

OCEAN-BED ROBOT—CAPTAIN JUSTICE STORY

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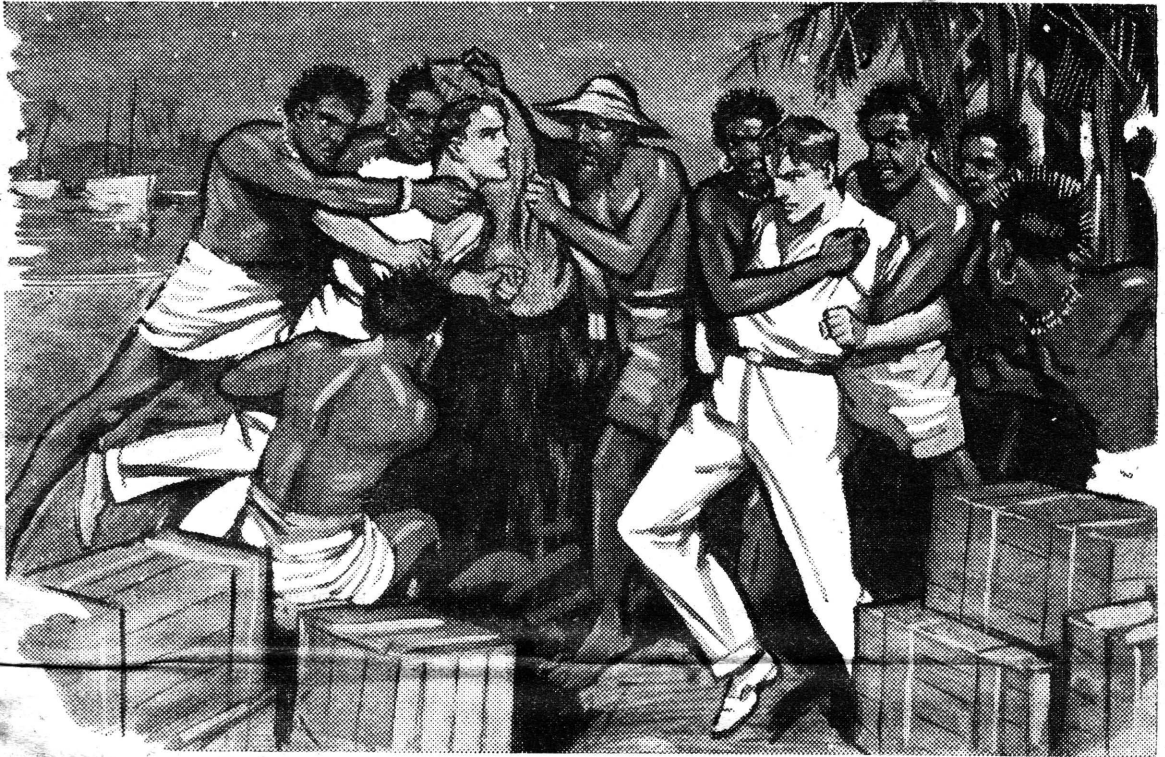
## OUR FLYING KING

SEE  
CENTRE  
PAGES



# BEACHCOMBER of UVUKA

A derelict of the South Seas, he'd do anything for money. It was Dandy Peter's money that made him tackle KING OF THE ISLANDS!



## Longing to Escape!

THE ketch Dawn came running into the lagoon at Uvuka, and almost the first object that met the eyes of her crew was a dismantled cutter lying alongside the coral wharf.

It was more than a week since Ken King, the boy owner and skipper of the ketch, whom men of the South Seas called King of the Islands, had chased Dandy Peter Parsons in his cutter, Sea-Cat, overtaken him at Ou'a reef, and recaptured Ray Paget, the deserter of the Dawn. Ken and his mate, Kit Hudson, had dismissed Parsons from their minds.

They knew that the Lukwe skipper would have to run his cutter into some island port for repairs. Dandy Peter, recklessly crowding on sail in a heavy wind, had lost his mast, and he had had to rig a jury-mast to get the Sea-Cat to a port. The boy traders of the Pacific had had busy days, with several calls to make, since leaving Ou'a, and they had not thought of falling in with the Sea-Cat again. But here she was, lying at Uvuka, and the mate of the Dawn grinned as he looked at her and at the brown men busy on her deck.

"Dandy Peter's getting his new prop at Uvuka, Ken," grinned Hudson. "It will be costing him a pretty penny."

