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The **MODERN BOY**

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2^d



**MAGNIFICENT
METAL
MODEL
OF THE
L.N.E.R.**

CRACK EXPRESS ENGINE

**"COCK O' THE NORTH"
IN FULL COLOURS**

FREE INSIDE!

Next Week - The latest L.M.S. loco "Princess Royal"

SOUTH SEAS SALVAGE!

On the surf-driven shore of an island inhabited by cannibal head-hunters lies a wreck with £7,000 waiting to be salvaged—by someone. KEN KING, the BOY TRADER of the wild South Seas, lands into the Great Adventure—with both fists!

By

CHARLES HAMILTON

"Whistle for the Wind!"

"NOT in this wind!" said King of the Islands, the boy owner and skipper of the South Seas trading ketch Dawn.

Kit Hudson, the young Australian mate of the Dawn, gave a snort! It was an emphatic snort, and it made Ken King smile, and Koko, the big, brown-skinned Kanaka boatswain, grin.

"How often," demanded Kit, "have I proposed putting a petrol-engine into your windjammer, Ken King?"

"Lost count," answered Ken.

"If we had one aboard—"

"We haven't!" pointed out King of the Islands. "And even you, old man, wouldn't think of trying to jam an engine into the Dawn in time to run down to Lascelles Island for an auction that's to take place to-morrow!"

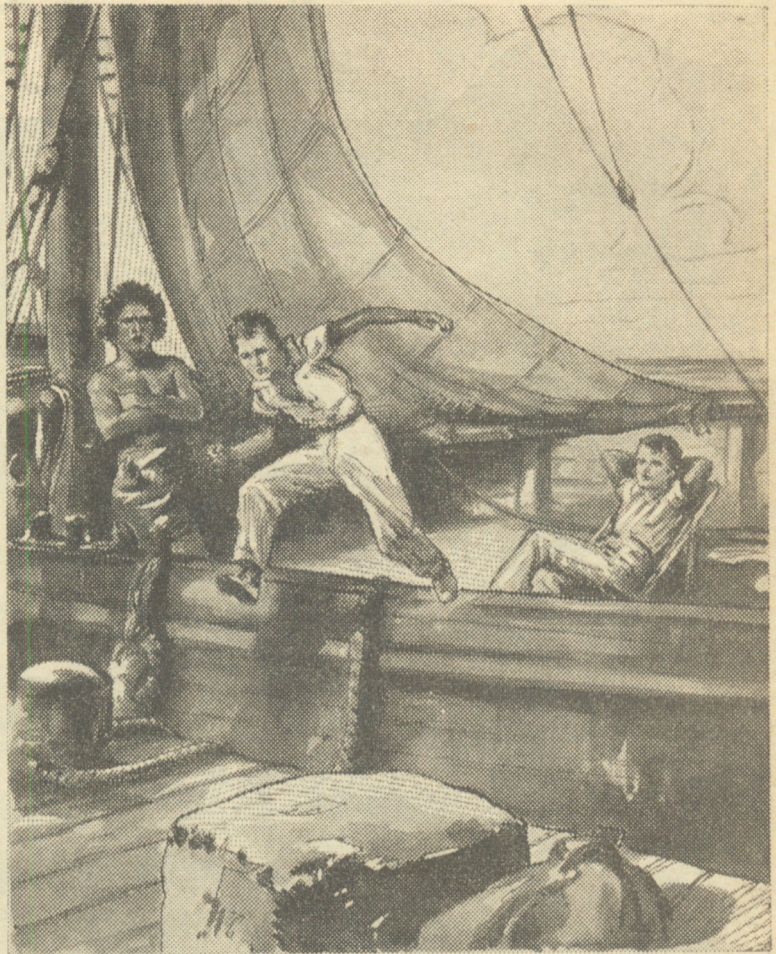
Kit Hudson rose from his seat on the ketch's taffrail. Ken, stretched at ease in the Madeira chair, smiled. The Dawn was moored at the coral quay in the lagoon at Lalinge.

