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-INSIDE!**

# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY SATURDAY  
WEEK ENDING  
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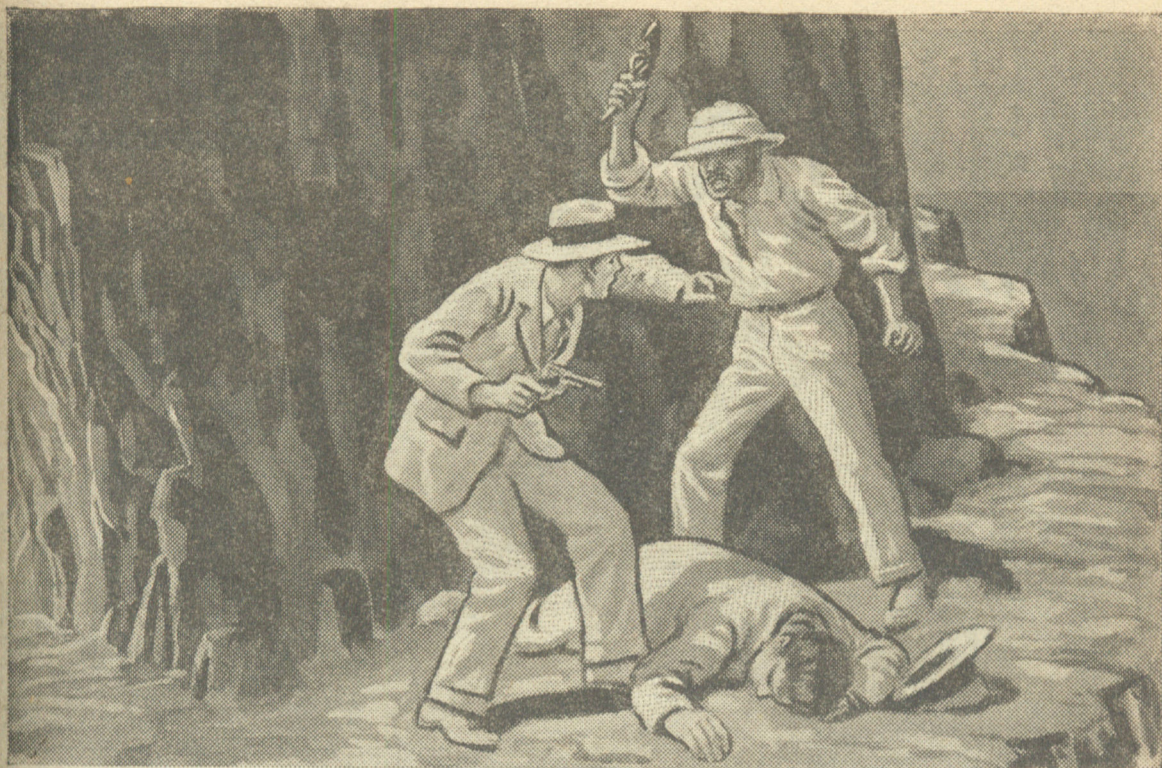


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*This Week* — **THE PLANE**  
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## KOKO'S GREAT FIGHT!

Koko, the Kanaka boatswain of the ketch Dawn—South Seas trading ship of the boy skipper, KING OF THE ISLANDS—has a love for his white master which bodes ill for Ken King's enemies. In this thrilling story old Koko is tried and tested. And it's woe to the testers! **By CHARLES HAMILTON**

In the Glimmer of the Moon.

**K**EN!" Kit Hudson, young Australian mate of Ken King's South Seas trading ketch the Dawn, panted out the name as his shipmate sagged over and fell at his side. King of the Islands did not speak after he had fallen, struck down by a blow from a revolver-butt. Hudson spun round, and barely escaped a sweeping blow from the clubbed revolver that had felled Ken King.

With a cry of rage, the mate of the Dawn sprang at his assailant, closing with him, and bearing him backwards. He caught at the arm that was lifted again, wrenched it savagely, and the revolver fell with a clatter to the rocks.

"You scum!" panted Hudson.

With a fierce snarl, the man who had suddenly attacked the shipmates from the rear whilst they had been peering into the firelit cave high up in the basaltic rocks of Tunaviva grappled with him.

