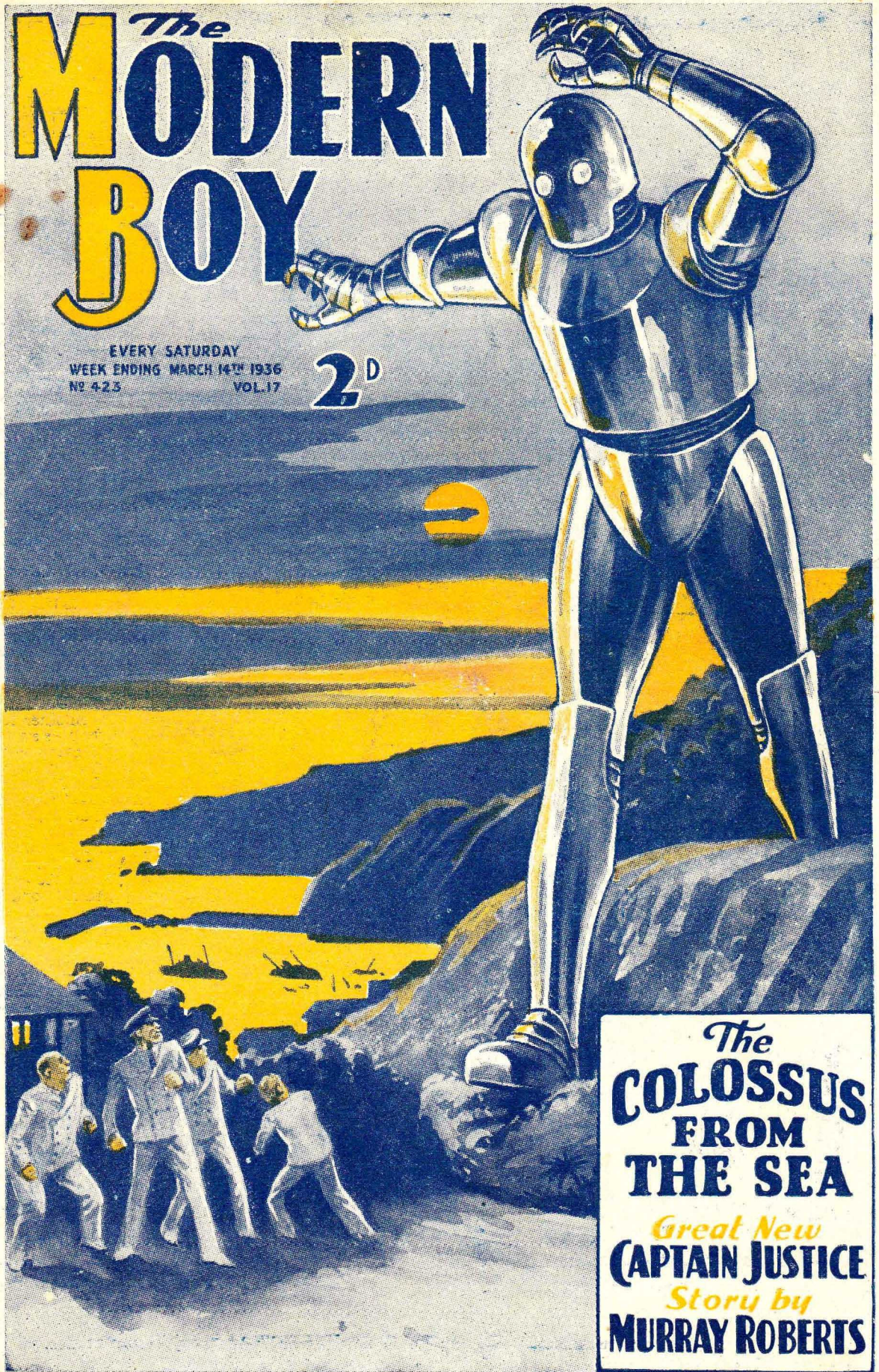


# *The* **MODERN BOY**

EVERY SATURDAY  
WEEK ENDING MARCH 14<sup>TH</sup> 1936  
NO 4-23

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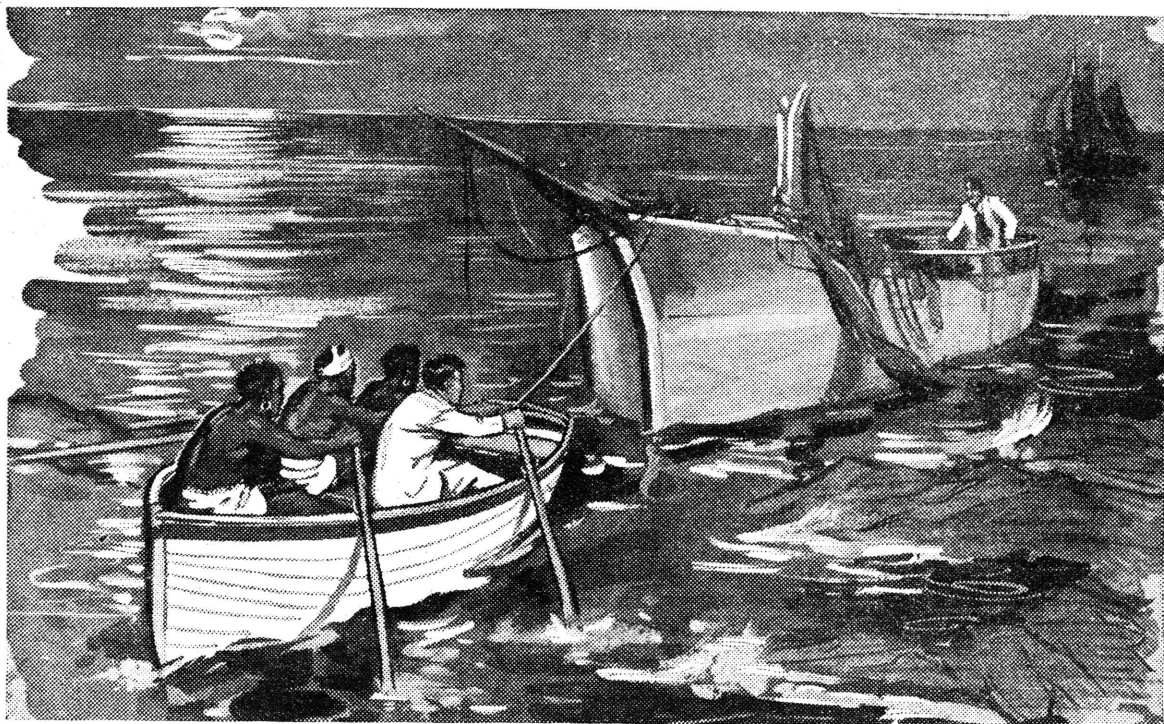


*The*  
**COLOSSUS  
FROM  
THE SEA**

*Great New*  
**CAPTAIN JUSTICE**  
*Story by*  
**MURRAY ROBERTS**

With all sail set, KING OF THE ISLANDS goes scudding before the wind in  
the wake of the Scallywag hiding aboard—

# DANDY PETER'S CUTTER



## A Rending Crash!

RAY PAGET looked back at the island of Ou'a sinking to the sea, and laughed aloud. It was a laugh of exultation.

"Free!" he exclaimed. "Free at last!" And he laughed again, as he looked across the blue sea and the low-lying reef of Ou'a.

Across the reef he could see the lagoon and the circling shore, with its nodding palm-trees. He could pick out the ketch Dawn, so long his home—or, rather, his prison—from which he had, at long last, escaped. Small in the distance as it was, he could see that the ketch was shaking out sail. He could guess that Ken King, the boy owner and skipper known as King of the Islands, who had been ashore when Peter Parsons had rescued him, Paget, from the Dawn, was on board now—and had missed him. He cared little. He was done with Ken King now; done with his mate, Kit Hudson; done with the Dawn and its crew.

The cutter Sea-Cat was standing out to sea. Even if King of the Islands followed him, he had a good start. And he did not think it likely.

Ken King was a trader, with dates to keep at many islands on his beat. He had promised Mr. Belnap, the Pacific Company's manager at

Looming behind the straining boat, the Sea-Cat rolled on into the Coral Channel. Paget saw the figure of the sea-lawyer of Lukwe on the cutter, and heard his voice ring out on the wind, "Follow me now if you dare, King of the Islands!"

Lalinge, to keep his scapegrace nephew, Paget, on board the Dawn, and make a man of him. But it was beyond his power to keep that promise now. The scallywag of Lalinge was clear of him.

