

# *The* MODERN BOY

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2<sup>d</sup>



*The*  
**PADDLE-WHEEL  
AEROPLANE!**





Kit grabbed the brawny black arm upraised to plunge the shark's-tooth knife into Dandy Peter.

# WAR CANOES of SUNA-SUNA!

**KEN KING'S former shipmate, Kit Hudson, in partnership with the greatest scoundrel in all the South Seas, fights for his life with a horde of Head-Hunters—with the Fortune they've come to salvage lying in the water at their feet . . . by CHARLES HAMILTON**

"I'm Sorry I Sailed with You!"

**C**RACK! Crack! Crack! Between the bushy isle of Suna-Suna and the long rocky reef over which the Pacific churned in foam, the cutter Sea-Cat swung to her cable, a native war canoe hooked on below her rail. More than a dozen fierce Solomon Islanders, black and fuzzy-headed, grasping axe and spear, swarmed to the attack.

Kit Hudson, a Winchester rifle in his hands, pumped bullets into the thick of them as they came, whilst Dandy Peter Parsons, the sea-lawyer of Lukwe, the Sea-Cat's owner, handled his revolver with deadly effect. Black man after black man reeled back into the canoe under the hot fire, or fell into the sea.

A bullet crashed on the polished can that hung on the black chest of Komo-omo, the chief. It glanced off, and Komo-omo leaped on board the cutter.

The two white men stood steady as rocks. But they were two against a

crowd. Toto and Koo, the Sea-Cat's crew, fled howling in terror into the little cabin. The sight of the fierce black faces and the yells of the Solomon Island cannibals were enough for them.

If the white masters could not save the cutter, the Sea-Cat was lost with all hands—not the first white man's ship to be captured and looted by the black savages of Suna-Suna!

Komo-omo leapt at the white men with brandished spear. Peter Parsons pulled the trigger again, his revolver muzzle almost touching the black chief. But there was only a click—the revolver was empty! The broad-bladed spear swept at the dandy, but he dodged the stroke, closed with the brawny savage, and crashed the revolver butt on his fuzzy head.

A white man's skull would have cracked under the blow, but Komo-omo hardly shook his head. He shortened his arm to run Dandy Peter through. The sea-lawyer hooked his

brawny leg, and they crashed to the deck together. The spear flew from Komo-omo's grasp, and he clutched at Dandy Peter with both hands. They struggled furiously.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Kit Hudson emptied his rifle, with deadly effect, among the blacks of Suna-Suna. Then he dropped it, snatched the revolver from his belt, and fired rapidly at the blacks clambering aboard.

For a minute it seemed as if the fierce rush of the cannibals must carry all before it. But Hudson's fire, at close quarters, was too deadly. Six or seven blacks sprawled back into the canoe or the sea. Black fins and snouts were rising from the water—the jaws of the tiger-sharks shearing at bare limbs.

Suddenly the rail was clear of fierce faces, and Hudson, rushing to the side, fired into the canoe. One savage, wounded and terrified, pushed off with a paddle, and the canoe floated clear.



## War Canoes of Suna-Suna!

Hudson emptied his revolver into the canoe. Yells and howls answered. Every man in the savage crew was wounded, and the canoe was cumbered with dead. But it was backing away, and Hudson had a chance of going to the help of the Lukwe skipper.

Dandy Peter, strong and wiry as he was, was overpowered in the muscular grasp of the brawny Komo-omo. He was down on his back on the deck, still fiercely resisting, and Komo-omo, pinning him down with his left hand, flung up his right with a shark's-tooth knife in it.

Kit Hudson leaped, caught the brawny black arm and dragged it backwards, twisting it savagely till the knife clattered on the deck. Dandy Peter dragged himself loose and scrambled to his feet, glaring round for a weapon.

Komo-omo leaped up like a cat, glared round him, then rushed to the side.

In an instant he had leapt into the sea, and was swimming for the canoe.

Peter Parsons crammed cartridges into his revolver.

"Shoot, you fool!" he panted.