Ashore, natives in white lava-lavas lounged under the palms, or squatted in the shade of the long wall of John Chin's warehouse. The shining surface of the lagoon was ruffled by the wind, which came out of the south-east, where Lascelles Island lay on the way to the Fijis.

The Australian mate of the Dawn stared to the south-east, the wind blowing in his face and ruffling his hair. Koko, the boatswain, glanced at him as he stood, and his brown smile broadened.

"Feller wind stop, sar!" said Koko, which in Kanaka lingo meant that it would continue. "That feller wind no change, sar! That feller stop too much altogether."

Hudson snorted again. Staring into



the wind evidently was not going to make it change. He dropped on the taffrail again.

"Nothing doing, old bean!" said King of the Islands soothingly. "The Dawn can sail as near to the wind as any craft in the Pacific—a little nearer, I reckon. But—"

"It's a big chance, Ken!" Hudson's voice was tense. "I tell you I've sailed on the old Crackerjack before I ever stepped on the Dawn. She's gone down on the reefs in the Solomons, but I'm telling you that she hasn't broken up! Do you hear me?"

"Nine skippers in ten will tell you that she's pounded to bits on the coral, but you can take it from me that she hasn't. And she'll go for a song!"

Ken glanced at the sky. Like one of his Kanaka crew, he used the sun as a timekeeper.

"Nearly time to get along and see John Chin about the cargo!" he remarked. "Forget it, Kit, old bean. Buying a wreck is a doubtful sort of proposition at the best of times; and salvage work in the Solomons—my sainted Sam! With a crew of black demons watching us, and looking for a chance to take the heads off our shoulders!"

"If the Crackerjack's gone down on the Suna-Suna reef, she's nast praying

"Hang your old windjammer!" exclaimed Kit Hudson savagely. "I'm quitting!" He swung round from Ken, and one jump carried him to the Dawn's rail, another to the wharf.

for—no wonder she'll go for a song when they sell her to-morrow at Lascelles. The skipper who gives fifty pounds for her will lose forty-nine pounds fifteen shillings on the deal. And very likely his head, too!"

"Built like a Dutch tub!" said Hudson. "Sticking together like glue! And seven thousand pounds in gold in the strong-room."

"Washed out long ago," said Ken. "And, if not, the blacks have dived for it and snaffled it."

Another emphatic snort from Hudson! Ever since he had heard that the brig Crackerjack, wrecked on the Suna-Suna reef in the Solomons, was to be sold at auction on Lascelles, the mate of the Dawn had been keenly excited. King of the Islands had a cooler head on his boyish shoulders.

For once the shipmates of the Dawn did not see eye to eye. Anyhow, the wind was dead against a trip down to Lascelles—and Ken was rather glad that that settled the matter.

(Continued on page 18)

South Seas Salvage!

(Continued from page 15)

"The last news was that her main-mast was still showing at low tide!" growled Hudson.

"How old is that news?"

"Oh, rats! She's there all right, safe and sound—waiting with seven thousand pounds in her strong-room, hard cash, for the first man with a spark of sense to pick up. A hundred pounds may buy her.

"The insurance people know all about Solomon reefs, and they're only anxious to sell the hull for anything it will fetch. We did pretty well out of our trip down to Tahiti, Ken! Look here—"

"Look at the wind!" said King of the Islands.

Hudson was getting impatient, and a little angry; and the boy skipper of the Dawn was glad to put it all on the wind.

"Hang the wind!" snapped the mate of the Dawn irritably. "It may change with sundown, and there might be just time—and you haven't forgotten how to tack and wear, I suppose, after windjamming ever since you crawled out of your cradle?"

"We could never make it by tacking and wearing, old man—and the wind won't change!" said King of the Islands soothingly.

"You mean that you don't want to go into the venture?" exclaimed Hudson. "Put it plain!"

Ken was silent. The mate's sunburnt face was flushed, and his eyes gleaming under knitted brows. A dozen times that day he had broached the subject, since he had come off the beach full of it.

