

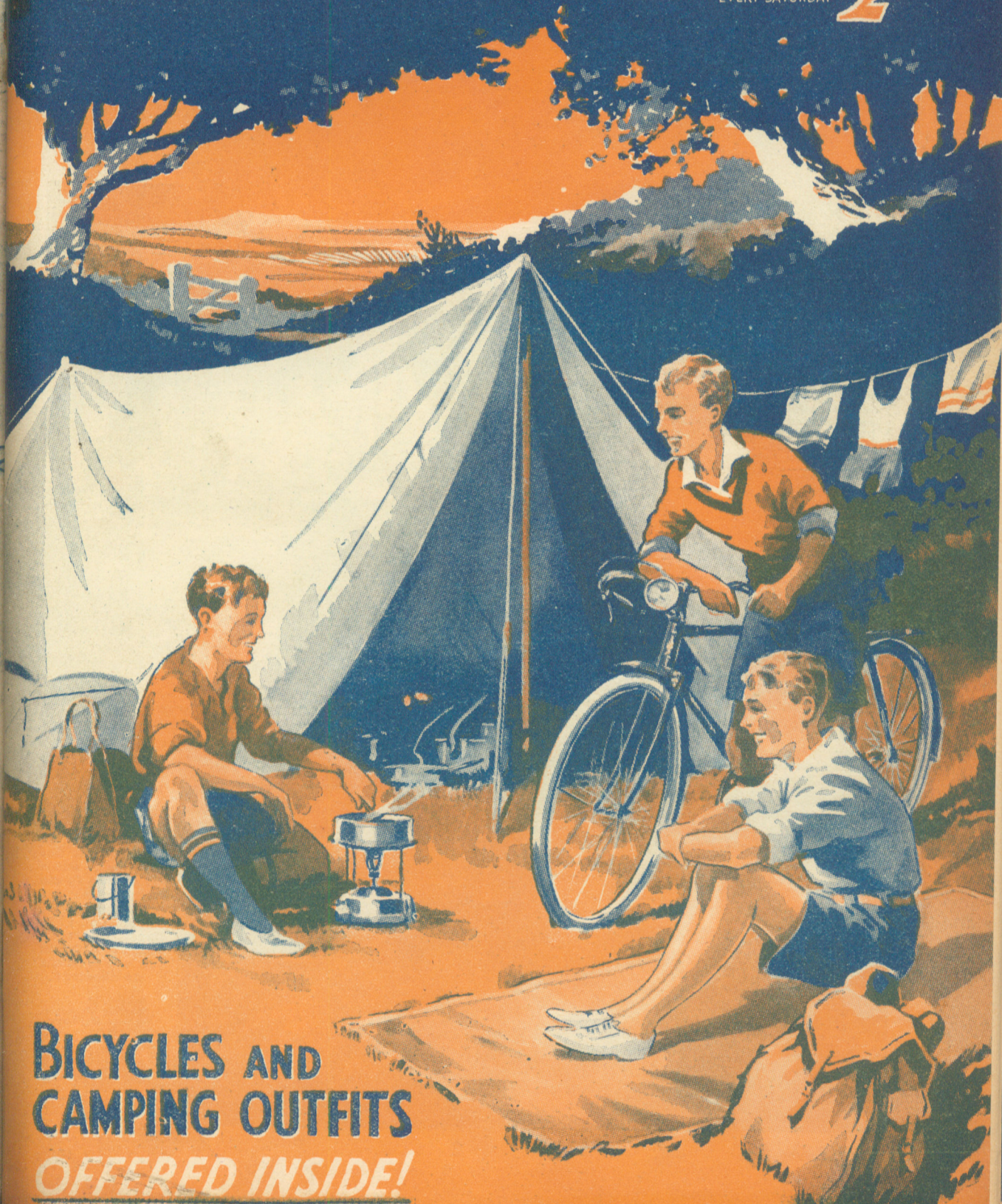
Special **CAMPING EXHIBITION NUMBER!**

The **MODERN BOY**

WEEK ENDING 14TH APRIL

NO 323 VOL 13
EVERY SATURDAY

2^D



**BICYCLES AND
CAMPING OUTFITS
OFFERED INSIDE!**

Billy the Beachcomber

Treachery in the South Seas—and big surprises and a grand windfall for KING OF THE ISLANDS and the merry men of his trading ketch the Dawn!

Complete - - By CHARLES HAMILTON

"Drop that Rifle!"

"INIQUITOUS and undesired superfluous persons—"

"That's Mr. Jam!" murmured Kit Hudson, the mate of Ken King's ketch, the Dawn. He chuckled, and Ken King smiled, in the darkness of the sea-cave under the towering basaltic cliff of Tunaviva.

The voice of the fat trader in false pearls came in a scream of rage, echoing down the rock staircase in the heart of the cliff that led to the upper cavern. The hatred and ferocity in Mr. Jam's screaming voice might have made a hearer shudder, but the ridiculous English made the shipmates smile. Koko, the brown-skinned boatswain of the Dawn, grinned in the gloom.

"That bad feller Jam too much mad along us feller!" he remarked. "He strong-feller cross, my word!"

"Detestable unobserved individuals!" The half-caste trader was yelling again. "Dare to approximate, and rifle-fire will sweep you to sudden and unlimited destruction."

"Suffering cats!" murmured Hudson. "Looks like a checkmate, Ken!"

King of the Islands set his lips.

"We're getting to a finish to-night, Kit!" he answered.

"I'm with you, all the way, but—how?"

It was not an easy question to answer. Out on the lagoon of Tunaviva, under the stars, rode the ketch Dawn, at anchor, with Billy the Beachcomber and the Kanakas on board, watching and listening anxiously. In the channel in the sea-cave lay the Dawn's whaleboat, with two Hiva-Oa boys in it holding on to the rocky bank.

On the bank stood Ken King and his mate and boatswain, in darkness so thick that they could only see one another as dim shadows. The rock staircase that led up through the heart of the cliff was at a little distance, but near enough for them to hear the infuriated voice of the half-caste as he yelled down. With Mr. Jam in the upper cave were nine or ten black Santa Cruz boys, rifle in hand, and every now and then a rifle was loosed off, and a bullet came ricocheting down the rocky stair.

Now that the alarm had been given, it was evidently impossible to rush up the rocky stair to the attack. It was asking for sudden death. But Ken, as he had said, was determined to come to a finish. The struggle for the mastery of that lonely speck of land in the Pacific had gone on long enough, and the shipmates had had many narrow escapes from the

"That fellow Jam no likee stop along island belong him!" grinned Koko, as, from the rocks above, the trader in false pearls stretched out fat hands towards the ketch.



treachery of the pearl trader. It was time to come to a finish—but how? Ken's mind had been working actively as he stood there in the darkness.