Black snouts and razor-like jaws were round Komo-omo as he swam. But he reached the canoe, and his men dragged him in. Dandy Peter, panting, fierce and savage at that moment as any of the Solomon Island bucks, fired shot after shot at the canoe. Wounded men, howling and groaning, dashed the paddles in the water.

The war-canoe, that had rushed out of the mangroves for plunder and massacre, fled as fast as desperate paddles could drive it. The brief but fearful conflict had ended in the utter defeat of the cannibals of Suna-Suna. But it had been a near thing for the two white men who had come to the cannibal island in search of salvage from the wrecked Crackerjack!

The venture had led to trouble even before the Sea-Cat sailed. Kit Hudson had tried to persuade his old shipmate, King of the Islands—the boy skipper and owner of the South Seas trading ketch Dawn—to share the enterprise. And failing, had parted from Ken King in anger, and joined forces with the rascally sea-lawyer of Lukwe, Dandy Peter.

"Suffering cats!" Kit Hudson breathed hard and deep, and wiped the sweat from his brow. "That was hot while it lasted."

**D**ANDY PETER glared at him. The ex-mate of the Dawn had saved his life, but he did not seem to heed it. He was aching from the desperate struggle.

"You swab!" he snarled. "We could have riddled them at long range, but for your scruples. You'd better remember that you're not sailing with King of the Islands now, Kit Hudson! I tell you—"

"Belay it!" snapped the young Australian. "You've said enough, Peter Parsons! I'm not sailing with King of the Islands, but with the blackest rascal in the Pacific, and I'm a fool for my pains! If you fancy you can talk to me as you do to your

Lukwe boys, you'd better think again!"

Dandy Peter gave him an evil look. They were old foes, and neither had forgotten it, though chance had made them partners in the search for the salvage of the wrecked Crackerjack. But the sea-lawyer controlled his savage temper.

It was not his cue to quarrel with Kit Hudson—yet! Not, at least, till those seven thousand golden sovereigns had been raised from the hulk that lay a wreck on Suna-Suna reef.

He stared after the vanished canoe and thrust the revolver into his belt. There was no sign of the savages now! Suna-Suna was, to all appearance, lifeless, as when their eyes had first fallen on it. Black, savage faces that stared from the bush were invisible.

"They've had a lesson!" growled Peter Parsons. "They won't be in a hurry to attack the Sea-Cat again, I reckon. The sharks got most of that bunch."

He stared round for his crew.

"You feller boy!" he roared. "You feller Toto, Koo! What name you hide along cabin belong me? You tumble up plenty too quick!"

The two black boys emerged on deck. They stared round them as if unable to believe that the fight was over and the white men victorious. Kit Hudson gave them a grin.

"You feller boy plenty safe," he said. "Black feller no stop!"

Toto and Koo eyed their master uneasily. They seemed to feel almost as much terror of Dandy Peter as of the Solomon Island cannibals. There was a deadly look on Dandy Peter's handsome face. The rage he did not venture to turn on the ex-mate of the Dawn was turned on the Lukwe boys. He grasped a thick, heavy lawyer-cane, and strode at them.

"You plenty bad feller boy!" he roared. "What name you run along cabin, along black feller come? What name you no fight along black feller? My word, this feller white master knock seven bells out of you!"

He lashed savagely with the thick cane. Loud howls rang from Toto and Koo as the blows fell, and they dodged frantically round the little deck under the rain of savage lashes. Kit Hudson looked on with a grim brow. He knew Dandy Peter's way of handling his crew; knew that the handsome dapper dandy of Lukwe was a savage bully when his evil temper was roused. But Dandy Peter was on his own deck; it was not for Hudson to intervene. But at last he could stand it no longer.

"Belay it, Dandy Peter!" he snapped. "That's enough!"

"Mind your own business!" snarled Parsons. "Are you going to teach me how to handle my own crew?" And the lawyer-cane lashed down again, followed by a howl from Toto.

Hudson's eyes blazed. He strode at the sea-lawyer, grasped him, and wrenched the cane from his hand. It whizzed over the rail and splashed into the Pacific.

"That's enough!" said Hudson curtly.

Dandy Peter looked for a moment as if he would spring on him. It

was well for him that he did not, for Hudson was in a temper to knock him headlong across his own deck.