The fact that he had once sailed on the brig, and knew the old craft thoroughly, made him certain that the wreck was still holding together on the Suna-Suna reef. Ken had never seen the brig, but he knew that any craft on that reef was not likely to last long in the thundering surf.



Young KING OF THE ISLANDS—Ken King—boy Skipper and Owner of the South Seas trading ketch the Dawn. Never so happy as when he's in the thick of trouble!

Seven thousand pounds in gold was a large sum, but Ken had no doubt that it was already fathoms below the sea-sand. Buying a pig in a poke was nothing to buying a wreck on the Suna-Suna reef.

If the insurance people were ready to sell her for anything she would fetch, it showed that they knew what was what, in the opinion of the boy trader.

But Hudson was intensely keen. He was angry at the lukewarm attitude of his shipmate. He was growing angrier. Koko ceased to grin, and glanced from one to the other with a clouded brown face. Seldom or never were high words heard between the after-guard of the Dawn. But it looked as if high words were coming now.

Danny, the cooky-boy, looked out of his galley, ceasing the clatter of pots and pans. The Hiva-Oa crew, sprawling on the coral wharf, sat up and looked. Hudson's ringing voice was heard by all. Ken did not speak.

"Put it plain!" repeated Hudson sharply. "You won't go in for it! Who'd have said that King of the Islands was nerry of having his head smoked in a canoe-house on the Solomons?"

"Don't be an ass, Kit!" said Ken quietly, his cheeks colouring.

"Then why not? I tell you, it's a fortune—and you'd rather go and get a cargo of trade goods from John Chin, to drum around the islands. I tell you the old Crackerjack is sticking together like glue, and I'll eat any timber that's parted."

"You'd make a big meal!" Hudson jumped from the taffrail. He stood before his skipper and shipmate, his hands driven deep into his pockets, his brows knitted.

"Can't you take a chance? I'll put the whole of my little pile on it. You mayn't have to touch yours at all. I'll take the whole risk, as far as the money goes. Isn't that good enough?"

"Hardly," said Ken. "If we go into it, we go into it fifty-fifty! But—"

"But what?" snapped Hudson. "Look at the wind!"

Kit Hudson drew a long, deep, hard breath. That answer seemed to exasperate him almost beyond bearing. The glint that came into his eyes made Koko move quickly forward, in alarm.

"Feller white master, sar!" exclaimed the anxious Koko.

King of the Islands sat unmoved, his eyes calmly on his comrade. He was slower to anger than Kit.

"The wind?" spluttered Hudson. "Hang the wind! And hang your old windjammer! Whistle for a wind, and crawl round the islands drumming for copra, if the wind will let you! Leave me out! I'm quitting!"

Without waiting for an answer, Kit Hudson swung round and strode to the side. The ketch rocked on the lagoon, a dozen feet from the wharf. One jump carried Hudson to the rail—another to the wharf. He landed there, tottered, and recovered himself, and without a glance back strode away up the beach of Lalinge.

"My word!" murmured Koko. "That feller Hudson plenty too much strong-feller cross!"

King of the Islands did not speak. He watched Hudson's athletic figure till it disappeared on the sun-scorched beach, in grim silence.

Dandy Peter's Way!

JOHN CHIN'S Eurasian clerk fanned himself with a pandanus leaf. It was hot on Lalinge, and as a half-white man he felt entitled to be affected by the heat! Neither was he disposed to bestir himself at the behest of the dapper man who had come into the office.

Peter Parsons, of Lukwe, was well known on Lalinge, and on most of the islands between Easter and Thursday. But on no island was anything known to his credit. Mr. Shiverjee, the Eurasian clerk, was well aware that he was not a man with whom John Chin, the wealthy Chinese merchant, would care to do business.

The last time Dandy Peter of Lukwe had come ashore at Lalinge, he had been down on his luck, down at heel, almost on the rocks. Fortune seemed to have smiled on the dapper sea-lawyer since then, for he was now well dressed in spotless ducks, with pipeclayed shoes, an expensive Panama on his head, and a diamond gleaming in his tie.