A tiny speck in the wastes of the Pacific Ocean, Tunaviva was supposed to be uninhabited. Ken King had put into the island some days before with a beachcomber aboard who thought that precious pink coral was to be found there. Billy the Beach-

comber had gone ashore in search of it—and disappeared.

And unseen foes had fired on the Dawn from high up in the rocks guarding the exit from the lagoon, making it impossible for the ketch to sail, even had Ken wished to abandon the beachcomber.

Ken and Kit had come ashore that night, leaving Koko, the Kanaka boatswain, in charge of the ketch and the Hiva-Oa crew, determined to hunt down their mysterious enemies. Climbing the rocks, they had come upon a black sentry, overcome him, and learnt that a white man from Mindanao in the Philippines, Pinto by name, and fifteen Santa Cruz blacks were in a cave higher up the rocks. The shipmates had been peering into the cave, in which burnt a fire, when the sudden attack had come.

The man who had attacked them was Pinto. Evidently he had been prowling on the rocks, watching the Dawn, or watching for a signal from the sea. For the shipmates suspected that Mr. Jam, a half-caste pearl trader, who had done his best to prevent the Dawn reaching Tunaviva, and whose schooner had run foul of rocks when attempting to run down the Dawn, was expected at the island.

Anyhow, there the man was. He had come on the shipmates at the

mouth of the cave, and taken them by surprise. Ken King lay senseless on the rock terrace, and Hudson was fighting for his life.

The white man yelled to the blacks in the cave. There came a startled clamour and the pattering of feet as the Santa Cruz boys crowded to the entrance.

Hudson redoubled his efforts to overcome the white man as he heard the pattering of bare feet on the sandy floor of the cavern. If the blacks came on him in a mob while he was struggling with Pinto, he was a lost man.

King of the Islands could render him no aid. He lay like a log. It was more the fall of his shipmate—his danger as he lay stunned and helpless—that spurred Hudson on, than the knowledge of his own danger.

Fiercely he fought the Filipino, driving him back from the mouth of the cave to the open terrace. The man from Mindanao was strong and as savage as a tiger-shark; but the stalwart Australian overbore him. He had the upper hand as they staggered from the cave-mouth into the starlight.

The dark-skinned fierce face, with its glittering black eyes, was only a few inches from Hudson's as they struggled. The man was strong, but

(Continued on page 28)



## Koko's Great Fight!

(Continued from page 25)

Hudson lifted him in his powerful arms, tearing his feet from their hold.

At that moment the mate of the Dawn seemed to have the strength of two or three. Whirling the lithe Filipino in the air, Hudson dashed him down on the rocky terrace with a heavy crash. There came a breathless grunt from Pinto, and he lay for the moment, dazed.

Hudson faced round to the cave as the blacks came swarming out in a yelling mob. The mate of the Dawn grabbed the revolver from his belt, and opened fire on the instant. But they were too close. Even as he pulled trigger, they were upon him in a yelling, clutching mob.

His arm was struck up, and his bullet soared away over the upper cliff. Hands grasped him on all sides. With desperate energy he struck right and left with the barrel of the revolver—for the struggle was too close for firing. One howling black, and then another, went crashing down. Then the revolver was

torn away, and he was fighting with bare hands against overwhelming odds.

**T**HE game was up, and he knew it; but he fought like a tiger. It was not the Australian's way to yield. His clenched fists struck, and struck again. He tore himself from clutching hands, and hit out with his fists. Surrounded by the howling blacks, he saw Pinto struggle to his feet and spring at him, shoving the blacks aside.

At that moment, expecting instant death, it was a savage satisfaction to drive his clenched fist full in the dusky face of the man of Tunaviva, and to see him stagger back and crash down. There was blood on Pinto's face as he sprawled on the rock-terrace, and he was howling with rage as savagely as his black crew.

It was the last Hudson saw of him. Overwhelming enemies bore him down, and he fell, the blacks clutching and sprawling over him. King of the Islands, unconscious of what was passing, lay where he had fallen,

senseless at the mouth of the cave, unheeded now by either party. Hudson heard the screaming voice of the Filipino.

"You feller boy, you throw that feller along sea!"

Hudson struggled wildly, but hopelessly. Arms and legs were in the grasp of sinewy hands, and he could not strike a blow. Jabbering and panting, the Santa Cruz boys dragged him to the edge of the precipice. Fifty feet below, the tide was gurgling out of the reef passage, and teeth of coral jutted from the cliff, and from the bottom of the channel.