And Paget laughed exultantly, as Ou'a sank lower to the sea. He had his way at last—his own obstinate and wilful way. He was sailing on the Sea-Cat, with Dandy Peter Parsons, of Lukwe, his chosen comrade. Little he cared for the bitter anger of King of the Islands.

The Lukwe crew, Suloo, Kotoo, and Nalasu, glanced curiously at the

scallywag from time to time. Dandy Peter, lounging by the binnacle with his eternal cigarette in his mouth, did not heed him—he was looking back at Ou'a. He was not so sure as Paget that King of the Islands was done with. Not that he feared pursuit, if it came. The reckless black-guard of Lukwe feared no man on the land or on the sea. But he knew that the ketch could sail four knots to the cutter's three, and that force was on the side of the boy trader if he came to close quarters.

The cutter's tall mast wavered under its load of sail, as she ran before the wind. Suloo, the boat-steerer, looked up several times with an anxious pucker of his black brow. Dandy Peter was a good seaman, but a reckless one, and the man to risk the Sea-Cat carrying away her sticks. It was his way to take chances; and he was taking chances now in his haste to drop Ou'a below the sea-line.

"We're clear, Parsons!" said Ray Paget.

Dandy Peter gave him a half-mocking look. He had wondered a good deal whether the scapegrace would have been so anxious to sail on the Sea-Cat if he had known more about that craft and its skipper. Paget had a great deal yet to learn about both. He knew that Peter Parsons had a wild reputation in the Islands; that

By  
**CHARLES  
HAMILTON**

## Dandy Peter's Cutter

he was said to be the most lawless of the wild and lawless crowd on Lukwe. But there was much that he did not know, or even suspect—and that he had to learn now that he was sailing with Peter Parsons.

"You reckon so?" asked Parsons.

"We're dropping Ou'a, and the Dawn's still in the lagoon."

"She's making the reef passage!" answered Parsons, tersely.

Paget stared astern again. Ou'a was little more than a blur to his eyes, the Dawn's sails a glimmer on the sea. But he could make out that the ketch was coming out.

