

THE SPEEDWAY WAR!—Motor Racing Story Inside

# *The* MODERN BOY

EVERY SATURDAY.  
Week Ending March 28th, 1936.

No. 425.  
Vol. 17:

2<sup>D.</sup>



**The QUEEN MARY SHOWS HER PACES!**

# KEN KING'S MAN-HUNT

Dandy Peter's cutter has vanished—lost in the boundless Pacific. But KING OF THE ISLANDS is grimly determined to find it and settle his score with the man who has carried off young Ray Paget!

By  
**CHARLES  
HAMILTON**

## Prisoners of the Bush!

THE beachcomber pushed slowly through the bush on Uvuka. It was hot on the beach, hot on the lagoon, but hotter in the close and clinging bush. The unwashed, unshaven man wiped streams of perspiration from his gaunt face, and muttered savage words as he forced a way through thickets and creepers. It was seldom that the outcast who "combed the beach" on Uvuka exerted himself. Years of idle loafing under a tropical sun had sapped away his energy, but he had to exert himself to get through the bush.

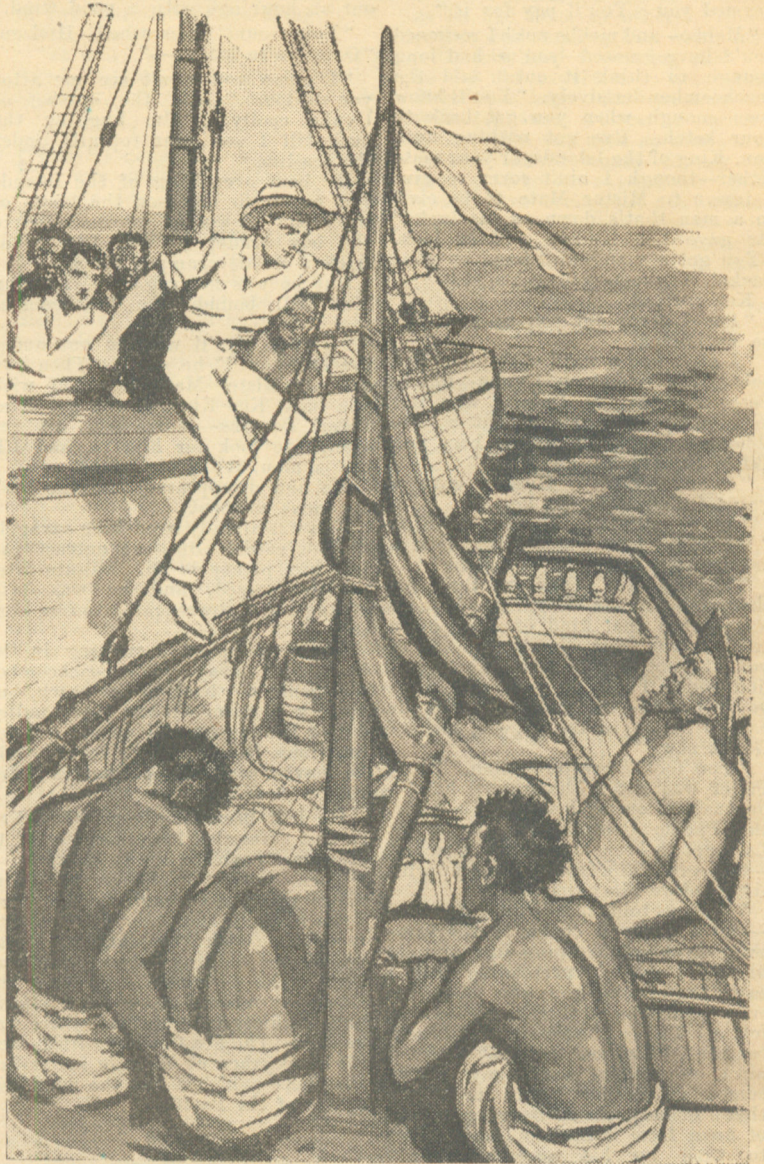
He stopped at last in a hidden hollow in the heart of the bush. Two figures lay at his feet bound hand and foot with cords of tapa.

One was Ken King, the boy trader of the Pacific, known as King of the Islands; the other, his shipmate, Kit Hudson, the mate of the Dawn. They looked up at the stubbly, furtive face bent over them. They could not speak, for they were gagged, but their looks spoke volumes.

They had lain there since the night, for long, long hours through the tropical day. It seemed to them almost a lifetime since the beachcomber had left them there in the darkness. Ustlessly, they had wrenched at the strong, knotted tapa cords; uselessly, they had bitten on the gags. They were powerless, and could only wait for their captor till he chose to return—and now he had come!

There was a can of water in his hand; a trace of compunction in his hard, gaunt face as he bent over the shipmates, removed the gags, and gave them a drink. Dry, parched with thirst, they drank eagerly. It was tepid water, but it tasted like nectar at the moment.

