

An ALFRED EDGAR Motor Racing Story!

The MODERN BOY *2d.*

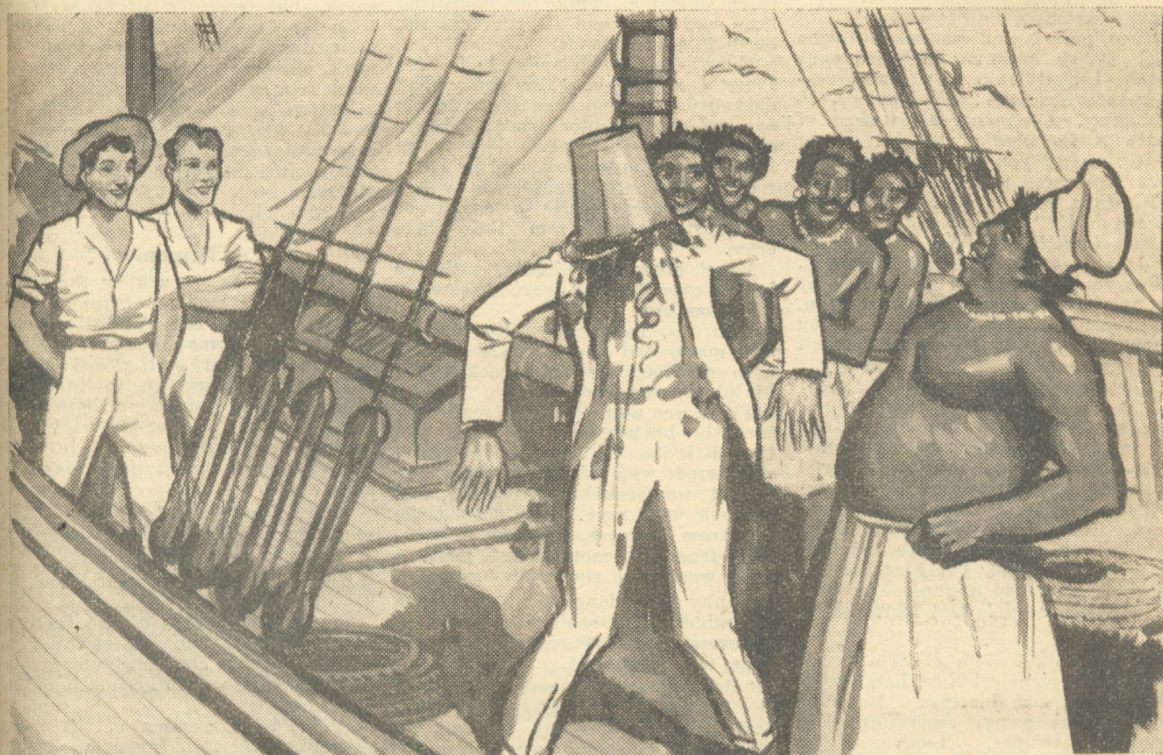
EVERY SATURDAY,
WEEK ENDING
FEBRUARY, 22nd., 1936
No. 420 VOL. 17.



*World's Most Difficult
Race Circuit!
Splendid STORY Inside*

A good joke, thought KING OF THE ISLANDS, when Danny the cooky-boy upended a pail of garbage over the Scallywag's head. But it led to—

MUTINY ON THE DAWN



Paget Knuckles Under!

KING OF THE ISLANDS!"

Ken King glanced round. Standing by the taffrail of a steamer in the distance, when he heard Ray Paget's voice at his elbow.

Ken was skipper and owner of the Dawn. He sailed from island to island in the South Seas in search of trade, and this had earned him his nickname of King of the Islands.

Ray Paget, the scallywag of Lalinge, unwilling member of Ken's crew, had also been watching the distant steamer. As Ken glanced at him he pointed to it. Ken smiled, reading what was in his mind.

"You could run down to that steamer under half an hour," said Paget.

"Easily!"

"And put me on board her."

"I could if I wished," assented King of the Islands. "And if I had only myself to consider, Paget, I'd do it like a shot, and be glad to be shut of a lazy, good-for-nothing swab. But I promised your uncle at Lalinge to keep you on my ship and make something better than a lazy loafer of you. And I'm going to do it."

Danny grasped his bucket, made a jump at Paget, and slammed it upside down on his head. Paget gave a gurgling howl as its contents ran down him in a stream.

"I'm asking you to put me on that steamer," said Paget, very quietly.

"And I'm saying 'No!' Belay your jawing-tackle and get forrard!" said the boy skipper of the Dawn curtly.

Paget compressed his lips.

"I've tried twice to get away from this ketch since you sailed from Golo," he said.

"And each time you were glad to get back, I think," said King of the Islands, with a laugh. "The first time you landed yourself among cannibals and had a narrow escape from the cooking-pots. The second time, Barney Hall picked you up,

robbed you, and marooned you on a reef. If you try again you'll probably have no better luck. Better make the best of it, and try to be something better than a shirker by the time we raise Lalinge again.

"Now, look here, Paget," went on the boy trader, in a kinder tone. "You're booked for this trip, and it's a good thing for you, if you could only get it into your head. You won't always get remittances from Home to live on—and you ought not to want to. If you don't pull yourself together and fit yourself to do a man's job in the world, you'll come down to combing the beach sooner or later. Do you want that?"

