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APRIL 9th, 1938

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BULLY OF THE SUNDA

Saved
from the
Sea!

KEN KING, King of the Islands, came on deck in the bright sunrise on the Pacific. It was twenty-four hours since the gale had dropped, but there was still a swell on the sea. Far away, ahead of the Dawn, a mountain-top jutted into the blue, indicating where the island of Ululo lay. Ken King gave his mate, Kit Hudson, a cheery nod.

"That's Ululo," he said. "We shall make it before noon. I wonder— He glanced astern, where, to the southward, the blue Pacific stretched apparently to infinity unbroken by any sign of land. Kit Hudson gave a grunt.

"You're worrying about that kid Peter?" he asked.

"I wish he'd stayed on the ketch," answered Ken. "He was a fool to go back to Kohu. He'll make it safely enough in Ka-a-lo-a's canoe, but—

"But he'll find half Lukwe there, hunting for Tom Daly's pearls—which I, for one, don't believe in!" said the mate of the Dawn. "I've heard that beach-comber babbling, after shifting a bottle of square-face!"

"I think there must be something in it this time," said Ken, shaking his head. "Van Duck, the Dutchman, and Barney Hall, of Tonga, both pulled out of Lukwe after hearing the story."

"Fools for their pains!" said Hudson. "But if there are pearls on Kohu, Black Tom Daly won't find many of 'em left when he gets back from Lukwe in his lugger. Barney Hall will see to that if Van Duck doesn't. That young swab, Peter, is running back into a hornet's nest—for nothing!"

Ken did not answer. His eyes had fixed on a distant object, rolling in the Pacific rollers—little more than a speck on the sea, but, to a sailor's eyes, evidently a capsized vessel of some kind. Kit Hudson followed his glance.

"A wreck!" he said. "That packet did not have our luck in the gale, Ken! She's turned turtle!"

Ken nodded. It was the hull of a small vessel that bobbed on the distant seas, keel up. A clutter of rigging and broken spars still clung to it, bobbing on the water beside the hull. The fierce gale, in which the Dawn had fought for her life and pulled through, had wrought destruction to that unknown craft, leaving it a shattered wreck adrift on the Pacific.

"Nobody left alive on that bit of flotsam!" added Hudson.

"Hardly!" agreed Ken. "But— He gazed long and earnestly at the distant rolling wreck. The boy trader had lost time at Kohu and he had a date to keep at Ululo, but he was not the man to pass by the slightest chance of helping a fellow-seaman in distress.

"Feller belong that packet walk about along bottom sea!" said Koko, the Kanaka boatswain. "That feller go finish, sar!"

"Lompo, you go along cabin, fetch long-feller glass," ordered King of the Islands.

Lompo brought up the binoculars, and Ken turned them on the distant wreck. The speck on the sea rushed into clearer view. A shattered, battered hull, a tangle of ropes and torn canvas and broken spars—and something else that lay like a log in the tangle! It was a human form that was tangled in the torn rigging—whether dead or alive, he could not tell. He handed the glasses to his mate.

Hudson looked.

"A dead man," he said. "But we can't be too sure!"

King of the Islands rapped out swift orders, and the ketch bore away from her course and ran down towards the drifting wreck.

"The days of piracy are dead—Van Duck will never dare attack us!" declared King of the Islands—but the boy skipper had forgotten the lure of pearls

By CHARLES HAMILTON

answered King of the Islands. "Back to the Dawn—you feller boy washy-washy too quick!"

The whaleboat shot back to the ketch. Ken's eyes were keenly and curiously on the face of the man he had saved from the wrecked lugger—a bronzed, black-bearded face that the boy trader knew. It was the face of Black Tom Daly, pearl, beachcomber, drifting jettison of the beaches. The man was insensible, sunk in the deepest unconsciousness, but he still lived.

"Alive?" asked Kit Hudson, as the boat came under the Dawn's rail again, and the Kanakas passed up the senseless man.

"Ay, ay—but all in!" answered Ken. "Look at him, Kit—you know him!"

"Suffering cats!" exclaimed Hudson. "It's Daly. If that kid Peter had stayed with us, he would have found his father!"

"Peter said that he was not Tom Daly's son, old man," Ken reminded him. "Koko, get the man below."

The insensible pearl was taken down to the Dawn's cabin and laid in a berth on the lockers. King of the Islands went below with him, and it was some time before he returned to the deck.

Hudson gave him an inquiring glance as he came up.

