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# KEN KING'S MATE BOBS UP!

Kit Hudson, mate of the ketch Dawn, is going to rescue—or avenge—his chum, KING OF THE ISLANDS, even if he has to turn the South Seas inside out!

By

Charles Hamilton

## Kit Hudson's Peril!

ALL palm fronds and a basaltic cliff glimmered as the sun leaped up from the Pacific and revealed the tiny island of Tunaviva—still far away from the lugger that tacked against an adverse wind, a towed dinghy dancing in her wake.

A fat man, dressed in white drill, with a crimson cummerbund round his podgy waist, and a broad-brimmed hat shading his face, stood on the lugger's little deck, staring towards the island and muttering angrily. It was Mr. Jam, the half-caste trader in false pearls.

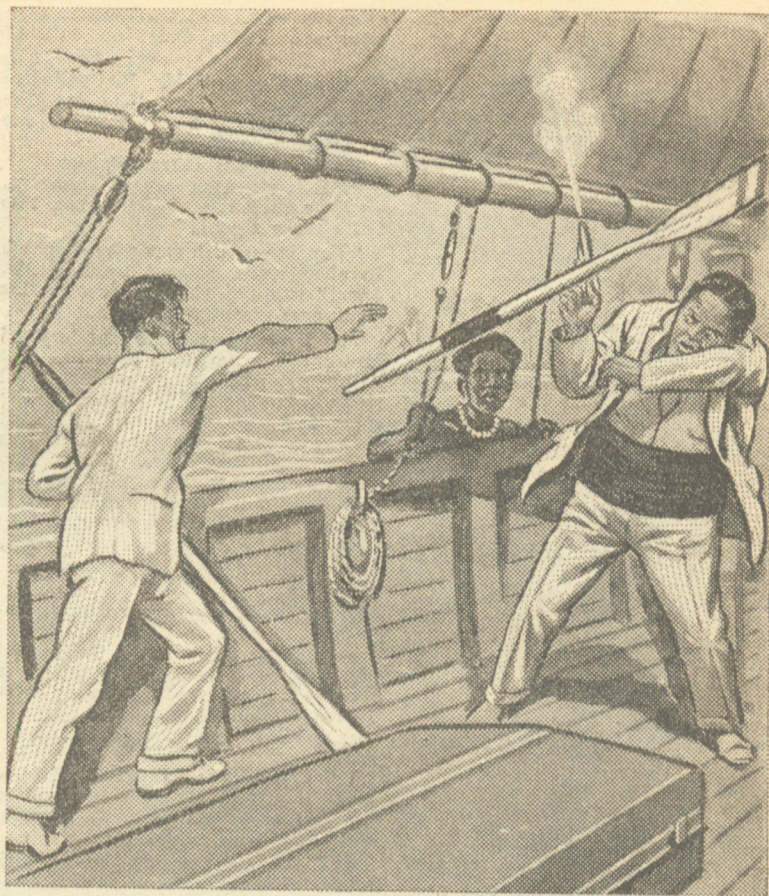
Not a glance did he give to the dinghy towing astern. Wary and cunning as he was, he was not likely to guess that in the hours of darkness an enemy had clambered into the boat from the sea and was hidden under the tarpaulin cover.

Neither was any man on board the lugger likely to observe that a corner of the cover was lifted to allow a keen eye to watch the vessel and see what was to be seen now that the sun was shining once more on the ocean.

There were only three men on the lugger with Mr. Jam—Easter Island boys, whom he had picked up at Mangareva with the lugger. After the wreck of the schooner in which he had pursued Ken King's trading ketch, the Dawn, with the intention of preventing King of the Islands reaching Tunaviva, Mr. Jam had reached Mangareva in one of the schooner's boats.

A dingy little banana boat, with a crew of three brown boys, was the only craft available at Mangareva, and Mr. Jam had hired it to take him to Tunaviva. He was intensely anxious to know what had happened there during his long absence, and as he waddled on the tiny deck, with the island in sight at last, he muttered angrily about the baffling wind that made progress so painfully slow.

The Easter Islanders were good sailmen. They handled the lugger



The oar, flung with all Kit Hudson's might, struck the fat man's revolver, and the bullet screamed into space.

well, but it was an unhandy craft, and no sailorman could have kept it very close to the wind. With true Kanaka indifference, they did not care how long it took to run down to Tunaviva. But Mr. Jam cared very much indeed!

Whatever it was that was going on in secret on Tunaviva—still a mystery to King of the Islands—it was a matter of deep importance to Mr. Jam. Days had passed since he had last seen the Dawn and he knew King of the Islands must have sailed into the lagoon long since. What might have happened since was a matter of keen anxiety to him.

