

# *The* MODERN BOY

EVERY SATURDAY  
NO. 356

WEEK ENDING DEC 1ST 1934  
VOL. 14

2<sup>D</sup>



*Biggles*

—WORLD FAMOUS AIR ACE—  
JUST GOING UP!

*In Great War Flying  
Story INSIDE!*



## KEN KING'S SOUTH SEAS SALVAGE SEARCH!



"KH!" panted King of the Islands, as Koko waded through the gurgling brown water and heaved a form into the boat—a white man.

# PHANTOM GOLD!

Shipmates once more, The Boy Trader of the South Sea Islands and the mate of the ketch Dawn join forces in a bid for the Crackerjack's 7,000 Sunken Sovereigns! . . . By CHARLES HAMILTON

### Howling Savages!

**K**ING OF THE ISLANDS strained his eyes in the darkness. How many hours had he waited there listening, watching, while the whale-boat rocked on the sluggish water of the channel in the mangrove swamp of the cannibal island of Suna-Suna?

The black night seemed endless, yet it was nowhere near the dawn. Foul water gurgled by the boat—foul vapours, heavy with malaria, reeked round him. A glimmer here and there of the stars seemed only to make the darkness more intense. Lompo and Lufu crouched silent, one of them holding to a branch and keeping the boat steady.

Away in the darkness, half-way between the bushy island and the Suna-Suna reef, the Dawn was hove-to, with only Danny and Kolulo and Tomoo on board.

The night was calm, and the mangrove swamp hot as an oven. The sweat poured down Ken King's face, and he dashed it away and watched

and listened. Was it hours or centuries since Koko, the giant Kanaka bo'sun, had left him to creep through the mangrove swamp to the den of the Suna-Suna cannibals in the bush beyond? Had he found Kit Hudson, the former mate of the Dawn, there, or had he fallen under the thrust of a broad-bladed Solomon Island spear?

The minutes seemed endless to Ken King, every minute a prolonged torture. Was there a chance that his shipmate might be saved from the cannibals, or had the devoted Koko gone to his death? It seemed to him more than once that he had heard vague sounds in the swamp—as likely as not, some of the savages were watching the approach to the village.

Suddenly there came an outburst of sound—wild, savage yells, trampling and splashing! Lompo and Lufu started up, eyes glittering in the gloom. Ken grasped the rifle by his side. He shouted, and his heart leaped as the voice of Kit Hudson shouted back from the blackness.

"Kit!" he roared. "Kit! This way, old man!"

There was a pattering of feet in the mud and shallow water, and the gigantic figure of Koko loomed up by the boat. He was up to his loin-cloth in gurgling, brown water. His powerful arms heaved a form into the whaleboat—a white man. It was Kit Hudson. The mate of the Dawn sprawled and panted.

"Kit!" panted King of the Islands. From the blackness came shouts, yells, shrieks. There was fighting in the darkness there—a white man's voice yelled in despairing accents—the voice of Dandy Peter Parsons, the sea-lawyer of Lukwe.

Far away, from the direction of the village, came the sound of a drum. The yelling from the swamp had been heard, and the cannibal tribesmen had taken the alarm. Booming through the night came the deep note of the war-drum. Hudson scrambled up.

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## Phantom Gold!

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"Parsons!" he panted. "He's left behind!"

King of the Islands plunged from the boat and ran on blindly. The shrieks of the sea-lawyer were receding—the blacks were dragging him away up the path.

Ken threw up his rifle and fired, once, twice, thrice. The flashes lit the darkness of the tunnel-like path. He fired at the risk of hitting Dandy Peter—better that risk than to be dragged back into the den of the cannibals, with no hope of rescue now that the whole swarm was alarmed.

Bang, bang, bang, roared the rifle, echoing like thunder in the swamp. Ken heard stumbling ahead of him, the thud of a falling body. There was a scuffling sound of a struggle, and the scream of Dandy Peter:

"Shoot! Shoot!"

Ken dashed on. He stumbled over something—it was a squirming savage who had fallen under his rifle. There was a flash before his eyes, and he barely escaped the slash of a broad blade. The next moment brawny black hands were on him, and he was down—down on his back in the ooze in the grasp of a half-seen enemy twice as powerful as himself. He struggled frantically as he sank deeper in the foul ooze under the weight of the black. Dandy Peter's screaming voice still rang shrilly.