"I want to go my own way," said the scallywag sullenly. "I'm my own master—or I'm going to be! I won't stay on this ketch. My Uncle Belnap put me here against my will. I'm asking you to let me go—for the last time. I mean to go, anyhow! But, since you took me off the reef where that villain Hall marooned me, I'd rather part peaceably. But we're going to part!"

Ken looked at him curiously. He had wondered whether the other's terrible experience on the lonely reef where he had been marooned would make any difference to the scallywag's outlook. It seemed to have made

By
**CHARLES
HAMILTON**

Mutiny on the Dawn

some difference. Paget had fully recovered from his privations in the two or three weeks that had elapsed. His health and strength had returned, but not his sullen defiance. He had been subdued, and had gone about his duties quietly. No doubt some glimmer of gratitude had touched his selfish heart. But his determination to get away from the Dawn was unchanged.

He went on in a quiet tone: "I'm going, and you shan't stop me! If you keep me on board your ketch, I shall take any measures—desperate measures, if necessary—to get away. I'd rather steer clear of that. A few weeks ago I'd sooner have knocked you over the side than not. Since you took me off the reef, I'd rather part in peace. Will you let me do it?"

Ken shook his head. "Gladly, if I could," he answered. "But you're placed in my charge by the relative who's responsible for you, and I'm responsible in my turn. You know I can't do as you ask. Don't say any more."

"That's settled?" "Ay, ay!" "Then what may happen will lie at your door!" said the scapegrace. "I've warned you—you can't say I haven't. I tell you this, King of the Islands—I'll sink this ketch sooner than sail in her! I'm alone here, against you and your mate and your Kanaka crew, but I'll beat the lot of you! If I had a gun—"

"That's enough! Get forrard!"

PAGET clenched his hands, his eyes smouldering. But he turned away, restraining his passionate temper. Lompo, at the wheel, was grinning, and as he moved slowly forward he caught the grinning glances of Lufu and Tomoo and Kolulo, and an amused glance from Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn. His eyes burned more fiercely, and as he passed Koko, standing by the whaleboat at the davits, he paused for a moment, clenching his fist as if with the thought of planting it in the boatswain's smiling brown face.

Koko's smile broadened into a grin. The gigantic boatswain could have picked up Paget like an infant in one hand. And he was quite ready to do so, and to wield the lawyer-cane with the other, if the scallywag asked for it.

Breathing hard, Paget passed him. Danny, the fat cooky-boy, had come out of the galley with a bucket of garbage to fling over the side. Danny glanced at the scallywag and grinned at the moody face and smouldering eyes.

That seemed to be the last straw. With a sudden flash of rage he could not control, the scallywag stepped up to Danny and struck him on his brown ear with his open hand—a ringing smack.

There was a loud yell from Danny as he staggered, taken by surprise. The garbage in the pail slopped over, splashing the deck.

"You plenty bad feller!" yelled the indignant Danny. "What name you

kill head belong me, along hand belong you?"

"You cheeky nigger!" snarled Paget.

Danny grasped his bucket, still more than half full of sloppy garbage. He made a jump at Paget and slammed the bucket upside down over his head.

Paget gave a choked, gurgling howl.

The rim of the bucket came down to his shoulders, completely bonneting head and face, and its contents ran down him in streams.

King of the Islands had seen Paget's action, and his brow had darkened. He had been about to rap out an angry order when Danny's swift action followed. The frown faded from Ken's brow, and he burst into a roar of laughter, in which Hudson joined, while a cackle of merriment came from the whole crew.

Paget staggered blindly, with the bucket over his head, garbage streaming down him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the skipper and mate, and the Kanakas howled with merriment. Danny cackled till his plump ribs shook.

There was a crash as the scallywag tore the bucket from his head and hurled it to the deck. His face, smothered with the slop from the bucket, was revealed, streaming, and crimson with rage. He dashed the wet from his eyes, a chunk of yam-rind from his mouth, and made a fierce spring at the cooky-boy.

Danny fled along the deck like a fat rabbit. The scallywag, forgetful of everything but rage and vengeance, tore in pursuit.

"Belay there!" shouted King of the Islands. "You asked for that, Paget, and if you lay a finger on Danny I'll order you twenty lashes!"

Deaf to the boy skipper, the scallywag rushed after the cooky-boy, who dodged behind the gigantic figure of Koko, the boatswain. Koko, grinning, stretched out a mighty hand and grasped the pursuer.

"You no hear feller white master sing out, ear belong you?" demanded Koko.

"Let me go, you nigger!" yelled Paget, struggling savagely.

But Koko did not let him go. He grasped the scallywag with both sinewy hands, and Paget crumpled up in his grasp. King of the Islands stepped towards him. He was not laughing now.

"I have clean decks on this packet, Paget," he said. "Get a bucket and mop and clean up—every speck."

"I won't!" panted Paget.

"See that he does, Koko," said Ken quietly, and he went back to the binnacle, leaving the boatswain to deal with the matter.

Koko dealt with it effectually. His powerful arm jerked the scallywag along the deck to the spot where the garbage had been spilled.

"You clean um?" asked Koko.

"No!" yelled Paget.

"Me tinkee you clean um plenty too soon," said Koko placidly. And, taking a grip on the back of the scallywag's neck, he bent him down by sheer force and proceeded to rub his

face in the spilt garbage. Again there was a cackle of merriment from the Hiva-Oa crew.

Paget struggled frantically. He gasped and spluttered as his face wiped the deck.