"You swab!" he panted. "You scum! You—"

"Save your breath!" snapped Hudson. "I'm sorry I sailed with you, Peter Parsons, salvage or no salvage! Keep your tongue between your teeth, or I'll make you sorry, too."

And Peter Parsons, once more swallowing the rage that almost choked him, kept his tongue between his teeth.

### "You Win, Shipmate!"

**T**HE reef of Suna-Suna stretched ten miles and more on the eastern side of the island. Here and there it jutted from the sea in little rocky islets, but most of it was under water, a deadly trap for unwary skippers.

Between the reef and the island the sea was like a lagoon; but on the outer side, the Pacific rolled and broke in tumbling surf, tossing incessant white spray.

In rough weather no ship could have lived near the reef, and at the first sign of a gale the Sea-Cat would have had to run for the open ocean. But in the matter of weather, at least, fortune was favouring the salvage seekers.

Hot, brilliant day succeeded day and dusky, starry night, and in every hour of daylight the cutter hunted up and down the reef for the lost Crackerjack. And every day's disappointment only added to the keen determination of Kit Hudson and the bitter obstinacy of Peter Parsons.

According to the last news of the wreck of the treasure-ship her top-masts had been showing above water on the sunken reef. But that was weeks ago, and there had been rough weather since. Nine skippers in ten, among the islands, would have said that a wreck on Suna-Suna would never hold together in the surf, if there was anything rougher than a light breeze on the sea. On all the beaches it was said that the old brig had long ago settled down under the sea-sawd, deep in Davy Jones' locker.

And Hudson began to wonder whether they were right. For there was no sign to be seen of a top-mast above the water. For mile on mile the surf foamed among broken reefs and rocks and rugged islets with never a sign of the brig that had gone down with seven thousand golden sovereigns on board.

"She's here!" snarled Dandy Peter. "She's lost her masts, I reckon—but she's here, and we're finding her."

"We've got to find her!" agreed Hudson, for between them they'd paid eight hundred and fifty pounds for the wreck.

All that the ex-mate of the Dawn had in the world was staked on that venture. He had parted with King of the Islands, and sunk almost his last shilling in the stores for the trip. Dandy Peter was in it as deep as Hudson; but he, at least, had his cutter left, if it came to failure. Hudson had nothing.

Dandy Peter's mood was black, his temper savage, in these days of



anxiety and disappointment. But he showed no desire to give up the quest. On that point, if on no other, the ill-assorted shipmates were in complete agreement.

From the savages there had been, as yet, no more hostility. One terrible lesson seemed to have been enough for Komo-omo and his tribe, the salt-water blacks of the east coast of Suna-Suna. Not a canoe put out from the mangroves, though there was little doubt that fierce eyes often watched the gliding cutter from the black bush.

To the cannibals, however, Hudson and Peter Parsons gave little thought. All their thoughts were concentrated on locating the wreck of the Crackerjack. Day after day they explored the reef in the dinghy, Toto and Koo standing by in the cutter. And day after day brought them only disappointment.

Captain and crew had escaped in the boats when the Crackerjack suddenly sank under them in wild weather. The exact bearings of the hulk could not be known. Had she slipped from the reef and sunk deep into the sea—sand a mile below the surface? That was the misgiving that clouded Hudson's brow and brought a constant stream of grumbles from Dandy Peter.

The Sea-Cat had been more than a week on the reef, and standing by the low rail as the cutter glided hardly a cable's length from the surf that broke on hidden rocks, Kit Hudson gazed at a low islet—a tumbled mass of rocks, bare of vegetation, festooned here and there by seaweed that had been washed up by the sea, and with masses of seaweed piled along its rugged edges. Suddenly Hudson started. Without turning his head, he rapped over his shoulder:

"You feller Koo, you bring long-feller glass along cabin he stop."

"Yes, sar!" answered the Lukwe boy. He went for the binoculars. Dandy Peter joined Hudson at once.

"What do you fancy you see?" he snapped. It seemed impossible for the sea-lawyer to speak without a sneer.

Hudson pointed to the rock islet.