Pattering feet came up from the sea—Koko, bush-knife in hand, was returning, close behind his white master. And after Koko came

Hudson. The mate of the Dawn did not remember at that moment how Dandy Peter, with whom he had come to Suna-Suna in search of treasure from the wrecked Crackerjack, had treacherously deserted him, only for both of them to be captured by the cannibals.

"Help—here!" panted Ken. "Hudson—Koko!"

The fierce grasp on King of the Islands suddenly relaxed. The half-seen, herculean figure over him rolled aside into the ooze. Koko's bush-knife had struck—once! With his left hand the boatswain of the Dawn grasped King of the Islands and dragged him up. Ken's rifle was gone. He grasped the revolver from his belt and plunged on in the direction of the shrieking sea-lawyer.

He crashed into an unseen black figure, and struck with the heavy barrel of the revolver. There was a glimmer of a white face in the dark—and Ken's grasp was on Dandy Peter the next moment. Koko was at his side, slashing with the bush-knife. There was a scampering of feet as the blacks fled. But already the mob from Komo-omo's village was swarming along the path.

"To the boat—quick!" panted Ken.

Dandy Peter, exhausted, almost sobbing for breath, tottered helplessly. Hudson grasped him and ran him to the boat, followed fast by Ken and Koko. King of the Islands turned to fire back at the advancing mob of cannibals. Thrice his revolver rang, answered by ferocious howls. Then he rushed after his comrades again.

Lompo and Lufu dragged Dandy

Peter into the boat. Hudson, utterly spent, staggered over the gunwale. Koko, shoulder-deep in water, held the whaleboat while King of the Islands scrambled in. Then he pushed it off into deeper water, scrambling in as it went. The whaleboat slid away down the channel as a howling mob of savages burst from the path. Spears began to fly.

Standing up in the boat as it rocked away, King of the Islands pitched shot after shot at the yelling swarm, half-seen like shadowy demons in the darkness. Splashing astern told that some of the cannibals had plunged into the water in pursuit, while overhead spears were whizzing. But the whaleboat shot out of the channel into the sea, Lompo and Lufu pulling at the oars with all their strength. The dark belt of mangroves was left behind, echoing to fearful yells.

Dandy Peter, sobbing for breath, lay in the bottom of the boat, and Hudson leaned exhausted on the gunwale. King of the Islands pressed his arm, and Hudson gave him a look. There was no need for words.

"You feller boy," grinned Koko, "you washy-washy along ketch plenty too quick!"

The yells of the savages of Suna-Suna died in the distance as the whaleboat pulled rapidly for the ketch.

### Shipmates Again!

**B**RIGHT sunshine streamed down on the Pacific. The Dawn was standing off Suna-Suna, between the island and the reef. Keen eyes were watchful for canoes emerging from the mangroves; but there was nothing to be seen of the natives.

Kit Hudson came on deck. He had slept a couple of hours in his old bunk in the state-room of the ketch; and though he still showed signs of the terrible experience he had been through, he looked very different from the haggard and despairing man whom Koko had rescued from the canoe-house on Suna-Suna. It was like new life to the mate of the Dawn to find himself on his old ship again with his old shipmate. King of the Islands, who was standing by Koko at the wheel, greeted him with a smile. Their hands met in a hard grip.

"All clear now, Kit!" said the boy trader, smiling.

"Ay, ay! I've been a fool, Ken," said Hudson. "You were right and I was wrong. It was a mad adventure to come here with Parsons after the salvage of the Crackerjack. If you hadn't turned up in the ketch—" He shivered. "But how did you get into these waters, Ken? You were booked for the Tahiti voyage, with freight for John Chin."

"John Chin fixed up a cargo for Santa Cruz," answered Ken. "From Santa Cruz it was a short run across to the Solomons. And I reckon he fixed it up to give me a chance of looking for you!"

"Lucky for me he did! And for Dandy Peter!" Hudson knitted his brows. "Parsons' crew ran in the Sea-Cat, and left us on the reef!"

## If YOU Were a Film Star!

(Continued from previous page)

ran out of the picture that time." "All right," says the director. "Try it again, will you? And remember, you have to keep well to the left, and don't shout so loud."

Rehearsal follows rehearsal until the director is satisfied. At last the time comes to film the first scene.

