billy the beachcomber came panting back to the hut and threw down the cane.

The Beachcomber Knows!

"**P**INK coral, sir—the precious pink coral!"

King of the Islands kept his face serious. But Kit grinned. They were hearing the beachcomber's tale.

Billy sat in the shade of a rock, leaning back against it, pulling deeply at a pipe—seldom filled, but now crammed. Ken had brought him a present of a few sticks of tobacco, a windfall to the outcast of Tahiti. He sat in clouds of smoke, telling the tale. Ken sat opposite him—Hudson stood leaning against one of the palmpoles of the hut. It was a day's holiday ashore to the shipmates of the Dawn. Hudson would have preferred to be breaking speed records in the hired car; but he remained good-humouredly with his comrade to hear what the beachcomber had to tell.

"You've 'eard this sort of yarn before, King of the Islands," said Billy. "But this time it 'appens to be true! There's coral and coral, sir—coral you can pick up by the shipload if it was worth the trouble of carrying—and coral you could sell in Papeete, or Sydney, at five pounds the ounce. But I needn't tell a sailorman that! You know."

"And there's precious pink coral on Tunaviva?" Ken asked.

"You can lay to that, sir."

"You've been there?"

"Never! Too long a trip for me," said the beachcomber. "I got the tale from a Kanaka years ago at Apia—over in Samoa, sir. That nigger had a lump of the pink coral as big as your fist, and he wore it hanging in his ear. Lots must have seen it, but never knowed the value of it, and I reckon the nigger himself never knowed—till he got proof, and then it was too late for him."

"How do you mean?" asked Ken.

"He was knifed by a man off an American whaler, sir, for that lump of coral," answered the beachcomber. "I'd gone down the beach late one night, to sleep in the sand, and I found him there—with his ear-ornament gone, and a knife-wound in his chest. I did what I could for that nigger. Nothing could have saved him, but I sat with him to the finish giving him water—and, before the end, he told me where he had picked up that lump."

"It was on the beach of Tunaviva, a little uninhabited island in the Society group. He had put in there for water once, one of a native crew, and he picked up the coral because it caught his eye, and fixed it up with a ring to it for his ear, as Kanakas do, never knowing that he could have sold it for twenty pounds and more. But that swab off the 'Frisco whaler knew when he clapped eyes on it, and it cost the nigger his life."

"Pink coral—on a beach!" said the mate of the Dawn. "A fortune lying in the light of day!" He grinned.

(Continued on page 39)

Treasure of Tunaviva

(Continued from page 36)

"No, sir!" said the beachcomber. "According to what I got from the Kanaka, it was the only lump he saw on the beach. I reckon the tide had washed it there and left it. But where there was one lump, there's more, sir—and that's on Tunaviva. It will want looking for, I reckon—but it's there." "And why haven't you looked for it?" asked Hudson.

"I got as far as Tahiti, working on some craft, stowing away on others," Billy said, "but I never got farther. Tunaviva's uninhabited—no ship ever touches there. I couldn't get to Tunaviva without a boat and a crew." "If you told them in Papeete——" said Ken.

"Ay," said the beachcomber. "They'd raise the coral fast enough, but they'd forget to hand over Billy's whack! I ain't letting on a word in Papeete. I've been waiting for a chance to see a sailorman I could trust—and there ain't a lot in the Pacific to be trusted with a secret like that! But I've heard of King of the Islands, and they say he's the whitest man in the Pacific! If you take it up, sir, you'll be square—even with a castaway wreck like Billy the beachcomber."

"I hope so," said Ken, smiling. "But——"

"Take it up, sir!" urged Billy. "You're here with your ship—the fastest windjammer in these waters. Tunaviva's two hundred miles from Tahiti, south-east. I know you're a trader, sir, and time's money to a trader. But if it costs you a few days, what's that? You might pick up a whaleboat's load of pink coral, and I ask you, sir, what'll that fetch at Apia?"

"Easy money, Ken," grinned Hudson. "Chance of a lifetime, old bean. We didn't know we were going to make our fortunes when we put in at Tahiti this trip."

"You don't believe me, sir?" asked Billy.

"Look here," said King of the Islands, "I'm a trader, and time is money, as you've said yourself. I reckon I've no time for wild-goose chases. If there was precious pink coral on Tunaviva, I fancy it would have been raised before this, and it would have been heard about in Papeete. We sail in two days—if you'd like a passage on my ketch, I'll give you one——"

"To Tunaviva?" asked Billy quickly.