Suddenly there was a rush of feet. Unseen figures leaped on the shipmates, and before they knew what was happening they were down on their backs on the coral.

"His own fault!" King of the Islands laughed. "We never asked him to butt into our affairs. I dare say he's sorry by this time that he helped a deserter to get away from the Dawn."

"That feller Parsons plenty mad along us feller, sar!" remarked Koko, the Kanaka. The boatswain of the Dawn stood at the wheel, grinning at the dismantled cutter.

There were a dozen brown natives of Uvuka at work on the cutter, as well as the three black Lukwe boys who formed her crew. Among them Peter Parsons was seen—a dapper figure in his spotless ducks and Panama hat. He looked round at the

ketch coming in and his handsome, wicked face blackened at the sight of her. The shipmates saw his hand slip towards his hip pocket, as if it was in his mind to greet them with a bullet as the ketch glided on towards the wharf. But if that thought came into Dandy Peter's mind, he remembered that he was not on the high seas now, and dismissed it.

Kit Hudson waved his hand in mocking salute in reply to the Lukwe skipper's savage stare. Dandy Peter, gritting his teeth, turned away—and they heard his voice, snapping savagely at the brown boys working at the repairs on the cutter.

Ken King glanced round. He was not surprised to see Ray Paget, the unwilling member of his crew, staring at the Sea-Cat with eager face and glinting eyes. He smiled grimly as he saw Paget's look. It revealed what was in the scallywag's mind: the renewed hope of getting away from the Dawn with the help of Dandy Peter Parsons. He had counted himself a free man when he fled from Ou'a in the Sea-Cat, but the swift chase, and the dismantling of the cutter, had wrecked his hopes. The unexpected sight of Dandy Peter and his packet seemed to give him new life.

"Paget!" rapped Ken King sharply. The scallywag turned his head

By  
**CHARLES  
HAMILTON**

## Beachcomber of Uvuka

towards the boy skipper of the Dawn. His eyes gleamed and he breathed hard. He knew that Ken had read his thoughts like an open book and he knew, too, that he would have no chance of escape at Uvuka. There was bitter hatred in the look he gave the handsome, good-natured boy trader.

Ken's lip curled as he met that look. If Paget was tired of the Dawn, he was not so tired as Ken was of seeing the sullen, discontented, mutinous fellow on his deck. But for his promise to the Pacific Company's manager at Lalinge, Ken would have asked nothing better than to have allowed the young rascal to slip his cable at Uvuka and to have seen the last of him. Yet he would have hesitated to let the scallywag sail with Dandy Peter, the blackest blackguard in the Pacific, even if he had been free to let him go.

"Give it a miss, Paget!" said King of the Islands quietly. "We're at Uvuka for only one day—we pull out again at dawn—and you will not be allowed ashore while we're here; I can't trust you."

"You can trust me to give you the slip, Ken King, if I get a dog's chance!" answered Paget bitterly. "I was a fool not to pull trigger on you when you overhauled the cutter at the Ou'a reef. It's my own fault that you've still got me on your ketch. I shan't be such a weak-kneed fool again."

Ken's scornful face softened a little.

**T**HERE was a rag of decency somewhere in the sullen, sulky scapegrace. He could have won his freedom at the cost of a crime, but he had not been prepared to pay that cost. Dandy Peter's rifle had been in his hands, but he had not pulled trigger.

Ken had promised the scallywag's uncle to make a man of the reckless, headstrong fellow, if he could. It looked as if he could not. But he was glad to see, and to admit, that the fellow was not all bad.

"Give me such a chance again!" breathed Paget.

"I don't think you'd take such a chance if you had it, Paget," said King of the Islands, "though I dare say you'd come to that, and worse, if you sailed with Peter Parsons. If you knew that blackguard as I do—"

"I know he was willing to help me get away from this rotten packet," said Paget savagely. "And I know you're keeping me here against my will, like a shanghai'd lascar."

"Your uncle and guardian put you on this packet to keep you from loafing, gambling, and joining up with a rascal like Parsons," answered Ken. "If you'd make up your mind to make the best of what you can't help, you'd find a friend in me."

"Keep your friendship till I ask for it!" snarled Paget. "All I want is to get off your ship."

"Listen to me, you sullen swab!" replied Ken. "We raise Lalinge in six weeks from now, and I shall hand you over to your uncle and be glad

to be shut of you. Haven't you the grit to stick it for six weeks?"