**A** MAKE-UP man hurries forward and dabs at your cheeks with powder. Huge lamps suspended overhead suddenly pour down a vivid glare that, for the moment, blinds you. An air of tension grips everybody present. "Ready?" says the director. "Ready there, cameras? Ready, sound? Ready, everybody? O.K. Begin!"

The scene is over. The cameras are stopped. Everybody looks towards the director.

"Rotten!" he says. "Re-shoot it!"

The scene is repeated again and again, and possibly again, until at last the director signifies by a barked command: "Wrap it up!" that it is right. The day is over.

**B**UT there would be two months, at least, of similar days before your film was finished. Some films take much longer. "Hell's Angels," a War-time flying film, ran into its third year and cost its producer £800,000—the longest time and the greatest sum ever spent on one picture! The usual amount spent on a big picture is between twenty and two hundred thousand pounds.

How much your own film cost would depend very largely on the number of big scenes in it. A really spectacular scene can cost as much as all the rest of the film. Besides hundreds of pounds that must be spent on scenery, there will be a small fortune in salaries for the extra-players who make up the crowds.

**E**XTRA players are the lowest rank of film actors, and they get only five dollars—the equivalent of one pound—per day. But a very big scene may require 5,000 of them, and take several days to complete.

And what about your own salary? You might start off with anything between £20 and £150 a week. But if you caught the public fancy there'd be no limit to what you could earn. Greta Garbo is said to get £3,000 a week, and quite a number of stars get over £1,000.

Whatever size your pay cheque was, you'd put it away in your pocket with the feeling that you'd jolly well earned every bit of it!



"I know! I raised his cutter, coming here from Malaita, and got the news from his boys. I came on as fast as a wind abeam would let me," said King of the Islands. "I dare say the boys will get the Sea-Cat safe to Santa Cruz, and Parsons can pick it up there again. But"—he paused—"Kit, old man, I've forgotten, and you're going to forget, that we had a row over this Crackerjack business. You're mate of the Dawn again. That's that!"

"As for Peter Parsons," added Ken, "I—"

"Here!" said the voice of the seaway. Dandy Peter stepped out of the companion.

His dark, handsome face was a little pale. Otherwise, Dandy Peter was quite himself again. Washed and shaved, clean as a new pin from head to foot, dressed in a suit of ducks lent him by the boy trader, Peter Parsons was the dandy of Lukwe once more. The ducks, made for a much sturdier figure, hung a little loosely on his dapper form, but his skilled fingers had taken in a reef here and there, and the fit was fairly good. Both Ken and Kit smiled at the sight of him.

Dandy Peter was very particular about his clothes and his looks. He seemed to have recovered from his fatigue, and from the horrors of the canoe-house on Suna-Suna. His step was light as he strolled along to the shipmates, his hands in his pockets.

"You're not making sail," he said, glancing at the bushy shore of Suna-Suna. Apparently he had anticipated that the cannibal island would be out of sight.

"I've waited till Hudson had his sleep," answered Ken. "I'm here now—a long way off my beat—but a few days more or less won't make a lot of difference, before I make Lalinge again. If Hudson's got any idea that there's a chance of raising the gold of the Crackerjack, I'm seeing him through."

"Oh, good man!" exclaimed Hudson. "There's more than a chance, Ken—it's a cert! If you hadn't turned up we should have gone to the cooking-ovens and the wreck would have stayed on the reef till the next hurricane broke it up. But now you're here—you'll come in on the deal."

"You haven't located the old brig—"

"But we have!" grinned Hudson. "She's under fifty feet of water, off that rock where the niggers got me, Ken!" He waved his hand towards the reef. "You can run down to it in half an hour."

"But you've lost your cutter, the Sea-Cat, and naked diving is impossible in these waters! Without a diving-suit—"

Hudson laughed joyously.

"That's all right, old man," he said. "We had it on the reef, and hid it under a pile of seaweed and rocks, to keep it from the niggers. We shall pick it up there safe and sound."

"Plane sailing, then!" said Ken.

He rapped out an order, and the ketch swung away towards the reef, heading for the rocky islet where

## Just My Foolin'

By THE OLD BOY

**N**OTE to Stamp Collectors.—Will you please keep all the new, unused 1934 British 1½d. stamps you can find, and send them along to me, carefully packed in a plain van, free of charge, as I am collecting them. Thanks awfully.

**Y**OU should see our football team these days! We are a different side altogether. A famous brand of cigarettes has made this change. Since they brought out this new series of "Hints on Association Football," we have become real stylists.