"To any island on my course," Ken laughed, and shook his head. "We go north from here."

"I reckon I'll stay on Tahiti," said the beachcomber. "I'll get a chance some day of raising Tunaviva. I reckoned it was a chance when I saw your hooker in the lagoon. Listen to me, sir," he went on earnestly. "That half-caste swab heard me talking to you that day on your ketch, and got on to it—and he came along here to see me and find out what I knew. Don't that look to you as if somebody else knows about Tunaviva?"

"I can't make the man out," said King of the Islands. "But if there

was precious coral on Tunaviva, and he knew it, there's nothing to stop him from running across and picking it up. He could hire a boat's crew in Papeete, and it's a short trip with a fair wind."

"The coral wouldn't be there now, Mr. Billy, if that swab had wind of it," grinned Hudson.

The beachcomber was silent again. There was no answer to be made to that. He spoke again after a long silence:

"What'd you reckon the swab wanted, then? He came here and asked me what I knew about Tunaviva, and pulled his gun when I wouldn't answer. You can lay to it, sir, that he knows something about that island, and he's afeared that I know, and can put you on to it."

"Looks like it," agreed Ken. "But——" He shook his head. It was a puzzle, and he gave it up. He rose from the rock.

"Look here," he said, "whatever that swab's game is, and it's a mystery to me, you're not safe from him here. You'd better take my offer of a passage on the Dawn to another island."

"Thank you kindly, sir," said Billy. "But I don't pull out of Tahiti till I pull out for Tunaviva, if the chance ever comes."

Ken hesitated. He was sorry for the outcast of Tahiti, but he did not believe a word of the precious coral story. He had heard too many such wild tales on the beaches. So far as he had ever heard, there was no specimen of the precious pink coral to be found within a thousand miles of the Society group. The thing was possible; but it was too unlikely for a practical man to waste time and money on.

"Well, we'd better be moving," he said. "Look here, Billy, if you change your mind, come down to the quay at Papeete and step on the ketch. We're here for two days yet."

The beachcomber stood with a clouded brow as the shipmates walked down the ravine to the shore road and disappeared round the bluff that hid their car. Billy had hoped to interest Ken King in his tale of Tunaviva, and it was a deep disappointment to him. Ken's face, too, was clouded as he went back to the car, and Hudson gave him a whimsical look.

"You don't fancy there's anything in that yarn, Ken?" he asked.

"Well, no," said Ken. "It's all rot, but the man believes it himself."

"Likely enough," said Hudson. "Here we are! Get aboard."

Hudson started the car, and honked cheerily on the horn. As they ran

The Latest Xmas Stamps

By DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG *who will answer Free any Stamp Queries sent to the Editor. A stamped, addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply by Post*

THE stamp shops are selling the latest 1933 issues of Christmas charity stamps, and a most attractive collection they make. Perhaps the most original of all come from Germany, where they have been on sale since the beginning of November. There are eight stamps in the set, each showing a scene from the operas of the famous composer Richard Wagner. Here we have the legendary "Flying Dutchman"; Lohengrin, the knight of the Holy Grail; Siegfried slaying the Dragon, and other well-known folk-tales that have been translated into music.

Right: You've heard of the Flying Dutchman? Here he is, on one of the latest Christmas charity stamps from Germany.

Below: Siegfried the Dragon-Slayer on one of the new Christmas stamps from the Continent.

Switzerland, the home of the Yuletide charity stamp, contributes pictures of girls wearing the distinctive dress of the provinces. As in former years they bear the name of the national child-welfare association, "Pro Juventute," in whose interest an annual issue has been made for the past twenty years.

There is a wide range of Christmas stamps available now from Austria, Belgium, Holland, the Dutch Indies, Italy, and Luxemburg. Each series bears an appropriate inscription distinguishing it from the regular stamps of the country, and as a general rule these charity stamps cease to be sold by post offices after the New Year.

Even allowing for the surtax, the majority of Christmas stamps are quite inexpensive, so that a representative collection can be got together at very little cost. Last year's Pro Juventute set of Swiss stamps, for example, may still be picked up for about 1s. 6d., unused.



Treasure of Tunaviva

past the mouth of the ravine, Ken glanced in the direction of the beach-comber's hut. He had a moment's glimpse of Billy standing there, pipe in hand, staring with gloomy eyes. Then the car hummed on towards Papeete—and the shipmates kept their eyes open for Koko, their Kanaka boatswain, on the road.