"Seaweed!" grunted Parsons.

"Look how it's piled! There's wreckage there," said the young Australian.

Parsons concentrated his gaze on the rock. But he shook his head.

"We're not wasting time combing that rock!" he snarled. "Keep her steady, you feller Toto."

Hudson compressed his lips. He was almost sure that the strangely piled seaweed hid some wreckage. But it was like Dandy Peter, keen as he was on the search, to indulge his evil sneering temper.

Koo came back with the glasses, and Hudson clapped them to his eyes and scanned the rock. His eyes gleamed.

"I'll swear there's top-hamper under the weed!" he exclaimed.

"Dream again!" jeered Dandy Peter.

"Look for yourself, you fool!" exclaimed Hudson, thrusting the glasses into the sea-lawyer's hands.

Parsons looked through the glasses. Then he tossed them back to Koo.

# Just My Foolin'

By THE OLD BOY

JUST to prove that I can be barmier than even you imagined, I will give a selection of Crazy Couplets.

You have to make these rhyme by pronouncing the last word of the second line like the last word of the first line.

For instance, in the couplet:

I hope you don't imagine I  
Am trying to cause you agony,

it would be no good pronouncing "agony" in the proper way, or it would not rhyme with "imagine I." You must pronounce it "aj-on-eye." Got it? Right, then try these!

YOU mustn't tease the kangaroos,  
That sort of thing is dangerous.

True art has many followers  
In chaps who're fond of colours.

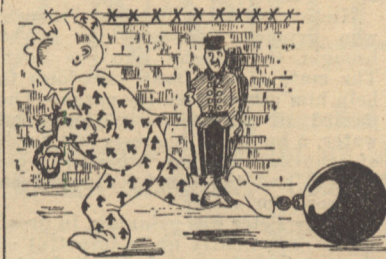
If every sort of pain were catching,  
Our heads and teeth would soon be  
aching.

Here's lords and ladies gay hunting,  
With whips and bugles flaunting.

In Constantinople  
You'll see some quaint people.

Smoke from chimney pots must very  
Often spoil the atmosphere.

Can anything be mouldier  
Than drilling like a soldier?



"We're not wasting hours combing a stack of seaweed! Keep on your course, Toto!"

"Yes, sar!" answered the boat-steerer.

Kit Hudson's eyes blazed.

"This is my venture as well as yours!" he roared. "Heave-to, while I take the boat!"

"Does King of the Islands let you command his ship for him when you're on board?" sneered Parsons. "You won't command mine, Hudson."

"Will you heave-to?" roared Hudson savagely.

"No!" answered Parsons coolly.

The next moment Hudson's grasp was on him. With a howl of rage the sea-lawyer snatched at his revolver. It was torn from his hand, and tossed into the scuppers. Struggling savagely, the dandy of Lukwe crumpled up in Hudson's powerful grasp. Toto and Koo stared blankly.

"Now, you swab!" roared Hudson. "Order your niggers to heave-to, or



NOW see if you can make up some of these Crazy Couplets. You see how it's done. It's rather good fun to take a poor little word and twist its pronunciation into such unearthly shapes. Try it yourselves.

I SEE that somebody has been suggesting that the poet Gray was of Scottish extraction. I think it very likely. Hoots, mon, div ye na' ken that gran' poem:

THE cairfu' jows the knell o' pairtin'  
dee,  
The rowtin kyes gae slawly ower the  
haugh,  
The tasker haimert fits his wearifu' wee,  
An' gi'es the warl' tae mirkness and  
us a'.

IF Scotland really wants Gray, I suggest that we swap him for Burns or Scott. Exchange is no robbery, but this wholesale pinching is a bit too thick. And what I want to know is:

BREATHES there a man with soul  
so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,  
When things of this sort he has read,  
"Hoots, toots, and bogles!"?

I AM asked by Mr. Knott Giltey to say that during this time of national distress he has been pulling his weight and hopes every other Briton is doing the same. Here is an exclusive picture of Mr. Knott Giltey pulling his weight.

I'll crack your head on your own deck!"

