

# THE TREASURE OF THE WHANGHO

Years ago when I was bos'n on a ship named th' Golden Horn, I overheard a shipmate tellin' his pal about a Chinese pirate junk named th' Whangho that struck on an island durin' a typhoon and went down with all hands. What made me prick up my ears was when my shipmate said she had gold and jewels aboard and that nobody had ever been after th' treasure. Then he told his pal th' name of th' island.

Next day our ship ran into a tornado and went down with the two shipmates that had been talkin' about th' treasure-junk, and nearly all th' crew. Two days later I was picked up by a trader bound for Thursday Island. There I met an old shipmate that owned a trim little schooner. To make a long story short, in a few days th' schooner, with my shipmate, his Chinese cook, and me aboard was off for th' treasure of th' Whangho.

Well s'r, we located th' junk, sure enough. On my

first trip down in my divin' suit I looked around and there was a big man-eatin' shark headed for me.

But I was ready for him. As he dived for me I let him feel th' length of a long, sharp knife. That settled him, and he wiggled away in a hurry.

As I turned to take another look at th' junk I saw two eyes as big as saucers glarin' at me from a hole in th' side of th' junk. And then two long, snaky arms began stealin' toward me. An octopus! I wasn't prepared to tackle that kind of a critter, so I signalled to be pulled up.

Well s'r we planted a charge of dynamite under th' stern of th' junk, and that settled Mr. Octopus. But th' junk had been blown all to pieces. At first I didn't see a sign of treasure. Then, right by a big rock I stumbled onto an old iron chest, and th' chest was nearly full of good yellow, golden money. Maybe you think we didn't celebrate when we hauled it up on deck.