"I reckon I've thought it out, Kit," he said, in a low voice. "We've only got Jam and the black boys to deal with, now that Pinto lies there in the darkness, riddled by their bullets. Keep the scoundrel's attention this way, while I—"

"It's frightfully risky!" muttered Hudson, catching the idea before King of the Islands could say more.

"We're here to take risks!" answered Ken. "If you keep that villain busy at this end, I've got a good chance of climbing the cliff and getting at the mouth of the cave. I'm going to chance it!"

"Best of luck!" muttered Hudson.

King of the Islands stepped into the whaleboat. It slid away in the darkness of the channel, back to the lagoon, without a sound. From the rock stairway came a sound of crashing, as a heavy boulder was hurled down, thudding from rugged step to step. It was evident that Mr. Jam's nerves were on the jump, and that he looked every moment for a desperate rush from the darkness below.

Hudson crept nearer to the fissure that rived the great cliff, feeling every inch of the way in the blackness. The floor of the sea-cave was split in rifts and pits—it was in one of them that King of the Islands had found the lump of "pink coral" which proved that Billy the Beachcomber had been right in believing that there was a fortune on Tunaviva.

Billy the Beachcomber

The mate of the Dawn reached the foot of the rock stairway and lifted his revolver.

Crack, crack, crack it rang, as he pitched bullets up through the fissure.

There was no chance of hitting anyone above, but the firing chained the terrified half-caste's attention to the spot. As the reports of the revolver roared in the hollows of the cliff, the screaming voice of the half-caste was heard again.

"Fire! Lazy and inattentive black scoundrels, fire with enormous velocity!"

Bang, bang, bang! roared the rifles above, lead spattering on the rocks. Hudson stepped back out of range. But as the fire from above died down he stepped forward and loosed off shots again—and again the banging of numerous rifles replied.

Meanwhile, King of the Islands had landed from the whaleboat, and was clambering up the basaltic cliff. Once before he had climbed the cliff, with disastrous results. Now he hoped for better luck. In the dim starlight he groped and wound his way among the rugged rocks, and reached the rock terrace on which the cavern opened.

With his revolver gripped in his hand, eyes and ears on the alert, he stepped silently and cautiously along the terrace. From the mouth of the upper cave came a glow of light, from the camp-fire that burned within. And the sound of the rifles told him that the blacks were still pitching lead down the rock stair at the back of the cave. A muttering voice came to his ears:

"My word! That feller Jam shoot plenty too much along gun belong him. He plenty too much fright along feller King of the Islands!"

It was the voice of one of the black crew in the mouth of the cave.

King of the Islands, stepping on tiptoe, drew nearer and looked in. The black man had evidently been posted there on guard. But with the irresponsible carelessness of a Kanaka, he was standing with his back to the outlet, staring along the cave towards the farther end, where Mr. Jam and his men were to be seen in the fire-light.

King of the Islands stepped into the cave, and he was hardly a foot from the black boy when the sentry became aware of his presence and spun round with a startled gasp, flashing up his spear.

But he had no time to use the weapon. The heavy barrel of the revolver crashed on his head at the same moment. It laid the Santa Cruz boy senseless on the rocks. Ken gave him one glance as he fell and passed him with a swift stride.

He strode up the cavern, past the camp-fire sending up smoke to the unseen arch of rock above. Rifles were banging down the rock stair, and from below came the answering crack of Kit Hudson's revolver. Mr. Jam, his red cummerbund wound round his

enormous waist, his podgy figure almost bursting from his white drill, was conspicuous among his men.

He stood mopping perspiration from his fat brow, his black eyes scintillating with rage and terror. There were nine or ten blacks, every man with a rifle in his hand, but King of the Islands advanced with cool intrepidity. There was little to fear from the blacks, if he could handle their leader; and little to fear from Kanaka shooting, even at close quarters.

He lifted his revolver and advanced directly on the group, all of whom had their backs to him.

"Fire!" Mr. Jam was gasping. "Fire with considerable rapidity, you feller boy! Continue with incessant velocity—" He broke off with a sudden yell as a hand grasped the collar of his jacket, and the muzzle of a revolver was pressed into his fat neck. He spun round, his startled eyes almost popping from their rolls of fat.

"Drop that rifle! Tell your boys to steer clear—or you are a dead man, Mr. Jam!"

Ken's voice was cool and quiet, but his grip was like iron, and the revolver muzzle ground deep into the podgy neck. There was a startled howl from the Santa Cruz blacks. Ken's eyes blazed at them as the fat trader sagged, a helpless lump of terror, in his grip.

"You feller boy! You drop rifle belong you, or me plenty cross along you feller, my word!"

The blacks stared at him, hesitating, and looked to their leader. The fierce eyes of the white man daunted them, but a call from their leader would have brought them springing like tigers. But such a call was not likely to come from Mr. Jam, squirming with terror as the pistol muzzle ground into his neck.

"Estimable and most honoured sir, do not pull trigger!" shrieked Mr. Jam. "Spare worthless life of this humble individual and yours truly!"

"Tell your men to drop their guns!"

"Unlimited and obnoxious black rascals, obey order uttered by honourable white captain!" yelled Mr. Jam.

The rifles clanged down on the rocky floor of the cavern. Jabbering with rage and terror, the fat trader sagged like a sack of yams in Ken's grip.

"Hudson ahoy!" roared King of the Islands. His voice rang down the rock stairway to the lower cave.

"Ahoy!" came back the shout of the mate of the Dawn from below.

"Come aloft!"

There were tramping feet on the rocky stairs. Kit Hudson appeared in sight in a few moments. Following him came Koko, his white teeth flashing, his bush-knife in his hand. The Santa Cruz blacks crowded back at the sight of the brown boatswain and the bush-knife.

"Suffering cats!" breathed Hudson. "We've pulled it off, then!"

"Looks like it!" said King of the Islands. "You feller Koko, you takee rope, you see plenty rope stop along

hand, along foot, belong this feller Jam!"

And in a couple of minutes more the trader in false pearls—once the master of the island—lay bound hand and foot on the floor of the cavern that had been the den of the secret men of Tunaviva.

Hundreds of Pounds—in a Sack!

"PINK coral!" breathed Billy the Beachcomber.

King of the Islands smiled. It was morning on Tunaviva. The tropical sun blazed down on the shining lagoon and the circling island. Every face on the deck of the Dawn was bright and cheery—with one exception. That exception was the fat, olive face of "Honest Mr. Jam." That gentleman had his fat wrists tied together behind his podgy back.

The situation on the lonely island had changed with a vengeance! King of the Islands was master now. Mr. Jam was a prisoner—Pinto, the man from Mindanao, had gone to his long account—and the Santa Cruz crew were rounded up on the beach, obedient to their new masters, taking the change in command with true Kanaka indifference.