"I guess you're feeling pretty mad with me, King of the Islands," muttered the outcast of Uvuka. "But a man can't be particular when he's been on the beach as long as I have."



The ketch hooked on, and Ken jumped down into the lugger. Barney Hall stared at him, scowling. "You've had hard luck, Barney," said Ken quietly. "Who's handled you and your lugger like this?"

"You scum!" muttered Kit Hudson. He gave a wrench at his bonds, at which he had wrenched so often in vain during the long, burning hours in the bush. "Wait till I get loose! If I leave a whole bone in your rascally carcase, it won't be my fault."

"You ain't loose yet, Mister Mate!" answered the beachcomber. "And I guess when you're loose you won't raise my figurehead in a hurry. I'll say I can keep out of sight till the Dawn pulls out of the lagoon."

King of the Islands looked at the man. His rage was deep and bitter; but he was almost as much perplexed as enraged by what had happened. The man, a stranger to him, had

seized him and his mate in the darkness on Uvuka wharf, and brought him where he now lay, with the help of a gang of natives. Why? It seemed a riddle without an answer.

"Why have you done this?" said the boy trader. "What have I ever done to you?"

"Nothing!" The beachcomber shrugged his bare, gaunt, sun-browned shoulders. "I'd never clapped eyes on you till you moored at Uvuka yesterday, though I'd heard of you often enough, King of the Islands."

"Then why—"

"You can't guess?"

"I can't!" said Ken King. "I'd never seen you before I came to Uvuka. I don't know who you are,

## Ken King's Man-Hunt

or what your name is, if you've got a name. I reckon you're American, from your talk, but that's all I know of you. You've played this dirty trick on strangers who've never harmed you. You'll pay for it."

"Mebbe—and mebbe not! I reckoned you'd have guessed—you've had long enough to think it out," said the beachcomber derisively. "You'll know soon enough when you get back to your ketch. I've got nothing agin you, King of the Islands, or your mate either—though I ain't sorry to give a lesson to Mister Mate to be civil to a man that's down on his luck!" He gave Kit Hudson a dark look. "You got a shanghai hand on your packet, I guess—young Paget."

Ken started.

"Paget never put you up to this!" he exclaimed.

"I ain't had a word with him. But he's got a friend on Uvuka—Dandy Peter Parsons, of Lukwe, who put into the lagoon to refit his cutter! He stood me twenty dollars to keep you out of the way till he sailed."

"Dandy Peter!" Hudson gave a gasp of rage. "It was he—"

"That villain!" breathed Ken. "We might have guessed it! Is it a trick to get Paget off my ketch?"

"You said it! Your own fault for shanghaiing a man, Ken King. Parsons has played that kind of game often enough, but from what I've heard of you, it's not in your line. You won't find young Paget on your ship when you get back—and you won't find the Lukwe cutter in the lagoon, either! Got it now?"

"You fool!" muttered Ken. "Ray Paget was not a shanghai hand—he was sent on my ketch by his uncle, the Pacific Company's manager at Lalinge, to keep him out of mischief—to prevent him from joining up with that Lukwe blackguard."

"Parsons told me he was shanghai'd—and I guess it comes to the same thing—you was keeping him against his will. I ain't pretending that I care two hoots—you can shanghai every scallywag on the Pacific beaches, for all I care!" sneered the beachcomber. "I'm on the make—and I ain't particular where my money comes from or how I earn it. A guy that's come down to begging a bowl of kava from a Kanaka can't afford to turn up his nose at twenty dollars."

Ken gritted his teeth.

"So that's the game!" he muttered. "Dandy Peter will get by with it this time, but I'll hunt him all over the Pacific till I find him and bring him to account. Has Parsons sailed?"

"I reckon I shouldn't be here if he hadn't. And Paget sailed with him."

"Is that true?" muttered Ken. "I left my boatswain orders to watch him, and Koko would never—"

"I guess your Kanaka boatswain went looking for you," grinned the beachcomber. "A guy about my size took him your hat, with a tale that it was picked up on the other side of the lagoon. Your man Koko went round the lagoon to search for you there. He ain't come back yet, fur as I know."

"I reckon your niggers made a fuss, but Parsons handled them all right!" added the beachcomber. "You've lost your shanghai hand, Ken King. Look for him on Peter Parsons' cutter, if you want him—but I guess you'll have far to look, as the Sea-Cat pulled out an hour ago with a good wind."

"You scum!" breathed Hudson. "Once we're loose—"

"I guess you won't see me after you're loose," said the outcast of Uvuka coolly. "I'm hugging the bush till I see your topsails under the sea-line."

He bent over King of the Islands and began to unloosen the knots of the tapa. It was an intense relief to the boy trader to feel the bonds slacken on his cramped limbs.

But he was not set free. Leaving him still bound, the beachcomber rose.

"I guess you'll wriggle out under the half-hour!" he said. "Then you can set Mister Mate loose. I wish you luck, Ken King, if you get after Peter Parsons—you've got all the Pacific to look for him in, and I'll tell a man, it's a big spot."