"He will live," said Ken. He glanced at the mountain-top jutting from the sea to the north. The Dawn, speeding swiftly on her course again, was approaching Ululo. "We can land him there, and leave him in good hands!"

"He hasn't come to?"

"No; and he doesn't look likely to yet for a good time."

"Poor beggar!" said Hudson. "We may hear the truth from him about those pearls when he comes to his senses!"

But Black Tom Daly was still lying

senseless as a log when the ketch ran into the lagoon at Ululo, under the hot sun of noon.

Halted
by
Bullets!

CAPTAIN VAN DUCK tramped the after-deck of the schooner Sunda, stared and scowled at the shining sea, and muttered Dutch curses in his red, ragged beard. Trader and pearl-poacher, nigger-stealer and freebooter, Van Duck was never a good-tempered man, and now the fierce-tempered Solomon Islanders who manned his schooner kept as far from him as they could.

For a day and a night, and now in the sunny new day, Captain van Duck had been a terror to his crew—savagely watching the sea, muttering curses, and clenching his big hairy hands in impatient rage.

Every hour, every minute, he hoped to raise the tall sails of the Dawn on the Pacific. But since pulling out of Kohu he had seen nothing of the ketch, except a glimpse of her lights on the night of the storm, when he had blazed away with a rifle at the Dawn—only to lose her again in the darkness.

On board the Dawn was the boy Peter, who was, as he believed, the son of Black Tom Daly, the pearl. He had found the boy on Kohu, in the pearler's hut, where the oysters had been rotted out for pearls, and taken him by force on his schooner. The boy had jumped to the reef and run—but he would have been recaptured but for the unlucky chance that the Dawn had put in at the solitary island for water.

Van Duck had sailed in pursuit of the

Dawn, desperately ready to sink her with all hands if that was the only way to get hold of the pearler's son. But the Dawn had vanished into the illimitable Pacific, and hunting for her on the boundless ocean was like hunting for a needle in a haystack. Half-a-dozen times he had run down to native canoes, but from none of them had he been able to pick up news of the Dawn.

Incessantly, the Dutchman's little piggy eyes swept the sea. And when a canoe, with a heavy mat sail and a huge outrigger, came tacking down from the direction of Ululo, the Dutchman growled out savage orders, and the schooner fell away, running down to the canoe.

Four brown faces stared at the Sunda as she came. In the stern of the canoe was a canvas shelter, rigged up on bamboos, whether occupied or not, Van Duck could not see. If it was occupied, the occupant did not show himself—he could see without being seen.

Suddenly the canoe changed her course, falling away from the approaching schooner.

The Ululo boys had been making southward, on long tacks, the wind coming out of the east. But a minute after the Sunda changed her course the Ululo boys changed theirs, sweeping round to the west, full before the wind.

Van Duck watched the manoeuvre with savage irritation. The canoe was trying to avoid a meeting—for what reason he did not know, but it meant a waste of time he could not spare. He noted, too, that the brown boys had all looked towards the stern shelter, and guessed that an order had been called to them from someone not in his sight. The canvas shelter was occupied by someone.

The canoe, light as a sea-bird before the wind, shot away into the west. Van Duck swore savagely, and roared out to his black boys to shake out more sail.

Again Van Duck saw the brown boys stare round at the unseen occupant of the canvas shelter aft. Clearly they received another order, for they grasped their paddles and began paddling hard and fast, to help the sail. The canoe fairly flew through the water.

But fast as it was, it had no chance against the schooner. Closer and closer her sails loomed over the fleeing canoe. Van Duck put his hairy paw to his mouth and roared:

"You feller Ululo boy, you stop along this hooker!"

They heard his angry roar down the wind, and startled eyes stared back from startled brown faces. But the paddles plied faster and faster. The canoe tore on.

Spitting rage, the Dutchman grasped a heavy revolver from the back of his belt.

"You feller boy!" he roared. "You stop close-up, s'pose you no wantee kill-dead along gun belong me."

He could see the Ululo boys babbling to one another in alarm and excitement. But they still paddled on desperately. For whatever reason, the hidden passenger in the canvas shelter was urging them.

Bang! The revolver roared, pitching a bullet into the midst of the Ululo boys. There was a howl of terror from the Ululo boys. The bullet had torn a strip of skin from a brown leg.

It was too much for the Ululo crew. Up to that moment they had obeyed the orders of the hidden passenger, and made every effort to escape the Dutch schooner. But they had no defence against firearms—and Van Duck was now near enough to riddle the whole crew with lead.

The paddles were taken in, and next moment the mat sail dropped.