Each player has collected a full set of them, and he keeps them in his hand during the match, so that he can refer to them immediately.

**I** WAS tearing down the left wing last Saturday with the ball well over on the right. Feverishly I turned over my cigarette cards.

"No. 30, you fool!" screamed the spectators. "Rush in and shoot!"

Swiftly I read the lesson on No. 30 and rushed into the centre, just as the ball came across to me. A back saw me and charged.

"No. 33!" yelled the crowd.

I found No. 33 in an instant, and just as the back hurled himself at me I had read enough to dodge inside him.

"No. 34!" shrieked the crowd.

I found it at once, and I shot hard into the corner of the goal. The goalkeeper, who had neglected to read No. 46, missed it entirely, and the result was a beautiful goal.

In the circs. it is up to me to say how grateful I am. If it hadn't been for the cigarette cards I should certainly have hit the corner flag—as usual.

**J**UST a word in advance to all who are going to send me Christmas cards this year. Will you please send them very early, and please don't write anything on them?

Of course, it's not that I'm thinking of using them again; it's just merely a little whim of mine, that's what it is. We all have them from time to time, and, anyway, Christmas cards cost me over eight bob last Christmas.

Hudson and Dandy Peter had been besieged by the cannibals.

"You're forgetting something," Dandy Peter spoke quietly, but there was a glitter in his eyes. "You're not in this deal, King of the Islands. I'm giving you my thanks for getting me away from the niggers, and all that! But you don't come in on the Crackerjack deal! Hudson and I bought that hulk, and we share alike. But you—"

"Belay it!" snapped King of the Islands, his lip curling with contempt. "Do you reckon I'm after a share in the gold—if it's there? I'm seeing my shipmate through—and seeing you through, because you're his partner in this venture. I'm not asking to share."

"But you will share," said Kit Hudson hotly. "Parsons can take his half, and be hanged to him; but you and I share alike in the other half, Ken, or the gold stays where it is."

"We'll talk that over later, old man!" said Ken. "We haven't raised the seven thousand sovereigns yet."

"And you're not going to raise them!" said Peter Parsons. "All I'm asking of you, King of the Islands, is to give me a run to the nearest white man's port. If I can't get the Sea-Cat back, I can get another craft. The gold of the Crackerjack isn't coming on board the Dawn."

"And why not?" demanded King of the Islands, with a blaze in his eyes.



"Do you reckon your salvage won't be safe on my ship?"

"You're not coming in on this deal, I tell you!" said Dandy Peter, between his teeth. "Hudson's my partner till we've raised the salvage—and we can handle the job without your help."

"You scum!" said Kit Hudson. "You double-crossing traitor and swab! Do you think for a minute I'd sail with you again? You left me in the lurch on the reef, stealing the boat and the stores, and leaving me alone to the cannibals. Do you think I'd trust you again after that, you scum? I'd sooner trust a tiger-shark."

**K**EN KING'S face set. This was news to him, though it did not surprise him to hear it. His anxiety for his shipmate had been founded as much on distrust of Dandy Peter as on fear of the cannibals of Suna-Suna. He cut in, as the seaway was about to speak.

"That's enough from you, Peter Parsons! We're making the reef now, and raising the gold of the Crackerjack if it's there. I'm standing by my mate, and seeing him through this venture. You'll take your half, and I'll give you a passage to Santa Cruz with it. Now belay your jawing tackle!"

"I tell you I'm not standing for it!" hissed Dandy Peter. "The old hulk belongs to us two, and you can't touch it—and shan't!"



## Phantom Gold!

"I'm not going to touch it! But Hudson is." Ken's eyes gleamed at the sea-lawyer. "What's your objection to raising the gold in the Dawn? Had you a scheme for robbing Hudson of his half, if you'd raised it on your own craft?"

With an effort, Dandy Peter controlled his rage. Whatever his motive, it was clear that he would have preferred to sail away from Suna-Suna, and return in another craft to save the gold of the Crackerjack. But the sea-lawyer knew when he was beaten. He shrugged his shoulders, and burst into a scoffing laugh.

"You're master here, King of the Islands," he said. "I'm in your hands, and it's for you to give orders on your own deck! Will you tell your cooky-boy to scrounge me some breakfast?"

Ken called an order to Danny, the cooky-boy, and the sea-lawyer lounged away. The shipmates looked at one another.