"After us?" he asked.

"You bet!"

"Ken King has a date at Lolulo—he's got his trade to think of. Ten-to-one he's making Lolulo."

Dandy Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we're not making Lolulo," he said. "You'll see his beam, if he's making Lolulo. But I reckon you're going to see his cutwater."

Paget knitted his brows as he stared at the sail astern. Likely enough, he had counted his chickens too early. Ken King would keep his word to the Pacific Company's manager, if he could.

In savage silence he watched. If the ketch was making Lolulo, she would soon drop from sight, and, as Dandy Peter said, her beam would be turned to the fleeing cutter. But instead of turning her beam and sinking from sight, the ketch loomed larger on the sea, coming down before the wind. She was still distant—so distant that Paget would not have recognised her had he not known that she was the Dawn. But her course was not to be mistaken. She was on the track of the fleeing Sea-Cat. That fact was soon borne in on the scallywag's mind. He gritted his teeth, as he turned to the dandy of Lukwe again.

"She's after us, then!"

"Ay, ay!"

"We've no end of a start," muttered Paget. "We're making a good speed—they'll never overhaul us."

"She's the faster craft," answered Dandy Peter. "The Sea-Cat's a good boat; but Ken King's ketch could make rings round her on a wind. And as you've sailed with him, you don't need telling that he's the man to get every ounce out of a packet."

Paget nodded gloomily.

He had rejoiced in his escape, and his freedom. Now he realised that both were still problematical. A desperate look came into his eyes.

"I'm not going back on that craft!" he said. "You're standing by me, Parsons?"

"To the last shot in the locker! We're shipmates now. And if you hate King of the Islands, you don't hate him half as much as I do."

"I—I don't know that I hate him!" muttered Paget uneasily. "He means well, I suppose—and my uncle put it up to him. I've got away from the Dawn more than once, and landed in fearful trouble—and he's saved my

life! I'd rather steer clear of him—"

"If he'll let you!" grinned Parsons. "I found you in irons on the ketch—I've knocked them off you, but if you want them on again, I dare say Ken King's got another set on the Dawn."

Paget's eyes flashed.

"I'll be killed sooner! I'm putting up a fight, if they overhaul us. I mean that, Parsons."

"Good man!" grinned Dandy Peter. "There's a rifle in my cabin. Get hold of it—we may need it soon."

PAGET looked at him, breathing hard. He did not make a step towards the cabin. Dandy Peter watched him, with a sneer.

"They've no right to touch me," muttered Paget. "I'm a free man—free to sail on what craft I like!"

"You're a deserter from Ken King's ship," answered Parsons coolly. "And any skipper has a right to take a deserter back to his ship. And King of the Islands isn't stretching every inch of canvas after us just to say good-bye to you."

"I shall resist—"

"With bare hands?" jeered the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

Paget stood silent a moment or two, then stepped down into the tiny cabin of the Sea-Cat, and came back with a rifle in his hands. Higher on the sea, the tall sails of the Dawn glanced back the red of the sunset.

"Good man!" said Dandy Peter again. He laughed. "If we can keep it up till dark, we shall give them the slip. And I reckon we can do it. But that ketch is going all out."

"So are we!" muttered Paget. He glanced up at the hill of canvas carried by the Sea-Cat that looked overwhelming, to his eyes, for so small a craft. Mainsail and foresail, jib and topsail belled before the wind—a wind in which no man but Dandy Peter would have carried a topsail on so light a packet.

It seemed to Paget, now and then, that the cutter would plunge bows under in the water that rushed by; or that the slender spars would snap under the strain. But he was too little a sailorman to understand the risks that the reckless dandy of Lukwe was running. The Lukwe crew, who understood better than Paget, were uneasy; but none of the Lukwe boys would have dared to utter a word in opposition to their hard-fisted skipper.

Higher rose the tall sails of the Dawn in pursuit, but dark—the sudden dark of the south—was near at hand. Paget had the rifle in his hands, but, desperately determined as he was not to be recaptured, he shrank from the thought of pulling trigger. If it came to the test, he was uncertain what he would do. But he hoped that it would not come to the test. The ketch was gaining, but the distance was still great, and once darkness fell on the Pacific, Ken King would be beaten.

A change of course, after dark, would leave him baffled and defeated; left to scour the boundless Pacific, if

he liked, in vain. There would be a good hour before the moon came—and an hour was twice or thrice enough for escape. Of the cutter's destination Ken King knew nothing—Paget himself knew nothing. Once it was dark—

The brief tropical twilight was falling. Ray Paget's heart lightened, and he leaned the rifle against the rail, glad to believe that it would not, after all, come to the test. The wind was freshening—it had been freshening ever since the cutter had pulled out of Ou'a. Even Dandy Peter's look was less carelessly indifferent as he gave the straining spars a glance. Once the velvety cloak of darkness closed down, he would shorten sail. He looked back at the ketch, laughed, and shook his fist.

"Beaten!" grinned Dandy Peter; and even as he spoke there came a rending crash as the mast went, and thundering canvas roared and tangled in the wind.

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### "We've Got Him!"

WHITE master plenty too much mad along that feller Parsons!" murmured Koko, the boatswain of the Dawn.