If Mr. Jam, casting a haggard eye at them from the ketch, noticed them at all, as they lounged idly on the beach in the sunshine, he had no hope of help from them. His game was up, and it was the finish for Mr. Jam. He slumped on the rail of the Dawn, with rage and hatred and despair in his fat face—an expression which changed to one of fawning civility when Ken or Kit turned an eye on him.

"Pink coral!" repeated the outcast of Tahiti. He rubbed his horny hands. "I reckon there's nothing to stop us from picking it up now, skipper."

"Nothing!" agreed Ken.

"Burn my timbers! Didn't I tell you there was a fortune on Tunaviva?" grinned the beachcomber. "You made this trip to give me a chance, skipper—but I reckon you'll find your own account in it, too. Half for me, skipper, and a quarter each for you—that's the divvy, skipper!"

"That's it," said Kit Hudson.

"And the pearls—" said Billy. His sly, sharp eyes under his shaggy brows watched the shipmates. "I reckon we came here on shares, skipper! You share in the pink coral and I share in the pearls! That's fair play!"

"You'll handle a share, and so will every man on the ketch," said King of the Islands briefly. "Get into the boat, man. The sooner we're through at Tunaviva, the better now!"

"I reckon we'll go back rich men!" grinned Billy. "They kicked me out of Papeete, but they won't kick out a man with his pockets full of pearls and pink coral! Five pounds an ounce at Sydney, skipper, and—"

"Get into the boat!" Billy the Beachcomber, grinning

with glee, dropped into the whale-boat rocking beside the ketch. Now that it was "all clear" on Tunaviva, he was keen and eager to search for the precious pink coral in the sea-cave under the cliff where Ken had found a chunk of it. Nowhere on the island had pink coral been picked up till the boy trader, by chance, had made that discovery in the rift in the sea-cave. Whether more of it lay there, and how much of it there might be, was still unknown.

"Honourable sir and captain!" Mr. Jam squealed out, as King of the Islands was stepping to the side.

Ken glanced round.

"Well?" he rapped.

"Estimable and beneficent one," said Mr. Jam, "now you are master of Tunaviva, and for humble self it is defeat. Brave and noble captain will be generous to yours truly. You will permit that I leave island in boat with black crew—"

"No!"

"Island is yours," said Mr. Jam. "Pearls are yours! Disgusting and treacherous Pinto pointed out pearl-bed while prisoner in your noble hands. These pearls of great price belong to you. You will spare this poor miserable worm!"

King of the Islands looked curiously at the fat trader. It was quite clear that Mr. Jam, if he recovered his freedom, was prepared to leave behind him the pearls of Tunaviva. Yet the pearls that lay in a box in the cabin below were, to all appearance, worth an enormous fortune. It was strange that Mr. Jam, anxious as he was to get away, should be willing to part with them, without apparently a pang. But it was plain that it was only his liberty that the half-caste was thinking of.

"Let these pearls, of enormous value, be ransom for poor and insignificant self!" urged Mr. Jam. "Also, I will indicate other pearl-beds, of which there are several in hidden places in lagoon."

Ken shook his head.

"I'm letting your crew go," he said. "They're nothing to me. They're pulling out of Tunaviva today, and I shall be glad to see the last of them. But you"—his face darkened—"if I gave you justice, you scoundrel, I should hang you from my boom! I shall not do that—but I shall leave you marooned on Tunaviva when I sail."

The fat trader's jaw dropped.

"And you can thank your lucky stars that you get off so cheaply, you murderous swab!" growled Kit Hudson.

"Beneficent and gentlemanly sir—" gasped Mr. Jam.

"That's enough!"

The skipper and mate of the Dawn stepped into the boat. The fawning look vanished from the olive face, and Mr. Jam's black eyes blazed after them.

"Iniquitous and uncommonly unpleasant individuals!" he yelled furiously. "Some time shall arrive when terrific revenge shall approximate!"

"You feller Jam, you talk plenty

(Continued on next page)



A PROPERLY pitched tent should not sag in the middle of the ridge. If it does, it means that the side guy-lines are too tight, and they should be slacked off until the sag can be taken up by tightening the main end guys.

A DJUSTMENT to single-pole lightweight tents in case of a sudden night shower can be made by moving the pole-base sideways. The effect is to lower the height of the tent, thus slacking-off the strain caused by the wetting.

THE inside of a tent can be kept quite tidy during the day if you carry a light fabric bag in which to keep your blankets and clothing. But don't put the blankets away until you have spread them out for an hour or so in the sun to air.

A FLYSHEET is an extra roof. The use of a flysheet keeps a tent cool in summer and warm in winter, because it traps a layer of still air over the roof of the tent itself. A flysheet is also a great protection in wet weather, as the inside of the tent can be touched without fear of leaking.

ONE of the many improvements to tents of late has been the provision of porches, which extend beyond the doors and protect them against driving rain. This enables the doors themselves to be made of cheaper, non-waterproof fabric, thus bringing down the cost of the tent.

IF you are thinking of making your own tent, you should first make a paper model. Cut out the base from a piece of three-ply wood, and glue the pole or poles in the proper places. Then build your paper round them. A convenient scale is 1 inch to 1 foot.

BUILDING scale models of tents is made easier by making a scale ruler. If your scale is 1 inch to 1 foot, mark off twelve inches on a piece of stout card, with a true edge, divide them into quarters, and sub-divide the first one or two into twelfths. The inches represent feet, and the twelfths inches. This does away with all calculations, and you can measure-off straight away from the whole-scale directions with your small-scale ruler.

ARTIC explorers' tents are sometimes made with a sleeve instead of the usual door. There's a photo of one on page 16. The explorers crawl through the sleeve and draw it in after them, afterwards tying the end. In this way the risk of a blizzard blowing into the tent and wrecking it is obviated.

LIGHTWEIGHT tents are built-up on a framework of tapes. The tapes take every strain, so that the comparatively delicate lightweight fabric is not pulled out of shape or torn. The fabric is first sewn together and the tapes are then sewn on the inside of each seam. If you examine a well-made tent you will see that each guy-line is attached to the end of one of those tapes.

THE heavy bell-tent, perhaps the most familiar of all tents, is really out of date now. Its only recommendation is that it will accommodate a large number of people if they sleep with feet to the centre pole. Otherwise it has very little head-room for its size, and it is not easy to erect properly.

THE Arabs have, for centuries, used the same kind of tent, a heavy, black-cloth affair, usually woven from camel-hair. This has been found to give the best protection against hot sun, cold desert nights, sandstorms, and wind. There are always thick carpets in Arab tents, because the Arabs don't use chairs, and hidden stones are thus damped-out.

Billy the Beachcomber

too much, mouth belong you," said Koko. And he gave the fat trader a far from gentle lick with a lawyer-cane. "You shut up mouth belong you, close-up, sar. You no talk that feller talk along white master belong me."

Leaving the fat trader gritting his teeth and breathing rage, Koko stepped down into the whaleboat. It pulled to the beach, Mr. Jam's black eyes glittering after it as it went.