"Six weeks—not six hours, if I could help it! Not six minutes!" Paget's eyes turned on the cutter again. "If Dandy Peter was ready for sea—"

"Wash that out!" said Ken. "From the look of his cutter, Parsons won't be ready for sea for a couple of days yet—and we shall be gone at sunrise. And if you make any attempt to get off the ketch you'll be clapped in irons again—and I should think you'd had enough of that!"

Paget made no answer, but his eyes fixed longingly on the cutter as the Dawn dropped her sails and ranged up to the wharf. The ketch moored half a cable's length from the Sea-Cat, and Paget watched the Lukwe skipper, busy on his deck. Parsons did not look at him—he seemed unconscious of the eager gaze from the Dawn. He had lost his mast, and incurred a heavy loss of time and money, in helping the scallywag to escape from the ketch at Ou'a. Paget doubted whether he would be willing to give him further help, if he could. The sea-lawyer's bitter enmity to King of the Islands was all he had to bank upon.

"Koko! You see that feller Paget stop along ketch, eye belong you, along this feller go along Uvuka!" ordered Ken. "S'pose he make run along beach, you make feller irons stop along leg belong him."

"Yessar!" grinned Koko.

Ken King and Kit Hudson stepped on the coral wharf. Paget stood with clenched hands, breathing hard and deep.

A jump would have landed him on the coral, to cut and run. But the boatswain's eye was on him. He would have been an infant in the grasp of the mighty Koko. There was no escape for him—he had to submit to his fate. As the skipper and mate of the Dawn disappeared up the beach towards the line of bungalows and warehouses, his gaze turned on the cutter again. Then Dandy Peter seemed to become aware of his existence.

The dapper sea-lawyer's handsome face turned towards the ketch. His eye singled out Paget, and he waved his hand. He turned away again immediately, but that gesture left the scallywag's heart beating hopefully. Dandy Peter's cutter was not ready for sea, and would not be ready before the Dawn sailed. But if cunning could do it, Dandy Peter was the man to save him from King of the Islands.

### Trapped in the Dark!

**K**EN KING and Kit Hudson came down the steps of Watson's bungalow and paused to look at the scene before them—such a scene as they had often beheld, but dream-like in its beauty.

A thousand stars were reflected on the calm surface of the lagoon, broken here and there into gleaming jewels of light as shadowy canoes moved over the water. Back of the beach, bungalows loomed dusky in the starlight; beyond them, the nodding, fan-like palms. The beach of

sand, white with powdered coral, glimmered like silver. On it a crowd of brown-skinned natives were dancing to the music of twanging ukuleles.

Packing-cases, consigned to the white trader of Uvuka, had been landed, business got through, and the shipmates had stayed to supper in the trader's bungalow. They stood looking for some minutes at the fairy-like scene. Suddenly, Kit Hudson moved, with a muttered word of disgust, as a dim, tattered figure slunk by.

It was the beachcomber of Uvuka. The shipmates had seen him, sprawling under the shade of the palms, when they landed. Once or twice during the day they had seen him again, hanging about as if he had some interest in them. But if the wretched outcast had thought of "touching" them, one grim look from Hudson had been enough for him. The Australian mate of the Dawn had no pity to waste on a white man who had "gone native."

The tattered figure, brown as a Kanaka, shaggy-bearded, clad only in dingy shorts and a grass-hat, slouched by, his sunken eyes lingering on the two upstanding figures, so strong a contrast to his own.

"That swab seems to be haunting us," grunted the mate of the Dawn. "Gosh, what a white man!"

"I noticed Parsons speaking to him on the beach this afternoon," said Ken. "Dandy Peter's not so particular, old fellow."

"Dandy Peter may come to that himself if he doesn't mend his ways!" growled Hudson. "Let's get back to the Dawn. It's time we turned in, if we're pulling out at sun-up."

Ken nodded, and the shipmates walked away down the beach towards the wharf, in which direction the tattered beachcomber had disappeared.

The crowd of native dancers was left behind, and they picked their way with care along the rugged coral of the shadowy, unlighted wharf, cumbered by packing-cases and barrels.

Suddenly there was a rush of feet. Unseen figures leaped on the shipmates, so suddenly, so swiftly, that they were taken utterly by surprise. Almost before they knew what was happening they were down on their backs on the coral, struggling wildly in the grasp of many hands.

"What—who—" panted King of the Islands.

His words were cut short as a copra-sack was dragged swiftly over his head. Choked and blinded by the sack, half suffocated by the smell of stale copra, he still resisted fiercely. But he felt cords of tapa knotted on wrists and legs, and he was bound and helpless.