His dark, handsome, wicked face showed plenty of signs of late hours and dissipation on Lukwe, but none of want or care. Dandy Peter evidently had money in his pockets; probably, as Mr. Shiverjee sagely surmised, not his own!

"Tell John Chin I'm here!" rapped Dandy Peter.

"Estimable master is deeply engaged along present time," yawned Mr. Shiverjee. "To disturb him is opposed to explicit instructions. Message may be left with yours truly."

And the Eurasian clerk yawned again, and fanned himself, to show this white man that he, also, was white, and felt the heat severely. The sea-lawyer of Lukwe eyed him. He was a little man, hardly half as much of him as of the plump Mr. Shiverjee. But what there was of him was hard as chilled steel.

An impertinent grin dawned on the clerk's dusky face. He had seen Dandy Peter's cutter, the Sea-Cat, lying in the lagoon, but never supposed that its master had come to Lalinge to see John Chin. Neither was he going to see him, in Mr. Shiverjee's belief.

That belief, however, was soon shattered. Dandy Peter's dark, handsome, evil eyes watched him for a moment or two, and then the sea-lawyer of Lukwe made a sudden stride forward and grasped the clerk with both small, shapely, but remarkably sinewy hands.

Mr. Shiverjee, with a startled howl, came off his office stool with a bump to the teakwood floor. Peter Parsons glared down at him. Mr. Shiverjee yelled.

"Brutal violence is clear against law on Lalinge, Mister Captain Parsons!" he yelled. "If you receive impression that this is Lukwe, such impression is entirely erroneous!"

You— Oh! Ah! Ooooh! Honourable mister, take pity on this humble individual!"

Dandy Peter's shoes were clean and neat and small. But they seemed like hammers to Mr. Shiverjee as they landed on him in swift succession, and he was kicked through the outer doorway.

In a state of dazed amazement, the hapless man went rolling out into the blinding sunshine of Lalinge, and Dandy Peter strode across to the door of the inner office and opened it. He stepped in, closing the door after him.

John Chin, the Chinese merchant, sat at his desk. Little and old, John Chin looked rather as if he was carved in yellow ivory. Certainly he must have heard the uproar in the outer office, but his calm face gave no sign of it. His slanting eyes rested inquiringly on Peter Parsons.

The skipper of the Sea-Cat removed his Panama and made a polite bow, which John Chin acknowledged with a slight inclination of the head.

"I had to persuade your man to let me through!" said Dandy Peter lightly. "If you're busy I won't take up a lot of your time. But I've run up specially from Lukwe to see you, John."

An ivory hand was waved to a bamboo chair. Peter Parsons sat down.

"You've heard of the Crackerjack?" he asked.

A faint smile played over the Chinaman's ivory face. Every man on the Pacific beaches had heard of the wreck on the Suna-Suna reef.

That was exactly the reckless adventure that would appeal to Dandy Peter of Lukwe—the salvage of a wreck on the surf-driven shore of an island inhabited by cannibal head-hunters. The most unprincipled adventurer in the islands was also one of the bravest.

"That's my game!" said Parsons. "From what I hear, the hulk will go cheap at Lascelles to-morrow. As soon as I heard that it was up for auction, I was on it like a tiger-shark on a school of mullet. But there are others, plenty of men in the Pacific ready to risk their heads for seven thousand pounds in hard cash, John Chin. I want backing!"

The Chinaman shook his head. "I am sorry, Captain Parsons," he said, in his perfect English and his polite manner. "It does not appeal to me."

"I'm not asking you to trust me, John Chin! You won't go in with me! That's that! My cutter lies in the lagoon. I've got to have the money. A mortgage on the Sea-Cat—any rate you please—I reckon I'll get it all back from the strong-room of the Crackerjack. That's your pigeon."