Billy the Beachcomber was landed in the sea-cave with Lompo and Lufu, with torches, to help him in his search for his precious pink coral. Ken and Kit gave their attention to the Santa Cruz crew. Ko'oo, the wounded prisoner, had been brought ashore, and one of the boats found in the sea-cave was being prepared for sea.

Submissive as the blacks were since the defeat of their leaders, Ken was anxious to see them gone from Tunaviva. They were willing enough to go. From what the shipmates had now learned, the black crew had been employed in the pearl-fishing by Pinto and Mr. Jam; and they had been long on the lonely island, and they had served hard masters.

The prospect of being given a whaleboat with ample provisions and anything they chose to take from the stores in the cave delighted the black boys. And it was a grinning and chuckling crew that prepared to quit the island. The black boys, laugh-

ing and singing as they loaded the boat, could hardly have been recognised as the savage crew with whom the boy traders had waged fierce battle in the struggle for the mastery of Tunaviva.

"You plenty good feller along us feller, sar," said Tokooloo. "Us feller altogether too much glad go along sea, sar. Too much stick along back, along that feller Jam, sar."

And the black boys hoisted the sail, the boat ran down the reef passage under the frowning basaltic cliff to the sea, and vanished into the blue spaces of the Pacific.

When the boat was gone with the Santa Cruz boys, the shipmates descended to the sea-cave. They were keen enough to see whether the pink coral had been found in any quantity.

The torches cast a ruddy glare through the gloomy cave. Billy the Beachcomber was at the bottom of the deep rift where the chunk of pink coral had been found by King of the Islands. Lompo was there with him, showing light from a torch. Lufu stood on the verge of the rift, holding another torch and looking down. King of the Islands hailed the beachcomber:

"Aho, Billy! What luck?"

A husky chuckle came back:

"Bags of it, skipper!"

"Plenty feller pink coral he stop along this place, sar!" said Lufu. He pointed to a yam-sack that lay beside him, which he had drawn up with a rope from below. Ken looked at it. It was crammed with lumps of the

pink coral, of various shapes and sizes. Billy the Beachcomber, down in the rift, was filling another sack.

"My sainted Sam!" breathed King of the Islands. "Kit, old man, we've struck lucky, after all! Feeling glad now that we gave Billy a chance to run down to Tunaviva and try his luck?"

"What-ho!" Hudson laughed. "Ken, there's hundreds of pounds in that sack!"

"And more to come!" said Ken. "Bags of it!" came Billy's chuckle from below. "Bags of it, skipper! And them swabs never knowed! Never knowed a word of it, all the years they've camped on Tunaviva! And I reckon we'd never have knowed, skipper, if you hadn't tumbled into this rift! Burn my timbers, it's luck!"

It was luck at last for the shipmates of the Dawn, after their deadly perils on the mysterious island. It was from compassion for Billy, the wretched outcast kicked out of Papeete, that the shipmates had run down to Tunaviva, and found themselves in a hornets' nest there. But they had their reward now. The tale told by the Kanaka at Apia, long years ago, to Billy the Beachcomber, was true—and they had found the fortune on Tunaviva.

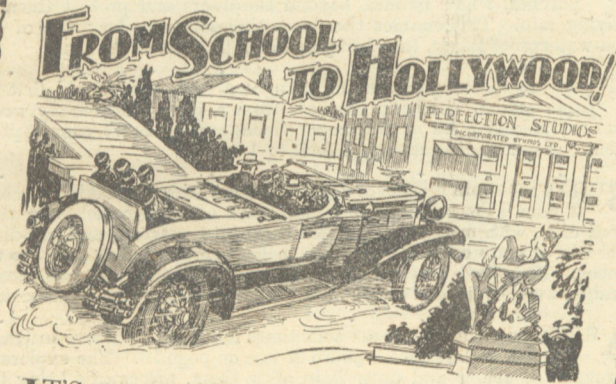
Mr. Jam's Farewell!

IT was "up anchor" at last! Glad enough were the shipmates of the Dawn to hear the rattle of the cable. Glad enough were the Hiva-Oa crew, and the three Easter Islanders who had been taken from Mr. Jam's sunken lugger. Glad enough was Billy the Beachcomber, who had rooted through the sea-cave till even he was convinced that there was no more of the precious pink coral to be found. There was one who was not glad, and that was Mr. Jam—who was not to sail!

Mr. Jam, long the master of Tunaviva, was to remain on his island—alone! If there were, as he had said, other pearl-beds not discovered by the shipmates, he was welcome to them, if they were any comfort to him. Marooning on the lonely island was a light enough punishment for the malignant rascal whose treachery and bitter enmity had almost cost the shipmates their lives.

Some day, perhaps, a boat might touch at the solitary island, lost in the boundless wastes of the Pacific. Till then—if ever—Mr. Jam would be kept out of mischief. He had been set on shore to follow his own devices; he was free, so far as Tunaviva was concerned, but he had no means of leaving the island. His eyes burned with bitter hatred at the ketch as she glided under head-sails for the reef passage.

The fat figure was seen to waddle along the beach and clamber up the rocks of the basaltic cliff. Mr. Jam was on the rock terrace, overlooking the reef passage, when the Dawn glided slowly below—the rock terrace from which Kit Hudson had been hurled by his men, to be carried away



IT'S a far cry from Greyfriars to Filmland, but to Harry Wharton & Co. every mile of the journey is full of fun and excitement. The great story of their adventures en route for Hollywood, and their experiences at the home of the films, will grip and hold your interest as no other yarn has ever done before. Ask your newsagent to-day for this magnificent book-length story.

Ask for No. 217 of

**SCHOOLBOYS' OWN
LIBRARY - 4^D.**

On Sale at all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

A Book-
Length Yarn
for 4d. only!

by the tide. Hudson was thinking of that as the ketch glided among the coral, and his face was grim. From the rocks above, Mr. Jam stretched out fat hands towards the ketch.

"That feller Jam no likee stop along island belong him!" remarked Koko, with a grin.

"Better have chucked the swab into the lagoon, skipper!" grunted Billy the Beachcomber, his eyes gleaming up at the fat face looking down.

Mr. Jam's voice came yelling from the cliff:

"Excellent and honoured captain, beg to compassionate unfortunate yours truly!" It was the last sample the shipmates were to hear of Mr. Jam's remarkable English. "Pity on deplorable situation of this Mr. Jam! I will show you preposterous, magnificent beds of priceless pearl-oyster in exchange for trip as humble passenger!"

Ken looked up.

"Keep them!" he answered curtly.

"All was deplorable misunderstanding and unfortunate misapprehension!" wailed Mr. Jam. "Of pink coral on Tunaviva my complete ignorance was unlimited. Fixed belief in brain of yours truly was that you sailed to Tunaviva to spy into business of this Mr. Jam. Now that exact and truthful knowledge of facts has approximated, beg to regret excessive enmity which endangered valued and estimated lives of respected English persons!"

