

FLYING WITHOUT AN ENGINE! (See page 9.)

The **MODERN BOY**

EVERY MONDAY
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GLIDING OVER THE OCEAN!

COMPLETE
IN THIS
ISSUE!

Abandoned!



At a word from Sandy Peter the natives ceased to pull. He stood up and waved his hand. "King of the Islands, ahoy!" he shouted. The mocking grin on his face told the castaways how little they had to expect from him!

Sail Ho!

SPLASH! King of the Islands started, and stared across the green expanse, dotted with coconut-palms and pap-paps, in the blaze of the tropical sunshine.

A bunch of palms, growing on the very edge of the tiny floating island on which he stood, leaned perilously over towards the sea. A great mass of earth had plunged into the water, and the palms, loosened at the roots, were sinking over the verge. Ken King watched them with a fascinated gaze. Slowly but surely the bunch of palms drooped and drooped, and there was a mighty splash as last at last as they crashed down into the blue Pacific.

"She's going!" said Kit Hudson.

"Feller island be no stop!" remarked Koko the Kanakas, crossing for a moment his operations on a juicy fruit of the pap-pap.

King of the Islands redded. He, his comrade Kit, Koko, and Lala, a Lahaie native, had been wrecked on this island ever a fortnight. Now it was breaking up, visibly, under their eyes.

How many months, or years, that great detached mass had floated on the surface of the ocean; the castaways had no means of guessing. But its day was coming at last!

The fierce hurricane which had wrecked King of the Islands and his comrades, and smashed the canoe in

which they were travelling to fragments, had shaken the floating island to its very centre. Almost every hour great masses broke off from it and floated away or sank. The mangroves in which they had landed in the storm had almost wholly gone. The palm-groves that had bordered the isle on the other side were falling away. Here and there great cracks and fissures yawned in the earth. But in the centre the vast lagoon

There was no sign of a sail, no flash of a steamer's smoke. As far as the eye could reach stretched the smiling blue of the sea, till it met the rim of the horizon. The floating island and the four castaways were lost in a blue immensity.

The island, breaking up piecemeal, was drifting—drifting, and turning slowly as it drifted. Whither, Ken could not tell. Caught in some current of the Pacific, the island drifted on, and there was hope, at least, that it might drift into the track of ships, or that it might crash, at last, on the shore of some isle of the Pacific.

But day followed day, and only the boundless blue met the anxious eyes of the castaways. And day by day their floating home was slipping away from under their feet.

Ken had shifted the camp to the centre of the floating island, between the great lagoon and the rain-pool. But there had been no rain since the storm, and the pool was drying up

under the fierce southern sun, only little patches of muddy water remaining here and there. Food, of a kind, was in plenty—coconuts and wild yams, the fruit of the pap-pap, and pigeons snared by the Kanakas, fish netted by the shore in knots of vegetable fibre plaited by Koko's cunning hands. But the water was drying up, and only the milk of the drinking-nuts remained to supply its place. And day by day the floating island

North and south, east and west, the Pacific stretched blue and boundless. There was no sign of a sail, no flash of a steamer's smoke. The floating island and the four castaways were lost in a blue immensity! Breaking up piecemeal, the island was drifting—whither, Ken could not tell!

The big trader of the South Seas—young Ken King—used his companions ever to for an adventure this week the like of which few young fellows, or old ones for the matter of that, have ever been called on to experience. A rattling fine yarn

BY CHARLES HAMILTON.

stood as firmly as ever, a grove in itself, its immense roots holding the floating island together.

"She'll last some time yet," said Ken.

"And then?" said Hudson.

"Before then we may be picked up."

King of the Islands stood up and swept the sea with his keen eyes. North and south, east and west, the Pacific stretched, blue and boundless.

Abandoned!

(Continued from previous page.)

grew smaller as mass after mass became detached and plunged into the sea. The waves washed now where the castaways had camped their first day on the island.

On the trunk of a palm by the camp Ken cut a notch every morning with his knife, to keep count of the passage of time. There were fifteen notches now on the slender stem. Fifteen days had passed since the castaways had been thrown on the strange island that drifted with the ocean currents.