A knee pinned him down to the coral, and through the sack came a husky, hissing voice:

"Quiet, you fool! Do you want your skull cracked, King of the Islands? I'd crack it for half what I stand to get for this! Quiet!"

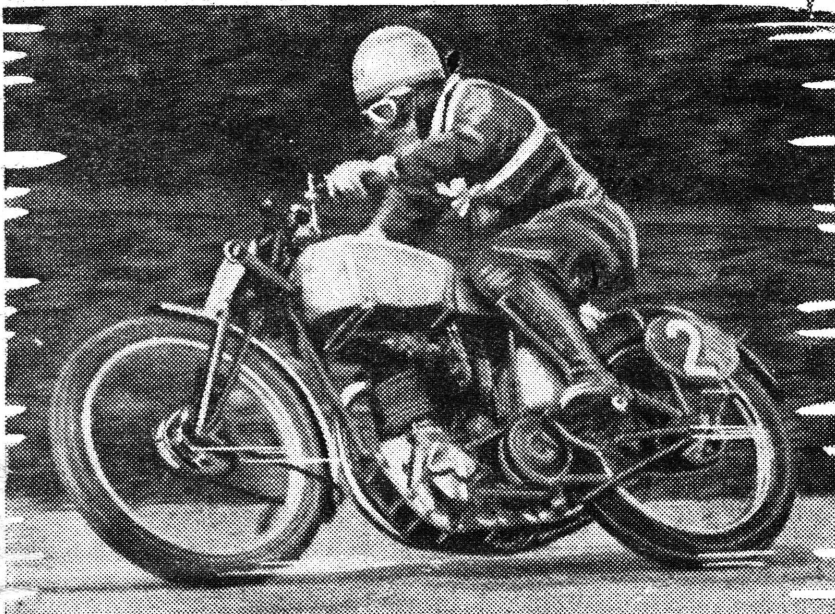
Ken would have shouted, hoping that a shout would reach the ears of Koko, on the ketch, but a savage



# BIG THRILLS!

## No. 5—Facing Death on a Mystery Bike

By **GEORGE ROWLEY** Gold Medal Winner in the International Six Days Trial



The distance of the event was one kilometre, and the curve near the end of the course was reached at a maximum speed.

**A** THRILLING incident which will always stand out in my mind took place in my early days of motor-cycle racing. The machine I owned at that time had a maximum speed of 55 m.p.h., and I was fairly successful.

You can imagine my joy when I received an offer from a firm of motor-cycle manufacturers to supply me with one of their special machines for a big event.

This machine was sweeping the board at all contests; and owing to its secret nature the firm decided to dispatch it straight to the starting point of the race, and I had no chance to discover how the machine behaved at high speeds. All I knew was that the machine was capable of 77 m.p.h., and I went to the course prepared to travel at over twenty miles an hour faster than I had ever been before.

The event was being held on a road which led towards the finish in a sweeping curve. The road was made up of a tar-macadam centre with borders of brick rubble for drainage.

it without shutting off? If I slowed I might lose the race, but at least the machine and I would be whole. Then I made the decision. I decided to risk everything and try to take the bend at speed!

Taking the bend all out was a little harder than I had anticipated, and I was forced to take it wide, running off the Tarmac in the centre to the rubble.

Immediately around the bend was the timekeeper's table with the controlling officials and the timing apparatus. The officials were suddenly surprised to see my machine make straight for them. Like lightning they removed their table and themselves from my path.

I dashed past them, and, regaining control of the bike, succeeded in winning the race!

**I** ROARED down on the curve all out. Could I get round

the bend at speed!

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*George Rowley*

hand pressed the copra-sack tight over his mouth.

As he writhed helplessly he heard a sound of scuffling. Kit Hudson was still resisting. But a heavy fall followed, and the struggling ceased. Again the husky, snarling voice reached him.

"Quiet! If you ask for it, you'll get it!" it growled.

Ken knew that it was the voice of the beachcomber. His first fierce suspicion had been that he owed this attack to Dandy Peter and his Lukwe crew. But it was not Dandy Peter who was there. He could be sure of that, for the simple reason that he was made a prisoner with no damage beyond a rough handling; the black-guard of Lukwe would have stunned

him with a pistol-butt to make the work easy and sure.

In utter amazement, more amazed than enraged, angry as he was, Ken felt himself lifted in strong arms—the bare, sinewy arms of natives—and carried away.