The ketch glided on. The fat trader in false pearls watched it pass, and realised that there was no hope. He shook a podgy fist at the shipmates looking up from below. Then his fat hand clutched up a jagged lump of rock, and he hurled it down at the gliding ketch. It crashed on the deck, shattering with the impact. Another followed, falling into the water astern.

"Mr. Jam's farewell!" grinned Hudson.

The fat trader was left shaking his fist and screaming maledictions as the ketch glided out of the reef channel to the sea.

IN the open Pacific the canvas was spread to the south wind, and the Dawn glided swiftly away from the lonely island. Ere long, Tunaviva sank below the sealine, and the ketch glided on through a world of waters far from the sight of land.

"You're making Tahiti, skipper?" Billy inquired, on the following morning, as the ketch rushed northward.

Ken shook his head.

"We'd finished our business at Papeete when we took you off," he answered. "We're getting back to trade now, Billy. The wind is too good to lose, and we're giving the Society Islands a wide berth."

He smiled faintly. The wastrel of the beaches had been turned out of Tahiti by the French authorities, and Ken wondered whether he had a fancy for returning there—not as a tattered beachcomber, but as a rich man. For Billy's share of the pink coral made him rich, from his point of view.

The shipmates had calculated its value, so far as they could judge, at

approximately three thousand pounds, and of that sum, when it was realised by the sale, half belonged to the beachcomber. Fifteen hundred pounds was a sum to dazzle a man who had seldom had ten francs in his ragged pocket when he combed the beach on Tahiti.

But Ken did not intend to dispose of the coral till he reached his home port at Lalinge, where he was sure of a fair deal from John Chin, the Chinese trader.

Billy nodded as if with satisfaction. Apparently he had no desire, after all, to make the island where he had combed the beach as a tattered out-cast.

"You make a stop afore Lalinge?" he asked.

"Half a dozen," answered Ken. "We've business at a good many islands, and we're late in making our calls, owing to the trouble we found on Tunaviva. But we'll make up for lost time if this wind holds."

"You don't want to pull out before Lalinge?" he added. "That's where we sell the pink coral, Billy."

"And the pearls?" asked the beachcomber, with a peculiar gleam in his eyes.

"And the pearls," assented Ken.

"It's a rum go," said the beachcomber slowly. "I reckoned that swab Jam knowed about the pink coral when he tried so hard to keep us away from Tunaviva. And he never knowed! He had his own game on there. And we never knowed anything of his game! It's a rum go! Who'd have reckoned there was pearls on Tunaviva? It's been hunted for pearls long ago, and they was never raised. Yet we picked up a rich bed—and, according to the swab Jam, there was others he could have laid us on the course of. It's a rum go! What'll you reckon them pearls will fetch at Lalinge, skipper?"

"More than the pink coral," said Ken, smiling. "Twice as much, if I'm any judge of them."

The beachcomber's eyes snapped.

"It's a rum go," he repeated. "That swab Jam traded in false pearls—and yet he had his hand on a rich pearl-bed! It's a rum go." He whistled softly. "Six thousand of the best, you figure, for that box of pearls below—and if there's more, as Jam let on, it would pay to fit out a schooner and run down to Tunaviva and look for them. Mebbe he was lying, but—"

Without finishing his remark, the beachcomber lounged away, and, leaning on the teak rail, stood staring back across the rolling sea in the direction of vanished Tunaviva.

Ken wrinkled his brow thoughtfully. The mystery of the strange island of Tunaviva was still to some extent a mystery to him. He felt that he had not solved the whole of it, and doubtless never would. The shipmates had been assured that whatever was the secret of Tunaviva, it was not a secret of pearls; for they had taken it as self-evident that, if Mr. Jam had been a successful

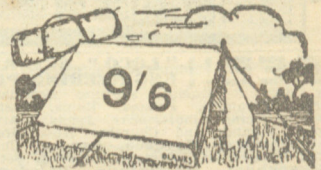
(Continued on next page)

SEE THESE BARGAINS AT Stand P.20 National Camping Exhibition



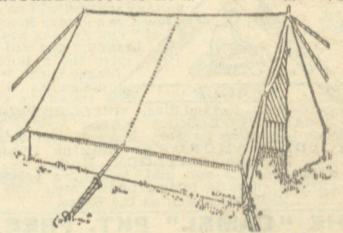
THE
MAORI
TENT

7ft. 6in. long, 5ft. wide, 4ft. high. Made of special lightweight material, with 4 section jointed pole. Packs into small valise. Weight 3lb.
In white material ... 8/9
In green proofed ... 12/6
Postage 9d. Ground Sheet to fit, 4/11



9/6

THE ROAMER TENT
Size 6ft. long, 4ft. 6in. wide, 3ft. 6in. high, 6in. walls. Made from strong white material. Brass-jointed poles in 3 sections. Complete with all accessories, in valise 9/6
(Postage 1/-)
In strong green proofed material ... 13/6
Ground Sheet to fit ... 4/6



THE TREKLITE TENT
Size 7ft. long, 5ft. wide, 4ft. high. 12in. walls. A specially-designed low-profile tent for hikers and cyclists. Made of strong, durable, lightweight material. 2 Ventilators. Sleeps three comfortably. Closed one end, door at other. Complete with 3 section poles, pegs, mallet, packed in bag.
In strong white material ... 17/6
In strong green proofed ... 23/6
(Postage 1/3.)
Ground Sheet to fit, 6/6.



RUC SACS
Made from strong khaki water-proof material. Leather bound, with strong adjustable web slings. Size 19 1/2 in. by 18 in. Large outside suspended pocket 13 in. by 8 in. Reduced to ... 4/11
Post 6d.

STORMTEX SLEEPING BAG
10/6

A new type sleeping bag made of rotproof "Beeswing" (Regd.) material, with strong lightweight rubber proofed, water proof bottom. Lined throughout with Fawn lightweight fleec. Size 6ft. long by 2ft. 3in. wide. Weight just under 3 lb. ... 10/6
(Post 9d.)

GROUND SHEETS
Extra lightweight, 6ft. long, 3ft. wide. Fitted with brass eyelets at the corners for 2/6
pegging. (Post 6d.)

BLANKETS
Special offer of 500 Dark Brown Camp Blankets. Size 70in. x 54in. ... 2/11
Super quality, warm, woolly, dark grey. 85in. x 60in. (Postage 9d.) ... 3/11

FREE 80-PAGE CATALOGUE (W.B.) ON REQUEST

BLANKS, Kings Cross, London, W.C.1

The Stamp Collector's Corner

FREE! TO STAMP COLLECTORS

To encourage stamp-collecting, I will send this fine set to all collectors sending 2d. postage.