HIS men on the island—Pinto and the Santa Cruz boys—had orders to hide their presence on Tunaviva if a sail came—a very unusual event—and lie low till it was gone. Knowing nothing of King of the Islands, doubtless they would act as usual—hide in the caverns of the cliff, and wait for the Dawn to sail. And any vessel that did not sail was also provided for by Mr. Jam's orders. Such a vessel was to be surprised by a night attack, and sunk in the lagoon—that no tales of Tunaviva might be told on the Pacific beaches.

There was no doubt in Mr. Jam's mind that his crew had carried out his orders—or attempted to. But from his experience of King of the Islands, he doubted whether they had been successful. He dreaded to find Ken King master of the island when he arrived there. And he raged at the contrary winds that delayed him in sight of his goal.

Every now and then he clamped binoculars to his eyes, and scanned the blue on the sea. He was too far off to read a signal if it had been made. But no signal was likely to be made, even when the men of Tunaviva sighted his craft. They knew his own lugger by sight—but it had gone down in a hurricane, and it was from the wreck of it that Ken King had rescued him, far off in Tahiti waters.

To eyes watching from the basaltic cliff, the Mangareva lugger was simply a banana boat, like a thousand others in the South Seas. There would be no signal from the island till he made one from the lugger. And he was as yet too far away.

But every tack was drawing the banana boat nearer to the island, and the palm-trees that had seemed to stand in the water were now seen on land, and the basaltic cliff jutted against the blue sky, with sea-birds screaming over its summit. If the men of Tunaviva were watching, they saw the lugger now. And he had no doubt that they were watching, for they had expected him back at Tunaviva long before this.

But were Pinto and his blacks still masters of the island, or had Ken King and his crew gained the upper hand? That was a tormenting doubt to the trader in false pearls.

He was not to know that Billy the



## Ken King's Mate Bobs Up!

Beachcomber—for whose sake King of the Islands had sailed to Tunaviva, to give the man a chance to search for precious pink coral he believed was to be found there—had been captured by Pinto and his blacks, or that the boy trader had been taken prisoner when attempting to rescue Billy, and that his mate, Kit Hudson, had been thrown into the sea to drown.

But Hudson was not dead. He it was who, all unknown to Mr. Jam and his crew, was lying hidden in the dinghy. He had been on the point of drowning when the lugger had come along in the night and he had grasped the tow-rope and clambered unseen aboard the dinghy.

And the Dawn was not in Pinto's hands—Koko, the boatswain, and the crew had beaten off all attacks.

Mr. Jam unwound the crimson cummerbund from his waist, the Easter boys watching him with grins. Of Mr. Jam and his business at lonely Tunaviva they knew nothing and cared nothing—they were paid to run him there in their lugger, that was all. It did not even cross their fuzzy minds that there were men on Tunaviva, and that when they arrived they would not be allowed to depart again.

The liberty of a trio of Kanakas was a very light price for Mr. Jam to pay for the preservation of his secret, whatever that strange secret was. The Easter boys regarded the fat man with amusement, and never

even suspected that the ferocity of a tiger was hidden under his rolls of fat.

"You feller Lo!" Mr. Jam called to the boat-steerer, and held out the cummerbund. "You will make one signal topside mast."

The brown boy stared at him. "No feller stop along Tunaviva, sar!" he answered. "What name this feller make signal?"

"You jump with excessive dispatch to obey order uttered by this Mr. Jam!" snapped the pearl-dealer, his black eyes gleaming.

The Easter boy hardly understood Mr. Jam's remarkable English. But he understood his angry gestures, and obeyed the order in wonder. The other two boys stared and jabbered. It was news to them that there was any man on Tunaviva. But if Mr. Jam was going to signal, they realised that there must be someone to see the signal. The red cummerbund, run up to the masthead, floated out in the wind.

It was an unmistakable signal, and if the men of Tunaviva were watching, they would know that Mr. Jam was coming, though in a strange vessel. And that they were watching, and that they knew, was soon made clear by a signal from the island.

High on the summit of the basaltic cliff a figure clambered to the top of a jutting peak of rock, and a flag was waved.

The fat man breathed deep with relief. His uneasiness left him at once as he read the answering signal. Whatever had happened in his absence, his men were still masters of the island. Otherwise, his signal could not have been read and answered. A grin of satisfaction came over Mr. Jam's olive face.

King of the Islands was there, he could not doubt—but the men of Tunaviva had dealt with him, or, at least, held him at bay. If matters had not come to a finish yet, they would come to a finish fast enough when Mr. Jam set foot on the island. A cold ferocity glittered from his black eyes at that thought.

He snapped an order to the Easter boys. The red flag was twice dipped, the arranged answer to the signal from the island. Then it was lowered, and the cummerbund was wound once more round Mr. Jam's waist. The figure disappeared from the cliff-top. But the Easter boys had seen it, and they jabbered to one another excitedly.