He could not see, but he knew that Hudson was similarly treated. Where he was carried he could not guess, except that it must be by the beach. Faintly to his ears, and growing fainter, came the twang of the ukuleles and the laughing voices of the dancing natives. He was being carried along the beach, away from the little settlement of bungalows and warehouses that faced the lagoon.

His bearers tramped on in silence.

Evidently they had had orders where to take him before the attack.

There was a halt at last.

**K**EN felt himself flung down by his bearers. A thorn scratched his arm as he dropped, and he knew that he was no longer on the beach. He had been carried into the bush. He bumped against something that stirred, and knew that it was Hudson, as helpless as himself.

The husky voice of the beachcomber was audible again:

"You feller boy, you beat it, plenty too quick!"

There was a sound of naked feet pattering in retreat. Then the copra-sack was drawn from Ken's head.



## Beachcomber of Uvuka

He stared up in black darkness. The bush, silent and black, was round him and over him. But he made out a dim, tattered form that bent taking a copra-sack from his companion's head. Hudson's panting voice came:

"You swab! You hound! Wait till I get my hands loose—"

Ken heard a husky laugh. "You won't get your hands loose in a hurry. I guess I got you fixed pretty safe."

Hudson was struggling fiercely in his bonds. But he struggled unavailingly. The strong cords of tapa were knotted on his wrists and ankles too securely for his greatest efforts to unloosen them.

King of the Islands peered up at the shadowy, bending figure. He tried to speak calmly:

"What's this game, you rascal? If it's robbery—"

"Cut it out, King of the Islands! If it was robbery, I guess I could have cleaned you out on the wharf, without bringing you here."

"You unwashed lubber, what have you done this for? What—"

"I guess I ain't sorry to handle you, Mister Bucko Mate!" came the sneering answer of the beachcomber. "You looked down your nose at the sight of me, a white man-like yourself—"

"A white man!" snapped Hudson. "A dirty dog gone native!"

"It'd pay you to speak civil, you with your hands tied, Mister Mate!" There was a threatening note in the husky voice. "I'll say I ain't sorry to handle you—I'd clout you over the head with a stick as soon as look at you. But I wasn't keen on handling you like this, King of the Islands. You've got a civil word and a look even for a man that's down on the beach."

"Not for you, you cur!" said Ken, between his teeth. "I'll make you squirm for this when I get loose—and you can't keep me long!"

"I guess I can keep you long enough, and I'll take my chance of squirming," said the beachcomber coolly. "You'll never be found here in the bush; not unless you're heard shouting—and I'm sure going to see that you ain't! You got to be gagged—and when I come back for you, I'll say that you'll be glad to see me!"

Ken set his teeth, but a brown, bony hand forced his jaws open, and a rag was jammed into his mouth and tied securely there. Dimly in the deep shadow he watched the beachcomber gag Hudson in his turn. Then the shadowy figure flitted away in the darkness.

The beachcomber was gone, leaving the shipmates bound, gagged, utterly helpless till he chose to return.

### Ken's Battered Hat!

**K**OKO blew loud blasts on his boatswain's whistle. It was eight bells, and at midnight it was time for the crew to be on board. The dancing on the beach had not

yet ended, but the Hiva-Oa boys, in obedience to the bo'sun's whistle, came back on to the wharf.

Standing by the rail, Koko watched them come aboard. Paget, slumped at the foot of the mizzen, watched them also. The scallywag had not turned in. All through the dusky evening he had waited and hoped for some sign from Peter Parsons. But no sign had come.

"You feller boy, you see feller skipper King of the Islands, eye belong you?" asked the boatswain, as the Hiva-Oa boys arrived.

"No see that feller, sar!" answered Lompo, and Kolulo, Tomoo, Lufu, and Danny made the same reply. Koko watched the shadowy wharf and looked away towards the dancers on the beach with a puzzled brow. The skipper and mate had intended to return before eight bells, and they had not returned.

It was likely enough that the shipmates might pass a night ashore in a hospitable trader's bungalow. But in that case, a native boy would have been sent with a message to the boatswain. It was not like King of the Islands to be careless or forgetful.

Koko continued to watch the wharf, while the Hiva-Oa boys curled up on their sleeping-mats forward and went to sleep. It did not occur to the boatswain of the Dawn that his white master was in any danger on Uvuka. Uvuka was a peaceful and law-abiding island. True, Dandy Peter was there—the most reckless rascal in the Seven Seas. But Koko had seen him come back from the beach to the cutter at sundown, and knew that he had turned in on board the Sea-Cat. Koko did not think of danger—but he was puzzled, and he remained on watch, instead of handing over that duty to one of the crew.