On the shore—which was now within a short distance of the great mangroves, and growing closer and closer with each passing day—lay a raft. Every day the castaways labored at the raft—their only hope if the island should break up before rescue came. Saplings, trimmed by the knives of the Kanakas, were crossed and recrossed, bound together by pandanus fibre.

But the raft was a last and desperate resource. Afloat on the raft, provisioned with coconuts and yams, the plight of the castaways would be a desperate one. But no sail showed on the sea; and the castaways watched in vain for land—watched for a sight of land white on land themselves!

"White there's life there's hope," said Kit Hudson cheerfully. No danger could damp the spirits of the cheery Australian.

King of the Islands smiled; but his sunburnt face was thoughtful. He was thinking of his ketch, the Dawn, moored at the coral wharf at Lalage; the Iliwa-Oa boys waiting for the return of the white master who did not come. He wondered whether he would ever tread again the deck of the Dawn.

"We're shut of the wild man, at any rate," said Hudson. "What do you reckon has become of him, Ken?"

"He may have gone with some part of the island that's gone since we've been on it," said Ken. "We've seen nothing of him for a week now. If he's still on the island, he's lying very low."

Kalo-lalalanga glanced round. He was afraid of this wild man, an escaped maniac from the French penal settlement in New Caledonia, whose crazed mind saw harm in the castaways.

"Debble he stop!" he said. "You swab!" said Ken. "I tell you the wild man is no debble, but a convict escaped from New Caledonia—a Frenchman called Jean le Diab!"

Koko shook his head. "No Pissman," he said. "Feller debble! Feller Pissman he no hear! along island all same nitoo."

"He's crazed," said Ken. He tapped his forehead to make his meaning clear to the Kanaka. "Brain boking him so walk about any more."

"No tinkoo, ear," said Koko.

To Koko and Lolo, the Lalage boy, the strange, crippled inhabitant of the island was a "debble." But "debble" or not, he seemed to have vanished from the island since the night when Ken had fired at him and

wounded him. His wild howls had not been heard again, and the creeping, misshapen figure had not been sighted. Either he had been terrified into skulking in deep hiding, or he was gone from the floating island.

"Debble he stop along island, all time island he stop," said Kalo-lalalanga, as Koko was called in his own language. "S'pose we no watch, eye boking us, debble he come along night, makee kah-hah along us plenty too much altogether."

Ken smiled and tapped the receiver in the holster at his belt.

"Debble he plenty 'fraid along gun," he remarked. "S'pose he debble, you swab, what name he 'fraid along gun?"

Koko made no reply to that; but he shook his dusky head, unconvinced. To Koko and to Lolo the wild man of the island, crazed by solitude, living the life of a wild animal in the bush, was a "debble"; and at night the Kanakas scarcely closed their eyes, in their fear of the lurking "nitoo."

For several days King of the Islands and Hudson had hunted for the crazed convict, but they had not found him nor any trace of him. He had deserted his old den under the big mangroves, and the last trace of him had been picked up in the grove of palms on the edge of the island, which had since fallen away into the sea. It seemed likely enough that "Jean le Diab!" had gone with them, and the castaways could not help hoping that he had; though there were still many tangled and shadowy woods where it was possible that he had hidden himself from their sight.

From Lolo, the Lalage boy, clinging, sixty feet up, to the stem of the withered palm, came a sudden shout.

King of the Islands looked eagerly up at the Lalage boy. Clinging to the swaying palm with one hand and both feet, the "boy" shaded his eyes with the other hand and stared away across the blue, sunlit sea.

"He can see something!" exclaimed Hudson breathlessly.

"Ahey!" shouted Ken. It was plain that the Lalage boy, swinging high over the heads of the castaways, could see something on the far waters that was hidden from those on the earth below. "You feller Lolo! What name you stog out?"

Lolo looked down from the palm.

"Feller sail he come!"

"A sail!" shouted Hudson. His eyes were dancing.

"Feller cutter he walk about along sea!" shouted the Lalage boy.

"Oh, good luck!"