He had disappeared into the bush the next moment.

Ken was already wrenching savagely at the cords. But the outcast had left him plenty to do. Minute after minute passed, and he was still struggling and wrenching to free himself.

The footsteps, the rustling in the bush, died away. The beachcomber was gone; not back to the beach, but to lurk in cover till the Dawn pulled out of the lagoon of Uvuka. Not for ten times Dandy Peter's bribe would he have faced the shipmates when they were free.

He had been long gone when Ken at last struggled loose and turned to Hudson, to release him in his turn.

Then, in bitter silence, the shipmates tramped through the hot bush down to the beach. As they emerged from the bush the dazzling white beach and shining lagoon burst on their sight. Distant, but clear, the Dawn lay moored at the coral wharf; but of Dandy Peter's cutter there was no sign. The Sea-Cat had sailed—and the scapegrace of Lalinge had sailed with her—vanished into the boundless spaces of the Pacific.

### Dandy Peter's Shipmate

RAY PAGET breathed deep in the sea-wind and smiled. The scallywag's heart was light as he trod the deck of the cutter Sea-Cat.

Three days had passed since the cutter had pulled out of Uvuka. If King of the Islands had thought of pursuit, it had come to nothing. With a long start in a fair wind, the swift cutter had dropped Uvuka far astern long before Ken King could set sail to follow. Day followed day, and night followed night, and Paget had ceased to cast anxious glances over the blue Pacific. King of the Islands was done with now—he was his own man, sailing the seas with his chosen comrade, Dandy Peter of Lukwe.

Dandy Peter, standing by the

boat-steerer, Suloo, was watching a brown, patched sail on the distant sea. The dapper sea-lawyer of Lukwe seemed deeply intent on that sail. Paget gave it a careless glance. It was some rolling, pitching trading lugger—of no interest to him. He had lost his dread now of seeing the Dawn's tall sails rising from the sea.

He had spent weeks on Ken King's ketch, pulling and hauling with the native crew. Bitterness and hatred had festered in his heart. But bitterness was fading away, now that he was free—his own man. He even admitted, thinking it over, that King of the Islands had done no more than what he considered his duty, having taken charge of him at the earnest request of his uncle and guardian.

Paget had not forgotten how he had escaped to Barney Hall's lugger, only to be robbed, and marooned on a lonely reef by the Tonga trader. King of the Islands had rescued him from that fate, and, somehow, the scapegrace could not help remembering that, and how he had repaid it.

Dandy Peter's cutter was very different from Barney Hall's foul old lugger. The Sea-Cat was as clean a ship as the Dawn. It was like a happy dream to Ray Paget to be sailing in her, free as the sea-wind.

And Dandy Peter was his shipmate—the handsome dandy of Lukwe, of whom so many wild and dark tales were told on the beaches. It was chiefly to keep him clear of Dandy Peter that his uncle had sent him on the Dawn. But Paget, so far at least, had no fault to find with Dandy Peter.

Parsons had saved him from his servitude on the Dawn—had chosen him as a comrade—and he had little to offer in return. He wondered why Parsons had done it. His bitter enmity to King of the Islands accounted for his keen desire to do the boy trader an ill turn; but he had planned to take Paget on his cutter in the old days on Lalinge, before Ken King came on the scene at all.

Paget had little knowledge of sailing, though he had picked up some seamanship—against the grain—on the Dawn. He was of little use as a mate—and he had no idea of pulling and hauling with the crew. And if Parsons was bound on some sea venture, Paget had little money to risk in it. It looked like disinterested friendship on Dandy Peter's part—which was not in accordance with the tales told of him on the beaches.

Walking the little deck, breathing the sea-wind, light-hearted and happy, Paget hardly noticed, for some time, that the attention of the Lukwe crew was concentrated on the distant sail, or that the cutter was bearing down on it. But he noticed at last that the stern of the distant craft was turned towards the Sea-Cat, and realised that Dandy Peter was in pursuit of it. He joined the Lukwe skipper aft, and Parsons gave him a nod and a grin. Taking the cigarette from his mouth, he pointed with it across the shining sea.

"You've seen that packet before, Paget," he remarked. "It's Barney Hall's lugger!"

"Oh!" Paget's face hardened, and his eyes gleamed. "That scoundrel

Hall! I've told you how he handled me when I got away to his lugger at the Albatross Reef."

"A chance for you to get your own back now," said Dandy Peter. "We're overhauling him hand over fist. There's as much barnacles as keel to that foul old packet—the dirtiest craft in the Pacific! Anyhow, we could walk round her on a wind. We'll get Barney Hall."

"I'd be glad to put a fist in his face," said Paget slowly. "But—"

"But what?" There was a glimmer of mockery in Dandy Peter's eyes. Paget was going to learn something now about the Sea-Cat and her skipper. It was time he began to learn, if he was going to be of any use to the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

"But why are we after him?" asked Paget. "You're not running him down because he marooned me, weeks ago, at the Albatross?"