"You clean um?" asked Koko coolly. "Me tinkee you clean um along you no wantee this feller Koko clean um along face belong you."

The scallywag was choked with rage and garbage. He could not speak, but as Koko lifted his face from the deck he nodded. A minute later, Ray Paget was industriously at work, cleaning up the deck, till not a speck remained on the spotless planks.

But as he worked under the boatswain's eye, his mood was one of desperate rage and revenge—a mood that spelled danger to himself and to others.

"I'm Desperate!"

EIGHT bells, struck by the boatswain, tinkled through the Dawn, and echoed faintly on the starry sea. It was midnight, and the ketch, under short sail, glided slowly. Kit Hudson came up to take his watch on deck, yawning a little as he came. Lompo was at the wheel, his brown face glimmering in the binnacle lamp. Ken gave his ship-mate a nod.

"Keep her steady," he said. "We ought to raise Ou'a about sunrise."

"Ay, ay!" answered Hudson.

King of the Islands went below, to his bunk.

In the main cabin of the Dawn a swinging lamp burned, shedding a subdued light. By its glimmer, Ken saw the scallywag in his berth on the cabin lockers.

Paget, as a member of the crew, should have berthed forward. But he was a white man, and Ken would not berth him with the natives. Insolent and rebellious and troublesome as the fellow was, Ken was as considerate to him as the circumstances allowed. Paget had been assigned a berth in the cabin, in the starboard lockers—the berth on the port side belonging to Koko, now on duty on deck.

Ken paused a moment to glance at Paget. He supposed that the fellow was asleep; but he caught the glitter of wakeful eyes fixed on him. Paget lay very still, but he was not sleeping. Ken had a moment's feeling of irritation and impatience. He could guess that Paget was brooding over what had happened on deck that day. His pride had been bitterly wounded.

More than once, many times, in fact, King of the Islands had deeply regretted that he had yielded to Mr. Belnap's earnest urging, and taken charge of his scapegrace nephew. He had supposed that, sooner or later, the fellow would fall into line, and make the best of things. Instead of which, Paget had deliberately made the very worst of them.

Yet it had been scarcely possible for Ken to refuse what the Pacific Company's manager had asked. He had had a good many friendly services from Mr. Belnap, and the manager had been almost at his wits' end with the trouble the reckless scallywag had

given him on Lainge. Either he had to pack the fellow back to England, to be a trouble and a burden to his widowed mother, or place him in safe hands.

Deeply as he disliked the presence of the sullen slacker and shirker on his ship, King of the Islands knew that it was up to him. And he had not yet given up hope of getting some good out of Paget. He believed that there was good in the fellow somewhere, if it could be got at.

He paused for a moment to speak to him, controlling his irritation. "Better get to sleep, Paget."

The scapegrace scowled up at the sturdy figure standing by the lockers. "Are you ordering me about during my watch below?" he sneered.

"What's the good of lying there brooding and sulking?" snapped Ken. "You've got your spell of work coming in the morning, and you want some sleep. You're nearly twenty, and you're acting like a baby. But please yourself."

"I mean to!" said Paget coolly.

Ken affected not to hear that insolent answer, as he went on to his state-room. Had Paget been dealing with a skipper like Barney Hall, he would have been hooked off the lockers and given a thrashing with a knotted rope. Fortunately for the scapegrace, Ken was a skipper of a different calibre.

The boy trader went to his bunk. Forward of the cabin, divided from the forecabin by a bulkhead, was the little state-room where the shipmates berthed. It contained two bunks, used by Ken and Hudson. Under the bunks the space was filled by long drawers, for there was no room for furniture; every inch of space on a small vessel like the Dawn was carefully made use of. In one of those

drawers, always kept carefully locked, the firearms were packed when not wanted. Only when in dangerous waters were weapons visible on Ken King's ketch.

LEAVING the door of the cabin wide open, for air, the boy skipper turned in and was asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow. His steady breathing was audible to the sullen, discontented fellow brooding on the cabin lockers.

Ten minutes later Paget rose from the lockers, stepped to the open doorway, and looked in. There was no light in the state-room, but a glimmer penetrated from the cabin lamp, and he could make out Ken in his bunk, fast asleep.

For a long minute he watched him, and was satisfied that he was sleeping soundly. Then he tiptoed to the companion, and looked up and listened.

Save for the wash of the sea, and the creak of the boom and tackle, there was silence. Listening, he caught a murmur of Hudson's voice, speaking to the helmsman. He caught a faint sound of Koko humming a Hawaiian melody. All was safe in that direction. He turned away and trod softly aft.

Aft of the cabin was the lazarette, with a doorway that had no door. The ship's stores were packed there, and beneath it the water-casks. Often the scallywag had seen Danny come down to the lazarette, by the little hatch above. But that hatch was closed now.

It was intensely dark in the

"Get into the fo'c'sle, you black scum!" snarled Paget, and he marched towards the Kanakas, a revolver in his hand.

lazarette, hardly a glimmer from the cabin lamp reaching it. But the scallywag did not strike a light. What he was planning to do needed stealthy caution. The slightest alarm to the watch on deck would have ruined his desperate plan.

And he knew where to look for what he wanted. Danny, always careless, had left there the knife with which he had been slicing yams that day. Several times since Paget's glance had lingered on that knife. He needed a weapon, and now he had one.

Knife in hand, he crept out of the lazarette, and crept along the cabin to the open door of the state-room.