Koko stood at the wheel, his brawny brown hands on the spokes. The Hiva-Oa crew—Lufu and Lompo, Kolulo and Tomoo, and Danny the cooky-boy—were all on deck, alert and tense. Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn, stood frowning. He was as keen as his shipmate to overhaul the Sea-Cat, recapture the runaway, and punish Peter Parsons for his meddling. But he knew that there was little chance.

Ken King's face, usually cheery and good-humoured, was pale and set with anger. He had pulled out in pursuit as soon as he learned of the scallywag's escape, picked up the fleeing cutter, and crowded on sail in chase. Now only nightfall could beat him. But it was going to beat him, and he knew it as the ketch raced through the blue water, unless— There was a chance yet. He watched the fleeing Sea-Cat with intent eyes. Dandy Peter had no time to lose, but he was a madman to crowd so much canvas on his little packet in such a wind. All through the Islands his recklessness was known. But generally fortune favoured him—his luck was as well known as his recklessness. But he might tempt fortune once too often.

But the dusk was shutting down, and still that spread of canvas danced before the wind. Dandy Peter's luck was holding good. King of the Islands clenched his hands.

"We'll get him yet," he muttered. "The trade can go to pot—but we'll get him! I'll teach that rascal not to meddle on board my ship! I'll hunt him the length and breadth of the Pacific, but I'll get him!"

Kit Hudson made no reply. He knew the sea-lawyer's game as well as if Dandy Peter had explained it to him. Ten minutes more—five minutes—and the cutter would be swallowed up in darkness, and in that darkness

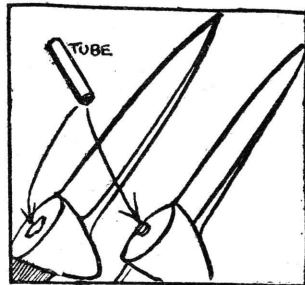
# MENDING A BROKEN "PROP"

By W. RIGBY

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

It usually takes a tremendous crash to break or even damage the propeller issued with a model plane, and if it is to be replaced, always try to get another propeller *exactly* the same as the one the model was equipped with, as it is usually worked out to suit the particular type of model.

Usually a propeller, if broken, is not repairable, but if a straight chip is knocked out of the blade, from top to boss, this can sometimes be glued into place and the blade wound round with strong glued thread at both ends of the fracture, but if the binding is considerable, then you must put a dummy binding on the other blade in the same position for balance.



When the shaft hole becomes worn, it can be fitted with a piece of copper tube.

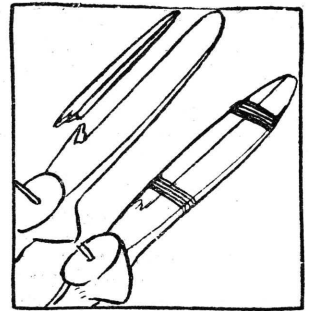
If a propeller is otherwise sound but has had its centre boring worn away so that it fits loosely on the shaft, then the best thing to do is to try to find a small piece of copper tube to insert to fill up the gap. Failing this,

fill the hole with glue, and plug with a match. When the match is set into the hole carefully work the shaft through.

It is a good idea to put a piece of copper tube in a new propeller at once. (You can buy this tube from most good toyshops, who stock it for model engine builders.)

If a propeller seems to have too much pitch (blade turn) at the tips, heat it over a jet, and when thoroughly warm (do not scorch), take a duster to hold the ends and turn the tips, holding them until the propeller has cooled off. When the turned tips will stay in their new place.

THE undercarriage is generally strong enough to last the life of a good aeroplane, but if the wire legs should become bent, never heat them to straighten them, or you will take the temper from the steel wire, which will bend at the slightest shock afterwards. A sharp nip with stout pliers will bring a steel wire into true again. Flat-nosed pliers should be used, not round-nosed.



A clean chip off the "prop" can be glued back and bound with thread.

she would vanish, not to be seen again when the moon rose. The dandy of Lukwe had nearly all the Pacific to choose from.

Eastward lay the sunken reef that extended for endless miles south of Ou'a, barring flight to the east, unless Dandy Peter took risks from which even his reckless nature might have shrunk. But every other point of the compass was open to him. A twist of the tiller, after darkness fell, and the cutter would vanish on an unknown course.

"He has amazing luck!" muttered Ken King bitterly. "Any other man would have lost his sticks before this—but the blackest scoundrel in the Pacific has the best luck!"

"You're right. And if his luck holds, as it looks like doing, we'll lose him very shortly. A few minutes more—" muttered Hudson. He broke off and gave a yell. "Look—look!"

Ken gave a shout of sheer delight. He had been watching for it, hoping for it, all through the chase. And now, even as darkness shut down on the ocean, it came! Down came the dark, like a cloak on the sea; but the last glimpse of the Sea-Cat showed her losing way, in a wild tumble of breaking spars and billowing canvas. Dandy Peter had, after all, tempted fortune too far. Five minutes more would have saved him. But of those five not one was granted. Darkness shut down, and the Sea-Cat was lost to sight. But Ken King knew that she was still there as the ketch rushed on through the dark. His eyes danced.

"We've got him!" he breathed.

Koko gave a joyous chuckle.

"That feller Parsons stop along sea,

plenty too much," he said. "He stop along sea along we come alongside that feller."

"What-ho!" chuckled Hudson.

The Dawn rushed on.

## Pulling for the Reef!

A STREAM of profanity poured from Dandy Peter's snarling lips. Ray Paget stood as if stunned. A wild cackle came from the Lukwe boys. Spars and rigging and billowing canvas cumbered the Sea-Cat, the cutter losing way and rocking wildly to the wind.