"What's his game, Ken?" muttered Hudson. "I don't trust the cur an inch. I was a fool ever to go into the venture with him. But even Dandy Peter would draw the line at dropping a white man overboard after we'd raised the salvage."

"I wouldn't put it past him!" grunted the boy trader.

"He knows I left a paper with John Chin, Ken. If the gold's raised, and I never come back alive, my share goes to you—and John Chin would have seen that it did! Parsons knew that! Dropping me overboard on a dark night wouldn't help him, with the gold on board. But—"

"But the swab meant—and means—treachery!" growled King of the Islands. "But he won't have a chance on board the Dawn! We've got the cur under our eyes, and we'll make him act like a white man!"

When Dandy Peter came on deck again he was smiling, apparently in the best of humours. He entered cheerfully into the discussion of salvaging the gold of the Crackerjack, as the ketch ran down to the rocky isle in the reef. If there was treachery in the heart of the sea-lawyer, his look and manner gave no sign of it.

Little as the shipmates trusted him, it was difficult to see how, in present circumstances, Dandy Peter could play any treacherous trick. And King of the Islands had to come to the conclusion that Dandy Peter had made up his mind to act like a white man—since there was no help for it.

### On the Crackerjack's Deck!

**S**TANDING on the edge of the Suna-Suna reef, where it dropped sheer in the sea, King of the Islands gazed down through the clear water. Fifty feet below, half-hidden by clinging seaweed, but easily distinguishable, lay what was left of the Crackerjack. Fishes were swimming over the deck, cumbered with sand and weed, and round the stumps of the broken masts.

There lay the old brig, on an even

keel, in a bed of sand. There she had lain since she had gone down, and captain and crew had escaped in the boats—to lie till a hurricane stirred the sea to fury and broke up the timbers that still held together. But there had been no hurricane yet, and luck was on the side of the salvage seekers.

Hudson's eyes were dancing. "Didn't I tell you, in the first place, that the old brig would hold together, Ken?" he said.

"You did, old man!" answered King of the Islands. "I'd have laid a cargo of copra to a fathom of shell-money that the surf had broken her up long ago. But there she is, as large as life! But a spot of rough weather—"

"We'll clear her out before the weather breaks, Ken!" said Hudson. "No sign of it yet, at any rate! I don't deny that it was taking a long chance, but it's come off, Ken! Seven thousand sovereigns in that old hulk. We may get through before sundown."

King of the Islands nodded. He had been right in that old dispute. Buying this wreck had been a mad venture, taking the longest of long chances, but he rejoiced at the success of his shipmate. The sunken brig still held together in the deep bed of sand; the weather held calm, and the salvage seekers had escaped the cooking-ovens of Suna-Suna. All that remained was to carry out the diving operations, and sail away with seven thousand golden sovereigns!

The ketch stood off a cable's length from the reef. There was no sign of the cannibals of Suna-Suna; but if their canoes had appeared, the ketch was not likely to run as the Sea-Cat had done. The three white men had landed on the reef, but Koko was on board, and the crew were armed and watchful. If the enemy had appeared, Koko and the Hiva-Oa boys were quite able to stall off an attack till the white men returned in the boat. But Komo-omo and his bucks had had a severe lesson at the hands of King of the Islands, and he had little expectation of an attack.

Peter Parsons was dragging away the pile of rocks and seaweed under which the package containing the diving-suit had been hidden. The pile had not been disturbed; the blacks had never dreamed that anything was hidden there. They had taken the dinghy when they had captured Dandy Peter, but of the package hidden on the reef they had had no knowledge.

Without it the salvage seekers would have been helpless, for naked diving was out of the question. The sea was alive with sharks, and it was clear that even the salt-water blacks of Suna-Suna had not been down to the wreck—if they knew it was there.

Ken and Kit joined the sea-lawyer, dragging away the rocks and seaweed. The long, heavy package—still packed as it had been put on board the Sea-Cat at Lalinge—was lifted out of the hollow where it had lain. The shipmates had already agreed that the three should take it in turns to descend to the wreck in the diving-suit, and Dandy Peter had made no

demur. Hudson began to knock open the package.

"I'm going down first," he remarked, with a challenging glance at Dandy Peter. The sea-lawyer laughed.

"You can handle the whole job of diving, if you like," he said. "I'm not keen on tiger-sharks at close quarters."