The Ambush!

PLENTY too much bad feller!" grunted the boatswain of the Dawn. Koko's dark eyes were fixed, with a stare of dislike, on a fat figure on the shore road. Koko had not hurried himself, after the car had gone on without him. It was a relief to him to be out of the car. He sauntered on the sunny road, occasionally stopping to exchange greetings with natives on the way.

Now he was seated under the shade of a clump of palms, half hidden by tall ferns that grew round him, and with leisurely enjoyment cracking young nuts and drinking the milk. It was thirsty work walking in the hot sun of Tahiti, but refreshment grew here and there by the roadside, and Koko helped himself. He was slowly and enjoyably drinking the milk, when he sighted the fat man.

His brow, usually sunny and good-natured, darkened at sight of Mr. Jam. King of the Islands had picked

the pearl-trader off a wrecked lugger at sea, and in return, Mr. Jam had attempted to swindle him with a deal in "cultured" pearls. It was Koko who had spotted the cheat, and saved his white master from a heavy loss, and he had handed Mr. Jam a dozen swipes from the lawyer-cane generally reserved for Danny the cooky boy. And at Papeete, it was Koko's big brown foot that had helped Mr. Jam ashore from the ketch—not gently.

With dark dislike in his look, Koko watched the fat man as he came along the road. Koko was on the beach side of the winding road, and Mr. Jam, as he came along, was scanning the other side, where the mountain-spurs came down ruggedly.

Almost opposite the spot where Koko sat, the hill sloped steeply up from the road towards the interior mountains, in a sheet of rough rock. And at that point, Mr. Jam came to a halt, and stood staring up the hill, his back to Koko. He had not once glanced towards the Kanaka, but probably would not have seen him had he done so, in the shade of the palms and among the tall ferns.

But the fat man standing in the glare of tropic sunshine was quite clear to Koko's view—indeed, the glare of his crimson cummerbund could have been seen a mile off.

Why the man was standing there, staring up at the rugged slope of the hill, Koko could not guess. He saw Mr. Jam turn his head, and look back the way he had come. For some minutes Mr. Jam stood, watching the road, his profile to Koko, rage and hatred in his olive face.

Mr. Jam ceased to watch the road at last, and instead of going on towards Papeete, he stepped to the roadside and started to clamber up the steep rock.

The fat trader was no man for physical exertion. Even at that distance, Koko could hear his panting as he clambered up to the top of the slope, where a wide, flat ledge ran before the upper slope of the rock commenced. On that ledge the fat man sat down, out of breath.

"Altogether plenty bad feller, that feller pearl-trader," muttered Koko. "Me no savvy what he makee." Sitting shoulder-deep in the ferns, leaning back against a trunk, the boatswain continued to watch the fat trader, curious to learn what Mr. Jam's strange actions might mean. Sooner or later, the skipper and mate of the Dawn would be coming back along the shore road in the car, and Koko wondered whether Mr. Jam's curious proceedings had anything to do with that!

"My word!" murmured Koko, suddenly. "Me tinkee me savvy plenty too much." Suspicion leapt into his eyes. Mr. Jam, having rested, rose to his feet and began to roll a loose boulder to the edge of the steep slope down to the road.

There he left it, and sank out of sight behind it, now invisible from the road.

There was only one explanation of the fat trader's strange actions, and Koko knew it. The boulder had been pushed to the edge of the slope to be

sent hurtling down into the road when the time came.

Koko knew now, as well as if Mr. Jam had told him, that the pearl-trader was crouching behind the boulder waiting for an enemy to pass—and not an enemy on foot! The great rock, when it rolled, might very easily have missed a foot passenger of the road—Mr. Jam's intended target was something larger. Koko thought he could guess what it was—the car in which King of the Islands and Kit Hudson were driving! On board the ketch Mr. Jam had threatened vengeance, when he had been made to throw his "cultured" pearls into the sea. This was his vengeance.

"My word," breathed the boatswain of the Dawn, "me tinkee this feller Koko killy that plenty bad feller altogether too much!"

He darted out of the shade of the palms. His bare feet made no sound as he ran, and he was across the road in the twinkling of an eye. If Mr. Jam had looked over the top of the boulder behind which he was crouching on the ledge, he must have seen him. But he did not look over.