"That," said John Chin calmly, "is not my pigeon, Captain Parsons. I do no business with Lukwe! It is a pleasure to have seen you, sir. Will you oblige me by closing the door when you go out!"

King of the Islands exerted all his strength—swung Peter Parsons off his feet, and flung him to the beach. "Now get aboard, and pull out of Lalinge!" rapped Ken.

Peter Parsons' lips set in a hard line. The sea-lawyer wondered whether John Chin knew that the Sea-Cat was mortgaged on Lukwe; he knew most of what went on in the islands. From the Chinaman's ivory face, Dandy Peter's glance passed to the iron safe let into the wall behind the merchant's chair. John Chin, without stirring, smiled.

"We are not on Lukwe, Captain Parsons," he said softly. "Here on Lalinge there is a magistrate and police. I will excuse you for having handled my clerk, as you were so anxious to see me. But I am pressed for time." An ivory hand indicated the door.

"Nothing doing, then?" asked Peter Parsons.

"I regret it—no!" said John Chin politely.

The dapper sea-lawyer rose from his chair. He put on his hat and turned to the door.

His hand was on the door, when suddenly he whirled round, and with the spring of a tiger reached the Chinaman at his desk. John Chin was a wary man, and he did not trust Peter Parsons an inch, but he was taken by surprise by that sudden desperate attack. In the iron grip of the sea-lawyer, he rolled off the chair, almost crumpling in the strong, savage hands.

The next moment he was struggling, but he ceased to struggle as a round metal rim was pressed to his chest. Over the revolver that had so suddenly appeared in the sea-lawyer's hand, Dandy Peter's wicked eyes glinted at him.

"Don't call out!" said Dandy Peter



South Seas Salvage!

of Lukwe. "They'll find a dead Chink here if you do!"

John Chin did not call out. For a second there was a blaze of fury in his almond eyes. Then he was calm again. Physically, he had no chance in the hands of the Lukwe skipper. And only a pressure of Dandy Peter's finger was needed to send a bullet crashing through flesh and bone.

"I'm here for money!" said the sea-lawyer, between his teeth. "I reckoned there was a chance of raising it with you! That's failed! But I'm not going without it! I want five hundred pounds out of that safe! I'll pay back every penny out of the Crackerjack when I raise it! I'm not a thief! But you're trusting me with five hundred, John Chin, and taking your chance with it. Got that?"

"A shot," said John Chin, with undiminished calm, "will be heard over half Lalinge. You will never get clear in your cutter! They will hang you at Fiji, my friend."

Peter Parsons grinned. Cool as ice himself, as savage as a shark but braver, he could appreciate cool courage in others. There was no remote trace of fear in the Chinaman's ivory face. The sea-lawyer reversed the revolver, gripping it by the barrel.

"Half Lalinge will not hear your skull crack!" he said. "Open that safe, or you lie senseless as a log while I take your keys and open it for myself. You've got thousands there—I want five hundred. You'll see it again, if I have luck—and interest on it, too! If I'm going into a losing game, I lose my life and you'll lose your money! Will you open that safe?"

"No!" said John Chin.

His eyes slanted at the door. Mr. Shiverjee was not likely to enter while Dandy Peter was there. But a chance comer might. He remembered that King of the Islands was due—Dandy Peter understood the look.

"No time to waste!" he said. "Open that safe!"

"No!"

The heavy metal butt of the revolver was over the Chinaman's head. The sea-lawyer's left hand, strong as steel, held him pinned against the wall. But John Chin did not flinch.

"Open that safe!" Dandy Peter's voice came thick. "I'd hate to crack your skull! But if you drive me to it, do you think I'm the man to spare you? I give you one minute—just one minute! Then—"

He meant it, every word. But there was no change in the expression on the ivory face. Powerless in the steely grip, as if in the tentacle of an octopus, John Chin remained impassive, while the seconds ticked away.

"The Minute's Up!"