Every moment he expected to see Ken and Kit arrive, but they did not come. The night grew older; the twanging of ukuleles died away on the beach; the natives dispersed to their huts to sleep. The white men's bungalows were dark and silent; all was still on Uvuka, silent save for the wash of the tide on the coral reefs.

"This feller no savvy!" muttered Koko, his perplexity deepening into uneasiness. Nothing, so far as he could imagine, could have happened to King of the Islands and his mate on Uvuka, yet why did they not come, or at least send word?

Sunrise came glimmering over the Pacific. Koko watched the beach in the rising light, hoping to see his white master emerge from one of the bungalows. Life reawakened on Uvuka; natives came down to the lagoon to bathe—white men appeared in the verandas of the bungalows. But the searching eyes of the Kanaka boatswain picked up no sign of the figure he sought.

With the dawn came awakening and activity on the Sea-Cat. Dandy Peter came on deck and glanced towards the ketch with a sour grin. He roused out the Lukwe boys, and a little later brown boys came along the wharf to resume the work of re-

fitting the cutter. Clearly, Dandy Peter was anxious to get the cutter ready for sea at the earliest possible moment.

On the ketch, the Hiva-Oa boys turned off their sleeping-mats and Paget rose from his uneasy sleep. His first glance turned on the cutter, and the busy scene on her deck. Dandy Peter did not look towards him. He seemed to have forgotten the scallywag again. Ray Paget's face was dark with disappointment and deferred hope. He had counted on Dandy Peter taking some action during the night—but nothing had happened. Now the new day had come—and soon after sunrise the ketch was due to sail.

He was not aware that King of the Islands had not returned to the ketch till he learned it from the talk of the crew. All the Kanakas were surprised by the continued absence of the skipper and mate.

Paget was equally surprised. His heart beat fast. The unaccountable absence of King of the Islands meant that the Dawn could not sail at the scheduled time. It seemed to him that he saw the hand of the seelawyer in this. Hope, which had died in his breast, was suddenly renewed. He scanned the beach as anxiously as the boatswain for a sign of the skipper or mate. But neither was to be seen.

**K**OKO, puzzled, anxious, and growing alarmed, resolved at last to go ashore and make inquiries. He called to Lompo:

"You feller Lompo, you watch that feller Paget, eye belong you! S'pose he make go along beach, you tie that feller up along cabin, along rope, along hand and foot belong him."

And Koko jumped on the wharf and went up the beach. Paget cast a scowl after him. The boatswain was gone, but he had no chance of escape. Leaning on the rail, he watched the boatswain cross the sunny beach, stopping every now and then to speak to a native and once to a beachcomber who rose from a bed scooped in the sand. He noticed, too, that the beachcomber's brown, bearded face looked after the Kanaka as he passed on with a strange grin of mockery and derision, and wondered what it meant. Then Koko reached Watson's bungalow and went up the steps. The trader was at breakfast in his veranda, and Paget watched the boatswain standing in talk with him.

Even at the distance he could read the surprise in the trader's face and the puzzled mystification in Koko's. He could guess that Koko had expected to hear something of his white master from the trader—and that Watson had been able to tell him nothing. Paget's heart beat harder as the boatswain came down the steps again.

Where was King of the Islands? His boatswain and crew did not know—the trader with whom he had done business on Uvuka did not know. It looked as if the skipper and mate of the Dawn had vanished into thin air. The Dawn could not sail!



That was the thought that beat in Paget's brain. The Dawn could not sail—and the boy traders who kept him against his will on the ketch were missing! He had no doubt now that the hand of Dandy Peter was behind it.

He made a movement—and Lompo, watching him, made a movement, too. Paget laughed. If King of the Islands did not return, the Hiiva-Oa crew should not keep him on the ketch. They would carry out Koko's order—if they could! But Dandy Peter would deal easily enough with the Kanaka boys. Koko was a tougher proposition, it was true. Parsons would not find it easy to deal with him. But Paget's hopes were high now. There was a mocking grin on his face as he watched Koko on the beach.

During that long morning, Koko was a busy man. He questioned scores of the natives on Uvuka, but it was clear he learned nothing. At noon he came back to the ketch with a drooping head and dejected face. Paget watched him with a covert grin.