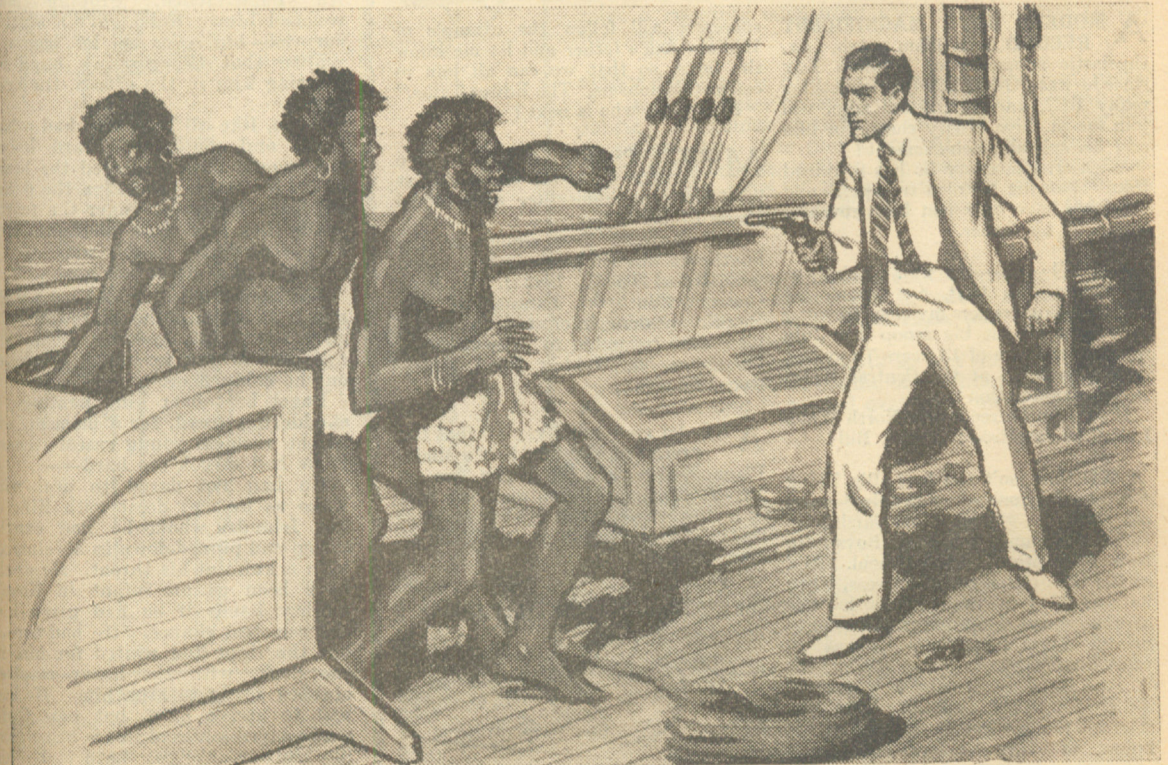
The state-room had a sliding door, and it would have been easy to shut it and fasten it, imprisoning Ken in the room. But that would have been useless, with Hudson on deck. The desperate scallywag's plan went further than that. With the yam knife in his right hand, he picked up a coil of cord with his left, from the lockers, and crept softly into the state-room.

King of the Islands came out of deep slumber with a jump. He was instantly wide awake, with all his wits about him—accustomed to sudden awakenings, in the hazardous life of the sea. Even in his amazement at what was happening, he was cool.

A hand was pressed over his mouth. The keen edge of a knife touched his throat. Through the gloom came a low hissing voice:

"Keep quiet! I'm desperate, and I'll kill you like a rat if you try to call out to your mate! One cry—and it will be your last!"

Ken stared up at the shadowy face bending over him, the eyes burning down at him. Ken King knew a desperate man when he saw one; and



Mutiny on the Dawn

he did not stir. The keen edge of the knife was almost cutting his skin.

"Quiet! I mean business!" came Paget's fierce whisper. "I'm getting off this ship, and if there's bloodshed first, you can answer for it! Get your mate here, and I'll stab you and wait for him in the dark with the knife!"

Ken drew a long, hard breath, under the hand that pressed his mouth. He knew that his life hung on a thread—and Kit Hudson's, too. Sullen brooding and resentment had wrought the reckless scapegrace up to the pitch of desperation. With intense and bitter anger in his heart, the boy trader lay very still.

"Keep still! One movement, and you'll never move again!" breathed Paget. "I'm going to bind you and leave you here—if you take it quietly. But I care very little whether I leave you dead or alive."

It was death to stir, in the mutineer's present mood of desperate recklessness. Ken lay still. The knife was still at his throat, as the scally-

wag's left hand groped over him with the cord. He clenched his hands in almost uncontrollable rage—and the knife-edge bit his skin.

"Take care!" snarled Paget. He looped the cord round Ken's wrists and drew it tight.

Once the cord was round Ken's wrists, the scallywag stuck the knife in his belt and gave both hands to the work. He knotted the rope with double knots. Then he cut off a length of it, groped for Ken's feet, and bound them together. With another length of cord, he tied him to the bunk.

The boy trader was utterly helpless now. Paget had sliced a sheet on the bunk with his knife, and forced Ken's jaws wide open, and gagged him—slowly, carefully, thoroughly. Then he belted the knife again and stood for some moments looking down at his helpless prisoner.