Ka-a-lo-a waved brown hands frantically to the schooner, in sign of submission, and howled at the top of his voice.

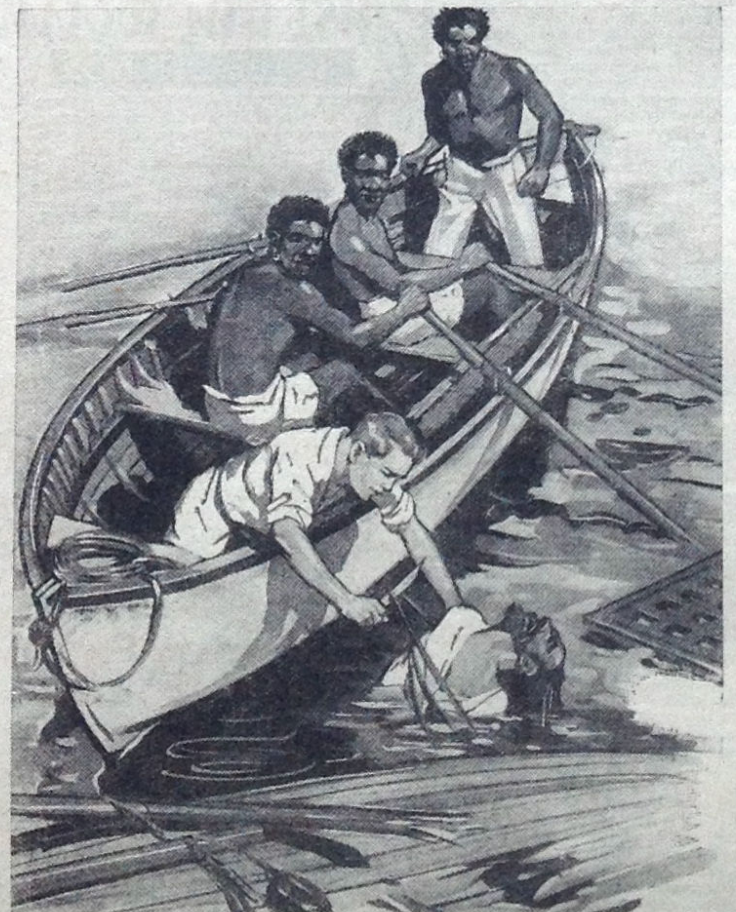
"This feller canoe stop, sar, close-up, plenty too quick! You no shootee this feller along gun belong you, sar. This feller Ululo boy plenty too good boy along feller white master."

Van Duck, scowling, jammed the revolver back into his belt. The schooner swept down on the canoe, which rocked and danced in the wash, and at a savage gesture from the Dutchman, Ka-a-lo-a held on, looking up with terrified eyes at the brutal, red-bearded face that glared down at him.

Peter of Kohu crouched under the canvas cover in the canoe, trembling at the sound of the harsh, savage voice of the Dutchman. Every tone of that savage voice sent a chill to his heart.

"You feller Ululo boy!" hooted Van Duck. "What name you no stop, along you savvy me wantee you stop?"

"White master say no stop, sar," babbled Ka-a-lo-a. "Ululo boy like plenty too much stop—white master say no stop, sar."



There was no sign of life in the man lashed to the wrecked lugger, but Ken cut him loose and dragged him into the whaleboat.

Van Duck understood from that that there was a white man under the canvas cover. He little guessed who, however! He was surprised at the white man not emerging and speaking up for himself, but he had no interest in the man if he could pick up the information he wanted from the Ululo boys.

"You feller boy, you savvy Dawn, feller ship belong King of the Islands?" he asked. "You see that ketch Dawn, eye belong you, along you stop along sea along canoe?"

"Yessar!"
Van Duck's scowling brow cleared. This was news, at last. If the canoe had sighted the Dawn, he was on the right course.

"What time you see that feller ketch?" he asked eagerly.

"See um day before, sar, along sun he go sleep," answered Ka-a-lo-a. "That feller ketch go along Ululo, sar."

"You plenty sure that feller ketch go along Ululo?"

"Yessar, me savvy too much."
"You see that feller ketch close-up, eye belong you?" asked Van Duck.

"Yessar, this feller Ka-a-lo-a speak along King of the Islands, mouth belong him, sar."

The Dutchman's piggy eyes glistened. "You see feller stop along that ketch?" he asked. "You see all feller stop along that ketch, eye belong you?"

"Yessar, me see feller King of the Islands, feller mate Hudson, feller crew belong Hiva-Oa, see all feller."