"You no savvy what place feller skipper stop?" asked Lompo, as the boatswain came on board.

"No savvy!" answered Koko. "That feller no stop along Uvuka. This feller no savvy altogether too much!"

He had learned nothing. Skipper and mate had left the trader's bungalow the night before to return to the ketch. They had vanished on the beach. It was a mystery that beat Koko, and he was utterly at a loss. There were plenty of islands where sailormen ashore might be robbed and even murdered, but Uvuka was not one of them. But that terrible thought forced itself into Koko's harassed mind as he watched the beach with weary eyes, in the vain hope of seeing his vanished master appear.

Late in the afternoon the tattered figure of the beachcomber lounged along the wharf. He stopped at the ketch's mooring and hailed.

Koko gave an eager start. He had questioned the beachcomber that morning, and learned nothing from him. But he hoped that this might mean news of his master.

"You feller bo'sun!" called out the beachcomber. He held up a crumpled Panama hat. "You savvy this feller hat belong King of the Islands."

Koko made one leap to the coral wharf. He grabbed the hat from the beachcomber's dingy hand. He knew it at once as Ken's.

"That feller hat stop along head belong white master belong me!" he exclaimed. "What place you see that feller hat, eye belong you?"

"I guess I picked it up on the beach," answered the beachcomber. "I'll say your skipper has found trouble on the other side of Uvuka. Some of the niggers there are bad boys. I reckoned I'd bring it along."

He lounged away, leaving the Panama in Koko's brown hand. Unheeded by the boatswain, he threw himself under the shadow of a palm. Koko stood staring at the hat. For

(Continued on next page)

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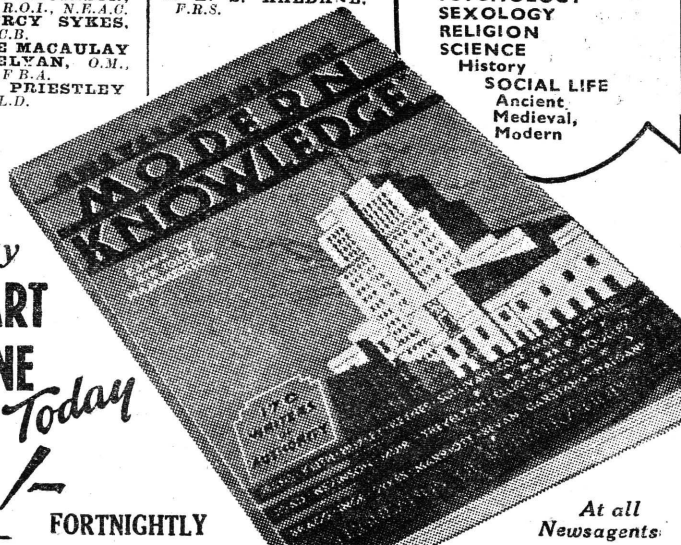
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## Beachcomber of Uvuka

what reason Ken could have gone round the lagoon—a distance of several miles—to the opposite beach he could not begin to guess. But if the hat had been found there, it looked certain—and it looked, as the tattered outcast suggested, that he had found trouble. For a long minute Koko stood; then he called to Lompo.

Another minute and Koko had slung his bush-knife to his belt, left orders with the crew to watch Paget, and started. Swiftly, careless of the hot sun, he hurried along the circling beach, to reach the other side of the Uvuka lagoon—and Paget, watching the brawny figure disappear in the distance, laughed.

### Sailing to Freedom!

**D**ANDY PETER stepped into the little cabin of the Sea-Cat, examined his revolver with a careful eye, and slipped it into his hip pocket. He came back to the cutter's deck with a smile on his face.

The cutter was ready for sea now, and only the Lukwe boys remained on board. The refitting, pushed on with savage energy by the sea-lawyer, was finished. Suloo, Nalasu, and Kotoo watched him, expecting orders to pull out. But Peter Parsons gave them no orders—yet! He stood for a moment or two looking at the ketch, then leaped lightly to the wharf and strolled along to the other craft.

There he stopped, staring at the Dawn with a grin on his handsome face. The crew eyed the sea-lawyer curiously.

"You no come along this ship, sar!" called out Lompo, as Parsons made a movement.

Unheeding, the sea-lawyer leaped, and landed on the deck. Ray Paget's eyes danced. He had hoped for it—expected it—counted on it—and now it had come.