In the sudden darkness, in the sudden ruin, Dandy Peter raged like a demon, brandishing clenched fists, lost to everything but rage and fury. Kotoo, stumbling over a tangled, trailing rope, lurched against him, and the iron fist of the sea-lawyer struck with savage force, sending him sprawling along the reeling deck. Nalasu, with a howl of fear, dodged away from the infuriated ruffian. Suloo, at the tiller, watched him with terror. Ray Paget came to himself, while Parsons was still raging with futile fury.

"You fool!" he panted. "What's the good of that? What are we going to do? Cut it out, you fool!"

The tirade on Dandy Peter's lips was cut short from sheer surprise. The sharp, stinging words would hardly have surprised him more from one of the Lukwe boys than from the scapegrace of Lalinge. Suddenly silent, he spun round on Paget, a deadly look on his face.

But black and savage looks had no terrors for the scallywag. Reckless young rascal as he was, Paget had plenty of courage. He glared back at

Parsons with a face as angry as his own.

"You've carried too much sail, you fool!" He snapped out the words. "Now you've dished us! What are we going to do?"

"What are we going to do?" snarled Dandy Peter. "We're going to lie like a dead whale while Ken King comes up hand over fist! We're going to drift till the moon rises, and he spots us and runs alongside. We're—"

Paget stared round at the billowing canvas, thrashing in the wind and the darkness.

"Can't you cut it away?"

"And rig a jury mast?" jeered Dandy Peter. "Ay, ay! Give me till morning! Will Ken King give us till morning?"

The scallywag stood in bitter silence. But Peter Parsons pulled himself together. The disaster was overwhelming, but now that his first outbreak of insensate fury was over his cool and calculating mind reasserted itself. Quite coolly and ruthlessly he considered whether he should lay-to, allow the ketch to overhaul him, and hand the deserter over to Ken King when he came. It would have cost the blackguard of Lukwe nothing, not a quail, to break faith with the fellow who trusted him. But he dismissed that thought immediately, though not on Paget's account. So long as he had a kick left he would not give in to King of the Islands. Death and destruction on the reef rather than that!

Cool again, master of himself, the dandy of Lukwe shouted orders to the black crew. Kotoo and Nalasu grasped axes to cut away the wreckage. Parsons snapped an order to

## Dandy Peter's Cutter

Paget to take the tiller to release the boat-steerer for similar work.

"There's a chance, then?" panted Paget.

"Stow your jawing-tackle and jump to orders!" snarled Dandy Peter. "Do you want me to handle you as I did that nigger?"

"You'd better think twice!" flamed Paget.

"By gum! I——"

"Oh, don't be a fool!" snapped Paget; and he took the tiller from the Kanaka, and Suloo ran to join the other two Kanakas in their work. Dandy Peter, axe in hand, helped them.

There was no time to lose, though the sea-lawyer had lost minutes in spitting fury when the mast went. The mast had gone about five feet above the deck, and only the rigging still held it to the cutter. With the broken mast over the side, spars and rigging and canvas billowing with it, the Sea-Cat heeled dangerously, and seas broke over the rail. To Paget's eyes the cutter was in instant danger of swamping. His courage did not fail, and he held the tiller steady. But it seemed to him that the dismantled cutter was drifting in the very valley of the shadow of death.

But Dandy Peter was not beaten yet. Cutting away the wreckage meant losing his mast, and, given time, he could have saved it. But that meant overhauling by the pursuing ketch. Somewhere in the darkness astern was the Dawn, coming on hard and fast. In the teeth of disaster he was going to beat King of the Islands—if he could.

The slashing blows of the axes cut the ropes away. Dandy Peter and the three blacks worked like demons. Not a light burned on the cutter—Dandy Peter would give no guidance to his pursuer. Hardly a star glimmered as yet in the dark blue vault of the sky. In clinging gloom the crew of the cutter worked, hacking, cutting, slashing till the wreckage was cut clear and the broken mast slid away into the sea, dragging billows of canvas and thrashing ropes after it.

The Sea-Cat rode on an even keel, swamped fore and aft by the seas that had broken inboard. Far away on the dark sea gleamed the lights of the Dawn—like red-and-green eyes, seeking. Dandy Peter shook his fist at them and flung the axe savagely into the scuppers.

"I'll beat you yet, Ken King!" he yelled, heedless of the fact that the wind carried his voice away.

PAGET watched him bitterly. There was a glimmer of starlight now, breaking the gloom. Dandy Peter's white, savage face glimmered from it, like the face of a demon. The game was up, so far as the scallywag could see. Dismasted, the Sea-Cat drifted, and if Ken King could not raise her now, he would raise her when the moon came. Paget's desperate thoughts turned to the rifle. He would not be taken—he would never be taken! Yet where was the chance of resistance? The

Lukwe boys were not likely to fight; force was on the side of King of the Islands, even if they did. But he would never be taken!

Parsons was snarling orders again. Kotoo and Nalasu dragged on the rope which towed the cutter's dinghy. The Sea-Cat was too small a craft to carry a boat on davits; like most of the trading cutters and yawls in the Islands, it towed its boat. Paget could only wonder what the sea-lawyer intended as the boat was drawn alongside.