G. P. KEEF,
Willington,
Eastbourne.



6 STAMPS

To commemorate the Independence of Czechoslovakia in 1918.

FREE!! "LOCO" SET AND ENGINEERING PKT.

Many different stamps, showing Aeroplanes, Engines, Pyramids, Palaces, Ruins, Castles, Ships, Steamers, Windjammers, Junks, Statues, Schools, Mosques and Churches from Brazil, Egypt, Turkey, Morocco, Greece, China, U.S.A. (State of Liberty), Algeria. Set of 3 Charkhari, Martinique, Caledonia, Niger, Tunis, etc. ALSO a fine packet of 50 all different stamps. ALL ABSOLUTELY FREE. Just enclose 2d. postage, requesting approvals. — **SHOWELL BROS. (M.B.28).** 42, Vanbrugh Hill, LONDON, S.E.3.

FREE!!

11d. Stamp Only.

BOYS! Wear this Splendid Stamp Badge—IT'S FREE! Just send 11d. stamp to cover postage and you will be enrolled as a Junior Member of "THE EMPIRE STAMP LEAGUE," and will receive the splendid League Badge, with design as illustrated, in the League Colours—Red and Blue. YOU'LL BE PROUD TO WEAR THIS BADGE! WRITE NOW! The Badge is waiting for you. Request Approvals. **VICTOR BANCROFT, Empire Stamp League, MATLOCK, Eng.** If extra 11d. is sent (3d. in all), a splendid Magnifying Glass in folding metal frame will be included as well as the Badge.

THE "CAMEL" PKT. FREE!!

Only fine British Colonial stamps are assembled in this wonderful offer. They include: A picture of the Quebec Conference of 1857. View of India Palace, Kenya Colony, Jamaica, a Map Stamp, Indian States, Canada, Travancore, Australia, Charkari. Fine set of Newfoundland, including the engraved stamp depicting the King and Queen, also the brown stamp, view of the War Memorial, and one of the Coronation issue of 1911. Finally, we are adding the beautiful Centenary double-head stamp from the Caymans and the Sudanese stamp which depicts an Arab postman mounted on a Camel. All free. Just send 2d. for postage, requesting approvals. **LISBURN & TOWNSEND (Dept. M.B.), LIVERPOOL**

SEND A POSTCARD

with your address and address of stamp collecting friend and I will send you five **BRITISH COLONIALS** and **CHARKHARI** (Pictorial) FREE.

LESLIE,

37, Ossington Street, Bayswater,
LONDON, W.2.

STAMP OUTFIT FREE

Comprising watermark detector, duplicate book, perforation gauge, 100 stamp mounts, tweezers, also the **LIBERIA PACKET OF 51 DIFFERENT STAMPS** which includes the beautiful engraved view of the Liberian Coast. The above is free to approval applicants only. Send 2d. stamp abroad 4d. postage. Without approvals, 9d.

M. B. WILKINSON, MAJESTIC, COLWYN BAY.

Billy the Beachcomber

pearler, he would not have dealt professionally in false pearls, as certainly he did.

There was no doubt that Pinto and the black crew had occupied Tunaviva and handled the pearl-oysters, while Mr. Jam made trips in his lugger to and from the island. Yet it was as a dealer in false pearls that they had known him. On the occasion when he had attempted to swindle the shipmates on board the Dawn, he had not had a single genuine pearl in all his store.

Yet again, from the pearl-oyster bed in the Tunaviva lagoon, they had raised pearls in abundance—and it seemed likely enough that Jam had spoken the truth in stating that more were to be found there. The strange puzzle of Tunaviva was still a puzzle.

Sunny day followed sunny day as the Dawn ran before the favourable wind, and the first land raised was the island of Looloo, far beyond the limits of the Society group. Billy the Beachcomber watched the land rise from the sea, in the brilliant sunshine of late afternoon.

"I reckon I know that island, skipper!" he remarked. "You'll be putting in at Looloo?"

"Only for a few hours," answered Ken. "We've a dozen cases to land there, cargo we took on for a trader at Papeete."

"Jest a few hours!" repeated the beachcomber. "When'll you make it?"

"In the morning."

"You'll run into the lagoon?"

"No; we shall stand off the reef, and send the whaleboat in." Ken looked at him. "You want a run ashore?"

"That's it, skipper!" said the beachcomber, avoiding the boy trader's eyes. "I reckon I'd like to step on dry land agin for a spell."

"You can go in the whaleboat when I send it ashore, but—we wait for no man!" said King of the Islands tersely. "If you're not on the beach when the boat leaves, you'll stay on Looloo, Billy! If you take my advice, you'll leave the drink alone!"

The outcast of Tahiti scowled.

"I reckon I'll ask your advice when I want it, skipper!" he said, and he slouched away and went below.

King of the Islands compressed his lips. He was not at all sure that he had done well in giving the wretched waster a chance. He had little doubt that the outcast, who had almost forgotten the taste of strong liquor on board the Dawn, was longing for a

chance of reckless self-indulgence. At that rate, the precious pink coral of Tunaviva was not likely to benefit him much in the long run. His eyes met Hudson's, and the mate of the Dawn gave a grunt.

"Rotten waster!" he said. "If he goes ashore at Looloo, we shan't see him again unless we hang on for him."

"We shan't do that!" said Ken quietly. "If he plays the fool, he will take his chance. But with the pink coral on board, I fancy he will take care to turn up for the boat!"

That night the Dawn anchored outside the reef of Looloo. In the sunrise, the boat was lowered to take the cases ashore. Billy the Beachcomber usually needed rousing out from his berth on the cabin lockers. But that morning he was up with the sun, and ready to go in the boat. And in spite of the fact that the precious pink coral remained on the ketch, it proved that Hudson was right in his surmise.

When the boat was ready to return to the ketch, Billy was nowhere to be seen. Irritated as he was, King of the Islands waited an hour, and questions were asked of natives on the beach; but all the shipmates could learn was that the beachcomber had gone inland.

That settled it. The shipmates could not afford to lose the wind. The three Easter Islanders had been landed at Looloo, and—generous in their good fortune—the shipmates had given them a sum sufficient to replace the lugger they had lost in the fighting at Tunaviva.

With them, Ken left a message for the beachcomber, to follow on to Lalinge when he could get a craft—a message that Lo, the boat-steerer, faithfully promised to deliver if he saw the "white feller" again before he returned to his own island. It was all that Ken could do, and the boat returned to the Dawn, which made sail without further delay, leaving the outcast of Tahiti to his own devices.

But it occurred to neither King of the Islands nor his mate, that when the ketch pulled out to sea again the outcast, from a clump of palms on Looloo, watched her go, with a grin of satisfaction on his stubbly face. Billy the Beachcomber had his own reasons for getting left behind, which the shipmates did not guess—as yet!

Koko's Brain-wave.