KO KO reached the steep hillside at a little distance from where Mr. Jam had clambered up, and swarmed up the rocky slope. In less than a minute he was on the ledge, a score of yards from the crouching trader.

He could see the pearl-trader was crouching and listening. Koko, with a grim face, trod softly along the ledge, towards the crouching man behind the boulder. Keeping close to the upper slope of the hill, he was a little behind the man on the verge of the broad ledge, and Mr. Jam could not have seen him without turning his head. The pearl-trader did not turn his head—all his attention was fixed on listening for the sound of a car on the road below. Closer and closer the silent-footed Kanaka stepped, his brown face grimmer and grimmer as he came.

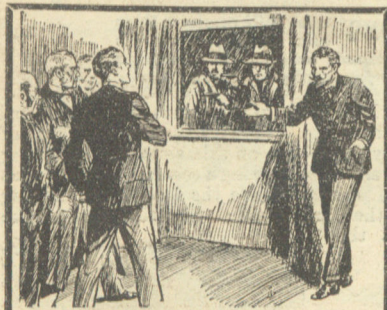
"Honk, honk, honk!" The sound of the motor-horn came echoing along the road. Mr. Jam half rose, so that he could peer over the top of the boulder. Koko, hardly a dozen feet from him now, and behind him, looked over his head in the same direction.

Down the road from Tapenoo a car came humming—Kit Hudson at the wheel and King of the Islands seated by his side. A snarl came from the olive-skinned pearl-trader. His fat hands grasped the jagged boulder, to send it whirling down into the road when the car came abreast.

"You plenty bad feller altogether too much!" roared Koko, leaping on the pearl-trader like a tiger.

There was a scream of alarm from Mr. Jam. He bounded to his feet, and the shove against the boulder as he bounded sent it toppling. With a crashing and grinding it shot down the steep slope into the road—fifty yards ahead of the coming car. The next moment Mr. Jam was struggling in Koko's sinewy grasp and they were rolling together on the ledge in a desperate fight.

(Continued on page 42)



THE SIEGE OF ST. JIM'S!

When a Russian ex-prince arrived at St. Jim's as a new boy, little did anyone dream what the consequences would be. But then things began to happen—things that started as mysteries and developed into amazing adventures culminating in the siege of the school by armed agents of a foreign power. In the thick of it all are Tom Merry & Co., the Terrible Three of St. Jim's, and this long complete story of their amazing adventures will hold you spellbound.

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Treasure of Tunaviva

(Continued from page 40)

"Suffering cats!" came a yell from the car. Hudson jammed on his brakes.

The rolling rock crashed into the road, tearing up sand and powdered shell in sprays, bounded across, and crashed onward down the slope of the beach. It rested at last half buried in the soft sand of the beach, near the margin of the lagoon. But the car had stopped in ample time.

"Suffering cats!" repeated Hudson. "Ken, old man, if that rock had hit the car—" He whistled breathlessly.

"A miss is as good as a mile!" said King of the Islands.

"But what— Look!" Hudson was staring up the steep slope whence the boulder had rolled. "It's Koko and that scoundrel Jam!" panted Hudson.

From the high ledge two figures locked in a fierce grapple came rolling down the way the boulder had come. One of them was the boatswain of the Dawn; the other, the fat trader in white ducks and crimson cummerbund. They rolled down into the road, and separated—Koko leaping to his feet, Mr. Jam sprawling helplessly with every ounce of breath knocked out of his carcass.

The shipmates leaped from the car and ran to the spot. There was a terrible look on Koko's brown face as he leaped towards the sprawling trader, knife in hand.

"Koko!" yelled King of the Islands. "Belay it! Koko, stand back!"

Koko looked at his white master. With a desperate spurt Ken reached him, and with a shove pushed the boatswain back. Koko's dark eyes were blazing.

"You no savvy, sar!" he panted. "That altogether bad feller he makee big feller stone walk about along he fall along white master, killy dead white master. S'pose me no see, eye belong me, white master go finish close-up!"

"That was the swab's game, Ken!" Hudson whistled. "He was watching on the road for us coming back to Papeete, and he had that rock all ready. Koko, old coffee-bean, you've saved both our lives!"

"Me savvy, sar! This time that plenty bad feller go finish!" Koko made an effort to get past King of the Islands, and his evident intention brought a shriek from Mr. Jam, sitting up dizzily in the road.

"Honourable mister, this is one deplorable accident!" howled the fat pearl-trader. "Such intention was entirely out of my mind. I beg you not to permit savage Kanaka to approximate with murderous knife!"