"Hardly! We're in want of stores," said Peter Parsons coolly.

"Stores?" repeated Paget blankly. Peter Parsons laughed.

"You're a greenhorn, Paget—you've got to learn the ways of the South Seas. We're a hundred miles from land here, and only the sea-birds to see what happens. Barney Hall can tell what tale he likes when he gets back to Tonga. It's pretty well known that he helps himself when he comes on some trader in lonely waters, and I'm taking a leaf out of his book."

"You're trading for stores with that ruffian?"

"Ay, ay—at the end of a gun!" said Dandy Peter.

Ray Paget gave a violent start. The brightness faded out of his face as he stared at the sea-lawyer.

"You're joking!" he stammered.

"Keep her steady!" Dandy Peter rapped to the boat-steerer. He gave the fleeing lugger another look. Paget could see now that the lugger was making every effort to get clear of the cutter. Barney Hall knew that he was chased, and had known it for the past hour, though it had only just occurred to Paget. Parsons turned to the scallywag again, a sneering grin on his face. "Have a little sense, Paget. Do you fancy that I'm a millionaire, sailing a yacht for pleasure, or what?"

"A trader—like King of the Islands."

"A trader—but not much like King of the Islands!" grinned Dandy Peter. "I take what I want, where I can find it. We pulled out of Uvuka short of stores—"

"But why?"

"Why?" snapped Parsons. "Because when you got on my cutter at Ou'a, and King of the Islands chased me and got you back, I lost my mast in a wind. I put in at Uvuka to refit. Do you reckon I got through for nothing? And I stood that beachcomber twenty dollars to keep Ken King and his mate out of the way while I got you off the ketch. Do you know how much it left me?"

"I've got some money—about twenty pounds."

"Keep it! We're sailing short of stores, short of money, and we've got a long trip ahead of us. Barney Hall

is going to help us out—as he's made others help him out, many a time."

"But," stammered Paget—"but that's piracy—piracy on the high seas!"

"Piracy's out of date!" said Parsons, laughing. "But borrowing stores in lonely waters, with a gun in your fist, is another thing."

"Hall will resist."

"It won't be healthy for him if he does! You're not a great hand at sailing, but you can handle a rifle."

PAGET caught his breath. So this was sailing with Dandy Peter!

He had never dreamed of it. He had pictured himself on the Sea-Cat, sailing the Pacific, trading with natives on coral beaches, with an occasional run ashore at a white man's port. He had not thought of this! Yet he might have known that a trader's life in the South Seas meant hard work and keen attention to business and duty—unless it was to end in failure and combing the beach. Hard work and duty were not Dandy Peter's way—neither, indeed, were they Paget's way. He had, in fact, been in a dream—and now he had to awaken to hard facts.

He stood silent, overwhelmed. Parsons gave him a sidelong glance. This fellow, little more than a boy, was going to be wax in his hands—idle and good-for-nothing, but brave and reckless; the very man Dandy Peter wanted, if he came to the same view of things as Dandy Peter! And he would come to that—he had to come! But the rascal of Lukwe was willing to break it to him easily at first. And there was Paget's old feud with Barney Hall to make the first step more welcome to him—to make it seem less like what it was.

Bang! A sudden report came floating across the water. It was a rifle-shot from the lugger, now being rapidly overhauled by the Lukwe cutter. The bullet whistled over the deck, and Dandy Peter did not even stir as it grazed the rim of his panama hat.

"Hall's opened the game!" he remarked coolly. "That's a hint to us to sheer off—and Hall did not care a hoot if it knocked over a nigger or a white man."

"Look here, Parsons—" began the scallywag, in an unsteady voice.

"Don't be a soft fool, Paget!" cut in Parsons. "That man Hall robbed you, and marooned you to die on a lonely reef. Don't you owe him something for that?"

It was like a straw for the scapegrace to catch at. His memory of the Tonga trader was bitter and vengeful.

"You're right," he said. "A hound like that—"

"Get the rifle from my cabin."

Paget fetched the rifle.

#### Bad Luck for Barney Hall!

BARNEY HALL chewed the black pipe between his discoloured teeth, stared back at the Lukwe cutter, and breathed rage. At the first sight of the Sea-Cat, in such

lonely waters, he had changed his course and stood away from her. But he was not surprised to see her overhauling him. Many a time had Barney helped himself to stores at the expense of some peaceful trader in a lonely sea. Now, if the Sea-Cat ran him down, Barney was to be done by as he had done by others. And the cutter was running him down fast.

He had fired a warning shot. But he did not expect it to deter Dandy Peter—he knew the sea-lawyer too well for that. Once or twice he scanned the sea with an anxious eye. Seldom indeed would Barney have been glad to see a gunboat. But he would have been glad now. But on the wide Pacific there was no sign of a craft but the lugger and the cutter.

"Burn him!" muttered Barney through his ragged beard. He gripped his Winchester. If it came to a struggle, Barney was the man for it.