Then he groped for Ken's keys, found them, and unlocked one of the long drawers. The bound skipper heard him groping and fumbling, and knew what he was seeking. Paget

trod softly out of the cabin—and Ken knew that he went with a revolver in his hand.

Trapped!

"YOUR watch below, old coffee-bean!" said Kit Hudson, at four bells.

"Yessar! This feller Koko go sleepce along bunk belong him," said the boatswain.

Hudson, sitting on the taffrail, had an eye on the sea and an eye on the binnacle. It was a calm night, with little wind. Far to the south, the Southern Cross glimmered over the shadowy indigo of the Pacific.

Tomoo was at the wheel. Kolulu was on the forecassle head. Lompo and Lufu were asleep on their tapa mats, forward on deck. Danny, who did not take watch and watch with the crew, except on occasions when all hands were called, was snoring in his galley among his pots and pans. Koko went to the companion, and his giant figure disappeared below—almost filling the narrow way as he descended.

He gave a grunt as he groped into the cabin. It was in darkness. The swinging lamp should have been burning, turned low. It was one of Danny's duties to keep the lamp supplied with oil, but it was far from uncommon for the cooky-boy to neglect that duty. Koko, as he found the cabin in darkness, concluded that Danny had forgotten to supply the lamp and that it was burned out. He made a mental note to give the cooky-boy a touch of the lawyer-cane in the morning.

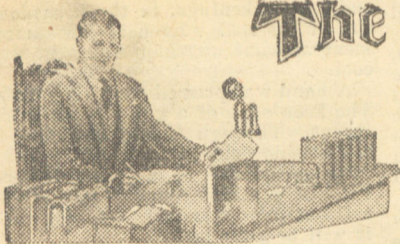
He groped across the dark cabin to his bunk, and as he did so a darker shadow moved in the darkness. An outstretched, groping hand touched him. Koko gave a start of surprise—but even as he began to realise that the groping hand was locating him in the gloom, the crash came.

Koko, like all Kanakas, had a hard head, and could take hard knocks that would have scattered the brains of a white man. But even the powerful Koko crumpled under the fearful crash that landed on his head—from a revolver-butt, struck with all the strength of a desperate arm.

The blow would have killed a white man. It stunned the boatswain. He gave one faint, gasping moan, and collapsed where he stood, sprawling on the cabin floor.

Paget bent over him, panting. A sluddering dread, for a moment, was in the reckless young rascal's heart. If he had struck too hard—

He had not dared to deal with Koko as he had dealt with King of the Islands, whom he had caught asleep and pinned down in his slumber with a knife at his throat. He would have been as an infant in Koko's mighty hands if he had given him the remotest chance. He had turned out the light and waited for him in the dark, with the heavy revolver clubbed ready to stun him. He had had to strike hard, but now there was a terrible dread in his heart that he had struck too hard. In his



The Editor Talks

Address your letters to:
The Editor, THE MODERN BOY,
Fleetway House,
Farrington Street,
London, E.C.4.

All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer

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A MODERN BOY'S MAGNIFICENT RECORD!—William Ash, enthusiastic supporter of MODERN BOY since he was FOUR, has done something really BIG, and you, I am sure, will join me in three hearty cheers for him and his splendid achievement!

With true modesty he has refrained from "blowing his own trumpet," and the facts have only just been revealed to me by his father.

YOUNG Bill—he won't mind us calling him that, for aren't all MODERN BOY readers my close friends?—brought off his big scoop last July when, at the age of 13 years 7 months, he matriculated at the Central Welsh Board examination!

If that isn't a record for North Wales I shall be surprised! Bravo, Bill!

AND that isn't the first Big Thing he has done—he was only 9 years old when he gained a scholarship to Wrexham County School for Boys from New Broughton Council School. And at the time of his recent success, when he was 13 years and 7 months, the average age of the pupils at the County School—Form V (Classical)—was 16 years 8 months!

I HOPE other parents whose sons are too modest or shy to let me know of their achievements and

successes will follow the example of William Ash's father and let me know the facts, so that we can all join in congratulations in "The Editor Talks."

Now then, who is next?

MODEL PLANE CLUBS.—Two readers want me to broadcast invitations in connection with Model Plane Clubs.

Will MODERN BOY readers in the Southport district please get in touch with Raoul Tabah, Flat 1, 43, Park Crescent, Southport, Lancashire; and Lincoln readers interested in model planes are requested to write to A. L. Pendleton, 86, Hykhm Road, Halesowen, Lincoln.

AND let me remind you all that the services of MODERN BOY's Model Plane Expert, Mr. W. Rigby, are at YOUR command, if you want any sort of advice or assistance in that connection. That service is quite FREE to every reader.

SEE YOU AGAIN NEXT SATURDAY!

savage rage and resentment, he was prepared for any measures, however dark and desperate, to win his freedom—but he shuddered at the thought of a dead man lying there in the darkness.

But he was relieved as he groped over the insensible boatswain and listened in the silence. Koko was breathing—his heart was beating. He was only stunned.

Immediately he was sure of that, the twinge of remorse vanished and the scallywag was as ruthlessly determined as ever. He had a cord at hand and he bound the sinewy arms and legs of the senseless boatswain.

A low, faint, quivering moan came from Koko. So far from having been killed by the blow, as the scallywag had for a terrible moment feared, he was already beginning to recover consciousness.