"Sharks won't hurt a man in this outfit. But I'll handle the whole job if you like!" said Hudson carelessly.

"Up to you, then," said Dandy Peter; but there was a peculiar glimmer in his eyes as he spoke, that King of the Islands caught, and that made him wonder.

The boy trader watched the outfit as Hudson unpacked. Everything was there, in excellent order; the diving-suit, complete with glass-fronted helmet, air-tube, weights, and life-lines.

Dandy Peter had bought the outfit, second-hand, and there was no doubt that he had examined it with care before it was put on the Sea-Cat. He was not a man to leave such things to chance.

As Kit Hudson lifted the dress, his expression changed. His brows knitted as he held it up and looked at Peter Parsons.

"Who's going to cram into this?" he growled.

"You!" answered Dandy Peter lightly.

"And how?" almost snarled Hudson.

It was the smallest size in diving-suits. There was room in it, and to spare, for the small, lithe, dapper figure of Peter Parsons. But neither Kit Hudson nor King of the Islands could have got into it, to save their lives. Hudson stood staring at it with darkly knitted brows.

**K**EN'S glance sought the sea-lawyer's face again—he had not forgotten that mocking glimmer in Dandy Peter's eyes. The sea-lawyer had planned this—he knew that it was impossible for the mate of the Dawn to go down.

But what was his object? Why did he wish to prevent Kit going down to the wreck? Ken puzzled over those questions, but he could find no answer to them.

"Kit, old man," he said at last. "You've not seen it before?"

"It came packed on the cutter!" growled Hudson. "I never thought of unpacking it to look at it. Why should I? Parsons said he knew where to pick up a diving-outfit, and I left it to him while I handled the stores for the trip. You fool, Parsons. Couldn't you see that a man of ordinary size couldn't cram into that dashed outfit—couldn't you?" He broke off, dashing the outfit down on the reef in anger.

Dandy Peter shrugged his shoulders.

"Beggars can't be choosers," he answered. "We were nearly cleaned out paying for the Crackerjack, and that outfit was going cheap. It's good enough for us. If you can't get into it, I can, and will."

(Continued on page 22)



## Phantom Gold!

(Continued from page 20)

"It's up to you!" grunted Hudson.  
"Leave it to me, then!"

THE outfit was lifted into the whaleboat, and Ken and Kit pulled the boat round to a spot directly over the sunken brig. Dandy Peter was examining the pump, and the other items of the outfit, with great care. He was going to trust his life to it in deep waters, while the shipmates of the Dawn remained in the boat above.

The whaleboat was moored to a jutting point of the reef, and lay motionless in the calm water over the wreck. Hudson, still grouching audibly over his disappointment, helped the dapper sea-lawyer into the suit.

King of the Islands, in silence, lent his aid. Was it by chance, or accident, that Dandy Peter had secured a diving-suit that was too small for his sturdier partner to get into? It was not likely; the ordinary size, as a rule, would be easier to obtain.

Yet, if Dandy Peter had planned, from the beginning, to be the only man able to go down to the wreck, what was his game? What treachery was in the tortuous mind of the sea-lawyer of Lukwe?

Parsons stood up in the heavy-weighted suit, and Hudson screwed on the diving-helmet. The whaleboat rocked as the heavy figure crawled over the gunwale, and Ken threw his weight on the other side.

Holding the rope from the boat, Dandy Peter let himself sink into the water. Down he went, and in the clear sea the shipmates could watch every motion of the sinking figure. Scoundrel as he was, the man was courageous; as he sank he brushed the rough skin of a shark that glided by him, taking no heed of the fiendish fish.

Only the tube that carried air from the pump above was between the diver and hideous death in the depths; but Dandy Peter was without fear in the diving-dress.

King of the Islands and his mate watched the figure going down till the heavy-weighted feet touched the deck of the brig fifty feet below. They could still watch him, through the clear water, as he moved on the deck of the Crackerjack—a lumbering but active figure.

Like some strange sea-animal, the diver moved on the sunken ship, dragging aside ropes of seaweed that carpeted the wreck. The companion hatch and a part of the after-deck had broken away, and the cabin lay partly uncovered. It was in the cabin that the gold was to be found, and once he had dragged away the masses of thick seaweed, the diver had only to sink lower.