In the grasp of black hands, the mate of the Dawn swung over the fearful verge. Then they flung him into yawning space, and Hudson fancied himself crashing on jagged coral. But it was not on the teeth of the coral that he fell. A swift and fearful rush through the air, and he plunged into water—he had missed the coral! The plunge sent him deep down, and he felt himself touch bottom.

Then he shot up to the surface. His head came into the air, and he panted for breath. His first feeling was one of fierce joy. He was in deep water, but he could swim like a fish, and would swim into the lagoon, reach the ketch, call the Kanakas, and return with every man of the crew to the cave on the cliff, and either rescue King of the Islands or die avenging him. But it was only for a moment that that thought was in his mind.

The next, he realised that the tide was rushing out of the channel, and that the strongest swimmer could never have stemmed it. Already, as he struck out to swim, it was bearing him away towards the open sea, and the towering cliff was already out of sight.

It was hopeless, and he knew it. But he set his teeth, and fought against the tide. For some minutes, so desperate were his despairing efforts, he held his ground, and even seemed to make headway. But the effort exhausted him, and the running tide carried him onward—on beyond the reefs of Tunaviva, on into the boundless Pacific.

And when he lifted his head from the rushing water to stare back at Tunaviva in the moonlight, it was only to catch a last glimpse of the towering cliff. It vanished in the glimmer of the moon as the mate of the Dawn was swept helplessly out to sea.

### His Master's Foes!

**K**OKO started and listened. For long he had stood by the rail of the Dawn, his eyes strained in the dimness of the moon towards the towering cliff by the reef passage, waiting and watching for some sign of how his white masters were faring.

And it came at last—the sharp bark of a revolver, pealing in a thousand echoes from the cliff. It was the single shot Kit Hudson had fired as the blacks overwhelmed him.

"Feller gun talkee!" murmured Lufu, and the Hiya-Oa boys crowded to the rail to watch and listen. They heard the yelling of savage voices.

## Have You Got the Latest?

By DOUGLAS ARMSTRONG

who will answer FREE any Stamp Queries sent to the Editor. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope, if you can, for reply by post

**H**OW nice it would have been if we had all lived nearly a hundred years ago! Then, if we had thought of it, we could have started stamp-collecting with the very first stamps that were ever issued—the black penny and blue two-penny of our own Post Office in 1840. At the end of ten years or so we should have had, perhaps, two or three hundred stamps in our albums, for other nations were slow to follow Britain's example. What they would be worth to-day!

But even now anyone can commence to collect the stamps of a particular country right from the start, for, strange to say, there are still post offices which have no distinctive stamps of their own! Every now and then one of them blossoms forth into a special issue and collectors are called upon to open up a new page in their albums for its reception.

Basutoland, a native territory in the heart of Southern Africa, is the

The New Stamps from South Africa. Left: One of the first from Basutoland. Right: From Swaziland. Notice the shields and assegais on the latter.



latest portion of the King's Dominions to be supplied with particular postage stamps, showing a portrait of

his Majesty above a glimpse of local scenery with the Orange River flowing through this desolate country, a crocodile basking on the bank, and a distant view of the Maluti mountains. There are ten stamps in the set, ranging from one halfpenny to ten shillings, and collectors who add them to their collections right away will have the thrill of growing up with the country from its "stampic" beginning!

The same may be said of the near-by protectorate of Swaziland, whose first stamps appeared earlier in the year, in a design showing native shields and assegais and Kafir kraals.

**A**NOTHER recent addition to the stamp-issuing countries of the world is the independent republic of Manchukuo, in Manchuria, which at present has only two stamp series to its credit, an ordinary and an anniversary issue.

The pearl-producing islands of Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, are also newcomers to the stamp album, having lately been provided with a set of Indian stamps overprinted with the name of the sultanate.

And don't forget that Britain itself is to have a brand new set of stamps, printed in photogravure. What a pleasant change it will be after all these years to send and receive these more up-to-date postage labels on our letters and picking out the most lightly postmarked specimens to go into our albums!



Koko groaned. It was with a heavy heart that he had obeyed his white master's order to "stop along" ketch, while King of the Islands and his mate sought the secret enemy.

All the treasures of the Pacific the faithful Koko would have given at that moment to be standing by the side of his master, grappling with his master's foes. But he could do nothing but watch and listen. And after that single shot and uproar of yelling, there was nothing to see or hear. Darkness and silence lay like a cloak on Tunaviva.