"You see a young white master—feller white boy—no belong crew belong King of the Islands?" asked Van Duck eagerly. "Small feller white boy, name belong him Peter?"

Ka-a-lo-a's dark eyes glimmered curiously. The "small feller white boy" was hardly two fathoms from Van Duck. Only the canvas awning hid him from the Dutchman's eyes.

But not for an instant did it occur to the Dutchman that the unseen "white master" in the canoe was Peter of Kohu—within his grasp, if he had only known!

Neither had Ka-a-lo-a any intention of telling him. Unless Van Duck made the discovery for himself, he was going to learn nothing of the white boy's presence on the canoe.

"Me see um, sar," answered the Ululo boy. "Me see that feller white boy along ketch belong King of the Islands."

Peter's heart almost ceased to beat in the ulu of what was to come next. If the Ululo boys betrayed his presence, he was helpless at the mercy of the savage Dutchman. Once more on board the Sunda, he was not likely to escape again.

"That feller white boy prisoner along ketch?" asked Van Duck.

"No, sar, he walk about deck all same other feller," answered Ka-a-lo-a. "He go along Ululo, along King of the Islands, sar, along feller ketch."

Ka-a-lo-a watched Van Duck's harsh, bearded face intently, as he made that untruthful statement. But there was no sign of suspicion in the Dutchman's look. Not for a moment did he suppose that King of the Islands would part with Peter until he had extracted from him the secret of Black Tom's pearls.

Van Duck was satisfied. He was about to sign to Ka-a-lo-a to push off, when his glance fell on the canvas shelter, and he spoke again.

"What name feller white master belong you, stop along awning?" he asked. He was not suspicious, but he was surprised that the white man had not shown up.

"That feller white master plenty too sick, sar," answered the Ululo boy glibly. "Him plenty too sick along fever, sar."

From which Van Duck concluded that the white man in the canoe was suffering from an attack of malaria. He waved his rough hand in sign to Ka-a-lo-a to push off. With a relief which did not show in his brown face, the Ululo boy obeyed, and the canoe rocked away from the schooner.

The boy under the awning could hardly believe his good fortune. But he heard the clatter of ropes, the boom of canvas, as the schooner got under way again—and then the brown face of Ka-a-lo-a grinned in at the opening of the little shelter.

"Feller Dussman no stop, sar," said Ka-a-lo-a. "That feller Dussman no savvy white master feller stop along this feller canoe, my word!"

Peter nodded—he could not speak. Ka-a-lo-a, grinning cheerfully, called to the other Ululo boys, and the mat sail was run up again and the canoe stood once more on her former course, southward for Kohu.

Peter lay down in his blankets under the awning to sleep through the heat of the tropic day, while the canoe scudded late in the hot afternoon when Ka-a-lo-a was calling him and pointed with a brown finger to a line of white foam, where the Pacific was breaking on a coral reef.

"Kohu!" breathed Peter.

Under the blazing sun, the canoe ran

into the channel in the reef where, a couple of days since, Peter had found refuge on Ken King's ship. Lonely enough now it looked, with no sign of a sail or an inhabitant. But Peter's dark eyes swept anxiously over the reef and the lagoon. There were other passages in the circling reef, and he had not forgotten Barney Hall. But if the trader of Tonga was there, there was no sign of him to be seen.

The canoe ran into the lagoon and the boy stepped out on to the shelving sand. Ka-a-lo-a received his payment for the trip and the canoe immediately put to sea again, leaving Peter standing, a solitary figure, on the beach.

Looking for Trouble!

"LEAVE him to me!" said Mulligan, the trader on Ululo. "He's far gone, but I'll pull him round, if a beachcomber's worth pulling round, Captain King. And when he's on his pins again, I'll get craft out of Ululo."

"It's all we can do, Ken," said Kit Hudson.

King of the Islands nodded. Black Tom Daly, his face staring ghastly white from his black hair and beard, lay unconscious in a bunk in Mulligan's bungalow. Mulligan, the Pacific Company's trader, was the only white man on the island. He was more than ready to take in a shipwrecked seaman, especially as Ken was prepared to leave a necessary sum to meet the expenses. He could not carry a sick passenger on a trading ketch, neither would Black Tom have chosen to be taken on a long trip far from Kohu.

Leaving the still insensible man with the Ululo trader, therefore, the shipmates returned to the beach, where the whaleboat awaited them. Canoes were still taking out cargo of copra and pearl-shell to the Dawn, but they were making the last trip.