Dandy Peter struggled. Had a weapon been ready to his hand Kit Hudson's quest of the sunken brig would have come to a sudden end. But he was powerless in the Australian's muscular grip, and Hudson's blazing eyes showed that he meant every word he said. Another moment and the Lukwe skipper's head would have hit his own deck.

Breathless with fury, the sea-lawyer snarled an order to the Lukwe boys, and the cutter was heave-to. Then at a snapped order from Hudson, Koo pulled the towed dinghy alongside. Lifting the sea-lawyer in his powerful arms, Hudson dropped him bodily into the dinghy, and jumped in after him. He picked up an oar and shoved off from the Sea-Cat.

"My word!" murmured Toto, grinning. "That white feller plenty too much mad along white master belong us feller."



## War Canoes of Suna-Suna.

Koo grinned and showed all his teeth. The handling of Dandy Peter was sheer joy to the black boys who sailed under him.

Hudson jammed the panting sea-lawyer into the stern seat of the little dinghy. Then he sat to the oars and rowed, pulling for the rock. Peter Parsons sat panting, his eyes glaring at the ex-mate of the Dawn.

"You scum!" he hissed. "Do you reckon you'll get by with this? By James—" He started up, his hands clenched.

"Sit down, you fool, or I'll knock you overboard with this oar!" snapped Hudson. He drew in an oar and jammed it on the sea-lawyer's chest. And Dandy Peter sat down again suddenly! Unheeding his glare of rage, Hudson pulled for the rocky islet. Round the little dinghy the surf creamed on sunken rocks, and Dandy Peter, even in his fury, did not want to run aground and go to the sharks. He steered the boat, while Hudson pulled into a tiny inlet of the low isle.

"Get ashore!" he snapped. In his present mood, Dandy Peter was capable of pulling off and leaving him marooned on the rock. The Australian was not taking the chance of that.

Parsons hesitated for a moment, but no longer, or he would have been thrown ashore. He scrambled out of the dinghy, and Hudson dragged it up on the low rock. Almost spitting with fury, the sea-lawyer tramped along the rock with Hudson to the mass of seaweed which the ex-mate of the Dawn had seen from the cutter.

As he drew nearer to it, the Lukwe skipper's expression changed. Kit Hudson dragged at the mass, stirring up ghastly smells from the weed, half rotted in the tropic sun. A broken topmast, with fragments of ropes and a snapped yard, was revealed. Dandy Peter stared at it.

Hudson heeded him no further; he was too intent on his discovery. He dragged at the flotsam, revealing further wreckage—a staved-in cask, a broken hen-coop, a seaman's dunnage bag, a tattered lifebelt. The last-named he caught up with a shout. The name of the ship that had carried it was on it. He turned to the staring sea-lawyer and held it up.

"Look at that, you swab!" he exclaimed.

"By James!" breathed Dandy Peter.

The rage was gone from his face now. His eyes were dancing.

"The Crackerjack! By James, we've raised her! This is where she went down—that's the topmast a skipper saw sticking out of the water a week after the wreck!" He laughed. "You win, shipmate!"

### Komo-omo Pounces!

L YING on his chest on a ledge of rock where the reef dropped almost like a wall to deep water, Kit Hudson stared down. Through the clear water he could see the shape that lay fifty feet below

on sunken coral. Matted with seaweed, half buried in drifting sand, he could make out the shape of the old brig, with fishes of many colours swimming round the stumps of her broken masts.

There lay the Crackerjack, as she had lain since she went down weeks ago, holding together, as Kit had told King of the Islands that her stout old timbers would hold. A hurricane would have broken her up; but there had been no hurricane yet.

Hudson breathed hard and deep as he feasted his eyes on the hulk that held seven thousand sovereigns.

He rose to his feet at last and looked round, shading his eyes in the burning sunlight. Dandy Peter had gone back to the cutter in the dinghy. Disputes and bitter blood were forgotten now. From the cutter, hove-to more than a cable's length off the islet, Toto and Koo were staring towards Hudson.

Parsons was pulling back to him in the dinghy, winding as if by magic among jutting spurs of coral and creaming surf. On board the dinghy was the long, heavy package containing the diving suit brought from Lalinge, a sack of provisions, and a keg of water.