"THIS feller tinkee savvy!" Koko, the brown-skinned boatswain of the Dawn, made that remark, two or three days
(Continued on page 30)

BAILEY'S "SUPER" PUMP. CANNOT WARP NOR BEND.



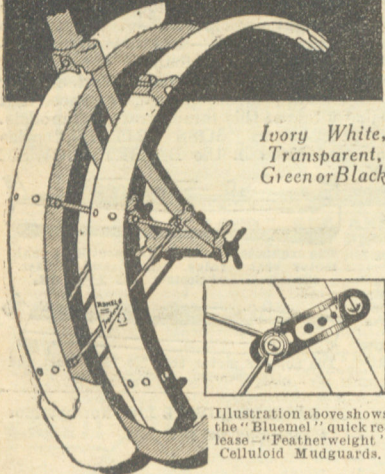
2/3 EACH.

The Solid Drawn Steel or Aluminium Lining cannot leak and gives the Pump great strength. (1) Aluminium Lined; or (2) Steel Lined.

APEX INFLATOR CO. LTD., ALDRIDGE ROAD, PERRY BARR, BIRMINGHAM.

Makers of all types of Cycle Pumps and Celluloid Mudguards.

Turn your cycle into a real lightweight



Ivory White, Transparent, Green or Black

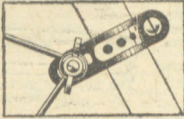


Illustration above shows the "Bluemel" quick release—"Featherweight" Celluloid Mudguards.

CHANGE NOW TO

Bluemel's

CELLULOID MUDGUARDS

Send now a Postcard to Bluemel Bros., Ltd., Dept. 26, Wolston, nr. Coventry, for an interesting little booklet, illustrating fifty Cycle Accessories from 3d. to 7/6.

BE A MODERN KNIGHT and join the LEAGUE OF CHIVALRY.

President: The Earl of LONSDALE
Every Boy and Youth is specially invited to join. You can secure Life Membership, a multi-coloured Chivalry Pledge (13" x 9"), and enamelled gilt badge (Button or Brooch), complete, 1/- post free, from The Secretary, Town Hall, Morecambe.
FIRST RALLY—MORECAMBE, JUNE 30th to JULY 7th. ELIZABETHAN TOURNAMENT—Jousting, Archery, Wrestling, etc., etc.

George GROSE & Co. 8, New Bridge St., London, E.C.4.
SPURPROOF TENTS



1934 MODEL. SPECIAL OFFER. Made from Strong, Lightweight Material. Size 6 ft. x 4 ft. 3 in., with 6 in. wall. 8/6

Send for Art Illustrated Coloured List. Post Free 2d.
Marvellous Easter Gift For Children.

A GENUINE MODEL AEROPLANE.

EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED.

ONLY 2/6 POST FREE

TAKES OFF FROM A TABLE IN YOUR HOME AND THRILLS YOU WITH ITS FLYING PRICES

THOUSANDS ARE BUYING THIS UNIQUE AEROPLANE ORDER YOURS NOW

SEND POSTAL ORDER FOR 2/6 AND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS.

KUNDIT TRADING AGENCY DEPT. 5.
55, CONDUIT STREET, BOND STREET, W.1.

The Modern Boy

Billy the Beachcomber

(Continued from page 28)

later. The Dawn, gliding swiftly over sunny waters, was heading for Lalinge. Kit Hudson was sitting on the taffrail, Ken standing by the binnacle, with his eyes on the swelling canvas above. The boatswain had given the wheel to Lompo, and was sitting on the hatchway coamings, an expression of deep reflection on his brown face.

"What you tinkee, head belong you, Koko?" Ken asked.

"Me tinkee plenty too much, head belong me, sar!" said Koko. "This feller no common Kanaka, sar; tinkee along head belong him, all same white feller! Tinkee savvy! Long time before long this hooker, feller Jam wantee sell feller pearl along white master belong me.

"Spouse feller pearl stop along Tunaviva, bad feller pearl, all samee feller pearl along bag belong Mister Jam, sar!"

There was a yell from Hudson. "Fools and lubbers!" he exclaimed. "Koko's got it—and we never thought of it, but that's the truth! Cultured pearls! That's why that swab Pinto showed us the pearl-bed so easily! That's why that scoundrel Jam never gave a thought to the pearls! They're worth nothing!"

It was dawning on King of the Islands now!

"That's it!" said Hudson, with conviction. "That was Jam's game on Tunaviva! We might have guessed it, Ken—he was a trader in false pearls, and the lot he tried to take us in with, on this very deck, were cultured—manufactured pearls in the best Japanese style! How were they cultured, Ken? In the lagoon of Tunaviva! That was the secret!"

King of the Islands nodded slowly. He knew that Koko had put his finger on the secret of Tunaviva!

There were no pearls of any size or value on Tunaviva—and never had been! The lagoon had been used by the fat trader for the culture of pearls. There, in favourable spots, he planted the beds of doctored shell, and left them to mature—a matter of years.

It was no wonder that the fat rascal had been alarmed and enraged when he learned that the Dawn was making Tunaviva. Knowing nothing, and suspecting nothing, of the pink coral, he had taken it for granted that his rascality was discovered, or at least suspected. He had striven to sink the ketch with all hands on her way to the island; he had tried every means of destroying her and her crew in the lagoon.

King of the Islands found his voice at last:

"Koko's hit it! It's clear enough now! But if it's so, that box of pearls below is worth—not six thousand pounds, but—"

"Nothing!" said Hudson.

"Get the box on deck, Koko!" said King of the Islands.

Koko went below, and brought up the teak box from the cabin, in which the pearls of Tunaviva had been stacked. Ken slipped his key into the lock, and gave a sudden start.

"My sainted Sam! The lock's broken!"

Ken raised the lid and stared blankly into the interior. Instead of the glistening heap of pearls, real or false, a half-sheet of grubby paper lay in the box.

In utter amazement the boy trader picked it out and read it aloud.

The message ran:

"I've took the pearls, and you can keep the pink corral! It's six thousand for me, and why not! You've hazed me on your rotten old hooker, making a white man pull and haul with niggers! Look for me if you like, you won't never clap your dead-lights agin on me, and you can lay to that!"

"BILLY."

Ken and Kit looked at one another. They knew now why Billy the Beachcomber had missed the boat at Looloo and stayed behind. The pearls of Tunaviva had gone ashore in Billy's pockets!

Billy the Beachcomber had fled with a prize that was worth, at the most, ten or twelve pounds—and left his share of the pink coral, worth fifteen hundred! And at the thought of Billy's face, when he made the inevitable discovery, the comrades burst into a roar of laughter.

"Burn My Timbers!"

"LOOK!" roared Kit Hudson. He pointed to a figure on the coral wharf at Lalinge.

It was weeks later—the Dawn had sailed into her home port long ago, and left on another trip. Now she was entering the lagoon of Lalinge once more, and as she glided along to her moorings at the wharf the mate's eyes spotted that tattered figure.