King of the Islands screamed up the swaying palm with the activity of a monkey and swept the sea with his eyes. And he gave a shout as he caught the glancing of a white sail against the red sunset in the west.

Signal Smoke!

A SAIL! Ken shouted the words in joyous tones.

It was good news to the castaways. For long, long days they had watched in vain for a ship; and now Ken's eyes saw the white curves of a sail

For several minutes he cling to the palm and watched the sail. It was leaning down upon the floating island from the north-west, the little vessel almost hidden by the huge, bellying canvas. On its present course, the cutter would run right down to the island. Ken's eyes danced as he watched it. He dashed down the palm at last and dropped to the earth.

"Feller ship he come?" asked Koko eagerly.

"Feller cutter he come plenty quick along island," said Ken. "You feller Koko, Lolo, you right feller fire plenty too case, makee signal along cutter."

"Yesar!"

"Didn't I say that while there was life there was hope?" grinned Hudson. "We're in luck after all. If they see us—"

"They'll see us," answered Ken. "They must see the island already. They can't miss a smoke signal."

The castaways worked quickly.

A stack of dry wood was soon kindled into a fire and damp wood placed on top, sending up a thick column of smoke that eddied in the breeze and floated away to the blue sky.

Thick and dense, in black eddies, the smoke rolled upward—a signal visible for many miles across the sea.

The sea was sinking to the horizon; the west was in a flame of purple and gold and crimson. But there was ample time for the cutter to make the island before the sun's rim dipped and darkness cloaked the ocean.

Anxiously the castaways watched for the sail, which was soon seen from the ground. The great mass of canvas—huge for so small a craft—was a joyous sight to their eyes. Lolo, the Lalage boy, was leaning in his glee, at the prospect of being taken off the island where a "debble" lurked in the woods and caverns. Koko swayed joyously on his skulker, his most precious possession, which he had saved from the wreck of the canoe fifteen long days ago. Larger and larger loomed the white pillar of canvas that swept out of the red north-west.

But Kalo-lalalanga suddenly ceased to strain and stop.

"Feller island he no stop!" he exclaimed.

The floating island was drifting out of the course of the oncoming cutter.

Ken's brow grew anxious for a moment.

The cutter had been making direct for the island when he had sighted the sail from the top of the palm. But the island was drifting, and faster than the castaways had supposed. Unless the cutter changed her course, she would not make the island after all, but would sweep by a mile or more to the west.

"But they must see the smoke!" exclaimed Hudson.

"They must have seen it," said Ken. "But they might take it for a native fire, and hear cannibals! My sister Sam! She's changing her course! She's heading down on us!"

The oncoming cutter altered to port, and was making the island directly again.

"They understand," said Hudson.

"Ay, ay!"

Ken chuckled.

"I fancy that skipper is a bit puzzled, if he doesn't guess that the island is absent."

"He wouldn't guess that in a hurry."

"Not likely!"

Koo-lah-lah-bung's akalele twanged again, and his powerful voice woke the echoes of the island.

Closer and closer the cutter swept, till the castaways could catch glimpses of agaves, tiny in the distance.

But the brightness faded out of the face of King of the Islands. There was something familiar to his eyes in the cutter that was sweeping down on the floating island—and it grew more and more so as the leaning pillar of canvas swept closer and closer.

"My Sam!" he muttered.

"Whoever she is, she'll pick up shipwrecked men," said Hudson. "The skipper will be a white man."

"I knew that craft," said Ken quietly. "Look at the way she heels over under that load of sail. That's Dandy Peter's cutter from Lakoo."

"Dandy Peter!" ejaculated Hudson.

"Peter Parsons—and that's the Sea-Cat!" said Ken. "You saw her at Lohain, Kit."

Hudson whistled.

"After all, we saved Dandy Peter's life at Lohain, when the niggers had him in their hands," he said.

"That wouldn't make much difference to Dandy Peter. He would only think us fools for our pains," said Ken bitterly. "He's more likely to remember that we stopped him from descending Captain Mac and strating his ship. That's the sort of thing Dandy Peter will remember."