Dandy Peter gave him a nod and a grin. The Hiva-Oa boys gathered, with anxious and uncertain faces. There were five of them—any one of them powerful enough to handle the dapper sea-lawyer. But the idea of laying hands on a white man gave them pause. Had the skipper or mate been there to give them orders, they would not have hesitated—had Koko been there he would have flung the sea-lawyer overboard as soon as his foot touched the deck. But the Hiva-Oa boys exchanged uncertain looks.

"Ready to sail, shipmate!" grinned Dandy Peter. "The Sea-Cat goes out with the wind—and King of the Islands won't stop you now. And he won't chase the Sea-Cat as he did at Ou'a."

"You no take that feller Paget!" faltered Lompo. "That feller stop along this packet, all same feller King of the Islands he say."

"Come, Paget!" said Peter Parsons quietly, but with a glitter in his eyes. His hand was very near the revolver at his hip.

Paget stepped towards him. The Hiva-Oa boys exchanged another look.

"King of the Islands plenty mad along us feller s'pose that feller Paget no stop!" muttered Kolulo. "Us feller makee that feller stop."

And Kolulo seized Paget by the shoulders and swung him back.

The scallywag gritted his teeth. Swinging round on the Kanaka, he struck out with all the strength of his arm, and Kolulo, with a yell, went reeling and stumbling across the deck, to crash in the scuppers.

Lompo and Lufu and Tomoo leaped at Paget as Kolulo went over.

"Hands off, you scum!" roared Dandy Peter, wrenching the revolver from his hip.

But Paget, struggling madly in the grasp of the Kanakas, rolled over and went crashing down the companion, hurled there by the Hiva-Oa boys.

He rolled headlong down the ladder, and landed half-stunned below.

The panting Kanakas turned on Peter Parsons. With gleaming eyes, the sea-lawyer rushed at them, the revolver clubbed in his hand. A crashing blow from the heavy metal butt sent Lompo staggering, to fall on the deck almost senseless.

In the twinkling of an eye the pistol-butt crashed again, and Lufu sprawled over, dazed and dizzy. Tomoo jumped back. Danny, the cooky-boy, scuttled into the galley, with a howl of terror. Dandy Peter followed Tomoo up, his face savage and merciless. He drove the Kanaka to the rail, and struck him down.

"You scum!" roared Dandy Peter, grasping the revolver by the butt now, his finger on the trigger. "You lift feller had belong you any more altogether, you dead Kanaka!"

The Hiva-Oa boys eyed him in terror. The Lukwe skipper gave them a glare of savage scorn, and stepped to the companion, shouting to the scallywag:

"Show a leg, Paget! Tumble up, man—the coast's clear!"

Paget, dizzy and breathless, emerged from the companion. He glanced, panting, at the terrified native crew. Dandy Peter gave a derisive laugh.

"They won't stop you—now! Leave it to me to handle niggers! Come!"

Paget followed him to the wharf. No hand was raised to stop him now. The Hiva-Oa boys dragged themselves to their feet, groaning. Paget followed the sea-lawyer along the wharf and stepped on the cutter. Instantly, Dandy Peter rapped out orders to cast off.

The scallywag stared at the beach. He was free—free from the Dawn, free to sail with Dandy Peter. And this time there was no pursuit to be feared.

"Where's King of the Islands?" he asked.

"You won't see him before we sail!" grinned Dandy Peter. "No stern chase this trip, shipmate! Ken King's tied up in the bush, and his mate along with him—I reckon it was worth twenty dollars to that rat you can see sprawling on the beach! I told King of the Islands I would beat him—and I've beaten him now."

And the dandy laughed loud and long as the cutter glided away to the reef passage.

Paget stood looking back. Even yet he could hardly believe it. Even at the last moment he half-expected to see King of the Islands appear, to snatch away his promised freedom. But the cutter glided through the reef, picking up the wind, and, with booming canvas, ran out to sea.

The boundless Pacific rolled round the Sea-Cat, and Ray Paget was his own man at last—sailing with Dandy Peter!

*All aboard King of the Islands' ketch next Saturday for "KEN KING'S MAN-HUNT!" There are stirring things in the wind—and YOU don't want to miss the EXCITEMENT of what's coming next!*

## Puzzle Corner

BY way of a change from word teasers and figure problems, try your powers of observation on this!

A drawing of some orchids? It looks like it at first, but concealed in it are the heads of a number of well-known creatures. Get your pencil and make a list. You should be able to find fifteen different creatures. The complete list will be found in the Editor's Talk on page 27.