It was impossible for the Sea-Cat to anchor by the reef, and the two white men intended to camp there during the diving operations, leaving the black boys in charge of the cutter. Whether the work would occupy a day, or many days, could not yet be told.

All the salvage seekers could do was to push on with it as fast as possible, thankful that there was no sign of a break in the weather.

Hudson waved a hand to Parsons, who grinned back at him as he brought the dinghy into the inlet. The mate of the Dawn ran down to help him ashore with the cargo. The packed diving suit, the food and water, a bundle of blankets and a roll of canvas, a few utensils, were landed, and the dinghy dragged on the rock for safety.

Dandy Peter was grinning, in great spirits, apparently quite forgetful of the way Hudson had handled him that morning on the Sea-Cat. The locating of the wreck had driven all other thoughts from his mind.

"We're in luck, Hudson!" he chuckled. "King of the Islands will pull a long face when we sail into the lagoon at Lalinge with seven thousand sovereigns in our cabin!"

Hudson's bright face clouded.

"Belay that!" he snapped. "Ken King was right—it was a chance in a thousand, and the thousandth chance has turned up. But we haven't raised the sovereigns yet. She's fifty feet down, choked with sand and seaweed. And we're not sure yet that the niggers haven't been down—"

"If they have, they never came up again—the water's alive with sharks. Naked diving here is suicide." Dandy Peter was full of confidence. "I tell you the gold's as good as on board my cutter. Let's look at her."

The ledge of rock under which the wreck lay was hardly fifty feet across. Dandy Peter threw himself down on the edge where the water lapped and

stared at the dim shape below. The water was clear as glass. He chuckled again.

"Easy work, Hudson! She lies on an even keel. I reckon—"

Suddenly a terrified yell came ringing across the sunny waters. It came from the Sea-Cat. Hudson spun round and stared towards the cutter. Dandy Peter leaped to his feet.

The niggers!

Toto and Koo were yelling with terror. From the shadowy mangroves on the shore of Suna-Suna three long, high-prowed war canoes of the Solomons shot out. All three were crowded with blacks, paddling with amazing speed towards the cutter. Kit Hudson caught his breath. Dandy Peter clenched his hands with fury. Evidently, Komo-omo had been watching for a chance—and he had found one.

"Back to the cutter!" shouted Hudson. "If they get to her first—"

THEY raced across the reef to the dinghy. It splashed into the water, and they tumbled into it and grasped the oars. It was a race for life, for if the savages reached the cutter first the game was up. And the canoes came cleaving the water like arrows!

Dandy Peter gave a yell: "The cutter!" The Sea-Cat was in motion!

Across the water, from the on-rushing canoes, came the ferocious howling of the cannibals of Suna-Suna. It struck terror to the hearts of the two blacks on the Sea-Cat. Heedless—probably entirely forgetful—of the two white masters on the reef, Toto and Koo put the cutter before the wind, and she fled from the canoes like a frightened sea-bird.

Kit Hudson, his face like stone, rested on his oar. It was useless to pull. They could never reach the Sea-Cat now. The mainsail bellied out in the wind, and she raced in the water, leaving a streaming white wake behind. Toto's terrified face could be seen looking back as he steered.

Swerving in pursuit, the three tall-prowed canoes swept on, heedless of the white men on the reef, in chase of the fleeing cutter.

Away to the eastward, leaning over to the wind that came out of the west, flew the cutter, and almost as swiftly the three canoes raced after her. Standing in the dinghy, staring across the reefs, the salvage seekers watched—till the tall sail was a speck on the sea and the dark canoes were invisible, though still in pursuit.

The cutter was gone! In terrible silence, Kit Hudson and Peter Parsons stepped from the dinghy on to the reef. From the reef, still in silence, they watched the last speck of the Sea-Cat vanish on the Pacific, leaving them marooned on a surf-beaten rock in the Solomons!

Looks as if it's all up with Kit Hudson and his queer partner now! The head-hunters have the upper hand, and . . . Well, read what happens in *Next Saturday's MODERN BOY!* You're due for some man-sized EXCITEMENT!!!