The shipmates stepped back on the deck of the Dawn as the last canoe discharged its cargo and sheered off. The Hiva-Oa crew were preparing for sea, when there was a sudden shout from Kohu.

Feller Dussman come along lagoon, sar!" he shouted.

"The Sunda!" exclaimed Hudson. King of the Islands stared at the schooner coming in through the reef. His brow darkened as he looked, while Koko drew the long Malatia knife from his girdle and ran his broad thumb along the razor-like edge—a sufficient indication of what the boatswain was expecting now that Van Duck had overhauled the Dawn. The Hiva-Oa boys cackled with excitement.

"I can't quite believe that even that scoundrel will dare, Kit," said King of the Islands slowly. "It's a long step to the High Commissioner at Fiji, but the days of piracy are dead and gone! He'll never dare. But if he does he'll find us ready!"

Ken issued rapid orders. If the Dutchman was desperate enough to attack him, he was going to be ready. Rifles were served out to the crew even to Danny, the cook-boy, coming out of his galley to handle a Winchester. Ken and Kit buckled on their revolvers.

There was no possibility of avoiding a conflict if the Dutchman chose—and in a very short time they knew beyond doubt that Van Duck had come for trouble. They could see him standing close-by, his piggy eyes were fixed on them with a glare of deadly animosity. And at that moment it was satisfactory to Ken to remember that the boy Peter was far away, safe from the clutches of the Dutch freebooter, whatever was to come.

The schooner ranged and dropped her sails. Along her side appeared the fuzzy heads of Van Duck's black crew—and they had arms in their hands. With such a crew it was the Dutchman's custom to keep the arms on the schooner safely under lock and key, except his own revolver. The sight of rifles on the Sunda showed, only too plainly, the freebooter's intentions.

"Aho, King of the Islands!" roared Van Duck, grinning savagely at the cool, hard face of the boy trader.

"Aho, Van Duck!" called back Ken.

"Looking for this packet?"

"You've got it, Myneh King!" jeered the Dutchman. "I picked up news of you from a canoe, and by hokey I've overhauled you. Send that boy on board my schooner, and lose no time about it."

Ken laughed contemptuously.

"If the boy were here, I'd keep him against you and all your crew of cannibals," he answered. "But he's not here."

"You've sent him ashore?" Van Duck's glance turned on the beach, where a crowd of Ululo natives were staring, and on Mulligan, the trader, looking out of the veranda of his bungalow. "Is he on Ululo?"

"No!"

"Then he is on your packet!" rapped the Dutchman. "Don't lie to me, Ken King!"

"You lubberly swab!" said King of the



THE EDITOR TALKS

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"LET us have some motor-racing stories!" is a remark that I have found in hundreds of the letters that have reached me lately. Actually I have had a series of these yarns in preparation for some while, knowing as I do that they are universal favourites. You can count the writers of good motor-racing stories on the fingers of one hand, and one of them is certainly Clifford Cameron, who next week gives you the first of a fine series. You will meet young Nick Forrest, longing to make a name for himself in the world of speed. An amazing chance comes along, and he takes it—finds himself matching his fifteen-year-old car against the cracks, all-out for a SPLIT-SECOND VICTORY!

PIRATE GLOBES RAID PARIS!
Down they swoop on the hidden storehouse of a nation's gold. Millions of pounds are practically in their hands. In the hour of her danger, France finds two people working furiously to turn the tables—Midge and Doctor O'Mally.

Second in our great series of stories centring around rail pioneer George Stephenson comes THE IMPOSSIBLE RAILWAY. That is what they called the line he proposed to build over Chat Moss. "Heave a brick in it and it sinks like a stone!" they said. "And Stephenson reckons he'll run locomotives and trains over it!" But Stephenson, con-

fident of victory, went ahead. How he built his railway, and fought his enemies with the aid of the boy, Billy James, you will read next Saturday.

Steve Chivers gets a new job next week—taking a big motor-coach on a thousand-mile journey across the desert. One of his passengers is the MAN FROM MOUNTAIN CITY. Out in the desert the man shows himself to be a desperate crook—and the excitement begins!

Kit Connaught and Driggs Dennison appear to go crazy in next week's instalment of "Wings Over the Pacific." They swoop down on a ship flying the American flag, and bomb it to destruction. But you'll know why, when you read THE FAKE DESTROYER.

In KEN KING HITS BACK you'll find the boy trader taking the law into his own hands, dealing out rough justice to the Bully of the Sunda—and the mystery of the pearl island grows deeper!