KING OF THE ISLANDS had a clouded brow as he walked up the path of powdered coral to John Chin's office. That dispute with his shipmate troubled him sorely. He had not seen Hudson since Kit had flung off the Dawn and vanished up

the beach. The quarrel could not be lasting; they had been through too many perils together for that.

Once or twice before, Kit's hot temper had blazed out—but not for long. Hudson would come back! In the meantime, Ken had business on hand which had to be dealt with, while his shipmate got over his temper.

He was surprised as he arrived at John Chin's office to see a fat, dusky man sprawling outside, panting for breath. Mr. Shiverjee had not yet recovered from Dandy Peter's energetic handling. Ken gave him a hand up, and the Eurasian clerk leaned on the wall, gasping.

"Anything up?" asked Ken, with a smile.

"Lawless rough person lays violent hands—also extremely strenuous foot—on this person!" gasped Mr. Shiverjee. "Totally disregarding remonstrance uttered with emphasis by this individual. Captain Peter Parsons—"

"Dandy Peter?" ejaculated Ken. He glanced down the beach to where the handsome little cutter rode at anchor, with three dusky Lukwe boys lounging at her rail. He had seen the Sea-Cat come in, the wind from the south bringing her up from Lukwe, and had seen her take the reef passage in Dandy Peter's usual style at a reckless speed. "Is he here?"

"Ejecting this person with unlawful violence, he forces way into private office of estimable employer!" gasped Mr. Shiverjee. "Revered employer may come to similar harm while this individual lacks breath to raise defensive hand on honourable behalf."

It was not only breath that Mr. Shiverjee lacked! But of the quality that was lacking in Mr. Shiverjee, there was plenty in Ken King's composition. Leaving the Eurasian to pant, the boy trader strode into the office with a knitted brow.

If Dandy Peter was carrying Lukwe manners and customs to Lalinge, King of the Islands was the man to deal with him, short and sharp. As he stepped across to the inner door, he heard the voice of the sea-lawyer within.

"The minute's up, John Chin! Now—"

King of the Islands flung open the door and rushed in. What the game was he did not know, but he knew that the sea-lawyer was threatening the old Chinaman—a good friend to the boy trader since he had first sailed in the Dawn. He fairly leaped into the inner office—and what he saw there brought a blaze to his eyes.

Crumpled against the wall in a hand that was strong as steel, the Chinese merchant crouched back from the heavy pistol-butt lifted over his head. In another moment it would have crashed down, and John Chin would have been stretched senseless on the floor. But even as the blow was descending, King of the Islands leaped, and his grasp caught the sea-lawyer's arm.

He could not stop the blow, but he dragged the descending arm aside, and the crashing pistol-butt missed

the Chinaman's head by inches. Dandy Peter panted and turned on him. With a powerful twist that brought a yell of agony from the Lukwe skipper, King of the Islands forced him to drop the revolver, and it clattered on the floor.

"King of the Islands!" panted Dandy Peter. "You—" He grappled with Ken, and bore him backwards with savage strength. So fierce was the attack that the boy trader staggered under it, giving ground.

John Chin, released by his assailant, made a swift movement and picked up the fallen revolver. A glitter came into his slanting eyes as he slipped his slim yellow finger to the trigger. Had Dandy Peter got the upper hand of the boy trader it would have gone hard with him, for he was at the mercy of his own revolver in the Chinaman's hand.

But it was only for a moment or two that King of the Islands went back under Dandy Peter's attack. He rallied promptly, exerting his strength, and the dapper sea-lawyer was swept off his feet.

He yelled with rage as he swung clear of the floor in the strong hands of King of the Islands. Strong and wiry as he was, he was no match for Ken King, who handled him almost as easily as he had handled the old Chinaman.

But Dandy Peter was game! He fought and kicked and struggled, and the sturdy boy trader had plenty to do to hold him. But he held him. John Chin, with a faint grin on his ivory face, lowered the revolver, which he had been quite prepared to use had it been needed.

With a swing of his strong arms, King of the Islands jammed Parsons against the wall, and held him there pinned and wriggling, while he glanced round over his shoulder at John Chin.