"The Australian restrained his lips. "He couldn't be villain enough to abandon shipwrecked men."

"I hope not; we shall see."

But there was no hope in King of the Islands' face now. Well he knew the ruthless nature of the crew of Lakoo.

His hand strayed to the revolver in his holster. He had still a few cartridges left.

"If he comes ashore, we've a chance," he said. "If he refuses to take us off the island, we shan't stand on ceremony with him. But—"

He said no more, but waited in silence.

The akalele was silent again. Koo-lah-lah-bung had recognized the cutter of the Lakoo sea-lawyer, and his opinion was the same as his white master's. He did not expect help from Dandy Peter.

The cutter came sweeping and tearing down to the island, with the recklessness that was characteristic of Peter Parsons, and swung suddenly into the wind. As the sails dropped, a slight, neat, dapper figure leaped into view aft, and a pair of keen eyes swept the group of castaways standing by the big bayonet.

It was the dark, handsome, wicked face of the Lakoo sea-lawyer that the castaways saw. And the look of recognition that leaped into the dark face told that he knew King of the Islands.

Dandy Peter grinned.

For a long minute he stood, staring at the castaways, and then turned. They could see, though they could not hear, the sea-lawyer calling an order to the Lakoo boys who manned the cutter. A minute more, and a boat was pulling to the shore, a single Lakoo boy pulling a pair of oars, and Dandy Peter sitting on the stern with a rifle across his knees.

"Come!" said Ken impatiently.

He walked down to the shore, followed by Hudson and the Kanaka. They stopped at the water's edge, waiting for the cutter's boat.

But the boat did not reach the shore. At a word from Dandy Peter the crewman ceased to pull, and the boat stopped a dozen fathoms out.

Dandy Peter stood up and waved his hand. The mocking grin on his face told the castaways how little they had to expect from him.

"King of the Islands, ahoy!" he shouted.

"Ahoy!" shouted back Ken.

The boat edged a little nearer. But Dandy Peter was evidently taking care that it did not come near enough to be within reach of any desperate attempt of the castaways.

"Where's your ketch, King of the Islands?"

"At Lallings."

"Then you're not wrecked?" asked Parsons, grinning.

"Wrecked in a canoe, in the hurricane fifteen days ago," said King of the Islands. "You'll take us of this island, Captain Parsons?"

"You've got no craft?"

"None!"

"Then I reckon you're hooked if you ain't taken off that island," said the captain of the Sea-Cat.

"I'll pay for a passage to Lallings or to Lakoo, or any island where I can pick up a ship," said Ken.

Dandy Peter grinned unpleasantly. "Will you pay me the value of the mileage on Captain Mac's brig, that I should have hauled if you hadn't crossed my business?" he asked mockingly.

"If you can pay to that tune, I'm your man, King of the Islands. If not, I'm not taking passengers this trip."

Ken set his lips.

"You refuse to take shipwrecked men off a desert island, Captain Parsons?"

"And you call yourself a white man!" shouted Hudson, as the sea-lawyer laughed without replying. "I've laid my stockship round you once, Peter Parsons, and I'll live to lay it round you again."

"You were plenty too handy with that stockship when you had the



Was among towards the convict, with pale upraised, the raft, reaching safely. "Thank, you saved" he whistled.

Abandoned!

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upper hand, Kit Hudson," grinned the sea-lawyer. "You feller boy, you wazy-wazy along cutler."

The boat glided back to the Sea-Cat.

"Feller Parsons he plenty bad feller," murmured Koko. "No good feller along Lakew."

Ken dropped his hand to his revolver.

He was quite prepared, had it been practicable, to force the Lakew sailor to give him a passage on the cutter. But Peter Parsons had the whip-hand. He looked back, watching the group of castaways, as the boat glided away, and the Winchester was in his grasp, half-raised, ready to sweep the group with a stream of bullets had King of the Islands raised his weapon.

Ken's hand fell away from the gun. In grim silence, with a black brow, he watched the boat rejoin the cutter. Dandy Peter leaped lightly on board the Sea-Cat, and the boat was hooked on astern at the end of a line. The Sea-Cat was not large enough to carry a boat; and Dandy Peter was accustomed to tow his whaleboat astern, like many other small vessels that traded among the islands.