"Stand back, Koko," said King of the Islands quietly.

Unwillingly, the boatswain of the Dawn sheathed his knife. Ken fixed his eyes on the olive-skinned rascal squirming at his feet. There was no doubt of his intention, and that Koko

had saved the lives of both the shipmates. Had the falling rock struck the car as it rushed by, they could scarcely have escaped with their lives. King of the Islands could almost have found it in his heart to let Koko have his way!

"You scum!" said the boy trader, between his teeth. "We picked you off a sinking wreck, and you— Oh, you scum!"

"Honourable mister, sad and lamentable accident has accrued—"

"Fling him into the lagoon, Koko!" cut in Hudson.

"Me likee plenty too much!" grinned Koko. He grasped the squirming rascal, dragged him headlong down the shelving beach, straggling and raving, and hurled him into the lagoon. There was a heavy splash, and Mr. Jam's frantic yelling was suddenly cut short as he disappeared under the water.

The car ran on to Papeete, Koko once more a passenger with his white masters. It had disappeared round a curve of the shore road when a drenched and draggled object crept out of the water and crawled up the beach!

At the moment Mr. Jam is collecting more Mud than Treasure! What luck he has next you'll learn in Next Saturday's great KING OF THE ISLANDS story!

Grey Shadow's Shadow

(Continued from page 32)

commandant was dining off blood-sausage and sauerkraut!

But when the sounds of revelry grew louder, faster, and more furious, and voices were raised in loud and cheery songs, the guard thought it about time to interfere. So he walked to the door, tried it, found it locked, and knocked. His knocking went unheard in the din, or was ignored, so he hammered on the door with his rifle-butt and shouted:

"Open this door!"

"Go to blazes!" answered a voice.

The guard at once went off to inform the commandant.

"They are making a very great noise!" he told that individual. "They are doing it on purpose to annoy!"

"Ha!" said the commandant. "We will soon see about that!" Off he rushed with the guard, and his irritation at being disturbed deepened to rage when he turned into the offending corridor and heard British voices bellowing:

"Good-bye-ee, don't cry-ee!"

Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee!

For it's hard to part, I know,

But I feel tickled to death to go, So good-bye-ee, don't cry-ee-ee—"

Rushing to the door, the commandant beat on it with his fists.

"Open this door at once!" he

roared. "Will you open this confounded door? Get the guards—call more guards!"

Guards came rushing to the scene, and at the commandant's frantic order they beat on the iron door with their rifle-butts. Inside, the merriment went on, and suddenly the commandant nearly had a fit. For, following a moment of silence, the voices were raised in the stirring strains of "God Save the King!"

The British National Anthem sung in his own prison camp—right under his very nose! They would pay for this when he did get at them!

Then, when the last note had died away, the door was suddenly swung open, and Henderson, cool and smiling, stood on the threshold.

"Yes, sir?" he said.

"What the—what the—" choked the commandant, glaring past him at the crowded room and the littered table with its skeletons of turkeys and all the remnants of the feast!

"Where did those things come from?" he roared.

"Santa Claus put them in our stockings!" murmured Henderson.

The commandant went purple in the face, fought for speech, and bellowed:

"Don't try to make a fool of me, sir! This is a serious business, and I want a serious answer. Those things"—with a wave of the hand towards the table—"must have been smuggled into this camp, and I want to know how and by whom it was done. Now, answer me—who brought those things in?"

"I have already given you my answer," replied Henderson quietly, "and I have nothing to add to it."

For a moment the commandant glared at Henderson in speechless rage, then he roared:

"You're under arrest, the lot of you! You'll get solitary confinement for this! Guard, take the name of every man in this room!"

The guard did. But one name he didn't take, and that was the name of Peter. For Peter was under the blankets at the foot of a bed, and three slim young gentlemen were sitting on him. Which was painful for Peter, but better than being caught.

The host and his guests at that Christmas dinner all did fourteen days' solitary confinement, but they considered it well worth it.

The commandant never solved the mystery of the source of supply of that dinner. And as for Peter—well, Peter walked out of the camp the next morning trundling his barrow and his empty basket, and, raising his cap politely to the guard, went whistling along the snowbound road.

They look Death in the face and Laugh—young Peter and Grey Shadow; and they do it again Next Saturday, in as splendid a story as even famous Geo. E. Rochester has ever written!

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