"White master no stop!" said Lufu. The boatswain turned on him fiercely. "You plenty feller fool!" he snarled. "What name you tinkee white master no stop?" The same thought was in Koko's own mind, but he was unwilling to admit it.

"Tinkee white master no stop, along he no makee signal along ship belong him," answered Lufu. "S'pose he stop, he makee us feller savvy him stop! Along he no makee signal, me tinkee he no stop!"

"You shut up mouth belong you, you talk fool feller talk!" growled the boatswain.

But he knew that the Hiva-Oa boy was right. It was plain that King

of the Islands had come into contact with the enemy. There had been firing, and a fight. If King of the Islands had been the victor, he would have lost no time in signalling to the ketch. He would not have left his crew in anxious suspense, if he could have helped it. Koko knew that the fight must have gone against his white master.

An hour passed, and still there had been no sign from King of the Islands. Koko gripped the teak rail hard in his brown hands. If his white master had fallen, life had no attraction for the faithful Kanaka. If he was a prisoner, it was for Koko to save him. But the boy trader's orders had been strict—Koko was to stay on the ketch to guard it against attack from the men of Tunaviva.

At any moment a boat, with muffled oars, might come creeping through the shadows, and Koko had to be faithful to his trust. Tortured by doubt and suspense, the boatswain gripped the rail and waited and watched, the deadly fear in his heart that he would never see King of the Islands in life again.

"Feller boat comey along this hooker," murmured Danny the cooky-boy, listening intently over the rail.

There was a sound in the dusk of the lagoon at last of oars in rowlocks. A boat was coming, but not with muffled oars. The men of Tunaviva knew now that there were no white men on the ketch.

They were coming to take possession, little heeding a native crew, well knowing that without the leadership of a white man most natives would put up a poor fight. Koko's eyes smouldered savagely at the thought. The secret men of Tunaviva were going to discover that one, at least, of the crew of the Dawn was no common Kanaka!

"You feller boy, you get feller gun, you shoot along me sing out!" muttered the boatswain.

"Us feller shoot along gun plenty too much!" said Lompo.

The Hiva-Oa boys lined up by the rail, rifle in hand. The shooting was likely to be wild enough, the untutored native mind having little idea of taking aim; but at close quarters it would tell.

Koko had a rifle in his hand, but his faith was not great in white men's weapons. In his other hand he grasped a Solomon Island bush-knife—a terrible weapon at close quarters,

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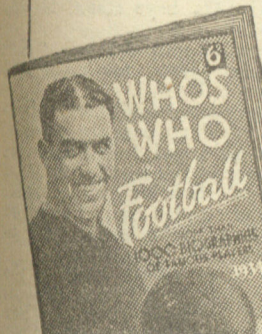
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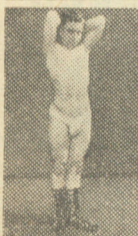


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## Koko's Great Fight!

nearly two feet long, heavy as an axe, and sharp as a razor.

THE boat loomed up in the moonlight. The crew of the Dawn made out eight Santa Cruz boys crowding it, four of them pulling, the others with knife and spear. A white man was standing up in the stern, with a rifle under his arm, his dusky face a shadow under his Panama hat. His black eyes glittered at the native boys lining the side of the ketch, facing the advancing boat.

Koko rested his rifle on the teak rail, and shouted to the boat: "You feller along boat!—You stop along lagoon!" The boat surged on. "You hear me sing out, ear belong you!" roared the boatswain.

"You feller along ketch, you put down feller gun!" came back Pinto's snarling voice. "You shoot along gun, you kill-dead altogether too much."

Bang! roared Koko's rifle. "You feller Hiva-Oa boy, you shoot plenty too much!" shouted the boatswain. And the crew of the Dawn blazed bullets at the approaching boat.

The lead splashed into the water all round the boat, and one or two bullets chipped the timbers. The range was only ten fathoms, but it was twice too much for Kanaka marksmanship.

The outburst of firing made Pinto pause. He snapped to the blacks, and they held on their oars. The boat stopped at six fathoms distance, and the Filipino shouted again.

"You feller along ketch!" he called. "You no shoot along this feller! You listen what me say, ear belong you!"

"You stop along lagoon, you plenty bad white feller!" shouted back Koko. "Plenty too much shootee along gun, s'pose you comey along this ship belong King of the Islands!"