Up went the swelling mainmast of the cutter. As the sun dipped to the sea, the Lakew critics were under way again, sweeping on, and the last glimmer of the sun showed the light, dapper figure of Dandy Peter waving a mocking hand at the castaways he had abandoned.

In the Night!

THERE was deep gloom in the camp of the castaways that night, under the shimmering jewels of the Southern Cross.

King of the Islands would not allow himself to give way to despondency; but he was silent and grim. Hudson was in a bitter mood, longing for vengeance upon the ruthless sea-lawyer who had left them to their fate. Koko and Lolo gnawed their yams in gloomy silence.

The visit of the Lakew cutter had left the castaways no wiser off than they had been before. But it had made them feel their situation more bitterly and keenly. The hope of rescue had been dashed before their eyes, and awaited away again. Black and bitter were their feelings towards Dandy Peter of Lakew.

By chance—a chance

in a thousand—a vessel had sighted the island that drifted on unknown currents in trackless seas. It was a chance that was not likely to recur. And that chance had failed them, and left them more hopeless than ever.

"My sainted Sam! I could wish that I had shot that lobberty swab in his boat!" King of the Islands muttered.

"That wouldn't have saved us!" said Kō, with a faint smile.

"No! But—well, it's no good groaning. But if I meet that swab again on dry land or a deck—"

Ken clenched his hands hard.

Splash!

From the gloom of the night came a deep, sudden splash as another mass of the floating island became detached and plunged away into the dim sea.

A tremor ran through the earth under their feet.

"Feller island he no step!" murmured Koko-labalabanga; and there was a squeal of alarm from the Lallaga boy.

"We've still got the raft!" said Ken; and he stretched himself on his bed of palm-leaves to sleep.

The night was hot. But the palm-wood door of the hut was closed and fastened. Likely as it seemed that the wild man was no longer on the floating island, the castaways took their chances. Koko and Lolo, at all the events, were assured that the

"debble" of the island was still at hand, and every night, when darkness fell, they feared to hear his savage howling or the heavy dragging of his crippled limb as he crept and prowled.

King of the Islands slept soundly enough. He was dreaming of the dawn, dreaming that he stood on the polished deck of boat, with the tall cedar masts leaning and heaving before the trade wind, when he was suddenly awakened.

"Little white master!"

It was Koko's trembling voice.

King of the Islands started up instantly.

"What—"

"Feller debble he come?"

Ken was on his feet in a second, his revolver gripped in his hand. He listened intently. No sound came to his ears through the night save the wash of the Pacific on the crumbling shores of the floating island.

"No hear nothing, ear belong me," said Ken.

"No hear, ear belong me," whispered Koko-labalabanga. "He no comey along hut; comey along shore."

Ken listened again, intently. Faintly from the distance he heard a sound, from the shore where the waves were breaking.

"My sainted Sam! The raft!"

"The raft!" repeated Kit Hudson. The Coraltalk was wide awake now.

"It's the convict, and he's at the raft!" King of the

Islands dragged away the palm-wood screen from the doorway of the hut. "Follow on!"

Ken ran out softly into the dimness of the starlight. From the black shadows of the banyan he ran towards the shore. His revolver was gripped in his hand. On the shore, only thirty yards distant now from the banyan in the centre of the island, so fast were the waves cutting away their floating home, lay the raft, the outcome of a week of heavy labour, last remnant of the castaways.

The dim, uncertain light baffled even the keen eyes of King of the Islands; but he made out a black shadow that stirred by the margin of the sea; and he could hear a heavy dragging sound.

That sea man could shift the heavy raft had not appeared possible to the castaways. But they had not allowed for the insane strength of the crazed convict.

The raft was already at the water's edge, lapping in the curling waves, and a dark, hairy, misshapen figure stood upon it, grasping a long pole.

(Continued on page 10.)



A Yearly of Payments for flying-men who are willing to risk their lives and those in the making of conventional classes flies has just been issued by the Hollywood picture "Kings." Read it—read wonder!