Startling enough to them, there were men on Tunaviva, that lost speck of land in the endless wastes of the Pacific. It was strange news for them to carry back to Mangareva and the other islands. No thought crossed their unsuspecting minds that their peculiar passenger had no intention of allowing them to set their lugsail again, once it was down in the Tunaviva lagoon!

From under the edge of the tarpaulin in the towed boat Kit Hudson had watched the signalling. He had had many glimpses of the fat man on the lugger, and he was deeply

thankful that he had kept out of sight. Only too well he knew that had Mr. Jam suspected his presence a rain of revolver bullets would have riddled him without a chance for his life. He had had some experience of Mr. Jam's methods!

The mate of the Dawn lay low and waited. Slowly the lugger was making Tunaviva, all unconsciously taking him back to the island of peril and to his shipmate. How had King of the Islands fared? Alive, he would save him—dead, he would avenge him. Once the lugger had made the reef passage and sailed into the lagoon, a swift leap from the boat, a desperate swim, and he would be free—to regain the ketch if it was yet uncaptured, or the shore if the Dawn was in the hands of the men of Tunaviva.

Silent, watching, he lay under the tarpaulin till he became aware that the lugger had hove to, and that the brown-skinned boys were dragging on the tow-rope and pulling the boat alongside. And as the dinghy floated under the rail of the lugger, Kit Hudson's heart leaped and throbbed—the crisis had come, with Tunaviva still distant!

### Master of the Lugger!

THE mate of the Dawn gritted his teeth as two of the Easter boys, pulling on the tow-rope, brought the dinghy rocking alongside the lugger.

Hudson's thoughts raced. He guessed that Jam, tired of the weary beating against the wind, and now near enough to Tunaviva to pull in, had decided to go in the boat, leaving the lugger to follow at leisure. It was a quick run in the dinghy with a couple of brawny oarsmen. It was natural enough for the pearl-trader to decide on that step, but it knocked all Hudson's half-formed plans to the winds.

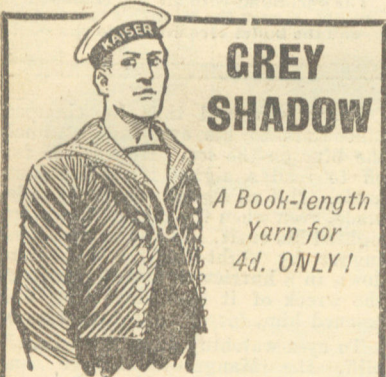
Instead of being taken into Tunaviva, he was going to be revealed to the half-caste's keen eyes the moment the tarpaulin was removed from the dinghy—and he remembered that the fat trader was a swift and handy man with a revolver. Hudson knew that he had to stake his life now on a desperate cast.

The lugger rocked against the low side of the lugger, and he heard Mr. Jam's voice, only a few feet above, say:

"Connect boat with indisputable security, you feller boy!"

The Easter boys had to guess at the meaning of Mr. Jam's weird English, but they caught on. The fat man was an unwieldy passenger for the little dinghy, and he was anxious for his safety. He had too much weight to carry to jump lightly down into the dinghy as a sailorman would have done. He wanted it pulled close in and tied fore and aft before he clambered down. If the fat man had slipped between the boat and the vessel's side, he might never have reappeared from the Pacific.

Lo, the boat-steerer, was at the  
(Continued on page 28)



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## Ken King's Mate Bobs Up!

(Continued from page 26)

tiller. The other two Easter Islanders pulled the dinghy close, one of them making fast the tow-rope, the other taking a line to jump down and secure the stern. Hudson's teeth were shut hard—he knew what was coming. He was unarmed, and all he had on his side was the surprise of the imminent discovery of his presence in the boat.

From his long watching during the hot hours of the morning he had seen that there were only three natives on the lugger—simple Kanakas who did not look at all dangerous. But Jam was armed, savage, and ruthless—it was there that his danger lay. And Jam, watching the boat over the side as the Easter boys secured it, would see him the moment he was revealed. Life or death hung on the next few seconds, and the young Australian's face was grimly set.

There was a bump as an Easter boy dropped into the boat. He dropped on the tarpaulin stretched over it, never dreaming that there was a human figure beneath the

cover. As the tarpaulin sagged under his weight, his feet felt Hudson under it, and he stumbled over with a startled howl. He bumped down headlong in the stern, and Jam, unaware of the cause of his fall, snapped at him from the lugger's side.

"Feller stop along boat!" howled the astounded Easter boy. "Feet belong me stop along feller stop along boat!"