"You nigger scum!" snarled the man in the boat. "I've got your skipper a prisoner, and his mate's dead—thrown into the sea! You savvy, you feller boy! King of the Islands stop along this feller, plenty rope stop along hand and foot belong him. Other white feller makee kai-kai along shark, along he stop along sea! Now you savvy this feller master along ketch!"

Koko's dark eyes blazed at him. He did not doubt what the Filipino stated. He knew that the fight on the cliff had gone against his white masters. King of the Islands was a prisoner, Kit Hudson gone to his death in the deep waters. There was a murmur of dismay from the Hiva-Oa boys.

They had feared it, and now they knew. But it was not dismay that Koko felt. Bitter rage and vengeance burned in his eyes as he glared at the dusky Filipino. To Pinto's eyes, the boatswain of the Dawn was only a Kanaka like the rest. But Koko, as he often said, was no common Kanaka, and the man from Mindanao was to find it out.

"Put down those guns!" snapped

Pinto, and he half-raised his rifle as he stood in the stern of the boat. "You good feller boy along me, you no kill-dead—you stop along this feller island, all same Santa Cruz boy belong me. You shootee along gun, you all kill-dead, plenty quick!"

"You plenty bad white feller!" replied Koko, his voice husky with rage. "Me no flaid along you! You feller Hiva-Oa boy, you shootee along boat, kill-dead all feller along boat!"

But the Hiva-Oa crew hesitated now. Their white masters were defeated; captured or killed, and the ketch was trapped in the lagoon. And it was a white man who snapped orders to them. They exchanged dubious glances, and did not pull trigger again.

But for the presence of Koko another couple of minutes would have seen the Dawn captured by the men of Tunaviva. But the brown-skinned boatswain was a host in himself at that moment.

The boat came on again. Not a shot greeted it. But the rifle in Koko's hand circled in the air and was hurled. It struck the man from Mindanao across the chest as he stood in the boat. A bullet would probably have missed him; but the rifle used as a missile did not miss. Pinto went sprawling backwards with a crash and a wild yell, his rifle falling into the lagoon. He scrambled up, mad with rage.

"Washy-washy along ketch!" he screamed, little imagining that that was what Koko, in his fierce thirst for vengeance, wanted him to do.

The boat bumped on the hull of the Dawn. The Hiva-Oa boys stood uncertain and dismayed. But Koko knew what he was going to do. As the boat rocked under the rail the giant Kanaka leaped into it, with a single bound from the deck. The long, heavy bush-knife circled in the air, flashing white in the rays of the moon.

The boat rocked and shipped water under the impact as Koko landed in it. Pinto was dragging a revolver from his belt, but he had no time to use it. He staggered over the gunwale, and went headlong into the lagoon. One of the Santa Cruz boys pitched after him.

In the midst of seven others, Koko slashed like a madman with the heavy bush-knife, amid yells and shrieks and frantic howls. His dark eyes ablaze, his lips drawn back in a savage snarl from his gleaming white teeth, the giant Kanaka towered over the blacks, slashing right and left.

The Hiva-Oa boys stared blankly from the ketch.

"My word!" gasped Danny. "That feller Koko plenty too much mad along that feller!"

The boat rocked wildly, water dashing and splashing over the gunwale. It was a wild and fearful scene, in the glimmer of the moon. The Santa Cruz boys, howling with fright, dodged and twisted frantically round the maddened Koko, seeking only to escape the slashing bush-knife.

Splash after splash rang in the lagoon as they leaped from the boat, or pitched headlong from it. But there were two of them that did not



escape—two who sprawled in the bottom of the boat, inert. The wild scene lasted only seconds, then Koko stood alone in the boat, two dead men at his feet. The others, in frantic terror, were swimming for the shore.

A dusky hand grasped the gunwale, and the black eyes of the man from Mindanao glared up at the Kanaka boatswain. A revolver was in Pinto's other hand, and he pulled trigger. But the firearm was drenched and useless. As it snapped, Koko plunged at the Filipino, thrusting with the bush-knife. Pinto let go his hold and dived, barely in time to escape the razor-edge blade.

"You bad white feller!" roared Koko. "You flaid along this Kanaka! You plenty too much fright along this feller Koko!"