Kotoo and Nalasu leaped into it. Suloo disappeared in the gloom at the forecandle head, with a coil of rope on his naked black arm. Peter Parsons came tramping aft to where Paget stood.

"You're a pretty useless sort of lubber," he snarled, "but I reckon you can pull an oar with your betters. Get into the boat!"

"Are you mad?" Paget gave him a savage look. "If we're putting up a fight, we've got a better chance on the ship than in the boat!"

"You swab!" hissed Dandy Peter. "Do you reckon that I'd desert my ship if a hundred Ken Kings were in my wake?"

"Then what——"

"Get into the boat, you lubber, before I fling you there!" roared Parsons. "Have you come on this packet to give me orders? By Davy Jones, if you give me back-chat on the Sea-Cat, I'll make you wish you were back on the Dawn, with Kit Hudson hazing you! Jump, you swab, jump!" He wrenched the tiller from Paget, and gave him an angry push. The scallywag staggered away.

He still did not understand the sea-lawyer's intentions, and Dandy Peter did not choose to explain. But he jumped into the boat and took an oar. Suloo's rope dropped from the forecandle head, and Nalasu made it fast to the dinghy. Then Suloo jumped in. The three blacks sat to the oars, and Paget imitated them. He understood now that the cutter was to be towed—Peter Parsons was not thinking of abandoning the ship, as he had supposed at first.

But what was the use of towing the cutter? It was a hopeless problem to Paget. Four hardy oarsmen were able to drag the dismantled craft through the water, but at a rate of progress that was, so far as Paget could see, futile. The Dawn's whaleboat could have run her down, let alone the Dawn herself. In bitter and perplexed humour, the scallywag pulled at his oar, labouring as hard as the brawny Lukwe boys.

Looking back as he pulled, he saw the dark hull of the cutter sagging after the boat; beyond, the red-and-green eyes of the Dawn, winking from the dark, and coming closer and closer. It seemed to the scallywag labour in vain, but he pulled with all his strength, guessing that Dandy Peter had, somehow, a card up his sleeve. And he realised that the boat's crew was pulling eastward, the strong wind on their port, instead of dead astern as it had been on the cutter. The Lukwe boys understood, if he did not. He saw Suloo turn a fuzzy head, and stare keenly and un-

easily into the dark east. Glancing in the same direction, he could make out glimmers of white in the darkness. He panted out a question to the boat-steerer.

"What name we go along sea, along boat, Suloo?"

The black boy stared at him as he pulled.

"Along reef he stop, sar." he answered.

"A reef!"

Paget knew now what those glimmers of white from the dark meant—surf breaking on a half-sunken coral reef.

"Yes, sar, reef he stop!"

From the cutter came the yelling voice of Peter Parsons.

"Pull, you swabs! Washy-washy debblish quick, you feller boy, along you no want this feller knock seven bells out of you! Paget, you lazy hound, pull!"

Paget gritted his teeth, and pulled. In the darkness, and the boom of the sea, he could make out little or nothing. But he knew that the dinghy had pulled into a channel of the reef. Peering about him, with startled eyes and jumping heart, he made out a swirl of waters, and he shuddered as he felt the boat grazing on hard coral. But it slid clear and pulled on, and he had a dim realisation that endless reefs were stretching about the dinghy—sunken, half-sunken, here and there showing threatening edges over the curling waters.

He knew nothing of the Ou'a reef, one of the most extensive and dangerous in the Pacific; nothing of the channel that threaded it, practicable to a boat or a light cutter—too shallow for a ketch the size of the Dawn. But Dandy Peter knew. Looming behind the straining boat, the Sea-Cat rolled on into the coral channel; and as the moon edged out of the velvety darkness, Paget saw the figure of the sea-lawyer of Lukwe on the cutter—shaking his fist at the pursuer, his yelling voice ringing on the wind:

"Follow me now if you dare, King of the Islands! Follow me if you dare!"

### Raiding the Cutter!

BRIGHT moonlight turned night into day. High and clear, full and round, the moon sailed out of the east, streaming light on the heaving ocean. Hove-to, hardly more than a cable's length from the teeth of the reef, the Dawn lay on the silvered sea; and Ken King, his binoculars to his eyes, searched the long-stretching reef of Ou'a.

The Dawn had shortened sail, the boy trader fearing to overshoot the mark in the darkness. He knew that the Sea-Cat could not escape, dismantled and drifting. But he knew, too, of the channel in the reef, practicable to a light packet like the Lukwe cutter. It was a last and desperate chance for Peter Parsons; and he was the man to take desperate chances.

Ken was not surprised when he picked up the cutter in the bright moonlight, a dark mass among the

glistening teeth of the coral. Hardly out of rifle-shot, the cutter lay in the midst of her defences of coral, the crew on board again. That heavy pull had tested the strength even of the brawny Lukwe boys, and they could have done little more had their savage master ordered them. But Dandy Peter was safe out of the reach of the Dawn now. Where he had gone, Ken King could not follow in his ship. If he chose to follow in his whaleboat, the dandy of Lukwe was ready for him.

"That feller Parsons stop along reef!" remarked Koko. "He savvy plenty this feller ketch no can stop along reef."

King of the Islands lowered the glasses. Hudson looked at him inquiringly. Tomoo and Lufu, Lompo and Kolulo and Danny, stood mute, with questioning looks. The ketch was already too near the reef for safety. To pursue Dandy Peter among the teeth of the coral was suicide. But there was grim determination in the set face of the boy trader of Lalinge.