Paget had no time to waste. He forced the boatswain's mouth open, and gagged him with a strip of tapa cloth, binding it in place with cord. Then he rolled the heavy Kanaka over

to the port side and attempted to lift him to the berth on the lockers. But that task was beyond him—Koko's weight was too much for his strength. He had to leave him lying by the lockers.

Koko's eyes opened dizzily. He stared through the darkness, and even in the dark he had a faint glimpse of a white and desperate face and knew what had happened. Paget heard him stir as he strove, exerting all his mighty strength, to break the bonds on his limbs.

The clubbed revolver was ready for another crashing blow had he succeeded. But he had no chance. The cord, cruelly knotted, was not to be broken, even by the mighty Koko. And the terrible effort sent a spasm of agony through his bruised head; the boatswain sank back into insensibility.

FOR several minutes Paget watched him, breathing hard and fast. But he left him at last. He stepped into the companion

and listened with intent ears and beating heart.

There was no sound of alarm from the deck. In the wash of the sea, the straining of tackle, Hudson had probably not heard the fall in the cabin, or, if he had heard it, had not heeded. Hudson had taken no alarm; he was not on his guard. And the desperate scallywag lurked there in the shadows, a loaded revolver in his grip.

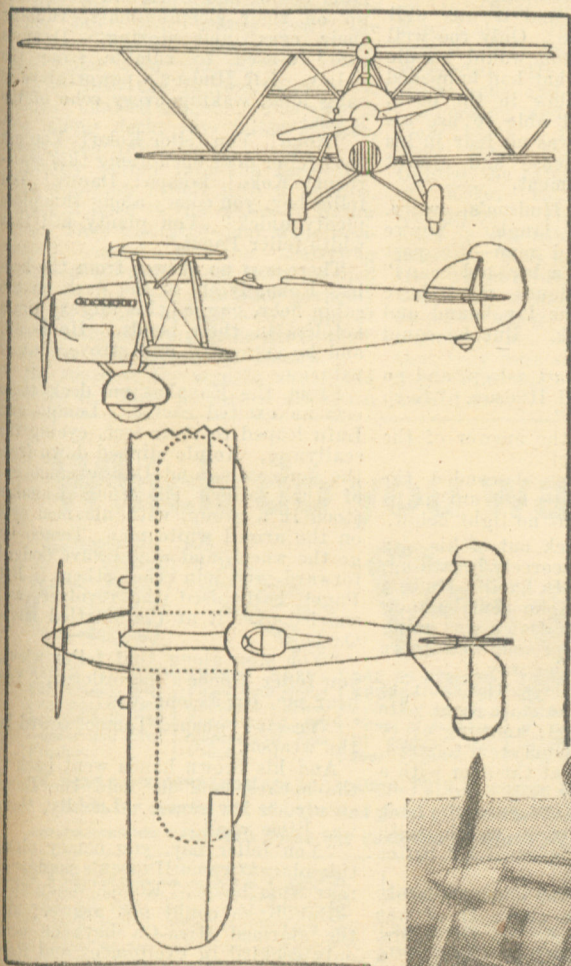
He had only Hudson to fear. If the mate of the Dawn fell into his hands as King of the Islands and Koko had fallen, all was safe. The native crew, unled, would never stand against a white man with a firearm in his hand. But he had to get Hudson—for so long as the mate was free to give orders, the Hiva-Oa boys would have obeyed them. Once Hudson was out of the way, they would obey the man who held the gun.

He waited.

He was aware that at eight bells—four in the morning—King of the

(Continued on next page)

Easy-to-Make Scale Models of Famous Planes — No. 12 — By HOWARD LEIGH



DIMENSIONS

Span of top wing, 34 ft. 5 ins.; span of lower wing, 22 ft. 6 ins.; length, 22 ft.; height, 9 ft.; span of tail plane, 10 ft. 6 ins.

THE FIAT C.R.30

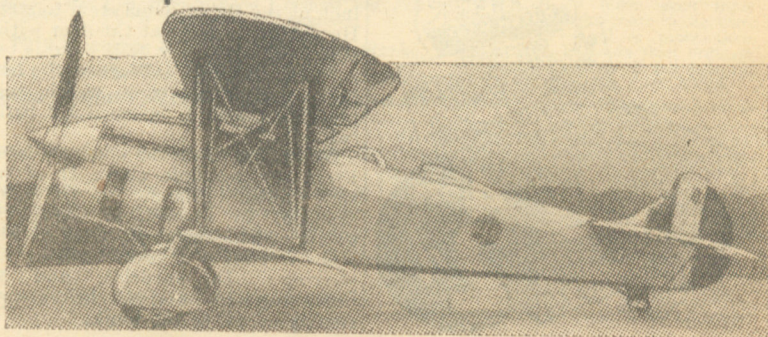
THIS machine is one of several types ordered by the Italian Government from the Fiat factory. It is a single-seater fighter.

The wings, unequal in span and chord, are entirely of metal; the top wing is built in two sections, joining at the centre line; it is carried over the fuselage by a formation of two inverted Vee struts and two splayed-out N struts. The bottom wings are attached direct to the lower fuselage longerons. All the wings have a covering of fabric; ailerons are fitted to the top planes only.

THE fuselage is also constructed entirely of metal with an outer covering of duralumin sheeting and fabric. A circular radiator is situated just below the propeller boss. The pilot's cockpit is about half-way down the fuselage, well to the rear of the top wing. Two Vickers guns of 0.5 calibre, each of which are independently controlled, are placed in the top cowling.