Which was true enough, for Pinto was swimming with the blacks, making for the lagoon shore. Koko glared after them as they vanished into the darkness of the lagoon.

"Shoot along gun, you bad feller Hiva-Oa boy!" he roared.

And the native crew, encouraged by the defeat of the men of Tuna-

viva, sent a shower of lead after the retreating enemy.

Koko clambered back on board, and the boat rocked away into the darkness. Crack, crack, crack, rang from the Dawn, as the Hiva-Oa boys pumped out bullets, the lead splashing into the water around the swimmers.

Koko wiped the bush-knife on a rag of tapa. He had beaten off the enemy single-handed, and the men of Tuna-  
viva were in panic-stricken retreat.

But his brown face was dark and gloomy. He had saved his white master's ship; but he could not save his white master. But if he could not save him, he could die with him. And that thought was fixed in the mind of the faithful Koko!

~~~~~  
**What is happening to Ken King and his shipmate, Kit Hudson? Are they DOOMED? Next Saturday's vivid yarn by Charles Hamilton will tell you! It's a GRAND yarn—and don't YOU miss it!!!**  
 ~~~~~

## Pirates of the Sky!

(Continued from page 24)

Once again the roar of powerful motors awoke the echoes, and the helicopter took off, Justice and his companions ducking low as it skimmed over the bay.

With Professor Flaznagel, Goschen, and the model of the space-boat secure in their talons, the sinister Sea Eagles soared into the blue and vanished from sight—raiders triumphant!

Meanwhile, Captain Justice & Co. were swimming towards the western headland, dazed by disaster.

"My gosh! This—this is awful!" Len gasped, as he and the other survivors of the gas attack stumbled on to the beach at last.

Over thirty minutes had elapsed since the four had pulled themselves out of the water, climbed up the headland, and started on the run back along the crest. During that time not one of the gas victims had stirred. Justice Island looked more like a stricken battlefield now than a peaceful and prosperous colony! Men lay everywhere, some breathing noisily, others quietly. A faint, sickly tang tainted the salty air.

Captain Justice stooped hastily over the nearest sufferer, the big Aircraftsman Baker, and raised his head. Baker's face was ashen beneath its tan, his teeth were tightly clenched and the pupils of his eyes contracted. O'Mally reported the same symptoms in the second man, and sniffed disgustedly.

"Ethyl chloride, or something like! The black spalpeens!" he snapped, and without another word rushed away to the island sick-bay for his first-aid chest.

Len followed, while Justice and Midge waited, distressed and silent, among the fallen. Presently, as if struck by the same thought, they hastened across to the central workshop. The interior was a wreck, and so was the laboratory adjoining.

"Caught! Caught hopelessly unaware, and beaten hollow!" Justice muttered. "Poor old Flaznagel! And to think we intended to hunt the Sea Eagles in his new space-boat! Now they've grabbed it for themselves, and if they succeed in building the actual vessel, Heaven help the world!"

"They'd have got you, too, if O'Mally hadn't upset the dinghy!" Midge touched his leader's arm nervously. "But do—do you really think there's been a traitor amongst us, sir?" he faltered.

"I do!" Justice's teeth clicked on the words. "Otherwise, how did the Sea Eagles get wind of the professor's invention so quickly? And Goschen is the only man on the island whom we can possibly suspect! I'm not sure yet, of course. But either Hans Goschen has been kidnapped with Flaznagel because he was the professor's head assistant—or else he was the spy whose work here is finished.

"The Sea Eagles must know the powers of the space-boat—and I'm certain they also know the invention is not quite complete, which is why they have collared poor Flaznagel!

"But these infernal pirates won't get away with it! Here come O'Mally and Len now, and I'm afraid we've got some anxious hours of work ahead, reviving our friends. But at all costs we've got to hound those rascals down before they can build a Flaznagel space-boat! The moment we're ready, Midge—"

"We'll be off on an Eagle hunt!" vowed the determined youngster. "By golly, we'll put some salt on their tails—and bring their bloomin' necks afterwards!"

~~~~~  
**And that's more easily said than done! But when Captain Justice gets red-hot on a trail of vengeance, no power on earth or in the sky or under the water can shake him off! Next Saturday's story of his adventures is a REAL THRILLER!**  
 ~~~~~



When things begin to hum  
As the ball goes in the scrum  
Says the half-back . . . .

*Sharp's the word*  
and  
*Sharp's the Toffee*

I like best of all

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