"What was this swab after, John?" he asked.

The Chinese merchant gestured to the safe.

"My sainted Sam! You piratical dog!" exclaimed King of the Islands. "Is that your game on Lalinge—a hold-up in a merchant's office? That's rather over the limit even for you, Peter Parsons!"

"It's a lie!" hissed Dandy Peter, crimson with rage and mortification. "I was after a loan—a forced loan, if you like. Let me go!"

"A forced loan!" Ken laughed scornfully. "Say the word, John Chin, and I'll walk this swab along to Belnap's bungalow, and hand him over to be put in irons!"

Peter Parsons gritted his teeth. There was law and order on Lalinge—very different from his own island of Lukwe. Mr. Belnap, the agent of the Pacific Company, was a magistrate with a force of six hefty Ysabel boys for police. Dandy Peter had known what he was risking—but he was the man to take wildly reckless chances. He gathered his strength for a desperate effort to break loose.

But John Chin shook his head. "Let him go back to his cutter, my young friend!" said the Chinaman, in his soft voice. "He is not wanted on Lalinge. Sail before sundown,

Captain Parsons, or you will not sail at all. And I wish you good fortune in your salvage of the Crackerjack," he added, with a smile. "You will have the kindness to throw him out of my office, Captain King!"

"Ay, ay!" said Ken. With his teeth set, his eyes glinting, Dandy Peter made a desperate effort. He was not seeking to escape. If he could have overpowered King of the Islands, he would have made another attempt to gain what he wanted at the risk of the revolver in the Chinese merchant's hand. So there was his effort that for a full minute King of the Islands had to go all out to hold his own.

Chest to chest, in a grip of steel, they struggled, the Chinaman watching with calm eyes. Then Dandy Peter, overcome, crumpled. He swung into the doorway in Ken's powerful grasp and went reeling through the outer office—still resisting, panting defiance, but driven by a strength greater than his own.

They staggered across the outer office, through the outer doorway, into the blinding sunlight of the beach. King of the Islands, his face set grim and hard, exerted all his strength, and the dapper sea-lawyer was swung off the ground and flung down the beach.

HE crashed heavily, and lay breathless. He strove to rise, and sank back again panting. He was exhausted, utterly spent, and he could only lie and wait, glaring rage and hate at the man who had beaten him. Mr. Shiverjee, mopping his perspiring brow with a red handkerchief, ceased to mop and stared at him. He grinned.

King of the Islands stood breathing hard. He raised his hand and pointed to the cutter riding in the lagoon, with the black faces of the Lukwe boys staring shoreward.

"Get aboard, and pull out of Lalinge, Peter Parsons!" rapped Ken. "I'll look for you at sundown, and if you're still here you go into clink with the irons! Better go while the going's good!"

He turned back to the doorway. Dandy Peter crawled to his feet. He stood spent, panting, at the end of his tether. King of the Islands stepped into John Chin's office. Mr. Shiverjee stepped towards the sea-lawyer. This was Mr. Shiverjee's chance to get some of his own back!

"Lawless and disgusting Lukwe person!" jeered Mr. Shiverjee. "You lay violent hand on this respectable individual, depriving him of necessary respiration. Receive from me severe kicking!"

There was a yell from Dandy Peter as the dusky man kicked. He was too utterly spent by his struggle with Ken to help himself. He staggered under that hefty kick, and almost fell. Snarling with rage, he turned to hurry down the beach. Mr. Shiverjee, grinning with glee, rushed after him and kicked again, and yet again.