His Tonga crew stared back at the pursuing cutter indifferently. They would stand by him, so far as that went, as they had stood by him in many a dark deed on the Pacific. But they were of little use in what was coming. Barney could see two white men on the cutter—and the struggle was going to be two to one, if the struggle came. And it was coming!

Barney knew the sea-lawyer of Lukwe at a glance. But he did not, till the cutter swooped very near, recognise his companion. Then he started, and caught his breath, at the sight of the deserter from the Dawn, whom he had robbed and abandoned on a reef.

"That swab!" snarled Barney.

He knew that King of the Islands, after forcing him to confess what he had done with the scallywag, had gone to the rescue. But he had never expected to see Paget again. He had, in fact, forgotten his existence till he saw him standing by Dandy Peter on the Sea-Cat, rifle in hand.

The cutter was running close now. She was near enough for a hail, and Dandy Peter's voice came ringing down the wind.

"Heave to, Barney Hall!"

The Tonga trader's savage, bearded face reddened with rage.

"Steer clear, Peter Parsons! I'll send a bullet through you if you lay me aboard! What's your game, you Lukwe thief—piracy?"

Dandy Peter laughed.

"I've got a shipmate here who wants to see you, Hall!" he shouted back. "Do you remember the man you marooned?"

"Do you remember me, you hound?" came from Paget. His face was set, and his eyes gleamed at the man who had left him to a slow death. All hesitation and scruple was gone now—Barney Hall was his enemy, and he was going to deal with him.

"Ay, ay!" retorted Hall. "I remember you, my fine gentleman! So you've run from King of the Islands, have you? A lot of good it did him, picking you off the reef, the soft-hearted fool! Steer clear of me if you know what's good for you!" He raised his rifle. "Steer clear,

## Ken King's Man-Hunt

Peter Parsons!" he bawled. "Steer clear, or I'm shooting!"

Dandy Peter, his hands in the pockets of his ducks, looked at him and laughed. Paget raised his rifle.

"Put that gun down, Barney Hall!" he said between his teeth. "We're coming aboard you—to handle you as you handled me! Do you hear me—put that gun down!"

There was not six fathoms between the two speakers, and the cutter was gliding closer. Dandy Peter whipped a revolver from his hip, and stood ready to jump.

Hall, gritting his teeth, fired. The grinning sea-lawyer of Lukwe was watching him like a cat. But the bullet whipped the panama from his head as he ducked under the rail. For a moment Paget believed that his shipmate had been hit. He fired back before the Tonga trader could pull trigger again.

There was a yell and a heavy fall on the lugger.

**T**HE rifle flew from Barney Hall's hands as he crashed down headlong on his deck, and lay groaning.

A moment more, and the cutter was alongside, and Dandy Peter jumped. The Tonga boys eyed him, muttering, but a lift of the revolver in the sea-lawyer's hand sent them crowding back into the bows.

"Back, you scum!" snarled Dandy Peter. With their skipper groaning on the deck, he had nothing to fear from the crew.

Paget stood staring down at the dirty deck of the lugger, the smoking rifle in his hands, his heart beating thickly. Barney Hall made an effort to rise and sank back again, groaning.

Parsons looked at him with a mocking grin. Hall was clad in nothing but cotton shorts and a hat. One of the brawny brown legs was splashed with crimson, that formed a pool round him as he lay. Paget had shot him in the leg. He had had to stand by his shipmate when the shooting began.

"You've got yours, Barney!" said Dandy Peter lightly. "You'd have been wiser to hand over stores to a skipper that's hard pushed."

A groaning oath came from Barney. He made another effort to rise and get at his rifle. Dandy Peter picked it up and tossed it into the sea. The Tonga trader sank back again, half-fainting with the effort.

Paget jumped on the lugger.

"You asked for this, Barney Hall," he said. "You left me to die, you scoundrel! I should be dead on the Albatross Reef if King of the Islands had not come for me! But I'll do what I can for you."

"Leave him to lie!" said Dandy Peter contemptuously. "We've got the stores to handle."

Unheeding, Paget proceeded to bind up the Tonga trader's leg. One of the Tonga boys, with an uneasy eye on Dandy Peter—brought him strips of tapa cloth. The bullet had gone clean through, and Paget applied a bandage to stop the flow of blood.

Barney Hall rewarded him with savage oaths and threats, which he did not heed.

While he was thus engaged, Dandy Peter was also busy. Under the muzzle of his revolver, the Tonga crew broke out stores, passing them over the rail to the Lukwe crew in the cutter alongside. The sea-lawyer left little behind for the lugger's crew. Barney Hall and his boys were likely to have a hard time before they raised land again.

Paget rose to his feet, his face pale and clouded. He told himself that he had given Barney Hall no more than he deserved, and that was true. But he did not find much comfort in it. Hall was a ruffian and a freebooter. But had the lugger been a peaceful trader, would Dandy Peter's actions have been different? He knew that they would not—he was beginning to know the dandy now. The future, that had seemed so bright, was losing its glamour, and his heart was heavy.