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Abandoned!

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From the Jaws of Death!

A SUDDEN rush of water choked King of the Islands, and involuntarily he relaxed his grasp on his enemy. At the same moment he felt himself released.

The struggling boss had rolled to the edge of the rocking raft, and it had tilted under their weight; and, still locked in that deadly grip, they rolled together into the sea.

But as if by some instinct they loosened their grip as they plunged deep down. Water closed over the head of King of the Islands. He struggled—not now with the red-like, gripping arms of the crazed convict, but with the water that choked and blinded him. His foe was lost to him in the deep waters; whether he was near or far, King of the Islands did not know; and it was not the thought of the wild man that was in his mind; it was the thought of the shark, the still more terrible enemy, that was dogging the raft.

The plunging boss him deep down; and it seemed to Ken that his lungs would burst before he struggled to the surface again and his mouth dropped, to draw in gulping draughts of the life-giving air.

But almost before his lungs were filled, his eyes were searching round him, for the black fin, the white belly, the gleaming jaws of the demon of the deep.

A sound rang across the water to his ears—a fearful cry that thudded in his ear-drums. He knew what it was, and a shudder ran through him. But with his horror, thankfulness

was mingled. The cry was not repeated. King of the Islands knew that no human ear would ever hear again the yell of the wild man of the floating island.

The boy trader swam with powerful strokes. In the deep shadows of the sea the raft had vanished from sight. Whether he was swimming towards it, or from it, the boy trader had no means of guessing; but he exerted himself to his utmost, clearing the water with vigorous strokes, to escape from the shark whose fearful jaws had already claimed one victim. Every moment King of the Islands expected to feel the rush of the torpedo-like brute—to feel the rasp of the rough skin, or to hear the snap of the gleaming jaws.

Overhead the stars glimmered peacefully in a sky of deep blue velvet. Their beams were reflected on the surface of the sea—he seemed to be swimming between two heavens, sprinkled with stars. But the starshine did not reveal the raft. He had escaped the shark, but he had lost the raft; and he was adrift on the vast Pacific, to float so long as his strength lasted; and then—

Into his mind came the thought of Dandy Peter and his cutter—Dandy Peter of Lukew, who had abandoned the outcrops on the floating island. It was to him that the Lukew seaman had left him—to the drowning wash of the sea, to the jaws of the sharks who would seek him out as he floated. He was lost—lost beyond hope, and he knew it. But he still swam—the will to live was as strong as ever, though all hope was lost.

His thoughts were growing confused, crowding dimly upon one another. He was still swimming, but it was from instinct, without thought—that instinct which urges all living

things to keep alive. But his strength was going—it was almost gone; and round him was only the cruel sea, over him the shining, pitiless stars. And the stars were dancing now before his dizzy eyes; sea and sky were swimming round him.

As in a dream, he felt his head close upon a rope that dragged through the water. He was dreaming—delicious—for whence could come a trailing rope in the midst of the desert Pacific? Yet his grip closed on the rope with the tenacious clutch of a drowning man. He was dragged up from the sea as the rope tautened—how and why he knew not. Then, again, suddenly, came a wave of numbness to his dizzy brain; and he knew what he was grasping—the slack of a rope that towed a boat behind a larger vessel—a rope that slackened and sank in the sea when the boat drifted closer to the ship, and rose and tautened when they drew further apart.

And King of the Islands, too far gone now for a cry, clung to the trailing rope, and worked his way along it till his hands felt the boat at the end of it. He grasped the low gunwale, and with the last ounce of strength, dragged himself over it, and tumbled into the boat and sank down unheeded.

And if Dandy Peter, of Lukew, asleep under the mosquito net on the deck of his cutter, dreamed, he did not dream that King of the Islands was in his water, lying in the boat that towed astern of the Sea-Cat as she cut the rollers of the Pacific!

(King of the Islands has a score to pay off with Captain Dandy Peter, and now there seems to be a chance of his doing so. If you want to read how he fares next Monday, order your MODERN BOY—NOW!

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