THE tail unit has balanced control surfaces; the tail plane is adjustable and is braced to the fin and fuselage by streamlined wires each side. A tail wheel is below the fuselage.

The standard power unit is a Fiat A30.R twelve-cylinder, water-cooled engine of 600 h.p.; this is carried in the nose and is cowled over with metal cowling.

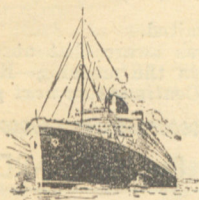


FREE TRIP

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THERE AND BACK TO
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ON THE R.M.S.

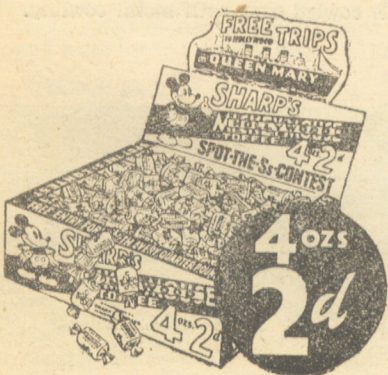
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The Modern Boy

Mutiny on the Dawn

Islands was due to relieve Hudson on deck. If he did not go up, Hudson would come down for him or send a Kanaka to call him. He had to wait—and watch!

He heard a faint stirring in the dark. He knew that Koko was moving again, straining his great strength to break loose. But the boatswain was quiet again at last—either unconscious or realising that he had no chance. From King of the Islands, in his bunk in the state-room, came no sound.

Minutes seemed hours to the desperate young rascal, waiting and listening with tensely strung nerves. And yet it seemed that the time had flashed by when he heard Hudson's voice above.

"Ken!" It was eight bells, and Hudson was calling down the companion to his shipmate. Seldom or never did King of the Islands need calling to take his watch. Like most sailormen, he woke almost automatically. But the mate of the Dawn supposed that he had overslept, as he did not come up. His voice, as he called, seemed startlingly near the scallywag, and Paget caught his breath, his heart thumping.

He had courage, and it was well for him that he had. Only too well he knew how Hudson would handle him if he learned what had happened to his shipmate below in the dark, and if he was still able to use his hands. But there was no fear in his heart—only an intense and almost overpowering excitement.

"Ken!" came Hudson's voice. Paget heard him laugh. "You're sticking it out, old man—it's past eight bells! Show a leg, old bean!"

King of the Islands must have heard the call as he lay bound and gagged in his bunk. But he could not answer.

"The old bean's fast asleep, and no mistake!" exclaimed Hudson. "Keep her steady, Tomoo!"

"Yessar!" came the answer of the Kanaka at the wheel.

Hudson's footsteps descended the companion. He gave a grunt as he found that there was no light below.

Paget stepped back out of his way—silent, on tiptoe, scarcely breathing. It was in his mind to handle Hudson as he had handled Koko—but he knew that the mate of the Dawn was going across to the state-room, and there was a safer and easier way.

Hudson stepped across the cabin to the open door of the state-room. He did not need a light, knowing every inch of the Dawn, from stem to stern. He put his head in at the door with a chuckle.

"Ken, old man! Wake up! Look here, I'll take your watch with pleasure. But I reckoned I'd better call you."

No answer from the shadowy bunk. From the porthole above there was the faintest glimmer of the stars. Hudson, in amazement, caught a gleam of wide-open eyes fixed on him. His ear caught a faint rustling and stirring. In surprise, and the beginning of alarm, he stepped swiftly across to the bunk.

Slam! The sliding door shot into place behind him. Clang went the heavy latch that secured it on the side of the cabin. Then a key turned.

Hudson spun round with a yell.

He was a prisoner in the little state-room—and he knew that he had been deliberately fastened in. He groped to the bunk, and next moment knew that King of the Islands was bound and gagged there. Then he understood!

In Command!

RAY PAGET stepped out on the deck of the Dawn. In the gleam of the stars his face was white and set, his eyes smouldering. The revolver was gripped in his hand. He breathed hard and deep in the sea-wind.

Tomoo, at the wheel, glanced at him, and gave a start at the sight of the revolver. Kolulo, sitting on the forecabin, his bare brown legs dangling over the scuttle, was chewing betel-nut drowsily. But he ceased to look drowsy as he saw the armed scallywag of Lalinge emerge on deck. His dark eyes opened wide with astonishment and alarm.

A shouting, enraged voice rang from below, and Lufu and Lompo sat up on their sleeping-mats, rubbing their eyes, and staring. Danny's snore ceased to rumble from the galley. Kit Hudson's powerful voice rang loud, waking every echo of the ketch:

"Koko! You feller Koko! You get that feller door open along this state-room! Koko! Lompo! Danny! You feller boy, you comey along this place plenty quick! You plenty kill that white feller Paget."

There was no answer from the hapless Koko, lying in the dark on the cabin floor, gagged, his mighty limbs helpless in their bonds. He heard, and he struggled and strove, but in vain.

From the Kanakas on deck there was an excited cackle. Lompo and Lufu leaped to their feet, eyeing the scallywag. Kolulo slipped down from the forecabin, and Danny came out of the galley. The four Kanakas stood in a group, with alarmed eyes on the armed white man. Tomoo let go the wheel, and would have dodged forward to join the others. But Paget half-raised the revolver, and snarled over it at the startled Hiva-Oa boy.

"You stop along that feller wheel, you feller Tomoo!" he ordered. "You hear me, ear belong you?"