Dandy Peter, too busy to heed him, gave him no look as he went back to the cutter. The transfer of the stores was completed at last, and Peter Parsons, taking an axe, proceeded to hack at the lugger's rigging, cutting through rope after rope. Barney Hall panted with rage.

Dandy Peter was taking no chances. The Sea-Cat was to be far away from the scene of piracy before Barney Hall could make land. The lugger was to be left helpless, to make a weary way to the nearest island under the sweeps. Hall groaned aloud with fury as he watched the ruthless sea-lawyer at work.

Finished at last, Dandy Peter waved a mocking hand in farewell to the Tonga trader, and leaped back on the Sea-Cat. The cutter sheered off at once, her sails filled, and she flitted away on the sea like a graceful sea-bird.

On the Sea-Cat the Lukwe boys were grinning. It was easy for Paget to see that this was no new experience for Dandy Peter's crew. He stood looking back at the lugger, drifting helplessly on the sea, sinking out of sight astern. He stood in silence, his brow dark, till Barney Hall's lugger was below the sea-rim. He was learning what sailing with Dandy Peter was like—and there were more lessons to come!

### News of Dandy Peter!

**S**IGNAL of distress!" said Kit Hudson.

King of the Islands set his lips.

"We've no time now!" he said curtly.

Hudson gave him a look but did not answer. Koko the Kanaka, at the wheel of the Dawn, turned his dark eyes on his white master, but was silent. The Hiva-Oa crew stared indifferently at the dismantled craft that was drifting on the sea, under the blazing sun.

Ken's face was dark. It was not like King of the Islands, as kind-hearted a skipper as ever sailed the blue water, to pass unheeded a signal

of distress—he was ever ready to help stranger, friend, or foe. But the boy trader was not in his accustomed mood now—and his crew hardly knew him, with his grim set face and knitted brow.

It was a week since the skipper and mate of the Dawn had lain bound in the bush on Uvuka. That week had been spent in vain hunting for the Sea-Cat. Ken had come back to his ship in the Uvuka lagoon, to find the scallywag gone, and his crew roughly handled by the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

Within an hour, the Dawn had pulled out of Uvuka in chase of the Sea-Cat. But they knew that it was almost hopeless. Sooner or later, no doubt, Parsons would make his home port at Lukwe; but Lukwe was five hundred miles away, and they did not suppose for a moment that it was his immediate destination. The sea-lawyer was bound upon some venture, in nearer waters, but what it was, and whither he had turned his prow, they did not know, and could not guess.

Time was money to a trader, but Ken gave no thought to that now. The trade could go to pot till he had run the sea-lawyer down and called him to account. By day and night, King of the Islands hunted him in vain. At a dozen islands there was no news of the Sea-Cat—Dandy Peter, it seemed, was keeping the high seas, and had put in nowhere since he had run from Uvuka. Some vague rumour that a cutter answering to the description of the Sea-Cat had been seen north of Ou'a had set Ken on his present course—and from sunrise to sundown he watched the sea, hoping to raise the cutter's tall sail. But the vast Pacific had swallowed the Sea-Cat, and fiercely determined as he was, he knew that there was little hope. Dandy Peter might be sailing southward while he headed north in search of him—it was all guesswork.

Ken turned his back on the drifting packet that flew the rag from its mast. Hudson gave him another look, opened his lips and closed them again.

Ken's eyes flashed.

"Don't be a fool, Kit!" he said. "That is Barney Hall's lugger—you know his dirty packet as well as I do. He's struck bad luck—and let him chew on it, the scoundrel! We've no time to waste on Barney Hall."

Hudson did not answer.

"He's our enemy, and has always been!" snapped Ken. "Like as not, he's hit trouble through sea thieving—that's his way. We may pick up news of the Sea-Cat at Olo, and we're making Olo—and hang Barney Hall."

"You're skipper!" said Hudson curtly.

Ken breathed hard.

"You'd waste time on that ruffian—our old enemy!" he muttered.

"The shipmate I always knew would have gone out of his course to help friend or enemy!" said the Australian quietly. "And that lugger's in bad case! She's been ripped to tatters, and if you'll look through the glasses, you'll see that



# BIG THRILLS!

No. 6

Charging the Crowd on a Runaway Bike

By RON HARRIS Winner of the 1935 Light-weight Manx Grand Prix

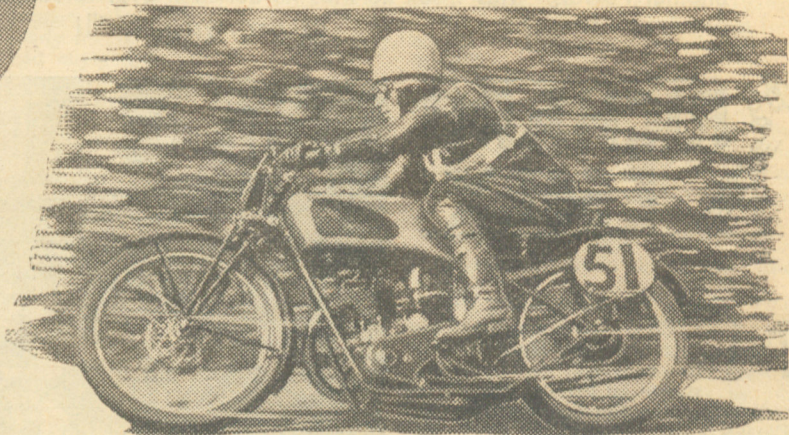
**L**OOKING back over a great number of racing thrills I think the one that caused me the most palpitation occurred during the Isle of Man Grand Prix of 1932.