"Lower the whaleboat!" he ordered. Hudson drew a deep breath.

"We're going after them, Ken?"

"Ay, ay!" Ken's eyes gleamed. "I know that channel as well as Peter Parsons does—I've been through the reef in a yawl. We should pile up the Dawn—but we can make it in the whaleboat! Give that ruffian a chance and he will rig a jury-mast and sail away on the eastern side of the reef and laugh at us. We're going after Paget."

Hudson nodded

"I'm with you, all the way," he answered quietly, but his bronzed face was grave.

Peter Parsons was the man to fight like a rat in a corner if he was run down. In those lonely seas there were no eyes to witness; and the ruffian of Lukwe was desperate and reckless. The cutter's crew would have had little chance had the Dawn overhauled the Sea-Cat. But attacking in the whaleboat was quite a different proposition. The advantage was on Dandy Peter's side now. But the Australian mate of the Dawn was in full agreement with his shipmate. He was eager to get at the enemy.

Ken and Kit looked carefully to their revolvers. Koko slipped below for his bush-knife. There was a cackle of excitement from the Kanaka crew. At Ken's order, Lompo and Lufu, Kolulo and Tomoo manned the boat. Only Danny was to be left on the Dawn while the whaleboat made the reef. Ken and Kit and Koko followed the boat's crew in, and the boatswain pushed off from the ketch.

Two pairs of oars swept the water. Koko steered as the whaleboat pulled for the reef. Brighter and clearer, the moonlight streamed down on the surging sea and the glistening points of coral. Ken rapped out a word at intervals, and the boat steered into the channel—narrow and tortuous, winding among sharp fangs of coral rock, hard as iron.

Over the low rail of the Sea-Cat, five faces watched them—the dark, handsome, wicked face of Dandy Peter; the pale, set face of the scallywag of Lalinge; the black, staring

## Puzzle Corner Solutions

**WHICH LIGHTS FIRST?**—Neither, unless something exceptional happens. The middle match falls, or is shot out, before the flame can reach the two end matches.

**WOEFUL WIRE.**—As it costs Ben one and threepence to send the telegram, why can't he pay the disappointed Robinson, instead of the Post Office?

**FIGURE FUN.**— $9 \times 9 + 9 + 9 + \frac{9}{9} = 100$

**MONEY DOWN.**—The answer to this puzzle wants a good deal of spotting. It is contained in the words, "anonymous cheque." Now you all know that anonymous means without a name or signature. Well, a cheque without a name or signature would not buy very much football tackle, would it? That, of course, is the catch. It is quite possible to send an anonymous REMITTANCE of £10, by cash or postal orders; but a cheque must, of course, bear the signature of the sender.

**CAN YOU DO IT?**—It is quite easy to draw an oval with your compasses if you can put the paper round a can, shirt-cuff, or any other cylinder. Just use the compasses in the ordinary way, and the cylindrical form of the paper will produce an oval.

visages of the Lukwe boys. Slowly, steadily, the whaleboat threaded the channel, and the watching faces grew clearer to the view. The shipmates could see the mocking grin on the handsome face of the dandy of Lukwe—the bitter animosity in Paget's look. They noted that the latter had a rifle in his hands, resting on the low rail. But it remained resting there, and did not lift, as the whaleboat drew nearer and nearer.

In the heart of the reef the channel widened into a pool, a cable's length in extent. There the dismasted cutter lay at anchor, and her crew watched the Dawn's whaleboat emerge from the narrow channel. Ken was within easy hail now, and he shouted: "Sea-Cat ahoy!"

"Ahoy, the whaleboat!" came back Dandy Peter's voice. "Keep your distance, King of the Islands! What's your game? Piracy on the high seas?"

Ken stood up.

"You've got a deserter from my ship on board!" he answered. "I'm here to take him back."

Dandy Peter laughed mockingly.

"I'll leave it to Paget to answer you!" he retorted. "Whatever he says I'm standing by."

"You'll never take me, Ken King!" Paget's voice came husky with rage and defiance. "You'll never get me in irons again on your ketch! I'm done with you!"

"Get it clear, Peter Parsons!" Ken's voice rang clear and steady. "I'm here to take that man off your cutter, and I'm not going back without him. Give him up peaceably, and I'll overlook your meddling on my

ship—I'll leave that matter to be settled when we meet on shore. But I'm coming on board to take him!"

The whaleboat pulled steadily on for the cutter. Paget's face was white and desperate in the gleam of the moon. Now he lifted the rifle from the rail and clamped the butt to his shoulder.

"Back, you fool!" he shouted. "I'll fire!"

"Fire at your peril!" answered King of the Islands. "I've got a promise to keep, or I'd be glad to be shut of you! Put down that rifle, you swab, and stand ready to jump!"

Paget's eyes blazed over the barrel. "Back, I tell you!" he panted.

Ken disclaimed to answer. The whaleboat pulled on under the muzzle of the levelled rifle. Peter Parsons stood a few paces from the scallywag of Lalinge, a sardonic grin on his face, his hand on the butt of a revolver in his belt. He was curious to see whether Paget had the nerve and the desperate hardihood to fire on the whaleboat.

Crack! A spout of water splashed beside the whaleboat, and the report rolled in a thousand echoes across the reef. The boat surged on.