Ken and Kit felt their hearts beat faster as they watched. A catching of the air-tube might mean death—death without help or hope. And the sea-lawyer, rascal as he was, was taking risks that only a brave man could have taken.

Gradually the water became less clear, as sand was stirred from the wreck. It grew more and more clouded, till the lumbering figure below was hidden. Dandy Peter could no longer be seen, and the shipmates could only wait for a signal from below.

Hudson's frowning brow had cleared. He could not keep up angry feelings towards a man who was risking his life. And Ken tried to drive from his mind the suspicion that the sea-lawyer was stirring the siltage on the wreck more than he need have done. After all, why should he desire to be hidden from sight—and the clouding of the water made his task more difficult.

Hudson began to fidget restlessly. The strain of waiting was beginning to tell on him now that he could no longer see Dandy Peter at work. He

was anxious for the diver to return, to see and feel the gold.

There was no doubt in his mind that Parsons would find the golden sovereigns, but he wanted to handle them—to know that success was theirs at last.

"By gum, Ken!" he exclaimed. "This waiting is getting me down. I feel as excited as a youngster waiting to plunge his hand into a lucky dip! I wish Parsons would buck up. I'm longing to see and feel the gold; to get my hands on something that will prove I was not a reckless fool for sinking my all in this venture.

"Gosh, what a time the fellow is!" he added. "You don't think anything's gone wrong, do you, Ken?"

"Can't have done," replied Ken reassuringly. "We'll be hearing from him soon."

"Can't be too soon for me!" grunted Hudson, peering into the murky water.

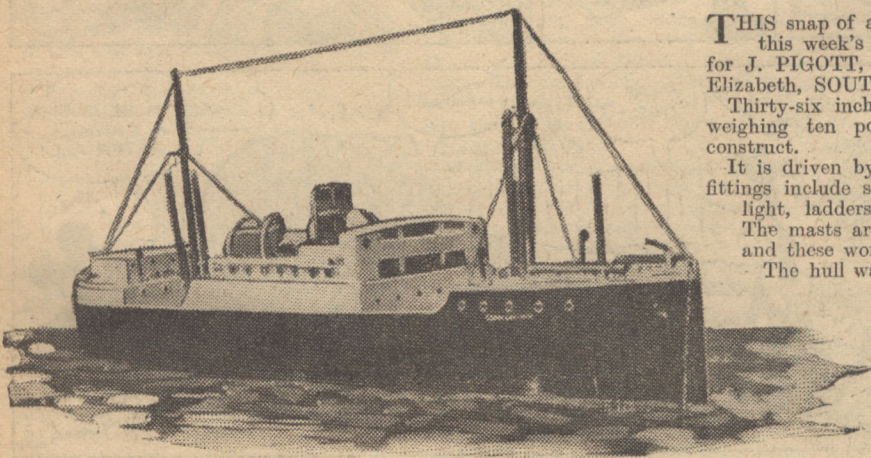
It seemed years after that before the signal came to haul. But it came at last, and they put their weight on the rope. A gleaming metal head-piece came glimmering through the water, and Dandy Peter was pulled into the whaleboat. Hudson unscrewed the glass, revealing the face of the sea-lawyer. Dandy Peter was panting.

"What luck?" breathed Hudson.

"None!" answered the sea-lawyer of Lukwe curtly. "There's a hole as big as a dinghy in the Crackerjack's timbers, and nothing but water and fishes in the cabin—the gold's gone, and I reckon you were fools not to know it! Get me out of this! The game's up!"

*Is this the end of the comrades' hopes and dreams, or is Dandy Peter playing some treacherous game? There's big surprises all round—for you included—in Next Saturday's splendid South Seas story!*

## South African Reader Wins 10s. 6d.!



THIS snap of a home-made Model Steamer wins this week's MODERN BOY prize of 10s. 6d. for J. PIGOTT, of First Avenue, Walmor, Port Elizabeth, SOUTH AFRICA.

Thirty-six inches long, five inches broad, and weighing ten pounds, it took six months to construct.

It is driven by a small steam engine, and the fittings include six ventilators, engine-room skylight, ladders, gangway, and three winches. The masts are fitted with three derricks each, and these work in a realistic manner.

The hull was hollowed out of a thick block of mahogany and is covered with tin, with lead as ballast. It is painted the colours of the Clan Line steamers, and carries two lifeboats on davits made of bent wire.

J. Pigott, you've done jolly well!—*The Editor.*