I was hurtling down the mountain, travelling at about 100 m.p.h. towards Grag-ne Baa. This is a right-angle turn taken by most riders at about 35 m.p.h. As the competitors approach the turn they are faced with a very large and solid looking hotel, on the left of which is a narrow road for use as a slip road. This is for the use of riders who are going too fast to turn and who dislike the idea of climbing the walls of the hotel!

When approaching this corner I left the braking just a fraction too late, and decided that if I was to get round at all I should have to put the "stoppers" on good and proper. The cam operating the front brake shoe had worn slightly, and as I clapped on the brakes it turned and locked the wheel solid.

The front wheel rose in the air about two feet, and when it crashed down on the road again the whole machine bounced and bucked down the road like an inebriated antelope, accompanied by weird shrieking sounds from the skidding tyres.

**T**HE bike had hardly slowed since I had applied the brakes, and to make matters worse I found that it would not respond to the steering!



Photos: Courtesy of "The Motor Cycle."

The hotel, with crowds of people in front of it, was rushing towards me at terrific speed—and then, in the midst of my consternation, I witnessed the world's greatest community vanishing trick. All the people in front of the hotel simply melted from view.

Where they went or how they managed to disappear so quickly I shall never know, but I should think that every one of them was capable of carrying off world's championship sprinting honours.

Just when I had decided that all was lost the brake came off, and with a frantic broadside skid I managed to skim the hotel, and after a short trip through the air minus my machine, I landed in the slip road on my back.

her crew have had a rough time. They look half-starved."

"A crew of black scoundrels, backing up a ruffian who's no better than a pirate!" said Ken bitterly. "We've no time for them—we're after Dandy Peter! I tell you, Kit, I'll never rest till I've made that villain answer for what he's done."

Koko looked at his white master again. But King of the Islands made no sign, and the boatswain kept the ketch steady on her course. Ken paced the deck with knitted brows. He knew what Barney Hall wanted—a tow into Olo. Waste of time—waste of many hours, dragging that heavy lugger fifty sea miles to the nearest port. He was after Dandy Peter. There was a chance, if a faint one, of picking up news of him at Olo. He would waste no time on Barney Hall.

But his heart smote him as his eyes turned on the lugger. The Tonga boys were pulling for the Dawn—slow and weary work, and in vain, unless Ken chose to let them come up. Of Barney Hall he could see nothing.

He rapped out a sudden sharp

order. Dandy Peter or no Dandy Peter, he could not leave a craft in distress unaided—even his old enemy. The Dawn changed her course, and ran down to the lugger. And Ken had his reward in the brightening of the dark faces of the Tonga boys, pulling wearily at the sweeps. As he drew closer, he could see the plain signs of hardship in those dark faces. The lugger was dismantled and disabled, and might have been drifting long, short of stores and perhaps of water. As the ketch hove alongside and he looked down into the smaller craft, he saw Hall stretched on the dirty deck, on a bed of copra sacks, with a helpless bandaged leg stretched out, and a ghastly pallor in his bearded face.

The ketch hooked on, and Ken jumped down into the lugger. Barney Hall stared up at him, with a scowling brow. Even then, eager as he was for Ken's help, he did not forget that he was the boy trader's enemy, and the memory of their last meeting rankled.

"You've had hard luck, Barney," said Ken quietly. "Who's handled you and your lugger like this? If you want help—"

"I want a tow into the nearest port," muttered Barney Hall. "We've been four days drifting, since that swab robbed me of my stores, and cut my rigging to ribbons. We're short of food, short of water—"

"I can let you have both!" said Ken. "And I'll give you a tow into Olo."

"You're a white man, King of the Islands," muttered the Tonga trader grudgingly. "I've been on my back ever since they ran down my lugger, and cleared out my stores. By hokey, I'll level up with Peter Parsons!"

"Peter Parsons!" exclaimed Ken. "You've seen the Sea-Cat!"

"She ran me down four days ago," muttered Hall. "Dandy Peter and that young swab Paget!"

"The Sea-Cat!" repeated Ken. His eyes danced. He had been sorely tempted to pass his old enemy by. Had he done so, he would have missed

(Continued on page 31)

## Ken King's Man-Hunt

(Continued from page 25)

the news of the man he was hunting. "The Sea-Cat, with Paget on board!"