"That's a warning!" shouted Paget. "You get the next, Ken King! Another fathom, and I swear—"

Ken King made no sign, and the Hiva-Oa boys pulled steadily. The scallywag's eyes blazed desperately over the rifle. But even as he pulled the trigger a twist of the steering sweep in Koko's ready hand swerved the boat out of the line of fire. Crack, crack! The rifle roared twice, but the lead splashed into the water yards from the whaleboat. The boat rushed on, bumped on the cutter's hull, and King of the Islands grasped at the rail. And as he grasped, the smoking muzzle of the Winchester was jammed fairly on his chest.

In that moment the life of the boy trader hung on a thread. Dandy

Peter watched with panting breath and gloating eyes. Kit Hudson's revolver was lifting. Had Paget pulled the trigger then, he would have rolled over the next moment with a bullet in his brain. But it was not that that stopped the scapegrace of Lalinge. For a split second Ken King's life hung in the balance—then, with a snarl, Paget flung the rifle down with a crash on the cutter's deck.

"Shoot, you fool—shoot!" yelled Dandy Peter.

Paget did not even hear him. He sprang at Ken as the boy trader swung aboard, grasped him savagely, and they spun over and rolled on the deck together. Scapegrace as he was, reckless and rascally scallywag, Paget could not shoot. But he was fighting for his freedom—fighting with the fierce tenacity of a wildcat. Ken was the stronger of the two, but he had his hands full.

Dandy Peter whipped out his revolver. Kit Hudson, one hand on the cutter's low rail, the other gripping his revolver, had gleaming eyes on him. Koko had let go the steering-

(Continued on page 31)

## Dandy Peter's Cutter

(Continued from page 23)

sweep; his bush-knife was in his hand, and his brown, brawny hand swept back. Even as Peter Parsons put finger to trigger, he felt, rather than saw, what was coming, and ducked under the rail. The flashing knife missed him by an inch as it whizzed.

It passed him and stuck quivering in the stump of the cutter's mast. Dandy Peter stumbled and almost fell. The next moment Kit Hudson had leaped on the cutter, and his revolver was levelled.

"Drop that gun!" snapped the mate of the Dawn. "Drop it, you scum, or I'll shoot you where you stand!"

The revolver in Dandy Peter's hand came swinging up. But there was death in Hudson's blazing eyes, and the Lukwe skipper's arm sank again. Gritting his teeth with rage, he let the revolver fall to the deck. Hudson's jaw squared grimly. He thrust his revolver into his belt and advanced on the sea-lawyer of Lukwe with clenched hands.

"Now, you scum, you've got it coming!" he said, between his teeth. And the next moment his fists were crashing.

Koko swung on board, while the Hiva-Oa boys held the whaleboat to the cutter. Grinning, the bo'sun jerked his bush-knife from the mast. One flash of the knife sent the three Lukwe boys scuttling forward as far as they could scuttle. Ken and the scallywag, locked in a fierce grapple,

were rolling on the deck. Dandy Peter, panting with rage, was defending himself as well as he could against the Australian's onslaught. But that onslaught drove him back and back, till he was driven across the deck and brought up against the opposite rail. There he rallied; and fought like a tiger, till a smashing blow sent him sprawling full length. As he lay panting on the deck, Kit Hudson stooped, grasped him by the back of the collar and the slack of his duck trousers, swung him clear, and tossed him bodily down the steps into the cabin.

Crash! Dandy Peter landed there with a concussion that knocked out every ounce of breath left in him. He lay gasping and groaning. Hudson dabbed blood from his face. He had not come off scathless in that fierce fight. Dandy Peter, a mass of bruises, winded to the wide, lay groaning, heedless of what was passing on deck.

Ray Paget, resisting to the last, crumpled in the sinewy grasp of King of the Islands. For fully five minutes the struggle had lasted, but the scapegrace was all in now, and Ken had the upper hand. Panting, inarticulate with rage, the scallywag was dragged to the rail. Grasping at the rail, he held on, putting up a last resistance; but the strong grip of the boy trader wrenched him loose.

"Stand clear!" snapped Ken. The grinning Kanakas in the whaleboat stood clear as the scallywag came hurtling down.

Paget crashed into the boat. He

sprawled there, exhausted, too utterly spent to move a hand or a finger. Ken King glanced round, stepped aft, and glanced down at Dandy Peter, panting on the cabin floor.

"You've had enough, Peter Parsonis, from the look of you!" he said. "Take it as a warning, and steer clear of my ship! You'd make that fool Paget into a scoundrel and scathief like yourself, if you could. I'll see that you don't have the chance!"

**U**NDER the bright moon, the Dawn swept on long tacks to the westward. The reef, and the dismantled cutter, sank out of sight astern. Ray Paget lay slumped at the foot of the mizzen, spent and desperate. His eyes burned as King of the Islands looked down at him.

"If I'd pulled the trigger!" he muttered huskily. "Another time—"

Ken turned away from him without speaking. He was keeping the promise he had made at Laluge; but never had he found a promise so hard to keep. From the bottom of his heart he would have been glad to see the last of the scallywag. But, though he did not guess it, he was destined soon to see the last of him. Ray Paget's days on the Dawn were numbered!

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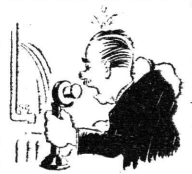
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