Hudson had already detached the cover from several of the cleats to give freedom of movement. As the Easter Islander uttered those surprised words, the mate of the Dawn hurled the tarpaulin aside and leaped up like a jack-in-the-box, the tarpaulin falling on the sprawling Easter boy. Hudson was on his feet in the twinkling of an eye.

Jam, gazing down, stood spell-bound for a second. Seeing him suddenly appear in the towed dinghy took Jam utterly by surprise. For a second he could not believe his eyes as he gazed at the man in the boat. A spectre from the depths of the sea could not have startled him more.

Hudson had counted on that sudden surprise to give him a chance. While the astounded pearl-trader

almost gibbered at him in amazement, so utterly flabbergasted that he was momentarily incapable of action, the sturdy Australian made a desperate leap for the lugger's low rail, caught it, and swung himself on board.

One Easter boy was sprawling under the tarpaulin in the dinghy; the other two stared at Hudson open-mouthed. But Jam, startled and amazed as he was, was swift to recover. His olive face darkened with savage rage, and his fat hand clutched a revolver from the belt under his glaring cummerbund. Hudson, as he landed on board, slipped over and fell. That fall saved him, for as he tumbled across the lugger a shot rang out and the bullet missed him by a foot.

He was on his feet in a split second, dodging round the mast in time to escape another bullet, which went so close that he felt the wind of it. Spluttering with rage, the fat man plunged after him, his revolver raised, his black eyes blazing. Words came from his fat lips in a torrent of fury.

"Obtrusive and superfluous individual, how do you approximate from unknown places?" yelled Mr. Jam, his ridiculous English sounding horribly grotesque in his mad fury. He fired again as he yelled: "Perish with instantaneous dispatch!"

The bullet grazed Hudson's cheek, and drew a spurt of blood as he dodged round the mast. After him waddled the fat pearl-trader, yelling now to the staring Easter boys.

"You feller boy! Proceed with immediate promptness to lay hands on obnoxious individual!"

But the man at the tiller and the other man on deck only stared blankly. The man in the boat stood up and stared over the side, equally blankly. The Easter boys were too utterly astounded by the amazing happening to take part in the proceedings. In any case, they would have hesitated to lay hands on a white man at the order of a half-caste. Kit Hudson had nothing to fear from them.

Another desperate bound saved him from another shot. He stumbled over a couple of oars that had been placed in readiness to be dropped into the dinghy, and he grasped one of them. Whirling round, with the oar grasped in both hands, he hurled it at Jam as the desperate rascal pulled trigger again.

The whirling oar struck the revolver, knocking it up, and the bullet screamed away. Jam staggered, and before he could recover, Hudson was at him like a tiger.

A clenched fist that seemed like a lump of lead jarred on the pearl-trader's fat chin, hitting like a hammer. Heavy as Jam was, that terrific drive nearly lifted him from his feet. He crashed backwards as if a cannon-shot had struck him.

Hudson was on him, his knee jammed on the fat stomach. He tore the revolver from the fat man's sagging hand. There was one cartridge left in the revolver, and it made Hudson feel like a new man to feel the butt in his grasp. He jammed

## You Ought to Collect These

# GOOD-HEALTH STAMPS

By D. B. ARMSTRONG, who will answer FREE any Stamp Queries which any reader may care to send to the Editor. If you can, enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply by Post

FOR the past three years, New Zealand has issued each Christmas a special 1d. stamp to be sold at double face value in aid of the national campaign against the White Scourge—tuberculosis. The first of these health stamps—December, 1929—bore the portrait of a nursing sister above the inscription "Help Stamp Out Tuberculosis." But so healthy and invigorating is the climate of New Zealand that comparatively few people "fell" for the appeal, and in the following year the wording was altered to "Help Promote Health."

Then, in 1931, they substituted the portrait of a boy brimming with health, and he was followed, in 1932, by the classical figure of Hygeia, the Goddess of Health. This year's New Zealand health stamp symbolises the "Road to Health"—leading towards the rising sun.

FOR many years Belgium has issued annually a special set of stamps to be sold at a premium in aid of the funds of the Anti-Tuberculosis Society, which is under the patronage of the Queen of the Belgians. The latest issue shows a female



Left: The latest "Health" stamp from Belgium, showing the Cross of Lorraine, symbol of the Anti-Tuberculosis League.

Right: The "Road to Health"—this year's New Zealand special issue to help the national campaign against the White Scourge.



figure upholding the Cross of Lorraine, the symbol of the Anti-Tuberculosis League.

Sweden has issued special stamps in aid of cancer research, and Norway on behalf of her national radium hospital. In Java (Dutch Indies) charity-postage stamps have been sold for the funds of the leper colony. Similar issues have been made in the interests of medical work in Dutch Guiana (Surinam), the Belgian Congo, and other countries.

They make a jolly fine collection, too.