"Ay, ay! I reckon he's paid me in full now!" groaned Barney Hall. "He owed it to me; but that sea-lawyer, Dandy Peter—" He choked with rage. "Give me a tow in, King of the Islands! I'll pay for a tow."

"You've paid!" said Ken. "All I want is news of Dandy Peter! What course was he steering when he left you?"

"West and by north."

"Then he was not making Olo! But we've got to make Olo, to take you in." Ken knitted his brows. "West and by north. Maybe he's making Ululu, or Dutchman's Island!"

He broke off and rapped out sharp orders. His face was bright as he went back to his own craft. He had news of Dandy Peter now—and there was a chance! The tow-rope was run from the disabled lugger to the stern

## Third Time Unlucky

(Continued from page 20)

put a bold face on their rebellion and went to tell Davis of it.

"Very well, my bullies," he said pleasantly, "it was in comradeship we joined, and since we can't agree, let's part in friendship. I shall go on alone, and have no doubt I can get along without you. I wish you luck!"

Some of his own crew had been eager to try their hand among easy prey, and Davis soothed them by giving them what they desired as soon as they had left the other ships. For months he cruised the trade routes, taking vessels regardless of nationality, plundering them of money and letting them go.

But when his good luck presented him with a really fast, stout Dutch vessel, whose crew failed to make the best use of a formidable armament, Davis announced that now it was time to proceed upon his own venture. He pressed some of the Dutchmen, finding less difficulty than he had expected, and kept them to work the ships while his own old hands were left free to fight; and he kept the Dutch vessel, with her efficient armament, as a consort.

His flagship was now a powerful engine of war, mounting as many guns as a far greater warship would carry, and after taking and looting two or three merchantmen, just to make sure that his new men were dependable, he set his course for the object of his great scheme.

Again he had business with a governor. He announced that his ship was an English vessel-of-war, sent out to harry pirates, and apparently the governor accepted him at his own valuation. Davis careened and cleaned his ships, meanwhile taking notice of everything about the place, and when all was in readiness he began to carry out his intention. He invited the governor aboard to dine.

He presented him with rich gifts

*The Modern Boy*

of the ketch, and the Dawn spread her sails again to the wind.

"I reckon you're glad we stopped to give Barney Hall a hand, Ken!" said Kit Hudson, with a grin, as the Dawn glided away, with the heavy lugger rolling and rocking in her wake.

"Don't rub it in, old chap! My hat, I'm glad!" Ken's eyes gleamed. "We're losing a day towing Hall into Olo, but after that—"

"After that, Dandy Peter!" said the mate of the Dawn.

It was a clue at last to the sea-lawyer lost in the immensity of the Pacific. Dandy Peter was far away, and counted himself safe from pursuit. But an ill deed had done him an ill turn—and a good deed had done his pursuer a good turn. The sea-lawyer of Lukwe was not so safe as he counted himself!

*There's a stunning blow waiting for scallywag Ray Paget next Saturday—when he learns what Dandy Peter's business at Dutchman's Island really is!*

from the choicest of the pirates' plunder, and accompanied him to his residence with men to carry them. On the following day it had been arranged that the governor should go aboard again, in company with certain influential merchants who had shown Davis courtesies while he was overhauling his ships.

All seemed to promise splendidly. Davis was to go ashore in person, with his officers, to take refreshment with the governor before repairing on board to lunch; and that was to be the great moment. The guests were going to find themselves more than mere guests—they were to be captured and held for a huge ransom!

But this governor was not to swell the pirate's coffers. A Dutch seaman, one of the pressed men, told all about the plot. Still the governor remained outwardly unsuspecting. When Davis put off to his ship late that night the arrangement held good. In the morning he went ashore, as agreed, with his officers all dressed in their best, to drink wine with the governor and his fellow-guests before going aboard to lunch.

The merchants provided a surprise for Davis. They had been replaced by soldiers dressed as civilians; and Howel Davis found himself in a trap from which there was no escape. He fought as he knew well how to fight; but of his party of shrewd pirates only one got away alive, to make his way out to the ships and give the alarm.

The ships put to sea; but Davis remained, a dead pirate, beaten by the third governor he tackled. Third time unlucky!

*"BLACKBEARD THE JOKER!" comes on to the MODERN BOY stage Next Saturday—a Pirate who in his day was Public Enemy Number One, and no mistake. And he had his own brand of humour which made him still more terrible to foes and friends alike!*

# FREE TRIP

FOR TWO  
THERE AND BACK TO  
**HOLLYWOOD**

ON THE R.M.S.

# QUEEN MARY



## Or £500 Cash

Also a 10 h.p. Ford Car... a 26 gn. Philips Radiogram... 20 Coventry Challenge Bicycles... 250 Wrist Watches and 500 7-lb. Boxes of this—the grandest toffee in the world. A wonderful competition—spotting the objects in the Sharp's puzzle picture that begin with the letter "S." Entry form, from confectioners with 4-oz. purchases of

# SHARP'S MICKEY MOUSE HOLLYWOOD

# TOFFEE