"Yessar!" gasped Tomoo, cowed by the weapon.

And his brown hands went back to the spokes, and he held the Dawn steady on her course. Luckily, there was little wind.

"You feller boy, you comey along this place!" came Hudson's maddened roar from below. "Koko! Wake up!"

But Koko could not answer; and the alarmed Hiva-Oa boys on deck only cackled in excitement and fear. Paget did not need to tell them that he would shoot if they attempted to get below; they could see that, and words were not needed. They backed away forrad from the half-raised

revolver, and the fierce, excited eyes gleaming over it.

"You feller Hiva-Oa boy, you stop along deck!"

Paget's voice was husky with suppressed excitement. But there was no hesitation about him. He was ready to shoot if the Kanakas rushed him. They knew it, and did not think of a rush.

"Koko!"

It was the voice of King of the Islands, now, calling to the faithful bo'sun, with a note of deep anxiety in it. For both Ken and Hudson knew that Koko could not have slept through the shouting. Had he been asleep in his berth on the port lockers, the first call from the state-room would have wakened him and brought him to the rescue of the imprisoned shipmates. They knew that something must have happened to the boatswain.

Danny backed into his galley. But Paget had not forgotten how Danny had knocked him over with a thrown saucapan on his first outbreak on board the Dawn.

"Come out, you scum!" shouted Paget savagely. "Keep in sight, you nigger! You come along deck, you feller cooky-boy!"

Danny bounced out of the galley.

"Oh, sar! You no shoot along this feller boy, gun belong you!" he yelled. "This feller cooky-boy plenty good feller along you, sar!"

"Get into the fo'c'sle, you black scum!" snarled Paget. "You show a leg along deck, this feller shootec, plenty too quick."

Danny bolted into the forecandle, like a plump rabbit into a burrow. Paget snarled to the others to follow him. They hesitated—but their hesitation ceased as the scallywag marched towards them with levelled revolver, his eyes gleaming savagely over it. They backed away, and at the muzzle of the gun he drove them into the forecandle after Danny.

He snapped the scuttle shut, and secured it. Then he turned aft again

—in time to see Tomoo slipping away from the wheel, to make a dash for the companion and get below.

Bang! The revolver roared again, and Tomoo leaped clear of the deck as a strip of brown skin was gashed from his bare leg. With a terrified yell, he ran back to the wheel, the blood streaming down his brown leg. Paget ran aft, threatening him with the smoking revolver.

"You no shootec, sar!" stammered Tomoo. "This feller Tomoo stop along wheel, plenty good boy along you, sar."

"You no stop along wheel, you dead feller!" snarled Paget.

"Yessar!" mumbled the Hiva-Oa boy.

The gash on his leg was lesson enough for Tomoo. He was not likely to leave the helm again.

PAGET stared through the glimmer of the stars, ahead of the slow-gliding Dawn. Somewhere beyond the dusk lay the island of Ou'a, which Ken had expected to raise at sunrise. He was master of the ketch now—the only free man aboard, beside himself, was the man at the wheel, cowed by his revolver. Unless a blow came on there was nothing to prevent him from running on to Ou'a, in command of Ken King's ship. He drew a deep, deep breath. His desperate measures had succeeded. He had beaten King of the Islands, and won his liberty.

Knocking and shouting still rang from below. Paget laughed, and went down the companion. He lighted the cabin lamp, and glanced at Koko, bound on the floor, struggling. The boatswain's eyes fixed on him with a glare of hate and ferocity. Had his sinewy hands been free, Paget's life would not have been worth a minute's purchase. The scallywag bent over him and examined his bonds, to make sure that they were safe, and removed the gag from his mouth—it was not needed now.

"You plenty bad feller altogether too much!" gasped Koko. "Along this feller rope no stop along hand belong me, you go finish close-up!"

"Lie there, you dog!" snapped Paget, and he turned contemptuously away from the enraged boatswain.

He stepped to the state-room door. Kit Hudson was still thumping savagely.

"Keep it up!" called out Paget mockingly. "You won't break down that door with your fists in a hurry."

"You mutinous hound!" roared Hudson.

"If you get loose, I pity you!" said Paget. "I'm going to get clear without bloodshed if I can—but I'm going to get clear! I'll shoot you down like a dog if you get out of that state-room."

"Paget!" It was King of the Islands' voice, quiet and tense. "You'll go through it for this when I get my hands on you."

Paget laughed.

"We're making Ou'a," he said. "I'm sailing your ship, King of the Islands, and I'm going to beach her on Ou'a and clear! Do you wish now you'd put me on the steamer when I asked you?"

"No!" said Ken, between his teeth. "And I'll get the upper hand of you yet, you swab!"

The scallywag laughed again.

"You'll have to make quick time, then," he said. "In a few hours we shall raise Ou'a, and your ship goes on the reef. You've asked for this, and now you're getting it!"

And the scallywag went back to the deck, where he watched the glimmer of sunrise coming up over the rolling Pacific.

With Ken King a prisoner, powerless to save his ship, the Dawn sails on, heading for destruction, in the hands of this mutineer who is determined to pile the ketch on a coral reef. . . . It's all in next Saturday's absolutely topping story!

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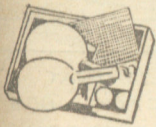
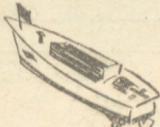


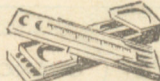
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