The Lukwe boys on the cutter

Crashproof Wing-Tips

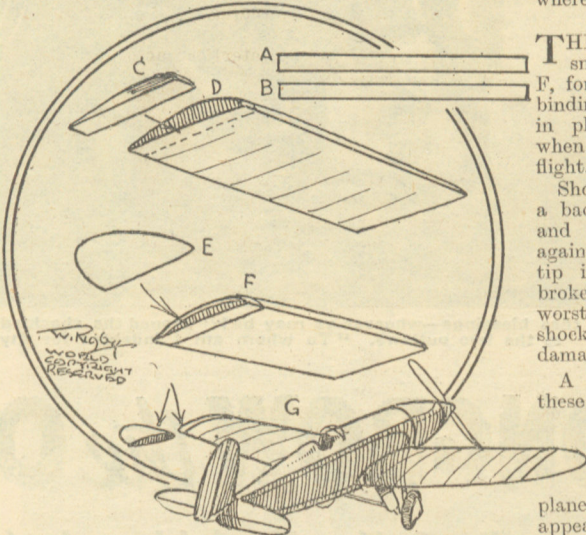
By W. Rigby, MODERN BOY'S Own Model Plane Expert, who will answer, Free of Charge, any Model Plane Queries that any reader cares to send to the Editor. If you can, enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply by Post

ON most model planes both wings are made in one piece, so that if a wing-tip is damaged in a landing crash the whole mainplane must be replaced. Here's a way of getting over that snag by building the tips of the wings separately, so that they are easily removeable. It's not only safer, but neater and easier.

Another advantage is that you can, if you like, make the tips interchangeable with longer tips, and so have a model which, by changing a long tip for a short one, becomes a cruising model from a racer. The short wing-tips are made of solid balsa wood carved to shape.

The diagram shows how these removeable wing-tips are fitted. The end of the main wing is left straight-ended, and is fitted with a rim by binding a strip of stiff cartridge paper, A, around the end so that the strip projects about three-eighths of an inch over the end. Secure this rim with glue, and reinforce it with a strip of silk, B, glued over it.

On a very big model, a strip of aluminium sheeting should be used in place of paper. In the diagram, C shows the rim, and the dotted line at D indicates where it is fixed in place.



THE wing-tip, E, fits snugly into the socket, F, formed by the paper binding, or rim, and is held in place quite securely when the plane is in flight.

Should the model make a bad landing, however, and crash a wing-tip against the ground, the tip is knocked off unbroken after taking the worst of the landing-shock and so preventing damage to the main wing.

A plane fitted with these removeable wing-tips is shown at G, where you see how the neatly rounded ends of the mainplane improve the model's appearance.

stared; the Hiwa-Oa crew of the Dawn, on the wharf, set up a cackle. Natives under the palms, white men in the verandas of bungalows, stared and grinned at the strange sight of the most desperate adventurer in the Pacific being kicked down the beach by a grinning Eurasian! Dandy Peter was fairly taking to his heels. Mr. Shiverjee halted, and waved a podgy hand after him.

"Depart suddenly, or subsequent kicking will accrue!" he bawled; and he walked back grinning to John Chin's office, leaving the sea-lawyer of Lukwe on the beach, foaming with rage.

It was an hour later that King of the Islands left John Chin and walked back to the coral wharf. He called to the boatswain sitting on the taffrail of the Dawn twanging his ukulele.

"Hudson aboard?" "No, sar!" answered Koko. "No see that feller Hudson, sar, eye belong me!"

King of the Islands looked back at the beach of Lalinge, glistening in the sunset. Hudson was not to be seen. With a knitted brow and compressed lips, the boy trader

stepped on the ketch and rapped out orders to prepare for sea.

Ken was angry. He had not taken Kit Hudson seriously when his shipmate had declared his intention of quitting and had jumped ashore, putting it down to passing anger.

Given time to think things over, the boy trader thought Kit would have realised the impossibility of the Dawn beating down to Lascelles against an adverse wind in time to bid for the wreck of the Crackerjack, and he had fully expected to find Hudson aboard.

But his shipmate had not returned, and all the work of preparing the Dawn for sea was thrown on Ken's shoulders. He went about his task grimly. With or without Kit Hudson, the Dawn would sail as soon as she was ready!

Quick-action adventure, with Ken King in the front rank, comes romping in again in Next Saturday's Charles Hamilton story of the parted shipmates in these sun-splashed lawless Seas!