It was Billy the Beachcomber, as tattered, as dismal as when the shipmates had first seen him on the beach of Tahiti, hundreds of miles away. "Skipper, you'll let a man come aboard!" he mumbled.

And, without waiting for an answer, the miserable wretch jumped on deck.

"So you've turned up, Billy!" said King of the Islands, with a grim look at the tattered derelict.

"I've had a hard time, skipper!" mumbled the beachcomber. "Them pearls was faked, skipper—and I reckoned I ought to have tumbled to it, and you, too, skipper, seeing what we knowed of that swab Jam!"

"We tumbled to it—after you cleared with them at Looloo," answered King of the Islands, "and word's been sent to Papeete, and by this time the French governor has most likely sent a boat down to Tunaviva to collect Mr. Jam and his false pearls! There's ten years on a French convict island for that swab—and you ought to be with him, by rights."

"They was faked!" mumbled Billy. "Burn my timbers! I tell you, skipper, when I got to a trader and offered him them pearls, he kicked me out and chucked the pearls after me—thinking I was trying to take him in—and then I knowed. And you got the pink coral that I put you got at Tunaviva!"

"Exactly!" assented Ken.
 "You ain't leaving a man on the beach when he puts you on to a fortune on Tunaviva!" groaned Billy.
 "Why not?" said Kit Hudson coolly. "We've got the note you left behind, you scum. You took the pearls and left the pink coral! You reckoned you were robbing the men who gave you your chance—and you've got the neck to step on this ship again!"

Billy the Beachcomber gave him a haggard look. Then his eyes turned on King of the Islands. The shipmates of the Dawn eyed him grimly. In dismal silence he turned to the rail to step back to the wharf.

"Hold on, you swab!" said King of the Islands quietly, and the beachcomber turned slowly back.

"We've sold the pink coral," went on the boy trader. "We got a fair price for the lot, from John Chin, the Chinese trader here. It worked out at a little more than we reckoned, and of what it fetched my mate and I have taken what was agreed on.

"The rest—fifteen hundred and fifty-six pounds, to be exact—remains in the hands of John Chin, who's the banker on this island. And it remains in his hands—to your credit!"

"Mine?" gasped Billy.

"Yours!" said King of the Islands. "Did you think we should break an agreement, you swab, because you turned out to be a dishonest rascal?"

"Burn my timbers!" gasped Billy. He blinked at the boy traders, and his lips trembled.

"Put it plain, skipper!" he breathed hoarsely. "You're standing me my share arter all I've done?"

"Ay, ay! Walk up to John Chin's office—I'll come with you, to prove your identity!" said King of the Islands. "It's your money, you swab, and you've only got to claim it."

The beachcomber gasped.
 "Skipper," he said, at last. "They say that you're the whitest man in the Pacific. I reckon that was why I put you on to Tunaviva—you can lay to it that it wasn't every skipper in the islands that I'd have trusted!"

He drew a deep breath.

"I came here thinking I might touch you for enough for a spree on the beach. That's all I reckoned, and you can lay to that. And you've treated me square, arter—" He broke off. "Fifteen hundred pounds waiting for me, and me sleeping on the beach while I waited for your ship to come in! No more square-face for me, skipper—no more rum, and no more kava!"

"I reckon that little sum will buy me a trading cutter and a cargo—and when you clap eyes on me again, skipper, it won't be Billy the Beachcomber you'll clap eyes on, but a skipper on his own deck! And you can lay to that!"

There was a tremble in the voice of the outcast, a flicker of moisture on his eyelids. King of the Islands, after a keen look in the earnest face of the outcast, held out his hand.

"Good man!" he said. "Stick to that—and shake on it!"

BILLY THE BEACHCOMBER did stick to it. The good faith of King of the Islands, and the fortune of Tunaviva, were the saving of the derelict of the Pacific beaches. Perhaps the shipmates, when they sailed from Lalinge again, had their doubts. But a few weeks later, when they were making the island once more, the Dawn raised a trim little cutter coming out of the reef passage.

On the deck, giving orders to the native crew, they spotted a figure in white ducks and Panama hat, with a clean-shaven, healthy-looking face, that seemed familiar to their eyes, but which they did not recognise till Koko suddenly sang out:

"My word, sar! That feller Billy, sar!"

The skipper of the trading cutter lifted the Panama from his head and waved it in salute.

The shipmates, with smiling faces, waved back. Billy the Beachcomber was a white man again, and for his sake, more than for their own, the comrades of the Dawn were glad that they had made the perilous trip to mysterious Tunaviva!

 We say "Au Revoir!" to King of the Islands now—just for a bit—and get ready to welcome "THE BOY INVENTOR!" He's a Great young fellow, and you'll make firm friends with him in Next Saturday's MODERN BOY!

ONLY A FEW DAYS LEFT!

FRY'S

GRAND COMPETITION

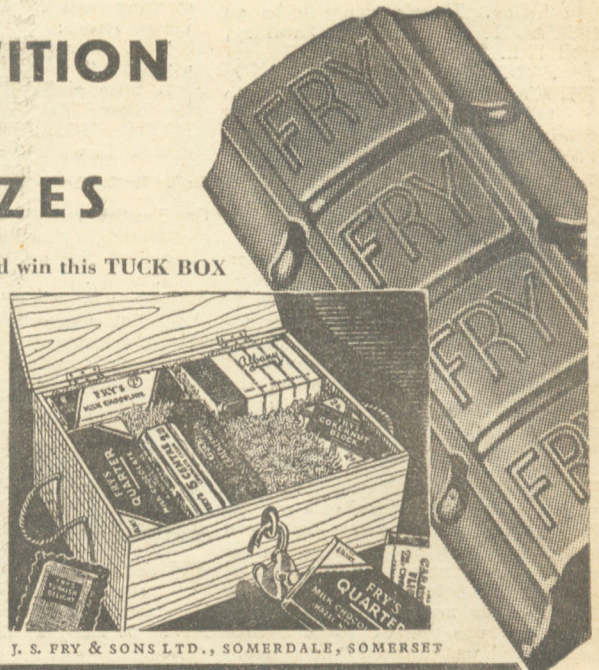
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

1500 PRIZES

Buy a 1d. Bar of Fry's Chocolate Cream to-day and win this TUCK BOX

Soon it will be too late! Send in your entry NOW, if you'd like to win one of these grand Tuck Boxes full of good things to eat from Fry's. No entrance fee—and no one over 15 may enter. Get an entry form from the nearest Sweet Shop. One's given away with every bar of Fry's new monster 1d. Chocolate Cream you buy. Just a simple little picture puzzle to solve. Every competitor has an equal chance. 1,500 Prizes! First prizes, second prizes, consolation prizes!

**CLOSING DATE
 APRIL 30th**



J. S. FRY & SONS LTD., SOMERDALE, SOMERSET