Another True Tale of Treasure SPOILS OF CIVIL WAR, and the story of the film, ATLANTIC FLIGHT, round off a fine set of stories. Our Special Features section is once again packed with good stuff. Our new Competition is on page 6—with a fine chance to win a splendid double prize!

Your sincere friend,

THE EDITOR

Islands. "Do you fancy I'd lie to a dirty dog like you, to save my life, or a dozen lives? The boy is not on my ship, and he is not on Ululo—he left us at sunset yesterday. Believe it or not as you choose!"

The Dutchman gritted his teeth. "Hand over the boy, King, or I am coming for him!" he snarled at Ken.

"Come as soon as you like!" retorted King of the Islands. "You can't bully an English skipper like a nigger on a Dutch island, you swab! Fire one shot, and you will get enough shooting to satisfy you!"

Ken's revolver was in his hand now—and Hudson gripped a butt. The Hiva-Oa boys had their rifles trained over the rail of the Dawn. The odds were heavy, terribly heavy, if it came to a conflict; but there was no doubt that the fight would be stern and hard, and that it would cost the Dutchman dear. Van Duck's little piggy eyes gleamed with a rage, but he paused. Piracy was a desperate game, and if the boy was no longer on the ketch, he had no cause to precipitate a deadly struggle. He was in doubt.

"Where is the boy, if you're speaking the truth?" he snapped out at last. "If he's not on your ketch, and not on Ululo, where is he?"

Ken paused before replying. It went against the grain to give the bully of the Sunda a single civil word. He was much more disposed to defy him to do his worst. But he had his crew to think of.

"I'll tell you," he answered at last. "He left the ketch at sunset last night in a canoe. He went against my advice, but he was his own master, and he chose to go."

"You let him go—when he knows the secret of Black Tom's pearls!" snorted the Dutchman. "You ask me to believe that, King of the Islands?"

"Believe it or not, you swab, it's the truth! Do you take me for a sea-thief like yourself?" said Ken scornfully. "If the boy had been loaded with pearls they would have been safe on my ship, you dog."

"If the boy's not on board, I've no business with you, Ken King," said the Dutchman. "But I'll see for myself! I'm coming on board that hooker to search her—and if you resist, your blood will be on your own head!"

Hudson's eyes flashed at him. But the mate of the Dawn did not speak. He looked at Ken.

Again the boy trader paused long. His anger was deep, but after all, the boy who had been loaded with pearls would reveal that fact. It was no time to give way to angry indignation. Common sense warned him to avoid a useless conflict.

"You can come on board, Van Duck, and search the ketch if you choose," said

Ken. "But you'll come alone! I'll not trust your black headhunters on my deck. Stand where you are and I'll send my boat across! Come a single fathom nearer in your schooner and we open fire!"

Again the Dutchman almost gave way to a burst of rage. Again the order to attack trembled on his lips. But again he checked it. If he was free to search the ketch that was all he wanted.

"Send your boat, then!" he snarled at last.

"Only you will step into the boat, Van Duck! I shall shoot dead any man that follows you!" said Ken warningly.

Van Duck gave a surly grunt of assent. "You feller Lompo, Kolulo, you washy-washy along schooner, bring feller Dussman along this ketch!" said Ken.

The whaleboat had not yet been swung up to the davits. The two Kanakas jumped into it and pulled across to the schooner. Ken stood at the rail, revolver in hand, finger on trigger, as Van Duck dropped into the whaleboat, his heavy weight making it rock. But he dropped alone, and Lompo and Kolulo ferried him across to the Dawn. He clambered, scowling, on board, watched by his crew from the schooner.

He gave the shipmates a scowl and immediately tramped below, his revolver in his hand.

King of the Islands breathed hard and deep. It was a bitter indignity to have his ship searched by a lawless ruffian, and it was not easy for him to keep his hands off the swaggering bully of the Sunda, who treated a white man's ship as insolently as he might have treated a black man's canoe. But the boy trader shut his teeth on his anger and stood quietly on deck while the Dutchman was below.

For long, long minutes, Van Duck could be heard tramping and rummaging and rooting through every corner and recess of the ketch. Had any one been hidden on the vessel the search would have unearthed him. He could be heard tramping and rummaging and cursing over again, and yet again; till at length he could no longer doubt.

"The boy's not here!" His voice came in a snarl. "What have you done with him? Give me his bearings, or I'll call to my crew and sink this hooker with every soul on board!"

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Next Week:
KEN KING HITS BACK